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Life's best things take time. Character is not a creature of a day.

Revenge, at first though sweet, bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

It is a greater thing to try without succeeding than to succeed without trying.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

Never criticise the church in any point until you have done your best to remedy that defect.

The greatest men are not those who despise small things, but those who improve them the most carefully.

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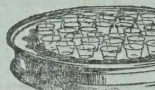
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The Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXVIII.

JANUARY, 1913.

No. 1

THE YEAR THAT IS GONE.

Collier begins his "Great Events of History" with these words:—"The Great Event of all history is the crucifixion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The centuries circle round the cross."

If Collier were writing to-day, the Great Event would remain—as ever—supreme, but most—if not all—other "Great Events" would be equalled, if not surpassed, by the year that has just been laid to rest.

There may have been other years more decisive in world destiny. In earlier days, when the race was young, and one Empire swayed a world-sceptre, a comparatively small event, a battle, or a ruler's death, might change the course of human history. Now, with many nations, great and strong, no one event, or series of events, can so affect the whole; and things, greater in themselves than those of other days, may be of less relative importance.

But, viewed by themselves, two happenings of the past year are among the greatest ever.

One of these is the revolution in China. In a few months, with comparatively little destruction and loss of property or life, an alien dynasty that for nearly three centuries ruled with absolute sway and with all the injustice and corruption of an Oriental, despotic, heathen monarchy, over four hundred millions of people, one-fourth of the entire population of the world, was pensioned off; and a republic established on principles of freedom and righteousness, with full religious liberty, and many of its leaders decided Christian men. It is the biggest human thing the world has ever seen. Its results, in the progress of light and knowledge and liberty, in opportunity for advancing the Kingdom of God, are beyond human comprehension. Be it ours to grasp our little part of that opportunity.

The other "Great Event" of the year is

the Balkan war, and the practical passing—as a European power—of the Ottoman Empire. For nearly five centuries, since with fire and sword, he crossed the Bosphorus, the "unspeakable Turk" has held south-eastern Europe under his cruel sway. What these centuries have cried to God for vengeance, no man knows. But the end has practically come, and here too the arm of the oppressor is broken, and the peoples of these ancient vales and hills sing once more their long-silenced but not forgotten songs of freedom.

THE YEAR THAT HAS COME.

What it holds in store no one can tell. One can only wish—"A Good New Year to all."

But this lack of knowledge matters not. It's better so. What it may bring is in "Our Father's" hand, who knows what is best and whose love is infinite.

Nor does the happiness of the year depend upon what it may bring to us, but upon what we give to it. "Good" or "Happy" New Year—which you will—is subjective, not objective. Circumstances or conditions, however favorable, cannot, of themselves, fulfil the wish; nor, however unfavorable, prevent it. With each one rests, in large measure, the realization of the greetings which pass in such generous plenty at this glad time.

Not only is this true of the year as it comes, but when it is past. A "happy" hour, or day, or year, when it is gone, is not the one from which we have received the most, but into which we have put the most of unselfish helpfulness to God and man.

And so of all the years. The life that affords the greatest happiness in retrospect is not the life which has brought the most to us, but the life into which we have put the most of ourselves, for God and humanity.

More, this retrospect never ends. What

we get from the year brings satisfaction for the moment. What we put into it of good gives "pleasures forevermore."

In the face of this great truth, trying to realize some little of its meaning, may all to whom this comes, have A GOOD NEW YEAR, which will project itself in glad thankfulness while memory remains.

A SPECIAL WORD

to the larger and stronger congregations that have not yet tried the plan of placing the Record in every family. Such a plan saves all the trouble of collecting the quarters and of delivering to the subscribers each month his own copy.

It does not cost much to the congregation. It brings the Record to those who may not be sufficiently interested to subscribe and who may need it most. It places good Sunday reading in many homes where the children and young people have little reading of that kind. Think what it would mean to place a copy monthly for a year, in a family that may have little other good Sabbath reading. If even one life were influenced for good, it would be well worth while.

Then, too, it would interest some in the missions and work of our Church, and lead them to help, who otherwise would know little of that work. Try the plan this year, just for a year, and see if it is not better than the individual subscription plan.

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

Please read the article on the most important problem facing our Church to-day, that of "Recruits for the Ministry." The article is in keeping with the greatness of the subject.

There are two excellent papers in the Young People's department, one on "Religious Education and its Importance to the Nation"; the other on "The Missionary Message of the Bible." These two papers are both fitted to take a foremost place among any company of their kind, anywhere. The latter, with its illumination of Scripture, and its cumulative strength, from Genesis to Revelation, is one of the best missionary papers we have ever seen, if not the best.

But space forbids mention of much else, including several interesting missionary letters. Some good folk have been kind enough to say that the Record is always well worth reading, from cover to cover. To make it so is the constant aim. Whether that aim is attained can only be known by trying it. "Taste and see."

THE TASK OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. W. G. WALLACE, D.D.

(Chairman of the Finance Board.)

The task before the Presbyterian Church in Canada is sufficiently big to demand high intelligence, sublime courage and the enthusiastic devotion that is born of the love of Jesus Christ. To the call for heroic endeavor the Church is giving greater heed, and one of the most hopeful signs of to-day is the awakening sense of stewardship, and the growing conviction that this is the hour of opportunity and of action. The Spirit of God is moving the hearts of His people, and they who respond to His appeal will reap the largest blessing.

The Budget idea, adopted by the General Assembly, recognizes that the various Schemes of the Church are parts of one great and glorious work for the honor of our Master and for the good of The World; it makes also for the Unity of the Church and of the nation. It means infinitely more than the raising of money, essential as this is to the prosecution of the Church's various activities; its aim is to hearten discouraged workers, to aid in an effective way in the making of this so great nation, to light the lights of Christian truth and love abroad,—to help by God's grace in the bringing in of His Kingdom, whose right it is to reign, and whose rule is that of liberty and righteousness, of purity and love.

To rich and poor, to men and women and children, to ministers and laymen, to pastoral charges and mission stations, the Board of Finance, in the name of the Church and of the Church's Head, makes its confident appeal for loyal and enthusiastic gifts of prayer, of money and of service. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

THE "ORDER OF RECRUITS FOR THE MINISTRY."

BY REV. GEORGE E. ROSS.

History of the Movement.

It will be remembered that this organization had its origin in Zion Church, Charlottetown, P.E.I., just three years ago, as the direct result of the frequent and earnest presentation of the claims of the Christian ministry, by the pastor, to the young people of that congregation. Twenty-two young men heard the call of God and responded.

With a view to promoting more intimate fellowship, encouraging others to consecrate their lives to the same service, and keeping closely in touch with their minister and one another during their college course, this band registered their names, drafted a Constitution, and adopted the name "Order of Recruits for the Ministry."

Their number has since increased to thirty. It has been to that congregation one of the greatest inspirations in its history.

During 1911, in response to a similar appeal by the minister of Knox Church, Goderich, Ontario, eight young men there indicated their decision to study for the ministry. Chapter Two of the "Order" was organized, having now an enlistment of twelve.

Shortly afterwards, the attention of the Presbytery of Huron being called to the movement, it was heartily endorsed, and the first Presbyterian Order of Recruits was formed, consisting of all the young men within the bounds of that Presbytery, studying for the ministry, seventeen in number.

In the same year, in the congregation of Inverness, C. B., under the pastorate of Rev. K. Munro, fourteen young men dedicated their lives to the ministry and became Chapter Three, which now numbers seventeen.

As the progress of the movement became known, letters of inquiry came from every quarter. In reply to a request, an article on the subject was written for one of the American journals. The "Literary Digest" devoted a column to its review.

In far distant Persia it caught the eye of Rev. E. K. DeWitt, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., and within a few

weeks Chapter Four was organized in Teheran, with a charter enlistment of three members—two Jews and a Mohammedan—who had recently decided to devote themselves to the Christian ministry.

So favorably has the Order commended itself to certain congregations and Presbyteries in the State of California that, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Fotheringham, an "Order of Recruits for the Ministry and Missions" was formed there in October, 1912, with four Chapters duly constituted.

The Secretary to the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., writes that "the Board is watching with great interest the growth of this splendid Order." Rev. Dr. Tuttle, of York, Pa., is organizing a similar movement in that Synod.

Within our own Church in Canada the movement is laying hold strongly. The urgency of the need of more ministers and missionaries is pressing home to the heart of the Church, and the appeal for men is being made from coast to coast.

As a result, little bands of consecrated young men all over Canada are responding. To organize these into Chapters of the one "Order of Recruits" will be found most helpful.

At its last meeting the Synod of the Maritime Provinces passed a resolution "urging upon presbyteries the need of forming some organization of candidates for the ministry, such as the 'Order of Recruits,' in each of the congregations."

The adoption of some definite action like this, throughout the entire Church, should be most helpful and effective. The constitution of the Order is very simple, and adaptable to the university as well as to the congregation or presbytery.

The Present Emergency.

Recruiting men for the ministry has become one of the pressing obligations of the Church. None is more urgent or important, for an adequate and efficient staff of ministers and missionaries is essential if the Church is to accomplish her high purpose and respond to the call at home and abroad.

The situation is critical. Never before has the Church faced such responsibility as at present. The rapid development of our country, the voluminous tide of immigra-

tion, already nearing the half-million mark; the wide-open door of the pagan world; and the urgent call for extension on every hand, all serve to make us realize how tremendously important is our obligation and privilege.

Each year the question is becoming more acute; the startling fact is that our theological halls are not nearly keeping pace with the increasing demand for men.

Last year less than fifty graduated from our seven colleges. True, the prospect is better for the next few years, but not at all equal to the need. In 1913 we shall have not more than sixty graduates in Theology. We shall need two hundred and fifty.

During the next five years we shall require at least fifteen hundred additional men if we are to equip our home and foreign fields and keep pace with the claims and opportunities placed before us.

Where are we to get them. We must grow them. Our own Canadian men are the ones we need.

And we must have the very best. The ministry to-day calls for the strongest, the most heroic, the best educated and most fully-consecrated men our Church can produce. The task is big and the men must correspond.

We have these men in the making. Throughout our Church, in our Christian homes, Sabbath Schools, and Young People's Societies, many of them attending the universities and institutions for higher education, a host of boys and young men are ready to respond to a high and noble claim. Strong in physique, keen of intellect, eager in their aspiration to great undertakings and prepared for heroic effort and self-sacrifice in some great cause, they constitute the very flower of our young Canadian life.

What they need is such a presentation of the claims of Christ and the Church upon them as will win them to consecrate their splendid powers of body, intellect and soul to the work of the ministry.

They need the vision; and the vision will be given only as the Home and the Church are praying more fervently to the Lord of the Harvest for laborers, and are directing the attention of our youth to the urgent call

of God and of the wide world to-day for them to be messengers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The responsibility for accomplishing this rests very largely with our ministers. We in charge of congregations, in close and personal touch with the home and the individual, hold the key to the solution of the problem. And not until we are doing our full part in not only praying that laborers be sent forth, but also presenting the urgent claims of the ministry to the boys and young men in our charge, may we hope for an adequate supply of candidates for the ministry and see our church rejoicing in an efficient staff at home and abroad.

Realizing the seriousness of the situation the Assembly's Committee on supply of students, missionaries and ministers, is bringing the work of recruiting definitely before the whole Church. Before this article appears every minister will have received a communication from the Committee setting forth the need and urging an immediate appeal for men in every congregation of our Church from coast to coast.

The co-operation of the Faculties of Theology and the various Boards and Committees of the Church is respectfully invited. Arrangements have already been made to have the claims of the Christian ministry presented by eminent preachers to the student body in every university center. I am confident that this appeal to the home, to the congregation, to the school, and to the university will result in a splendid response.

Let the appeal be earnest, strong, direct and spiritual. I can wish my fellow-ministers no greater joy and blessing than the inspiration of having in their congregations a band of Recruits for the Ministry.

Surely as a result of this New Year appeal there will be found—on an average—at least one from every congregation, responding to the Master's call. And think what that will mean! Fully one thousand prospective ministers for our church in the various stages of their educational course! Organize these under the "Order of Recruits for the Ministry" and what an inspiration the whole Church will receive.

JUBILEE OF REV. R. J. GRANT, D.D.**One of our Trinidad Pioneers.**

It was celebrated in Halifax, just after the December Record had gone to press, and is no longer news; but this first opportunity is embraced of paying tribute to the life and work of a truly great missionary.

He was born near Pictou, N.S., in 1839. At the age of seven he heard Rev. John Geddie speak on missions, and at that early time was born his life long thought and purpose, a fact which teaches what age to get the boys. He studied at Durham, Truro, Halifax and Princeton, graduating in 1862. Called to Merigonish, N.S., he accepted, till the way to the Foreign field should open.

In 1870 the F. M. Board wanted a second missionary to Trinidad, where Rev. John Morton had been appointed three years before. They called Mr. Grant, who accepted and arrived there Nov. 22, 1870.

The story of his work for nearly forty years is in large measure the story of that Mission, so closely was he linked with it all.

There is one feature that few if any other missions in the world can show, and that is, that he settled down to work in San Fernando, among the East Indian immigrants, entirely heathen, and for seven or eight years before his retirement in 1907, that East Indian congregation, made up of his own converts, were assuming his entire support as their minister and missionary. There are many cases in mission fields of native congregations supporting native pastors who can live as the natives do. But we know of no other, supporting a foreign missionary as their pastor, who himself had won them from heathenism.

The Christian Church has had missionaries whose work was of wider range, with more of hardship and peril, but those who know intimately Dr. Grant and his work will have no hesitation in placing him beside the world's greatest and best, in all that goes to make the ideal Christian missionary. Trinidad, both Indian and European, will say to this—"Amen." May time deal tenderly with his declining years.

They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars.

SLUMS AND CLEAN LIVES.

By PROF. PIDGEON, D.D. VANCOUVER.

This idea of changing the heart by a change of circumstances is a vain dream. To put a pig in a parlor won't make him clean, but he will soon make the parlor a sty. As a matter of fact, when slums have been cleared out and the denizens moved to a better neighborhood, they lower the moral status of the new place. Economic advantages provide the opportunity for moral improvement; but they are not in themselves the force to produce it.

At the same time, even to give men a better chance for virtue is a marked advance. Many men are down because they never had a chance to rise. The better the conditions, the better the chance men have for virtue, and therefore the more likely they are to become virtuous. Lessen the stress of temptation, provide a legitimate outlet for the energies of youth, surround men with an environment that appeals to the noblest in their nature, and you thereby weaken the desire for evil.

No one doubts that the vile housing of the poor has much to do with the patronage of the saloon. Thoughtful students claim that the starvation wages paid to women workers, and the economic conditions that make early marriage impossible, are prolific sources of the social evil. The policy that keeps large gangs of men together in our mining and lumbering and construction camps, where the establishment of home, and the forming of family ties are impossible, is responsible for much of the moral degradation of our day.

It is discouraging to find so many of our conditions unfavorable to virtue. They are exceedingly hard to remedy. But it is encouraging to find that men recognize the evil and are prepared to deal with it.

Sir Robertson Nicoll says that the distinctive feature of the religion of to-day is that it recognizes its responsibility for the slum. Our fathers tried to save people out of the slums; the men of to-day seek to remove the slum itself. May the new principle be applied everywhere!—Abridged.

LAYMAN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.**Policy, Methods, Results, Prospects.**

BY MR. H. K. CASKEY, GEN. SEC. L. M. M.

The Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, at their recent meeting, issued a statement concerning the National Missionary Policy which was formulated and adopted at the Toronto Congress in 1909, and afterward presented to and endorsed by the Church bodies throughout the Dominion.

The Policy is summarized briefly as follows:—

1st. The equal responsibility of laymen and ministers for prayer and work.

2nd. The world field pressing for service upon every Christian.

3rd. The duty of the churches of Canada to evangelize all those resident in the Dominion, or who come to our shores.

4th. To provide for Canada's share in the adequate preaching of the Gospel to the non-Christian world.

The Methods of work advised, were:—

1st. A missionary committee in every church.

2nd. A systematic, persistent, prayerful campaign of education by ministers and laymen.

3. A thorough canvass of the members and adherents of every church for a weekly offering to missions.

The wisdom of the methods suggested has been demonstrated by three years' experience in churches of all communions under all sorts of conditions.

The Results of the three years co-operation between the Mission Boards, Church Societies and the Laymen's Movement are summed up as follows:—An advance of more than fifty per cent. in money given to distinctively missionary purposes; a larger conception and more general advocacy of missions as the supreme work of the church both by ministers and laymen; churches and committees organized for continued advance; new standards established for missionary work and its support.

The Prospects are summed up in these terms:—

We believe that by April, 1915, every con-

gregation in Canada should have in actual working order the following programme:—

PROGRAMME OF EDUCATION.

Graded missionary instruction in the Sunday School.

Mission Study Classes and Men's Discussion Groups in every church.

Missionary meetings for men, women, young people, and children.

Generous use of charts, maps, illustrations, mottoes, and missionary literature.

Frequent presentation from the pulpit of missionary facts, figures, and news of importance from Canadian and foreign fields.

PROGRAMME OF PRAYER.

Definite prayer for missions in public church services.

A monthly missionary prayer meeting.

Occasional suggestions of special needs that may develop family and private prayer along missionary lines.

PROGRAMME OF FINANCE.

An annual every-member canvass of the congregation.

1. The committee going two by two—

2. For a weekly offering to missions and benevolences.

3. This offering to be of such proportion and given in such spirit that the gift shall be clearly an act of worship.

CHURCH UNION.

The Assembly's Committee on Church Union met in Toronto, 11 December, and was in session three days. The meetings were private, to prevent premature and incorrect reports. Different proposals were submitted with varied results. There was no count or record made of any votes. The final resolution is given on next page. On that resolution some did not vote. Six formulated their dissent in a minority report. At the close the chairman and secretary were authorized to give to the press the finding of the Committee, and with it the minority report. These two papers, thus authorized for the press, are here given for information, without note or comment.

**Finding of the Majority in the Union
Committee, Dec. 13, 1912.**

"That in view of the large majority in our own Church voting in favor of organic union and the practically unanimous favorable vote in the other negotiating churches, and in view of the intense desire of all sections of our Church that the spirit of Christian unity which obtains between the churches may be continued and deepened, this Committee feels that negotiations should be continued; and in view of the strength of the minority in our own Church which has not approved of organic union as the best method of expressing the unity of spirit which is rapidly growing throughout the Church of Christ, and in view of the desirability of the utmost unanimity of action within our own Church, this Committee proceeds to consider the suggestions and alternatives remitted to it, and recommends the Assembly as follows;

"That the Assembly assures the other negotiating churches that the Presbyterian Church fully realizes its share of responsibility in the present movement, and earnestly desires that the spirit of Christian unity which has given rise to it may be conserved and deepened, and asks the other churches to continue the negotiations, because it feels the desirability of the practically unanimous action of all its own members in order that the result of any union entered into may be most happy and far-reaching;

"That the Union Committee be continued, and that for the fullest and fairest consideration of every aspect of the question, further amendments to the present Basis of Union, and alternative proposals, be invited from presbyteries, and from sessions, congregations and individuals through Presbyteries, and referred to this Committee, in order that it may, after considering them again, enter into conference with the committees of the other negotiating churches, with the view of setting before our people a final presentation of the question for their judgment;

"That in order to secure the judgment of the Church, the finding of the joint Committee of the negotiating churches on all such proposals, be sent down to presbyteries, sessions and congregations, with

the details of the vote already taken and all other relevant information."

**Report of the Minority in the Union
Committee, Dec. 13, 1912.**

"That we reaffirm our belief in the essential unity of all Christians, and our earnest desire that this unity may be made increasingly manifest; and;

"Whereas this unity may be manifested by co-operation and federation, without the more or less grievous friction and division and loss that often result in attempts to bring about organic union;

"Whereas the tendency of the age, both in Church and State, is towards federative unity with individual autonomy;

"Whereas true denominational loyalty ministers to the freedom and vitality of the whole Church of Christ and helps to further her work;

"Whereas in the recent ballot about one-third of our membership that voted, recorded their judgment against the principle or organic union and thus led the Assembly to pause in consummating such union:

"Whereas nothing has since emerged to cause any substantial change in the situation;

"Whereas it is of supreme importance that unity and harmony be preserved in our own Church, and continued agitation of the matter in the immediate present will be injurious to the great work pressing upon the Church, and will intensify differences rather than promote unanimity, we therefore recommend to the Assembly:

"(1) That in the meantime the matter of organic union remain in abeyance, without prejudice to either side of the question.

"(2) That the Union Committee be continued, and instructed to obtain the fullest possible information regarding the organization and working of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America, or any other method of co-operation expressing the unity desired by all; and also to correspond with all other Evangelical Christian Churches in Canada, to ascertain the possibility of some wider plan of co-operation in the great work common to all, and to report to the next Assembly."

FOREIGNERS IN CAPE BRETON.

BY REV. K. MUNRO.

Inverness, C. B., December 9, 1912.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

The large majority of foreign miners here are Belgians, speaking the French language. They are industrious, honest, peaceful, law-abiding citizens. Only the other day I had fresh evidence of their honesty. A young man came here from Petit-Wasmes and was hurt in the mine. For about five months he was unable to work, while a wife and three small children depended on him at home.

Naturally he was disheartened, but a kind friend out in Coleman, Alberta, offered to find him work there, and he decided to go. His means were scanty and he had about enough, through the generosity of friends, to pay his way during excursion time.

Just before he left he came to me asking me to accompany him to the town clerk, to find out if he could leave without paying his poll-tax. He could easily have gone and no one the wiser but he chose to leave honest with the world.

They are great beer-drinkers, but seldom since coming here have I seen a Belgian drunk. Their beer they make themselves, of various ingredients.

They are not strongly attached to any religious denomination. The majority were Roman Catholics in the homeland, but here they have little regard for the R. C. Church or priests.

The Protestant minister receives a hearty welcome; and when there is a death he is more often called. Yet they will not come out to a church service in any great numbers. The most successful services as regards attendance are held in the homes.

Last Summer, Mr. Gallou, at one time a priest in France, but now studying in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, laboured among them with much acceptance.

I am trying to do what I can among them but that is very little, as I have a large congregation of English speaking people and cannot successfully undertake this additional work. I have tried to learn some of their language so that I might be able to speak a few words in their own tongue.

Last summer I had occasion to officiate at the funeral of a little girl who died after a severe burning. The grief of the poor parents, strangers in a strange land, was heartrending. But not one word of comfort could I offer as they did not know my language and I did not know theirs. I determined that matters should not remain so, and after five to ten minutes daily for a few months, twisting my stubborn Celtic tongue to accommodate the peculiar French sounds, I was able to talk with the people so as to be understood; and some time ago it was no little satisfaction to me, and some benefit I trust to those bereaved, when I conducted the first funeral service in French.

We need so much a French speaking missionary, as it is impossible for one man to effectively grapple with the situation. The time is opportune. Progress at first may seem slow, yet to anyone who cares to look, there are abundant evidences of increased responsiveness.

THE BUDGET FOR 1912.

(Western Section.)

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Home Missions | \$346,000 |
| Augmentation | 80,000 |
| Foreign (not including W.F.M.S.) | 310,000 |
| French Evangelization | 36,000 |
| Pointe aux Trembles | 24,000 |
| Jewish Missions | 12,000 |
| Aged Ministers' Fund | 25,000 |
| Widows' and Orphans' Fund | 25,000 |
| Social Service and Evangelism | 50,000 |
| Assembly Fund | 12,000 |
| Colleges— | |
| Montreal | *12,000 |
| Queen's | *10,000 |
| Knox | *23,000 |
| Manitoba | 12,500 |
| Alberta | **9,000 |
| Westminster Hall, B.C. | 9,000 |
| Deaconess Training Home | 4,500 |

\$1,000,000

*This includes accumulated deficits.

**This includes \$2,500 from Knox Ch., Calgary, and \$3,500 from First Ch., Edmonton, for support of chairs.

This Budget for 1912 is allocated among the Synods of the Western Section of the Church as follows:—

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| Montreal and Ottawa | \$200,000 |
| Toronto and Kingston | 300,000 |
| Hamilton and London | 200,000 |
| Manitoba | 100,000 |
| Saskatchewan | 60,000 |
| Alberta | 60,000 |
| British Columbia | 80,000 |

Our Foreign Missions

HONAN, RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

BY REV. MURDOCK MACKENZIE, D.D.

For the Record,

To have results there must be causes. As the pioneer worker of the Honan Mission landed at Chefoo, early in 1888, about a quarter century of very varied missionary activity must be reckoned among the causes lying behind the results now looked for.

The Presbytery of Honan was constituted in December, 1889. There were seven men present at the first meeting. Mission work, from centres within the Province, was begun in 1891. Thus a time for missionary stock-taking has arrived.

The work from 1891 onward—for several years—was largely of a pioneer kind. Men began to feel their way among the people. The Mandarin language was turned to a new purpose in Honan, in declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thousands of patients were treated, great quantities of Christian literature distributed, conversation held with hundreds of persons, and by such methods the Gospel was made widely known in North Honan.

Increasing knowledge of the people suggested new doors of usefulness, and ways whereby still larger numbers of persons might be reached. Many villages were visited and the Gospel was brought to thousands of persons near their own homes. Markets and theatrical entertainments are held frequently and these presented rare opportunities for sowing the Gospel seed. The great annual fair in the city of Hsun Hsien, brought to one centre, for the worship of idols, immense numbers of people from many counties in North Honan, and the Christian forces concentrated in that city for an active campaign each year. Work was kept going steadily in the mission stations, and the Christian propaganda reached out to ever widening areas as year succeeded year.

As converts were given, classes for their

instruction had to be conducted. The small companies of believers were organized into Christian centres. An effort was made to hold regular services among them and thus give visibility to the Christian cause in a small number of villages. The ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were dispensed, and these attracted numbers, while their purport became the theme of conversation in many places.

The year 1900 was in a peculiar sense the year of the power of darkness in China. Persecution, expulsion, massacre, and agonies worse than death, marked that bloody year. As so often during the past nineteen centuries, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church, and what was meant to exterminate really helped to extend that church. The decade which ended with 1910 witnessed a widespread awakening all over the Chinese Empire, and the Church of Christ grew, prospered and became increasingly influential.

It is easier to indicate what has been done than to tabulate in definite figures or formulas the actual results. It should be understood, too, that any attempt at summarizing results must be very general, and only approximately correct.

Out of the many scores of thousands of patients treated, many thousands have received immediate and permanent benefit. Christianity has appealed to them as a remedial agency for the body.

Village evangelism has been conducted, amid constant interruptions, during all the years of the mission's history, and some thousands of villages in all must have been visited. By singing of hymns, preaching of Christ by Chinese and Canadian Christians, asking and answering of questions, sale of Christian tracts and pamphlets, conversations in the inns and on the roads, many of the Honanese have heard much of Jesus and His Gospel.

The great majority of the patients who remained for any time in the wards, have heard the Gospel in the street and com-

pound chapels daily, and many of them have in addition attended morning worship for heathen or Christians. Evangelists have been in close touch with them during their stay, making a wise use of the opportunities presented for Gospel preaching. Much has been done in this way to win men to consider Christ and His salvation, and not a few have been led to trust Him fully.

Baptismal and Communion occasions have often drawn to one centre considerable numbers of persons who saw much that must have appeared strange to them, and heard not a little which they could not fully understand. Yet they knew many of the Christians as their companions and partners in idolatrous practices in former times, and from them learned much concerning the Christian salvation. Catechumens have often stated that their interest in Christ dated from such times.

Over seventeen hundred persons have been baptized and added to the church rolls as members in full standing. There are some hundreds of catechumens who are now being taught elementary Christian truths. The majority of these will, in course of time, be baptized. Schools for the instruction of boys and girls from Christian homes are established in three of our mission compounds, and a number have been set on foot in country districts.

Station classes for the instruction of converts have been held from earliest days, and a theological class, specially intended for teaching Chinese evangelists, has been held for eight seasons. Nine of those attending have finished the prescribed course of study, and eight of these are now, or will soon be, Chinese pastors.

A Chinese presbytery was formed three years ago. In it Canadian ministers and elders are for the present associated with the Chinese brethren, with a view to aiding them to understand the ordinary procedure in subordinate church courts.

Eight Chinese churches were organized in the Spring of this year, and these will be ministered to by pastors who have rendered good service as evangelists for many years and are now ordained. These congregations have also undertaken the

entire support of their pastors, and the aim is to make each church a centre for evangelistic activity over a large district.

China is now passing through the throes of a revolution which will have far-reaching results in all parts of the nation. Honan was spared such scenes of terror as some provinces were enduring. Work was continued almost uninterruptedly along all lines at, and out from, each centre in our Mission.

Full religious toleration is now granted. All the non-Christian religions, and all branches of the Church of Christ will have a fair field and no favour. What this means to the churches time will soon tell.

Five leading centres have now been opened in North Honan. A sixth has been agreed upon and a worker deputed to secure suitable land for a compound, with a view to beginning work there.

Ours is the only Protestant Church at work north of the Yellow River in Honan. There are between seven and eight millions to be evangelized. The entire mission staff—men and women—now amounts to about sixty. More than half that number are women, twenty-three of these being married.

Our over-worked medical brethren are compelled to work at the mission compounds, so that the mission has only twenty-one men free for evangelistic work in city and country—not more than one man for 300,000 persons. God has richly blessed the labours of the past twenty-five years. The door of opportunity is open wide in North Honan. The call has never been more urgent than at present. If our beloved Church were to give one evangelizing pastor for each 100,000 persons, surely a very reasonable estimate—more than fifty men must be selected and sent.

The prospect is bright as the promises of God. There may be dark clouds of ominous import, but God is in His heaven. His promises will not fail of accomplishment, and the progress of His Kingdom is assured. There will be no failure on His side. Surely there can be no failure on the part of His Church, in a country so richly blessed with material and all other wealth as Canada is and must continue to be.

REVIVAL IN A HONAN CENTRE.

LETTER FROM MRS. GOFORTH.

Changteho, North Honan,
1 November, 1912.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

Early in September we tried to secure premises for work in one of the large towns of our field but failed. The only place open to us was in the small country village of Hsien Tao. Though small itself, Hsien Tao is the market centre for a very populous country district.

Neither our fellow workers nor ourselves thought we would get many hearers, as it was the busiest season for the country people. We soon found, however, that God had plainly led us in going there, for, from the first, the people seemed prepared in a truly wonderful way. Crowds of men and women kept coming till we were obliged to send for an extra evangelist and Bible woman, though Mr. Goforth had brought three evangelists with him and I my two Bible women. Miss McIntosh and her Bible woman kindly came up and gave me a week's help when we were greatly pressed.

Our plan of work was to carry on the day preaching separately, men to men and women to women, but at night we had a regular Gospel meeting for all. A large hymn scroll was used so that all could see and follow the hymn. Two Gospel addresses were given. We were constantly made to praise God for the oneness of our helpers in preaching Christ and Him crucified.

For weeks we had the place packed every night. We women always left at nine o'clock but the men were still teaching and preaching often till after midnight.

As the interest grew Mr. Goforth rented an extra room for inquirers to study in. I wish I could take time to tell you of all the interesting cases we met in those weeks, but I can only cite a few.

Our landlord, who kept a shop in front of where we lived, his two sons and his accountant, all seemed really converted. Mr. Goforth says he never recorded one with a brighter testimony than this elder son.

The next shop to the west of us was kept by three brothers, all of whom became inquirers.

Across the road, next to our preaching hall, a Mr. Tang, a graduate, became out and out for Christ, also his young brother and aged father.

The interest spread to the villages round about and night by night we had men studying from these villages. Before we went to Hsien Tao there was but one Christian in all the region.

The same spirit of inquiry was seen among the women. I have never seen women so eager to learn. Day by day we would have from twenty to fifty women sitting for hours listening. Scores of those women learned to pray and declared their purpose never to worship the false gods again.

Time alone can prove the permanency of this month's mission, but we do know that thousands have heard, and we believe hundreds have understood and have become favourable to the Gospel.

The greatest hindrance we have found among them is the "fear of man." Friends in the home land have no conception of what it means for a man or woman to be the first in their clan or district to become a Christian. We would be so thankful if those who read this would pray for this place that the Lord may give these weak beginners courage for the persecutions that must inevitably await them.

Before we left, one of the evangelists estimated that between forty and fifty men and boys had determined to become Christians.

The house we lived in was by no means a palace, and, hardened as I am to this work, I must confess to feeling a wonder how I could ever exist a month in such a place. We had fifty holes in the mud walls stopped up and still some were left. Had it rained we would have had to live under umbrellas. Mr. Goforth's desk was the top of an empty coffin. Large rats were our constant companions, but nevertheless we left this place feeling stronger and better in every way than when we came.

I must not forget to mention that we saw frequently the fruit of the good work done among the patients in the men's and women's hospitals at Changteho.

Were it not for the great need for reviving

the Christian centres we would wish for no work more glorious than that which I have described: "telling out among the heathen that the Lord is King."

Changteho, 4 Nov.

Since writing the above we have had the great joy of witnessing the ordination of the first Chinese pastor in the North Honan mission. Pastor Ma is a man of high character. He has been one of our most faithful Christians.

During the revival at Chang Te, three years ago, he received a lasting blessing and has been an intense Christian ever since. His special training for the ministry has been at the summer school for preachers, held at Wei Hwei fu, and the years of practical experience he has gained as an evangelist. We ask the prayers of the home church for Pastor Ma and the other Chinese pastors who are to be ordained in different parts of the field.

INDIA AND KOREA.

The awakening in India is increasingly evident. The country is shot through and through with movements that are full of promise. The thirst for education has come down amongst the masses and is being promoted by the Government, by Christian Missions and by wealthy individuals. There is a new patriotism, and a higher conception of what religion ought to be, and an attempt to purge and render respectable the old religions—too impure to be translated. There is the growing conviction that some religion is necessary for India, and that the future religion is to be Christianity. India has broken with the past, and the future must depend on the activity of the Church to-day.

The native rulers have shown appreciation of the work in different districts, by gifts of land for mission buildings. The many departments of activity—evangelistic, medical, educational, industrial—are active and hopeful, and with many opportunities of expansion. A native ministry is developing, eight young men having finished a four year course of study and received licensure. All things seem ready for a rapid advance.

In Korea the progress is amazing—the

marvellous activity and self-denial amongst church members, the thirst for Bible knowledge and evangelistic enthusiasm, and the earnest importunity in prayer. The two sections of our Church, Eastern and Western, have accepted the responsibility of evangelizing about one million of the twelve millions in Korea. In two and a half years the groups of Christians increased from 132 to about 350. How long this wave of blessing may continue we cannot tell, but certainly this is the accepted time. R. P. M.

BARWAHA, A NEW STATION.

LETTER FROM DR. A. G. MCPHEDRAN.

Dr. A. G. McPhedran, writing from his new station, Barwaha, Central India, to Crescent St. Church, Montreal, says:—

Cholera made its appearance here about the first of August. The death roll in this village is heavy, with little done on the part of any of themselves to stem the disease.

It is the same up and down the Narbudda river on both sides for a stretch of thirty miles.

I have asked many a man about the conditions in his village. The replies indicated that in at least half the villages within five miles of the north bank of the river cholera is prevalent, and the reports of the south side do not suggest any better conditions. Time and again this answer has been given,—"There are four or five dying in our village every day."

I was called yesterday morning to a village of two hundred people a mile away from here. The man had been sick twenty-four hours. I was too late. He died soon after my arrival. Time and again I have been called as a last resort.

I have had all sorts of cases, from mild and easily controlled attacks to those for which there was no human help.

The first case I saw was a man whom I thought could not live an hour. He is alive and well. Having seen his case I despaired of no one unless there was no response to continued treatment.

There are just two reasons for telling you of this work.

The first is that you may see the condi-

tions here, the need of enlightenment that the way may be opened for establishing a hospital. If we had a hospital with moderate equipment one medical man could treat ten cholera patients with as little effort and as much success as is now connected with each patient. It is true that many would not consent to come to a hospital, but they will never learn to come unless they begin.

Better than hospital treatment of course would be preventive measures. Ordinary preventive measures, among the people, would have reduced the death rate, here and elsewhere, by at least eighty per cent. Until effective prevention becomes the rule, we must be ready to deal with outbreaks such as we are passing through.

The second reason for telling you of this work is that you may see how a great door and effectual is opening to us—you. Even in places where death followed we are looked upon with a friendly eye because they realize that we did what we could; while in cases of recovery we have established friendships which we hope will bear much fruit.

Nearly a fortnight ago, I treated a young man who was very ill. He has made a good recovery. His uncle told me since that when they called me, and for the whole night after until he began to mend they had no hope whatever, and certainly their actions indicated as much.

He is a Brahmin, with the best of connections in the village. The door of their home is open—at least temporarily—and had it not been for the illness I do not know how long it might have been closed. In reply to my inquiry if I might go back and discuss religion with them, the master of the house said I would most certainly be welcome; this from a Brahmin whose pride of race and of birth are quite beyond the conception of anyone not intimately acquainted with India.

So you see that we are winning our way in Barwaha and I think that few would be glad to see us go. For that matter we don't intend to go, anyway.

And now let me tell you about,—

Our First Baptism at Barwaha.

September 29th was "Children's Day" in

our Church in Canada. We had here a most appropriate service, for on that day a "child of the Kingdom" was received into the Church by baptism. He is the first in Barwaha, we hope the first of a long succession.

He is over thirty years of age. He was a Mohammedan. He first came to us last Christmas for work and became our camp watchman. Four or five months later he asked for baptism. On account of his lack of knowledge and because he was receiving pay from us, he has been kept on probation so long, being under instruction all the time. We have had, from the first, no doubt of his sincerity, and believe that he had accepted Christ long before his baptism.

One day, recently, a wealthy Mohammedan was laughing at him for becoming a Christian, saying that he did not understand anything about it. The reply was something as follows:

"There was formerly a great load of sin on my head. That load is all gone, because I have believed in a Saviour who—being Himself sinless—can save others from sin. You believe in Mohammed who was a sinner and cannot save others. If you believe in Christ you too will be set free from your burden."

He has also been persistently following up a young Brahmin who promised to receive baptism with him, and was prevented at the last moment by no fault of his own. The two had agreed to receive baptism together and the Brahmin was unable to get away from his post in a town seven miles away. He remains steadfast and will likely be baptized before long.

There are several Brahmins inquiring the way, and we hope that all of them may come soon. If work of this sort goes on then we will not worry because of failure to get a site for buildings; for the chief business of the Church in India is evangelism, and other methods are and must remain the handmaids of evangelism.

Will you not remember in your prayer meetings, and in your homes, to pray for these Brahmins—two of them married—that they and their women, who are also much interested, may be brought into the light of Christ.

FROM REV. W. A. WILSON, D.D.

(Principal, Indore Theological Seminary).

Indore, Oct. 25, 1912.

Dear Mr. Armstrong,—

We had the sad duty this morning of carrying to his last resting place baby Schofield. His life suddenly and most unexpectedly slipped out yesterday afternoon. He has had fever for some days, and suffered from bronchial trouble, with possibly whooping cough. But though his temperature was high in the morning, we thought it might be due to teething.

However, just after our afternoon meal, the aya called the mother, who ran to his room only in time to see him breathe his last. The sudden end may have been due to heart failure, as the child has had a struggle from the first. Still he came down from the hills strong and vigorous looking just about a month ago. India is hard on little children.

There has been much sickness too among the students of the seminary, and the time of a number was a good deal broken in upon by their own illness and that of members of their families. The results of the examinations will be somewhat affected by this.

We finished our first term of the new session a week or so ago. We have had in attendance seventeen in the first year and eight in the third. We open a new class only on alternate years.

The lads have worked hard. They found the course stiff for their attainments, but they stuck to it, and judging from the results in previous classes, we may hope for much better things from them in the next session.

They are now all scattered to their stations for cold weather work in the mission, which will continue till the middle of February, when they will return for the second term which is to close at the end of April. The students thus get six months of work in the Seminary and six months' practical work in their various fields.

Those graduated last year in various stations are doing good work. Studies have been assigned them by the Presbytery in which they will be examined at the March

meeting. Those of us who have been urging for years the development of this work were greatly delighted when at the last meeting of Presbytery a request was made that one of the graduates be immediately licensed that he might be in a position to receive a call from the congregation in Mhow. The request was granted and the young man was duly examined, passing most satisfactorily the prescribed examinations, and licensed. The call is being prepared and in a few weeks he will be ordained and inducted we expect.

We are to have an induction in Indore next week of a native pastor who has come to us from the U. F. Mission in Rajputana. He has been supplying the congregation for some months, and it has been decided by Presbytery, at the call of the congregation, to settle him. The man now called is a strong man with experience of work as a pastor, and we are looking forward with good hopes for successful work.

Two of my helpers, graduates of last year, are now in the district, in tent, for cold weather work. I am hoping to join them after a little when I get through with some work that has been laid upon me in connection with Dr. Mott's conference to be held next month in Jabalpur.

We are glad that we are to have a visit from Rev. J. McP. Scott.

Rev. Principal J. A. Sherrard, M.A.B.D., of our College at Indore, Central India, writes: "Everything is moving along here in a fairly satisfactory state, although we are somewhat more busy than the heat that has appeared since the close of the rains would seem to call for. There is a good number on the roll—considerably above the average. I am very anxious that the Foreign Mission Committee will give me about \$5,000 this year in order to build new hostels—or, as they are called in Toronto, new residences. It is absolutely necessary to provide accommodation for more than eighty per cent. of the students who attend. This year I had to refuse admission to about eighty students because I could not give them accommodation in the boarding houses. We have over seventy in the rooms at present, an average of three in quite a number of the rooms."

THE JOURNEY TO WUAN.

Dr. S. O. McMurtry has been transferred to Wuan, North Honan, to the new David Yulle Memorial Hospital. The following extracts of recent private letter from Mrs. McMurtry tell of the journey thither.

We left Pei-tai-ho ten days ago yesterday, and three days previous to that we were treated to a robbery, only it was the poor cook and not we who suffered. The nerve of the offender quite took my breath away. Would you believe it, in a heavy shower of rain, on Sunday evening, at 7.30, when I was sitting on the front of the verandah, reading by a punkah-lamp, and the cook was hustling about from the kitchen to the verandah—where the table was—and into the dining-room for plates, etc., some thief slipped in by the gate and went into the cook's room and stole all he owned, lots of clothes, his bedding, and six dollars Mex.

The Doctor of course helped the cook out. He began by giving him a suit of gray clothes and a sailor hat that he had been wearing this summer, and each time I saw Ch'ang Lin rigged out in the well-known apparel, it quite gave me a little shock to see the great pigtail hanging at the back.

We stayed one day in Peking to have a little rest on our journey. We visited the Union Medical College; and went to see the really lovely hospital the London Mission is building, with an elevator, and flat roof with a wall round it, where the patients can enjoy an open air cure. Chinese patients, of course, for any foreigner would soon get sun stroke or begin to peel in the intense heat of the sun's rays.

The following day, Friday, was the most uncomfortable of our journey—it always is on that filthy train, and we were glad to reach Han Tan after a twelve-hour trip.

I was rather dreading our night at Han Tan, which was to be my first experience of sleeping in a Chinese inn, but I was agreeably surprised, for everything was comparatively clean for China.

Cleanliness is always comparative here, most places are so dirty that anything two or three shades cleaner (which would be considered pretty awful in Canada) is welcomed with much appreciation.

We intended starting on the road for Wu-An at 6 a.m., but it is like starting an ocean liner to get under way in the early morning, when numerous Chinese (habitants) are assisting.

It was nine o'clock when we got fairly started from the inn. It took about one hour to put our few belongings on to the carts, another half-hour to settle the landlord's bill, and still another half-hour to coax the teamster to put the mules in between the poles, and then took him almost as long again to coax them to "be put" there.

The Doctor rode his own horse and my conveyance was a sort of mat hammock on two poles (with a covering like a gypsy's caravan) slung up high on the shoulders of two mules, one mule walking in front between the two poles, and the other behind.

It was a rather strange sensation being in the litter just at first but I soon enjoyed it, or rather enjoyed the scenery and became accustomed to the motion. Luckily for us the day was glorious. I don't mean the sun was shining brightly, for that is almost always the case. It was clear and cold, and the scenery varied greatly.

We travelled at a walk all the way, sixty li—twenty English miles. We went up hills and down hills, along the edges of one or two gorges and also into the gorges, the road being so old that centuries had cut it into the land so deep that it looked like the place where a slice had been taken out of a cake, a gingerbread cake, as the earth is all that color.

On the edge of one of the gorges, baby and I were jolting serenely along in our mule litter, when we met two men driving a bull before them. They shouted, as they thought to our driver, to turn aside to the left, but no apparent attention was given to them, and before I knew it the bull had run into the front mule, frightening it and causing it to jump aside, luckily inwards and not towards the edge of the gorge.

The mule-driver, would you believe it, was some distance behind, calmly buying stodgy-looking cakes at a village we had just passed. The Doctor, who had hurried back from some distance in advance, hauled him severely over the coals, but did not arouse much animation in his stoical countenance.

When we had covered two-thirds of our journey we stopped at an inn, about 1.30 p.m., in a village situated on a little elevation. It evidently was one of the usual kind of inns encountered in inland touring for it was very dark and very dirty.

Of course being foreigners was on a par with the whole of "Barnum and Baileys" travelling through the country, for in one minute the inn yard was a mass of faces, peering one over the other to catch a glimpse of us and anything we might happen to do, and to see the baby of course; a baby in China is a tremendous source of interest.

We let the people stay there until our food was ready to eat, and then the Dr. sent them out of the yard and boarded up the gate, but even then we were anything but private, for eyes were seen through every crack, and opposite where we were in the yard, we could see some women peering curiously through holes they had poked in the paper window.

After two hours' rest we started on our way again. In one place the road and all the ground in sight was strewn with smooth stones resembling loaves of bread, and I wondered how the mules could possibly keep their footing; and several times we mounted hills on large strata of rock, like steps, and down again in the same fashion on the other side.

To see horses in the circus performing such feats would be rather interesting, but to be swung up high on their shoulders while they did so, was even more so.

As we swung over the pass between two long hills we caught sight of Wu-An, six miles away to our right, in the centre of a large plain with mountains on every side; and the first object to catch our attention was a huge pagoda within the city wall which looked like a tremendous chimney.

It was after five when we entered the city gates, and we evidently were an interesting looking cortege, judging by the attention given us. The baby, although he had at first been lulled to sleep by the jingling murmur of the mule bells, did not sleep long, for our driver at intervals broke his slumber with strange shouts to the mules, and sometimes fell to arguing with

them when they particularly exasperated him. Then when all was going well he would burst into weird fantasies of song.

With all this varied accompaniment he became restless, and by the time we reached Wu-An gates was complaining rather bitterly. The Doctor took the little fellow on his shoulder on horseback for a change, and that is the way we rode through the city streets. People ran alongside calling to the baby and he kept jerking his dear wee head from side to side as he went, and giving quick little smiles of appreciation.

Almost at the compound gate we came upon a theatre in full swing, and without another thought for the poor actors who were doing their noble best to entertain the crowd, the entire audience, to the number of one hundred and fifty or two hundred swept after us, and surged about us, with a trample of feet that sounded like a small advancing army.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce had tea waiting for us, and very kindly insisted upon our remaining with them until Tuesday, when our own house would be in order.

The houses are built on a very pretty and convenient plan. The view to the South where the houses face is exquisite, not the monotonous plain of so many other places, but farms and a winding river bed (minus the water) and about eight or nine miles off, the mountains.

No use describing the continual changing effects of mountain scenery. Each time clouds float by or the sun slants a little more, the lights and shades are beautiful. To the West we have ranges of mountains melting into distance, and here and there a peak having a pagoda or temple on it, which one could almost imagine was an ancient fortified castle, looking so romantic in the setting sun.

Instead of having the big bat-winged sails brushing past the compound wall as in Wei-Hui-Fu, we have a little road running beneath our east end, and can hear the merry tinkle of donkey bells or the calls of the drivers as they swing by; and sometimes a string of heavily laden camels winding laboriously along the way.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OUR MISSIONARIES FROM CANADA IN THE FOREIGN FIELD.

Note (1).—This list contains only the missionaries from Canada, appointed and sent forth by our F. M. Committee.

(2).—Some of them are on furlough. Their friends will know their home address. We give simply their station. As new fields open and readjustments take place, some addresses may change.

(3).—Please send to this office prompt notice of any omissions or misdirections or errors.

Our New Hebrides Mission.

Rev. H. A. Robertson, D.D., and wife,
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New Hebrides,
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A. G. McPhedran, M.D., and wife,
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Rev. D. F. Smith, B.A., and wife,
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Rev. J. R. Harcourt, B.A., and wife,
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All these names in our India Mission
should be addressed, in addition to the
above:—

Central India.

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Rev. T. A. Arthurs, B.A., and wife,
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Young People's Societies

JANUARY MISSIONARY TOPIC.

THE MISSIONARY MESSAGE OF THE BIBLE—JONAH III.

BY PROF. J. W. FALCONER, HALIFAX.

In studying this subject it will be wise to take the two Testaments separately and consider their distinctive teaching.

I. The Old Testament.

The missionary aspect of the Old Testament is the result of a great principle that lay at the root of the nation's life, namely, the belief that Jehovah was the only true God, whose majesty filled the world. At the opening of the Decalogue stands the impressive prohibition. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

This demand for the entire submission of Israel to Jehovah tended to develop a somewhat secluded life. The people were to have no dealings with the idolatrous nations around them. Such exclusiveness in its turn might naturally suggest the thought that this race would be the last to become the medium of carrying a message to the world. National isolation and pride did hinder their usefulness, and had something to do with their ultimate rejection; but nonetheless the conviction of the monotheistic nature of Jehovah grew more and more clear to them. The leaders of the people felt the majesty of Him who was the author of all things; and the necessary consequence of this was a duty to proclaim everywhere that belief.

Genesis opens with the assertion of the creative energy of God: "In the beginning **GOD Created** the heavens and the earth;" while it further says that "man was made in the image of God." It might take many years and much discipline ere the people would see the implicit mission contained in these fundamental thoughts. But great

beliefs must eventually win their way, and Israel's revelation must at last be carried to all races.

It is instructive to note that the sense of a world-wide mission appears in connection with the story of Abraham, who was selected not only for his own salvation but with a view to a larger evangelization. The disclosure of the divine plan in this case unveils the genuine impulse of God towards all men:—"And the Lord said, shall I hide from Abraham that which I do, seeing that Abraham shall become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him"—Gen 18:18. Thus Abraham was to be the founder of a house through which the knowledge of the true God was to be transmitted to all people. He was a great missionary, the father of the faithful, one who was to form a family where spiritual qualities were to be the decisive tests.

The prophets display a stronger feeling of responsibility for the enlightenment of the Gentiles. To them truth was given not only for national but also for international purposes. The Messianic prophecies, as contained in Isaiah, reveal the enlarged horizon that faces these divinely inspired teachers. There is to be another order, a new earth, where Zion is become the seat of a new kingdom, the centre of light and blessing for the whole world.—"And it shall come to pass in the latter days that the mountain of Jehovah's house shall be established on the top of the mountains and all nations shall flow unto it . . . and he will judge between the nations . . . and they shall beat their swords into plowshares"—Is. 2:2-4. All nations are to come and drink at this great fountain of truth. Egypt that has so long thwarted the people of God shall bring her tribute.—"And the Lord shall be

known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord and shall do sacrifice and oblation"—Is. 18:21. Ethiopia also shall bring a present to the Lord of hosts—18:7.

In the later prophecies the universal redemptive function of Israel assumes more distinctness. Men are to know God from the rising of the sun and from the west, Is. 45:6. The isles are to wait on Him, Is. 51:5, 52:10, 66:19. The servant of the Lord is to be a light to the Gentiles, 49:6. He will not fail till he have made the true religion universal—42:4. All the nations will flock to him—"and nations shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—60:3, 61:6, 9. The book closes with a scene of the universal worship of God—"and it shall come to pass that from one new moon to another shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith Jehovah"—Is. 66:23.

The Psalms also have few features more striking than the constant anticipation of the welcome of all nations into the kingdom of Jehovah. The nations that now oppose Him are yet His possession and eventually they will bow before Him—Ps. 2:8, 33:8; 66:1. This time is not far off, Ps. 22:27, 66:4. "Yea all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him."

In the prophecy placed at the head of our lesson we find that the book of Jonah is directed against the narrow spirit of those Jews who, like Jonah, did not wish the divine blessings to extend to the foreign nations. The book shows that God has a care for Gentiles and that they are open to receive the message of repentance. Thus the work is a rebuke of the exclusive spirit of the chosen people and a defence of missionary activity.

II. The New Testament.

The missionary message of the New Testament follows from its underlying principle, that the true God who has been partly revealed in the Old Testament is fully manifested in his Son Jesus Christ. God who at sundry times spake to us through the fathers, hath in these last days spoken through his Son. Jesus is the final message of God. All other religions have been as shadows compared with the reality. Christ is the Saviour

of the world. And the world-wide propagation of Christianity is the consequence of its universality. The brightness of the Gospel cannot be hid. Do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel?

In the Gospels Jesus is represented as confining His activity to the Jews and at first as laying restrictions upon the disciples. "Go not into the way of the Gentiles." However, there were important reasons for His personal limitation of activity, while there is no doubt that Jesus was far from intending His disciples to remain within the region of the Jews; but their education must be more thorough ere they could be missionaries to the Gentiles.

The teaching of Jesus ever takes for granted a larger area than that of Israel. His parables speak of the leaven that is to leaven the whole lump, of the tree that is to grow till all the birds of the air lodge in its branches, of the seed that is to be scattered everywhere, "the field is the world." He refers to the multitudes that are to come from all quarters of the earth to sit down with Him in the Kingdom.

In John 12:47 we read His impressive claim: "I came not to judge the world but to save the world." To Nicodemus he says, "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness so must the Son of Man be lifted up that whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life"—John 3:14. He speaks of himself as the "Light of the world"—as, "The Way, the Truth and the Life." All of these point to the universal mission of Christianity. Besides all these there is the missionary commission of Matt. 28:19, where the disciples are to prepare to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth. "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations."

"Acts" opens with the promise of the Spirit that will fit the brethren for this task of world evangelization.—"But ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth"—1:8. At Pentecost this promise began to be realised. Peter sees the fulfilment of the words of Joel—"And it shall come to pass in the last days I will

pour forth of my spirit upon all flesh"—2:17. The story of the expansion of the Church moves forward in ever widening circles till the words of Christ are preached in the capital of the Empire.

The following division of the Acts, taken from Turner's article in the Bible Dictionary, may be of service. First stage, the beginning at Jerusalem (1:1—6:7);—second stage, the extension of the Church throughout Palestine (6:8—9:31);—third stage, the extension of the Church to Antioch (9:32—12:24);—fourth stage, the extension of the Church to Asia Minor as a result of Paul's first missionary journey (12:25—16:5);—fifth stage, the extension of the Church to Europe, resulting from Paul's second missionary journey (16:6—19:20);—sixth stage, the extension of the Church to Rome (19:21—28:31).

Thus the whole book is alive with missionary zeal. We can almost hear the tramp of the apostles or prophets as they hasten on their way, intent upon carrying the Word of Life to the perishing Gentiles.

The Epistles are frequently missionary letters. Romans tells of the burden of responsibility which ever weighed upon the conscience of Paul—"I am debtor both to Greeks and Barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish; so as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome." In other letters he reminds his readers of the emancipation that has come to them through Christ,

in such striking contrast with the bondage of their heathen life:—"Wherefore remember that once ye, the Gentiles in the flesh, were separate from Christ; having no hope and without God in the world. But now in Christ Jesus ye that once were far off are made nigh in the blood of Christ" Eph. 2:11-13.

John also addresses the Christians of Asia Minor because the same impulse moves his soul. The truth of Jesus is so precious, so satisfying, that he cannot refrain from the joy of writing and preaching. "What we have heard, what we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life, declare we unto you. And these things we write that your joy may be made full."—I John, 1:4.

The Bible is the greatest of all books. In it we learn how to conquer temptation, how to build up character, how to face defeat or failure, how to endure success. In these sacred pages, the afflicted find solace, the heavy laden gain rest and the dying are taught to wait in hope of eternal life. Here the sinful escape the weight of their guilt, and learn how to walk in fellowship with a loving God. It is the Book of Life. It is the Word of God. Therefore it is meant for the entire race. The four hundred translations in which the Bible, or parts of it, can be read, and the annual sale of five millions of copies of the Scriptures, or of portions thereof, testify to the rapidity with which its destiny is being accomplished.

JANUARY CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Its Importance to the Nation.

BY REV. W. J. KNOX, M.A., PEMBROOKE, ONT.

Canada is being called upon to take her place among the nations of the world and it becomes her to consider well those elements which are essential to national greatness. We are entering upon the adult life of nationhood at a time when the spirit of democracy is moving upon the minds of all peoples. Having reached

maturity under the influence of an Empire with a genius for responsible government, we are influenced very naturally by this same democratic spirit.

Many centuries ago a statesman with deep insight into the life of Judah said:—"My people are led into captivity through 'lack of knowledge.'" Isaiah saw clearly that the inevitable downfall of his nation would be the result of blind disregard of truths easily understood.

These were ancient days when kings ruled the land. Even then a true states-

man saw that the nation's greatest need was knowledge on the part of the people. How much greater is this need in a day when into the hands of the people has been committed the power of kings. More surely than any other, will a democratic nation be led into captivity if the people lack knowledge. Education is the very foundation of a stable democracy. Canada's highest welfare cannot be secured without a body of teachers with true national vision, and schools well equipped to do the work for which they are designed.

It would be fatal, however, if we attempted to build our national structure upon what we very commonly think of as education, that is the intellectual training given in our schools. However essential this may be of itself it is by no means sufficient.

The administration of the police department in New York did not break down because Lieut. Becker had not sufficient intellectual ability. So far as his intellect was concerned he was well equipped. If the business man is unprincipled, intellectual training will help him to rob the community more effectively; if the politician is corrupt, intellectual training will fit him to pollute the country more completely; if the criminal is set upon some murderous scheme, intellectual training will enable him to avoid detection more cleverly.

There is need for something more, something that goes deeper, even to the very well springs of the man's being and directs his whole life steam. This is the function of religious education, to so develop the moral and religious elements in the individual that he may live in right relation with his fellows and his God. Religious education is therefore essential to the well being of the State.

Our object in this paper is not to deal with the chief agencies for the unfolding of the deeper religious life, such as the home, the church and the school; nor is it to describe the means by which the church can most effectively carry on her work of religious education, such as the Bible School organized in departments, properly graded lesson material, and a

building designed to adequately house a school so organized; our object is rather to point out how the work of religious education comes into relation with the life of the nation.

Religious education, if really effective, enthrones in the heart the ideal of service. The individual whose religious nature has been developed by proper methods will seek to fit himself for some work will add value in some degree to the national well being. He will scorn to enter any calling or occupation in which he may rapidly and easily enrich himself without rendering some adequate service in return. His ambition is to be a patriot, not a parasite. This is the very essence of religion and directly affects the quality of the nation's life. If our young men or young women have their hearts set upon ease and luxury, wealth and pleasure, as the supreme thing, Canada can never take her place among the great nations of the world.

A people educated religiously will value character above material good. Men will be esteemed above things. The supreme values will be spiritual. The life will be more than meat. A nation will be held to be great, not according to the things manufactured, but according to the quality of the men produced. The welfare of the employee will be considered as of greater moment than dividends. Human lives will not be sacrificed upon the altar of speed. Man, not gold, will be counted as God's crowning work.

Religious education in a democracy will prepare men to submit to that discipline and self renunciation which is inevitably demanded when the government chosen by the people undertakes more and more to determine the conditions of individual life. The effectiveness of any law depends not only upon the justice of it, but upon the willingness of the people to control their lives by it, even although it may involve self-denial on their part. Any such law as local option, for instance, will be to no purpose unless the people have been educated to submit to discipline, and to forego, in the interests of the common good, what may seem to be their right.

A true religious education will foster a right view of the criminal and the juvenile delinquent. The barbaric passion for vindictive vengeance will be allayed. The one purpose in dealing with the criminal will be to reform him. Those nations have grown wealthy in material things which have studied the refuse pile and extracted from it products of commercial value, at the same time learning more economical methods of manufacture. In like manner that nation will grow rich in human life that carefully studies the tailings, with a view to devising more effective methods of education and redeeming those who have been cast out.

One chief aim of those who seek the nation's greatest good will be to give the home its proper place in the country's life and to fit it to bear worthily its great responsibility. One of the most discouraging features of the life of to-day is the impoverishment of the home influence, both in quality and in quantity.

The factory system in recent generations has taken the workers out from the home and herded them together in great masses, under conditions which do not elevate or refine the life. The huge store gathers large numbers of young people together in an atmosphere that is not charged with that close personal sympathy which at one time existed between the employer and the clerk in the small shop often under the shadow of the home. Instead of enjoying the social gathering in the home our young people crowd to the theatre, the five cent show and the ball game. The amusements of to-day are being controlled less and less by the home.

It would be quite hopeless to attempt to turn back the world in its onward rush; we must therefore endeavor to adjust the home to its new environment and so to order the conditions of industrial and social life that they will not defeat the religious training in church and home, but supplement it by affording favorable conditions for the expression of the spirit of service.

If the heart of the people be truly educated, if their religious nature be developed, they will come to recognize

that the relation of the nation to surrounding nations will be similar to the relation which obtains between individuals. In any Christianized country a man who has a difference with his neighbor does not seek to adjust the difference by killing him. No more will a nation hold that a wrong can be righted by the keenness of the sword and the strength of the arm which wields it.

The Christian nation too, like a religiously educated man, will look upon its position among the nations as that of a servant. Its national policy will be missionary. It will recognize its responsibility for the establishment of the Kingdom of God throughout the world.

Religious education rightly defined will thus be seen to be the very foundation of national stability and true greatness. The Church, if she rightly conceives her function as a true servant of the people, has in her hand the power to preserve the nations' life against decay. Mercantile and educational institutions have their necessary place in the development of any country but if the people do not foster in themselves and in their children those fundamental religious elements of character such as reverence, truth, honor and the spirit of service, they can never realize the divine purpose in their national life.

GETTING A LITTLE BETTER.

"I am not what I ought to be, and I am not what I want to be, but I am not what I used to be," was the slowly-given testimony of a poor man who had been brought under the influence of Christian truth.

Those simple words told the whole story of Christian life for the highest as well as the lowliest believer. The height of faith and character that we never quite attain—that which we feel we ought to be and are not—keeps us dissatisfied with self. The longing for better and nobler things that for ever urges us on brings sometimes its sense of discouragement as well. We are not what we ought to be or want to be, and yet, when we look back over the pilgrim road, we recognize gratefully that we have come no little way from the beginnings of earlier years. We are not what we used to be.—Ex.

Life and Work

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee;

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest;

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face;

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days;"

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!
—F. R. Havergal.

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.

Of all the seasons of the year there is none so tender, so beautiful, so weird and unearthly, so fascinating and perfect as the Indian Summer.

After the buds, blossoms, heat and harvests of summer; after the autumn of fruits and frosts, when the forests are mantled in crimson, fire and gold, when the chill winds and vagrant snow squalls warn of the approach of ice-mantled winter, then some invisible hand seizes the galloping seasons and reins them up suddenly for a few days, while earth, air, and sky weave around the weather-beaten brow of the year the golden crown of Indian Summer.

And so God designs old age to be the Indian Summer of life, gentlest, the tenderest, the most beautiful of all life's seasons; for he says, "And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoary hairs I will carry and deliver you." God's special care and love for old age mark it as the Indian Summer of earth's pilgrimage. Baltimore Southern Methodist.

THE UNSEEN GUIDING HAND.

A few seasons ago a little yacht was cruising among the Western Isles of Scotland, and one sullen evening a gale set in from the broad Atlantic. It came moaning over the long, rolling swell, and caught the frail craft off a perilous lee-shore.

There was no shelter at hand, but the old skipper had known that treacherous coast from boyhood, and he said that there was a harbor some distance away, and he thought he could make it; and so, through the darkness, lit only by the gleam of phosphorescence in her wake, the little ship went plunging on her course amid the wild welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water, and they let go the anchor, and, turning into their berths, went peacefully to sleep.

In the morning the master came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little loch, girt about by dark, purple mountains. It was a quiet haven; but, looking toward the entrance, he beheld a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, and all awash with boiling surf.

To think of passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller, and those jagged teeth would catch the frail timbers and grind them to splinters, and every life would perish. He gazed a while, then he shuddered, and, turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed: "Did we—did we pass there in the darkness?"

And this is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but there is more, immeasurably more, that we have never noticed; and we shall never realize what a debt we owe to the unseen love which has attended us until we get home, and survey the long road which we have traveled over the wide wilderness.

We shall then perceive, in the clear light of eternity, what perils we have escaped—the hidden snares, the lurking foes, the rushing torrents, the dizzy precipices which we have passed securely in the darkness, because an unseen Hand was holding us and guiding our blind steps. Then we shall realize what we owe to the love of God.—Herald and Presbyterian.

"There is only one way to be a Christian, and that is to be all Christian and nothing else."

OBLIGATION OF THE CITY CHURCH.**A Selected Symposium.**

The Church has a Christ-made programme with the following duties:—

First:—To witness for Christ and in every way possible manifest Him to the world.

Second:—Preach a full Gospel.

Third:—Present every person with a copy of the Bible—which is the Word of God—and, to constrain people to study the Scriptures daily.

Fourth:—To minister to the masses, defend the weak, lift the oppressed, fight wrong, and, in general, to unloose the heavy burdens, purify homes, cleanse society, inaugurate a reign of civic righteousness, peace and good will to all men. Preach Christ and Him crucified as the only means of salvation. He is the only Saviour for the individual and the city. The cities need more Christ and less Caesar—more Gospel and less ice cream—more Bible and less sociological buncombe.

M. A. MATTHEW.

The city church owes it to the city:—

I. To be a faithful preacher of the Gospel, presenting the cross as "the power of God unto salvation" to all its people.

II. To maintain a great recruiting station, where its members are fired with a passion to uplift their fellows, and are sent out to be healers and helpers of men.

III. To be an unfailing lighthouse amid its countless perils. As lighthouses use different lanterns, so the Church must change its methods to meet varying conditions.

IV. To make itself a fountain of general beneficence, ministering to all human needs, and giving full proof of its friendly interest in and redemptive desire for all.

JOHN BALCOM SHAW.

The Church that simply tries to save its life by drawing individuals into its corporate self must surely fail. Christ intended that all the thoughts, ideals, enterprises and institutions of mankind should express the will of God. The city church, therefore, must project its influence into every trend, development and organization of our complex city life.

If direct impact is necessary, then the whole weight of the Church must be hurled against evil. But without a doubt, the steady impregnation of our social, industrial and political life with the ideals and principles of our Lord is the surest way of establishing the Kingdom of Heaven. It seems to me that three things are necessary: Vision, Voice and Vote. The city church must inspire citizens who shall see and express and create the Christian city.

JOSEPH H. ODELL.

The obligation of the city church to the city is, in my judgment, through the earnest and intelligent preaching of the whole Christian gospel; the maintenance of a dignified, edifying and inspiring public worship; the careful instruction and training of the young in religious things; faithful and skilful pastoral ministry to individuals according to their needs; adequate provision to meet, in proper ways, the legitimate demand for social diversion and human fellowship, to gather and raise up as large a body as possible, of people qualified and willing to play the parts of neighbours, citizens, and servants of Christ, with due regard not only to the welfare of individuals, but also to the corporate interest of the community as a whole.

WILLIAM RIVERS TAYLOR.

A church ought to be a great moral and spiritual lighthouse in a community. The direst need of every soul is to be brought into right relations with God. In all church work the greatest possible emphasis should be laid on purely spiritual work.

When the bowling alley, the swimming pool, the gymnasium, the moving pictures, the weekly dance and numerous secular entertainments receive a more prominent place in the Church than soul culture they become a curse instead of a blessing. That church will serve the community best which adheres most closely to New Testament methods of service.

W. T. ELSING.

1. The Church must be worth, in actual cash value to civic life, at least the amount remitted in taxes; else is the Church a parasite.

It can make itself thus socially valuable through the free use of its buildings as a focus of social helpfulness, through making its worship conduce to practical good citizenship, through furnishing vision and leadership in communal affairs, through acting as a medium for gifts of money and service.

2. The Church is under obligation to be a servant in the community. "Take up the cross" is a command for the Church no less than for the individual. A selfish church is as anomalous as a selfish Christian. Each church is under obligation to know the needs of the community, and to adapt itself to them with extreme sacrifice of time, money, energy, or traditions.

3. The highest obligation of the Church is to remind its community of God in Christ. Something analogous to the spire on the building must ever be in the preaching and life of the Church. This is its supreme worth to its city.

William Risson Merritt.

WHAT A BOY LIKES.

When father takes me for a walk,
It makes me glad all day.
He puts his hand in mine and says:
"Now, Captain, lead the way."

I take him to the chipmunk's hole,
To ponds where fish are thick;
And where the big boys dig for bait
He whittles me a stick,

And makes a willow whistle, too,
That we take turns to blow.
We scatter petals in the brook,
And wonder where they go.

Then, when we're tired, we start for home,
And talk of lots of things—
Why mother has such cuddly ways,
Why birds and bees have wings;

And father talks of business, too,
And asks me my advice.
Now, wouldn't you, if you were there,
Think walks like this are nice?
—The American Magazine.

LOST IN THE CITY.

Take a real case. Twelve lads, in a small Canadian town, grew up together, went to school together, and, as young men, composed a Bible Class in a church of the community.

In course of time, all twelve found their way to a city. After the lapse of four or five years, a census of the twelve, by one of their number, revealed the startling and significant fact, that only two had retained any church or Bible Class connection; ten had lapsed into the careless, indifferent, drifting, non-church-going and non-church-interested class, that bulks so increasingly large in our modern centres of population.

Only one-sixth remained true to the traditions and teachings of their Christian homes; five-sixths had turned their backs on what their parents deemed essential foundation principles of life.

What of the ten? Do they not represent a constituency well worth an attempt to reach? And would not such a concentrated effort yield rich dividends?

The missing ten in this typical group of young men, represent in concrete form one of the greatest problems.

"If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them; if you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it. Find the bright side of things and help others to get sight of it also. This is the only and surest way to be cheerful and happy."

IRRITATION-PROOF.

No one has ever been irritated by anything outside of himself. Always and only we are the cause of our own irritations. What happens to us can never cause us to sin,—and an irritable feeling is sin. What happens to us may be the occasion or outlet for the expression of the sinful self that is within us. But if the sinful self within us is really crucified, and Christ alone dwells within, then all the happenings that can ever be flung against us no more irritate us than they irritate God.

This is the miracle of new life, God's own Life, that Christ offers to every one who will receive him in his fullness. Impatience, irritability, unlove, anxiety,—all these wrong feelings which we are tempted to believe are at one time or another inevitable because of the pressure of our circumstances,—exist only in our sinful selves and may be done away with, not by changed circumstances, but a changed self: Christ-changed—because Christ-replaced.—S. S. Times.

THE GOOD NEWS.

It is good news to know of God's glory. But this would not be true if his glory were something from which we were forever hopelessly separated.

A poor man in the slums of New York does not count it good news when he hears of the total wealth of the richest man in the world. For he and that millionaire's riches are, so far as he knows, forever separated.

But God's glory is good news to us because it includes us. God's power over our sin is part of his glory. God's giving us his Son our Christ, to be our Life, is part of his glory. God's holiness is part of his glory; and his holiness is actually ours in Christ. "All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine," said Jesus; and we are joint heirs with Christ. No wonder that Paul writes to Timothy of "the Good News of the glory of the blessed God."

Christ invites us to make that Good News ours by living now and here in the glory of "God, who calleth you into his own kingdom and glory." And as we behold "as in a mirror the glory of the Lord," we "are transformed into the same image from glory to glory." Have we praised God as we should for the gospel of his glory?—S. S. Times.

"Do not let children grow up through youth into adult age, without forming the most important bulwark against temptations of this world, 'the church-going habit.' Nothing in the religious training of the child takes the place of the regular church service."

PITFALLS IN SOCIAL WORK.

BY REV. J. M. MOORE, PH.D.

The writer of this article has been intimately connected through all his ministerial life, with the work of the Church, called social, and he is now associated with the largest institutional movement that is being carried on by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He writes, therefore, from a knowledge attained not alone through books, but by actual experience. He is entirely in sympathy with this form of Church activity, but he would like to point out some hindrances, some pitfalls to our work.

1. The first evil that has hurt our work is over-advertising. Ardent advocates have ridiculed the old-time activities of the Church and have proclaimed this social service era as the harbinger of the millennium.

In finance we have everywhere the get-rich-quick concern; cobblers half-sole your shoes while you wait; the tailor presses your suit ditto; the doctor gives you tasteless medicine in capsules that works while you sleep; the mind healer gives you absent treatment and you get well by forgetting that you are sick; languages are taught in seven lessons by a new and approved method.

In religion we have had much the same thing. Earnest men and women, deluded by the enthusiasm of alleged experts, have begun to establish all sorts of institutions; but human depravity has remained still in evidence.

Whenever institutional work is to be established, it ought to be undertaken without ostentation and as a matter of service to the people. No hope of an immediate millennium ought to be held out. The Church undertakes this work as an additional expression of her devotion to Christ and of her love for his people.

2. Let us quit talking about having something new in this work. The methods that we are using have been in vogue ever since Dorcas started her sewing circle in the time of the apostle, and Paul opened a social settlement in his own hired house in Rome. The principle is not new, the practice is not new; only the emphasis is a little more pronounced to-day.

3. Some misguided workers have been unwise enough to contrast the old method of inspirational work with the alleged new method of institutional work to the disparagement of the former. They forget that our work is simply preparatory. Our province is to break up the hard ground so that the seed may not be gathered up

by the birds, but may find a lodgment that shall make them fructify abundantly.

The wise social worker knows that ideas are far more powerful than institutions. When St. Paul crossed over into Europe in obedience to that Macedonian cry, he doubtless found the cookery bad. At Corinth the sanitation was in a terrible condition, even hay and stubble being used as building material. Had St. Paul started a cooking school at Philippi or a clean-up movement at Corinth, Europe had still been deep in sin and dirt, while sanitation and cuisine would still be unknown arts.

Rome institutionalized France, Italy, Portugal, Cuba, Mexico, and has signally failed to either uplift the people or to control their political destinies.

Martin Luther introduced one idea into the thought of the world—namely, “justification by faith”—and that one idea revolutionized governments, deposed kings, rewrote constitutions, and affected the daily lives of millions of people.

John Wesley taught one great truth—namely, that “before Almighty God all men are equal.” That one truth made modern political and social democracy a possibility. To realize the logic of that truth the nations are to-day in commotion. Men will die for their creeds, their religious ideas, but no one for a sewing school. The soup kitchen has never produced a St. Stephen.

All we claim for our work is that it is the offspring of inspirational effort. We are willing to work in a subsidiary sphere and gladly recognize that such is true. If at times some of our number become too enthusiastic in their utterances, please make a little allowance for us by remembering that we are human.

4. If our work is to continue, we must emphasize the spiritual.

Satan has laid and is trying to lay his secularizing hand on this powerful agency of the Church. There are organizations that look only to uplift work. But our Church seeks to uplift through the uplifted Christ. The dressmakers and school teachers and hard working farmers' wives who are pouring out the money without stint are giving it because they love the crucified Christ and they want men and women to be taught His love. They have no confidence in a social uplift that has not a changed heart behind it.

The social worker who has different conceptions from these ought to ally himself with the purely secular agency. And this twaddle about the Kingdom of God is most frequently the coverlet for failure and a confession of cowardice. I want to say to the Church that the ambition of most of our workers is to do a real spiritual work.

5. We need to encourage a general enthusiasm for human salvation.

Unless we are careful there is danger lest our settlement homes become an excuse for a general inactivity rather than an inspiration to social service. It devolves upon us to create a passion for souls amongst the people at large. Our social settlements may become tombs to enshrine a loved and lost grace or may become founts of inspiration. Instead of creating a cult and wrapping ourselves about with a mantle of mystery, we ought to teach the priesthood of all believers in Christ.

How may the Church reach the masses? Experiments have been made all over the country. But the purpose of the Church is to do something more than to entertain, and it must be a sorry satisfaction to a disciple of Christ to get a crowd together by means of entertainment who are willing to stomach a sermon in order to see the fun.

The Church of Christ has tried almost every conceivable way to reach the workingman except one. It is a simple method, too simple to penetrate some brains. It consists of reaching the sinners by going after them, where they are.

To my fellow workers I would say: Let us be true to our Master and to the Church which in his providence has been established, and which is the highest expression and the chief factor in his advancing kingdom. Let us be spiritually minded, filling our remedial work with a divine purpose. Let us remember that our work is a failure unless we lead men to Christ.—The Christian Advocate.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away.

Your friend is the one who appreciates you—your faults as well as your virtues—who understands and sympathizes with your defeats and victories, your aims and ideals, your joys and temptations, your hopes and disappointments, as no one else does or can.

It is your friend to whom you turn for counsel, for comfort, for praise; he may not be as learned as some or as wise as others, but it suffices that he understands you, and even his quiet listening gives strength and renewed courage.

Blessed is the man or woman into whose life has come the beauty and power of such a friendship. Prize it well. Do all in your power to keep such a friendship unbroken. Avoid the break, for when it comes it cannot be easily mended, and the jarring note mars the harmony.

It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back!—The Pilgrim.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The evil things in society will never die a natural death. Those self-assured people who are inclined to think of moral reformers as somewhat fussy busybodies will do well to remember that the drinking evil, for instance, will live until it is killed—it will never die of old age and feebleness and poor heart action.

The Master once said that He came to send not peace, but a sword, and His followers will always need a valiant right hand and should always carry a sword as well as a stout heart. If there isn't a Church militant here and now, there will never be a Church triumphant, and the only peace that will be worth anything either in earth or in heaven will be the peace won through conflict.—Sel.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Twenty years ago a young theological student was pastor of a small village congregation on Cape Cod, in a neighborhood saturated with infidelity and intensely anti-missionary.

Several retired skippers of the sailing ships that had made voyages "around the Horn" and had come back laden with whale-oil and spoils of the Orient were the oracles of the community.

The young student soon found that time spent in argument with them was worse than wasted. It was, best to listen—and then change the subject.

One day an old "sea-dog" was telling how, with his own eyes, he had seen the failure of Missions in the South Sea Islands.

The young pastor ventured to remark: "How did you happen to visit those islands, where the people were all savage cannibals, so that no white man could safely set foot on their shores?"

A sheepish look came into those foxy old eyes of the skipper, as he stammered, "They—they were cannibals until the missionaries went there and civilized them up a bit."

A candle that won't shine in one room is very unlikely to shine in another. If you do not shine at home, if your father and mother, your sister and brother, if the very cat and dog in the house are not the better and happier for your being a Christian, it is a question whether you are really one.—J. Hudson Taylor.

"SATISFACTION AND JOY."

Grannie lay upstairs in the still and orderly room; the bedclothes, smooth and snowy-white, straightened about her by kind hands; the torturing pain all gone, the weary limbs at ease; the fevered brain composed, the flying pulse at rest.

Margaret pulled the remnants of her courage together, and moved to the stairs. She must assure herself that that peace they spoke of was, in truth, there. Nothing else could reconcile her to her desolation.

As she painfully mounted the steps—those steps she had travelled so willingly and so often in recent months—her heart cried out in rebellion again. She saw once more the tossing limbs, the fevered body, the face twisted beyond all recognition with pain. She heard the pleading voice. "Sing me something to woo me to sleep"—that sleep which never would come.

Pain and toil, toil and pain for Grannie all through! And now this hard humiliating end. Why could not God have spared her a little longer to enjoy? Oh, if only Grannie had spared herself more, and toiled for others less!

Margaret paused, recoiling at the door, dreading to open it, dreading to look upon cold chill death. And now she entered. . . . She stood transfixed! . . . What a radiance! ! . . .

As she crossed the room—all rebellion, all gloom, all grief vanished. Her bowed figure straightened; her head rose as with a dignity new born. And into her face there came a look of great, consenting joy.

The radiance, that filled every corner of the darkened room, centred in Grannie. Did it emanate from her? or stream upon her? Margaret could not tell. But it filled the room with a light and glory she had never dreamed of.

She dropped on her knees beside the bed and stretched her hands towards the dear sweet face. "I long to kiss you, dear, in all your beauty," she whispered. "Oh, the good God to show to me this!" Every wrinkle gone, every vestige of suffering, every trace of weariness! But more! He had transformed the older Margaret from a careworn woman into a happy triumphant creature. A beautiful bloom of life and health suffused the face; all the courage and strength of her character standing out so plainly, just holding a little in restraint that wonderful smile.

"Who would have dreamed," she thought, "that my mother's life, which for years has been crowded with griefs and disappointments, would one day go out into so much radiant joy?" "Tribulation? Chamber of Death?" she smiled to herself.

She looked round the room again. "Why did Auntie make us draw the blinds?" she wondered. "There is no gloom here!" Around the shining bed the heavenly sunbeams danced. The air seemed to palpitate with numberless happy activities, close and tangible, but unseen; her own hands, by contrast, now strangely idle. "What are they all so busy about?" she asked. "Ah, they are tending Heaven's new-born one!"

The door moved quietly on its hinges and Richard crept in.

"Isn't she beautiful!" he said softly.

"Yes, it seems worth while," said Margaret, as they kissed her each in turn. "Though we had kept her and served her lovingly for a hundred years, we could never have brought to her this abounding satisfaction and joy."—*Missionary Record of the U. F. Church.*

BEAUTY OF CHARACTER.

There is always a certain enchantment about a beautiful character. We all know what it is to meet those whose quality and beauty of character we admire and esteem. How it thrills us with the dignity of its gracious mystery, its rare, delicate sympathy, its natural charm.

Everyone has in mind an ideal, and the loftier and nobler the ideal, the more like it will the character become. Each character, with its beautiful thoughts and beautiful actions, is an exquisite proof, a living, practical witness on earth of the power and glory of God.

What are the effects of a strong and beautiful character upon those with whom it comes into contact? In the first place, it is the divine inspiration which it continually inspires in the hearts of others toward the love of moral beauty.

In the second place, it is the example of such a character, with its tremendous influences for good, which cannot be overestimated. It shines forth with radiant beauty like some bright serene star, guiding with the glory of its light the footsteps of wanderers, lest peradventure they stumble through the darkness of the world.—*Great Thoughts.*

A man selling Bibles called on the folks of the fashionable Chicago suburb of Wilmette. A fashionable woman rang up the police, and complained that the man was a nuisance. When the police found that the man was trying to sell copies of the Bible at a reasonable cost, instead of ordering him away, they told him to get as many Bibles into those houses as he could."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

SOME TITHING TESTIMONIES.

Tithing was practiced in our family for years, even after my father retired from active work and lived upon a limited income. He often urged it upon me, but I said I could not afford it with my moderate salary. I had a sort of plan of systematic giving, and honestly thought I was doing as much as I ought.

After father died, I thought often of his many pleas that I give tithing a fair trial, and finally began it, just because he had wished it—with no thought of duty or Biblical command. It was a little hard, at first, to take so large a sum from the monthly salary envelope, but the amount I had to give was such a surprise and delight that the shrinkage in the month's supply for myself was soon not noticed. I found I could give all that I had been in the habit of giving to the various benevolences and have nearly as much left for other things—and I had really thought I was doing all I could!

The joy of giving has continued through the years, and the fact that there is always something in the Lord's treasury for whatever call may come is a constant satisfaction.

I have practiced tithing for many years, in obedience to God's command. I receive many spiritual blessings and have proved God's promise true that he gives to those who obey his command. A tither gives cheerfully, and a cheerful giver the Lord loves.

If under the old dispensation one-tenth was demanded, besides all the freewill offerings, dare we, as Christian women, devote less than one-tenth to God's service, and by so doing say that our privileges, bought by his blood, are less valuable than those of the Jewish wives and maidens before the coming of Christ, who redeemed all womanhood?

Strictly speaking, I am not a tither, but beginning when a little child with an allowance of ten cents a week and keeping it up until the present time, I have given systematically to the local church, to denominational benevolences and to outside calls, increasing subscriptions with every increase of income. Upon inheriting a competency, it was a matter of ease and pleasure to be able to give about one-fourth to the advancement of God's kingdom upon the earth.

If Israel's service-call was to service for Israel and the stranger within her gates, and her rate of giving was one-tenth, *plus*, how much should the Christian Church give, whose call is to service for the whole world?

I began to tithe eighteen years ago. It proved such a joy that I soon gave more than a tenth.—"Woman's Missionary Friend."

Before I began tithing I was sure that I gave at least a tenth, but one day, in order to convince myself, I made a list of my giving. I put down everything that I possibly could, leaving out nothing that might by any stretch of reasoning be construed as a gift for God's work—but I could not bring the amount up to nearly one-tenth of my salary. Then I was ashamed that I, a Christian in the nineteenth century, should be doing less than the Jews of the olden time, and I determined to tithe.

I am a tither because I believe God's command is just as obligatory now, as when first given; because tithing brings both temporal and spiritual blessings; because it inspires a love for God's cause as nothing else can; because it is a blessed comfort to have the cash on hand, for the calls that may come; and because it enables me to do more for the cause, than I otherwise should.

I began tithing about thirty years ago, before I finished at school. I think my attention was called to it by a leaflet, "What I Owe, By a Layman." When paid for teaching at the end of a term, I set aside one-tenth, even though the rest was spent for education. I felt that the Lord blessed me for it.

It has been a great privilege to have the tithe to use for Christ, for otherwise I might not have felt free to spend as much while paying off debts. Of course it has meant careful planning and economy in other lines, but has given more real pleasure.—Selected.

THE CHEERFUL PERSON.

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously, about their mission, happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them. We love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voices. Little children find them out quickly amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brown and compressed lip glide near, laying a confiding hand on their knee and lift their clear, young eyes to those loving faces.—Ex.

World Wide Work

THE LIVINGSTONE CENTENARY.

(January to March, 1913.)

BY REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG.

Reasons for Celebrating it.

(1.) **Because**, in the words of Silvester Horne, "It is good, in these days of wasteful luxury, to emphasize the noble product of a simple, poor and pious home, where there were more sacrifices than shillings, and where education had to be fought for, and saved for, and stinted for. It is worth remembering that no home life, and no home training can ever be narrow where the vision includes God and humanity, and where the governing ideals are of sacrifice and service, not for the land only, but for the world."

(2.) **Because**, though Livingstone is commemorated as Missionary Traveller and Philanthropist, he was first and always a Missionary. "He was a man of many interests but a single aim. He was a citizen of many worlds, but only as a citizen of the Kingdom of God."

(3.) **Because** he was a great discoverer, not so much because he discovered great areas of Central Africa, as because he discovered the African; discovered the virtues that were scornfully denied by those who valued the African only as a chattel and a beast of burden. It was Livingstone who, by his death as well as by his life, showed to all the world the devotion, the fidelity, the honor, the heroism of which the native Africans were capable.

(4.) **Because** his heart was set on the supreme values. It was not to solve the problem of the Nile, or complete the circuit of the inland lake, he endured incredible fatigues, marching with bleeding feet and slackening strength through swamp and forest, and across the blistering plains. It was primarily to end an oppression, to save perishing and suffering humanity, and to preach the Gospel, in which he well knew

lies the only permanent guarantee of human freedom.

(5.) **Because**, in spite of the heroic labors of Livingstone and those who have followed him, Africa is still the Dark Continent. Of the one hundred million pagans, not more than four millions have been brought under the Gospel. Truly, "the unfinished task is of colossal proportions."

That is why we celebrate Livingstone. That is why we must think again of the vast problem of Africa in the light of the life and death of the man who loved these people as no other ever did, and whose heart lies buried in her soil.

For further information regarding plans and literature for the celebration of the Livingstone Centenary, write to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 439 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

How to Celebrate it.

(1.) For a great majority of those who read these lines the method will be simple—a quiet reading—for many, a re-reading—of the Life of Livingstone. Those who have time for more than a brief sketch should read Blaikie's *Personal Life of Livingstone* (cloth 35c., postpaid 42c.) which gives copious extracts from Livingstone's journal and private correspondence, enabling us to understand, as we could not otherwise do, the spirit which animated this wonderful man.

(2.) For reading aloud in the family circle choose either Silvester Horne's "Life of Livingstone" (cloth 35c., postpaid 42c.), or, for the boys and girls, Basil Matthew's "Livingstone the Pathfinder" (cloth 50c., postpaid 58c.; paper 35c., postpaid 42c.). Both have been prepared especially for this celebration, and are thoroughly interesting and readable.

(3.) For those able to give only an hour or so to this subject, there is a brief Biography of Livingstone (28 pages) by W. A. Elliott, price 8 cents, postpaid.

(4.) Those desiring to understand the greatness of the task still remaining to the Christian Church in the Evangelization of Africa should read "Daybreak in the Dark Continent" (the new Livingstone Edition, cloth 50c., postpaid 58c; paper 35c., postpaid 42c.).

(5.) Pastors are urged to preach on Livingstone and to take up on successive Wednesday evenings topics such as The Prayer Life of Livingstone, Livingstone and his Bible, The Secret of Livingstone's power over the African.

(6.) There will be a special Livingstone Day (February 2nd), in the Young People's Society. The Y. P. S. topics for February and March are Livingstone and the Livingstone Centenary. In March the Sunday School will give a day to the Celebration.

It is urged that Mission Study classes and Mission Bands may not miss this great opportunity to catch something of the spirit of this great hero, who, instead of spending his life seeking gain or glory for himself, counted all things but loss for the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, and for opportunity to spread that knowledge in the darkest corner of the Earth.

"Who follows in his train?" Which of us is ready to say, as he said: "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ." Can a Christian afford to say less?

(7.) For use in Mission Study classes send for the books already referred to—"Daybreak in the Dark Continent," and to accompany the above text book there is a Reference Library on Africa, 8 vols. for \$5.00 (carriage extra), a cloth wall map of Africa in colors (40 x 50 in., \$1.25),—a paper outline map of Africa for 15c., small outline maps at 15c a dozen,—a set of six mottoes, including the famous saying quoted above, "I will place no value on anything I have, or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ" (price for the set postpaid 65c.). Large photograph of Livingstone, well worth framing, 12c.

(8.) Undoubtedly the best book available for Junior Study Classes is "Livingstone

the Pathfinder." For the leaders of Mission Bands, "Talks on Livingstone" by Lunt, or "Livingstone Hero Stories" by S. Mendenhall (each 15c. postpaid) will be found most helpful and suggestive. The Book, "Children at Play in Many Lands" by Katherine Stanley Hall (price 75c, postpaid 85c.) is full of games adaptable to children of our own land, while the Curio set on Africa (\$1.75, postpaid \$1.90) including material for the constructing of an African village, with boy and girl dolls, and a book of explanation, or the African modelling outfit, at 80c postpaid (containing packets of colored plasticine, modelling grass, modelling raffia, relief map of Africa, etc.) would be found of the greatest value in interesting children.

(9.) If you wish to read a book written by Livingstone himself, get his "Missionary Travels" (postpaid, cloth 35c., leather 50c.).

All the above literature can be ordered from the F. M. Office, 439 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

No one can tell what it means to the women of India, especially the Mohammedans, to see Queen Mary stand by the side of the king-emperor during the coronation festivities. To the down-trodden and much neglected women of India she must have been a living illustration of what Christianity does for man and woman. The public appearance of the Empress of India should prove a help to the work of Christian missionaries among the women and girls of India."—Ex.

A missionary writes that the Mohammedans in China are awakening to the need of strengthening and extending their faith. For this purpose they have started centers in from ten to thirteen provinces where mullahs are to be trained for Moslem propaganda. There are, as is well known, millions of Chinese Moslems, and with the new China they are taking active steps to extend their creed.

Five hundred and nine Korean young men are now studying in Tokyo, Japan, and of this number two hundred and thirteen are professing Christians. Sixty-one have been baptized and received into the Korean Christian Church of Tokyo.

DR. SUN YAT-SEN.

(First Provisional President of China).

BY REV. DR. C. R. HAGER, OF HONG KONG.

It was in the late months of 1883 that I first met Mr. Sun Yat-Sen, then seventeen or eighteen years of age. He had returned to China from Honolulu, where he had spent a number of years in study, while his elder brother was there engaged in business.

I asked him whether he was a Christian.

He replied that he believed the doctrine of Christ.

"Then why do you not become baptized?"

"I am ready to be baptized at any time," he replied; and so after some months of waiting he received the ordinance in a Chinese school-room where a few Chinese were wont to meet with me every Sunday, about a stone's throw from the present American Board mission church in Hong Kong.

It was a humble building in which the future provisional president of China's first republic received the sacred ordinance. During the week the Chinese boys' school was taught there, while our young friend lived in the second storey with some other Chinese and an American Bible Society's colporteur, and I lived in the third storey.

In this way I saw a great deal of Sun, and always liked him. For a time he attended the diocesan school of the Church of England, but soon changed to go to Queen's College.

In 1884 an Englishman and I accompanied Sun Yat-Sen to his home in Heung Shan (South-West from Canton). In passing through the Portuguese colony of Macao we disposed of a great many Scriptures.

Sun Yat-Sen took us to a Chinese inn, where a bed and two meals cost us about thirty or forty cents a day. We ate with Chinese chopsticks and slept on Chinese bed boards, just as did our friend. After a day or two we went to his home and for several days enjoyed his hospitality. The house was of a superior type, probably due to the elder brother's prosperity in business in Honolulu.

After Sun Yat-Sen became a Christian he immediately began to witness for Christ, and such was his earnestness that soon two of his friends accepted Christianity, at a time when few converts were being made.

Sun Yat-Sen has learned many lessons in the hard school of adversity. When his brother at Honolulu heard that the young man had become a Christian, he sent word

home that unless he gave up his Christianity he himself would no longer send any money home.

Finding all his threats unavailing, he sent for Sun Yat-Sen to come once more to Honolulu, as he wanted to effect a sale to which the younger man's signature was necessary. On his arrival in Honolulu, his brother refused to give him any money; but at length the Chinese Christians contributed the funds to send him back to China to study for the ministry; for at this time he meant to become a preacher of the Gospel.

There being then no satisfactory theological seminary in Hong Kong or in Canton, he decided to take up the study of medicine. For one or two years Sun studied Western medicine in the Chinese language, but came to Hong Kong after the opening of the Hong Kong Medical College, and studied there for four years, and graduated as a doctor.

In 1894 Sun Yat-Sen called upon me with a former pastor of the London Mission. He seemed the same kind and respectful young man that he always was. What surprised me was the remark of the native pastor, who had just returned from a three years' sojourn in Germany as a teacher of Chinese in Berlin. "How were you able," he asked, "to persuade such a man to become a Christian?"

Sun Yat-Sen had already impressed himself upon the most progressive element of Chinese society, so that they were following him as their leader. A few months later an attempt was made to take possession of Canton; the scheme leaked out, the reformers barely escaping with their lives; some were beheaded.

After this Dr. Sun became a wandering refugee, never sure that he might not fall into the clutches of the Chinese government, which had set a large price upon his head.

At length, being in London, pursuing still further his medical studies, he was decoyed into the Chinese embassy and made a prisoner, to be taken back to China. He found a way to communicate with Dr. Cantlie, who was once his teacher in Hong Kong, and through his teacher's efforts and Lord Salisbury's action he was released.

I saw him no more until 1904, when I conversed with him for a little time at San Francisco. He told me that nothing less than a change of dynasty was needed in China.

In the same year (1904) I met him once more in a Chinese mission service in New York. He had lost much of the vivacity of his youth, and seemed careworn and oppressed with anxiety, but he was still loyal to the Christian faith.

Dr. Sun undoubtedly has been collecting funds for many years for this revolution, and the Chinese of America have given large sums to him. In now resigning the presidency of the Chinese Republic in favour of Yuan Shih-kai, Dr. Sun has shown himself the simple-hearted and really earnest Christian patriot that he is. Whether in or out of service, he will always be a moving power in the affairs of the nation.

Once I coveted him for the Gospel ministry, but if he is true to his God and his country in the present crisis, I shall be satisfied that he found his path of service. *Missionary Herald.*

In a Chicago paper are given the following facts relating to Sun Yat Sen.

"His father was a poor Cantonese who emigrated to Hawaii, worked first on a sugar plantation, and finally obtained a small rice field in the Island of Oahu, about three miles from Honolulu. Here Dr. Sun Yat-Sen was born. When he was twelve years of age, his father had saved money enough to enable him to return to Canton with his wife and daughters, leaving his two sons in Honolulu.

"The elder, Sun Ahmi, moved to Maui and engaged in the cattle business. He placed his young brother in the school of Bishop Willis, in Honolulu, where the boy remained for several years, and there became a convert to Christianity. He has steadfastly clung to his new faith ever since, although many times importuned by influential friends to resume the old religion in order to strengthen his political following. His most intimate friend, Chang Chau, whom he has summoned from Oahu to China to help him, is also a Christian. His wife, however, still follows the old faith.

"His father, on his baptism, though subsequently reconciled to him, turned him out of his home. The penniless lad made his way to Hong Kong, obtained employment in the Alice Memorial Hospital, and, by reason of the kindness of the dean of the medical faculty connected with that institution, was enabled to graduate in medicine.

"Sun Yat-Sen then went to Macao, a Portuguese settlement near the coast, and there became interested in the revolutionary movement to which he has devoted his life."

In the cities of Central China, a life of Sun Yat-Sen, published at a low price, has had an immense sale. It describes Sun's early profession of faith in Jesus Christ, his habit of daily prayer to the Supreme God, and his lifelong friendship with Dr. Cantlie, formerly a missionary in South China.

The popularity of this book," a Shanghai missionary says, "probably portends a turning on the part of tens of thousands

in the near future to the Christian Church."

THE CHANGE IN CHINA.

During a night of rioting in one of the Chinese cities the following incident occurred. We employ the words of a missionary who has personal knowledge of the accuracy of his statements:—"One of the Chinese ministers of the Presbyterian mission was just returning from a service and ran into a disturbance. The soldiers halted him and demanded money and the better part of his clothing. He said to them: "I have no money. I am a minister, and you know ministers have no money."

As soon as he said that he was a minister *they saluted, begged his pardon for having disturbed him, and with the utmost deference allowed him to pass.*

This is in such contrast to the scenes of 1900 that it seems hard to believe; but it is true. We think it was due to the fact that Dr. Sun Yat Sen is a Christian, and what the soldiers did was in deference to that fact rather than to the Church as such. Dr. Sun Yat Sen has a tremendous influence through this section of China and, I think, in the South also. He is an earnest Christian and does not mind saying so."—*The Missionary Voice.*

A CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN.

Mr. Chung, head of the Canton Christian College, was in the United States during the revolution. Immediately upon his return to Canton he was sought as chairman of the Board of Education at a salary of \$4,000; the college was giving him \$900.

At once he made this proposition to the college: "Allow me to retain my position and salary as head Chinese teacher in the college, but give me time to direct the Board of Education in this work, and I will take my salary of \$4,000 in that position and turn it over to the college."

It is said that with two exceptions all officials in Canton under the new Chinese government are Christian men.

CHURCH GROWTH IN KOREA.

Five or six Christian carpenters and builders of Seoul, Korea, went down into the country some miles, in the way of their regular business to a country town where there were no believers.

As the result of their living Christ and teaching about Him, when they returned a few weeks later, they left behind them a group of Christians regularly meeting and worshipping, a church, in fact.

What influences or impressions do we leave behind us as results of our labor when we visit a place on business?—Korea Mission Field.

The Children's Record

WISHING YOU A GOOD YEAR.

To all the young people who read these lines may this be a Good New Year—and good all the way through to the end.

It may not all be as bright and joyous as you would like. You cannot control that. But you can make it GOOD in aim and effort—and then it will be a Good Year all the way, in the peace and satisfaction that it will bring.

If it is a glad some New Year with you, be thankful to our good Father in Heaven. And do not forget those for whom it is not so bright, and try to make it a brighter year for them.

Nothing can so gladden the year for yourself as trying to make it glad for others.

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE CAN DO FOR THE RECORD.

More than thirty years ago, when the writer was minister of a congregation, he wanted to get every family in that congregation to subscribe for the Record.

What plan do you think he took, as the best plan to secure that end? He divided the congregation into a number of small districts of eight or ten families each, and asked a boy or girl to take charge of a district, and call on every family, and try and get a subscription to the Record.

He felt that the boys and girls would do this work, if any one could do it, and he was not disappointed. They did the work heartily and successfully, and that year almost every family in that congregation had the Record.

Those boys and girls are men and women now. But there are just as good and willing boys and girls now as there were then. Cannot some of the young people who read these lines do a good work for missions by getting some people to take the Record who do not now receive it. Full directions will be found at the end of each Record.

"THE ORDER OF RECRUITS."

There is one important thing that boys can do, that no others can do. All important as it is for Canada, the men of Canada cannot do it. Upon this thing depends, in large measure, the future of Canada, and yet this thing itself wholly depends upon the boys. What is it?

Let us get at it in another way. You have heard of "Boy Scouts," "The Boy's Brigade," and other things of that kind that boys like. This is a new organization for boys, newer than the Boy Scouts and the Boy's Brigade. It has no uniform nor military drill, and yet it is the most important organization for boys that has ever been formed.

What is it? Well, I will tell you. It is "The Order of Recruits for the Ministry." Men cannot join it, except a very few of them, for most of them are too old and have chosen other work in life. This order is for those who have not yet chosen their life work, the boys and young men.

You will find all about this "Order" on another page of this Record. Turn over the pages till you find it. Then read it carefully.

Boys—you are planning what you will be and do in life. Some intend to be farmers, mechanics, engineers, etc. Jesus Christ wants a lot of you to be His ministers. You cannot have a better Master—or a work where you can do more for your country and your fellow men—than the Christian ministry.

If any boy wants to find out about the "Order of Recruits," that noble order of young soldiers of the King of kings, write to Rev. George E. Ross, Goderich, Ont., and he will be glad to tell you all about it. Or speak to your minister and ask to form a "Chapter" with you as one of its first "Recruits"; and see if you cannot get some of the other boys to become "Recruits" with you.

A STORY OF THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

Sergeant Egan, in Alberta, had a dangerous branch of duty—that of finding and punishing horse thieves. He was a good detective, and was detailed to do that work.

When he found that many stock-owners were suffering heavy losses of young, unbranded colts, he watched the district closely, till his suspicions fell upon a certain ranchman. Then he went to the ranch, dressed like a tramp, and asked for a job.

"What can you do?" said the unsuspecting rancher. "Broncho busting?"

"No, I'm no great shakes on broncos. That's not my line. But I kin cook a bit and do odd chores."

"Well, sling your bunk in that shed," said the rancher. "As it happens, I want a feller for light work just now."

Egan made an excellent cook. He was kept on for several months, and during the winter he established himself in the confidence of the rancher, so that in early spring the latter asked:

"Do you think you can ride a bit now?"

"I kin stick on, I guess," said Egan.

"Come along, then," said the rancher. "I've got a job for you."

He took the pretended cook out to the hills, and there, in a sheltered corral, surrounded by low bluffs, was a bunch of "mavericks," certainly some one else's property, for Egan knew all the genuine stock on the ranch by this time. He asked no questions, however, and helped his employer to rope, throw, and brand the animals.

After this was done, they were all herded together, and the two men started to drive them to the ranch. The trail led to a fork in the road, and here Egan drove the horses to the south, into the road which led to the nearest police post.

"See here, what are you doing?" cried the rancher. "Swing 'em around, you fool! That ain't the way!"

"I guess it is," said Egan.

"Not much. That's the road to Twenty-Mile. This other is our road back to the ranch."

"I know what I'm doing," said the sergeant, turning in his saddle. "We're going to Twenty-Mile. I guess it's about time you knew who I am. I'm a Mounted Policeman. You're the fellow we've been looking for, and I reckon we've got you fixed!"

He drew out his revolver, and the rancher saw the game was up. Egan ordered

him to ride on ahead, and thus, with the stolen horses, they arrived at the post. The prisoner was convicted, others were caught, the gang was broken up, and Alberta thought more of the Mounted Police than ever.

The N. W. M. P. go out in relief patrols in the winter, and render assistance to the sick and the starving. They also patrol the rivers and lakes and protect the fisheries. They keep order in the mining-camps, and inspect baggage and test gold.

Their employment in Alberta and Saskatchewan, by government, would have expired last April, but the provinces have petitioned for an extension. The Northwest needs and wants these brave civil soldiers, who take up any duty cheerfully, who never fail in an emergency, and who can be trusted and relied upon to the death.

Many have been killed in the discharge of their duty during the nearly forty years of the force's record. It is hard, dangerous work, but so far, there is no lack of brave recruits; and when the history of the Northwest is written, the story of the N. W. M. P. will be forever interwoven with its earlier chapters.—Priscilla Leonard, in Philadelphia Presbyterian.

A KOREAN CHRISTIAN LADY.

A Korean lady of great wealth, beautifully gowned in shining linen and soft silk, stopped her sedan chair outside a bookstore in An Dong.

A friend stopped to speak with her, and she said, "I have just been buying some books to take home with me to give away to my unbelieving neighbors"

"Where are they?" I asked.

"In the chair," was the reply. And one of the chair coolies, with a very disgusted look upon his face, raised the chair curtain, and behold! the chair was packed full of Mark's Gospel tracts and hymn books!

"But," I said, "the chair is full; you can not get in."

"That's no matter," she laughed, "its only 30 li (15 miles), and I can walk."

The chair coolies were bidden to take up the chair, and they did so rather gruntingly, and the lady followed, walking with her woman servant, her face beaming with pleasure, and smiling "Good-bye."

Only those who know what riding in a chair stands for among Korean women can appreciate the sacrifice in this story. "To leave the city of An Dong on foot when she might ride!" exclaimed a bystander. She was past fifty years of age.

A COLPORTEUR'S EXPERIENCES.

I have had some very pleasant and stimulating experiences as a colporteur and have been shown courtesy and kindness.

One woman had been a physical sufferer for years, but that did not turn her thoughts upon herself. She said: "My husband does not read the Bible, but I am going to buy this little Testament and slip it into his pocket. Perhaps when he finds it he may read it for my sake."

The next house at which I stopped was neat, but very, very poverty-stricken in appearance. A beautiful little girl opened the door. Her mother was at work somewhere, and the girl was lady of the house.

Answering my question the little girl said that they had no Bible and no money to buy one.

I put a Bible in her hand, as I did so saying, "You have a Bible now."

"I cannot buy it," she said.

"But the American Bible Society gives it to you."

"To me, mister!" she said, clasping it with both her hands. She was radiant with happiness.

"Yes," I said.

As I passed away from the house I looked back. In the rear of the house was the little lady, the Bible clutched in her left hand while she filled her arm with stove-wood to go on with her baking.

After a while, returning the same way, I saw this little girl on a back porch of another house. This time the shriveled hand of an old woman held one side of the book and the hand of the little girl the other. Two heads were close together, the silver locks of the old woman and the golden tresses of the child mingling over the Bible.—Bible Society Record.

THE ELEPHANT WAS BABY'S NURSE.

"Yes," said the old soldier, as he carefully dug round my pansy bed, "O yes'm, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point—with the British army, you know—where I saw one who used to take care of the children."

"Take care of the children! How could he? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard, and the colonel's little child was playing about. She kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put

his great, clumsy foot on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. That elephant had hit me with his trunk.

One of the servants came along just then and helped me up; and when I told him about it he said: "I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in charge. I'd have you to know that he's that baby's nurse."

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport; but, sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms. And what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk as though it had been a cradle! That great fellow stood there for more than an hour watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then. He was real good to the other children, too.

"It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The colonel's lady would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back. Then, one by one, the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach and knew how to do it.

"O, the elephant is an uncommon handy nurse when he is trained to the business; and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time."—Nashville Christian Advocate.

THE MINISTER GAVE HIM UP.

A minister was much annoyed by one of his hearers frequently shouting out during the preaching, "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like. Though often reproved, the happy member persisted in expressing himself.

One day the minister invited him to tea, and, to take his mind from thoughts of praise, handed him a scientific book full of dry facts and figures, to pass the time before tea.

Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!"

"What is the matter, man?" asked the minister.

"Why, this book says the sea is five miles deep!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep I need not be afraid of them ever coming up again. Glory!"

The minister gave up hopes of reforming him.—Welcome News.

"HOME SWEET HOME."

It was a dark and stormy evening in October, but Paris was gay with lights and full of merriment. A pale, worn, foreign young man sat lonely and sad among the statues in one of the public gardens. He was foot-sore with tramping about the city, and faint for want of food.

An actor from Drury Lane theatre and a friend of Charles Lamb and Lord Byron, he had spent all his money in travelling to Paris, in the hope of finding employment there.

But the feeling against the English had grown at that time so bitter that no Frenchman would have anything to do with the young actor from London. "We don't want any more Englishmen in Paris."

"But I am not an Englishman, I am an American."

"American or English, it is all the same. You speak French with the same bad accent, and we don't want you."

The young foreigner spoke the truth when he said he was an American. Born in a little cottage on the outskirts of New York in 1791, he had come to London at the age of twenty-one, and made a great success as an actor at Drury Lane. Some of the best English poets of the day—Lord Byron, Coleridge and Charles Lamb—had befriended him, and tried to make him settle in London. But his restless spirit wanted to roam; life to him was as a passing show.

But now as he sat homeless and friendless and starving, amid the palaces and pleasures of the gayest and most brilliant city in the world, his thoughts sadly turned to the little humble cottage where he had lived in quiet happiness.

It began to rain, and a cold wind swept through the now deserted roads. The homeless wanderer rose up wearily to try and find a night's lodging. He walked aimlessly and sadly through the streets. In passing by a humble dwelling, the outcast saw on a blind the shadow of a father and mother and their children. The light of a lamp threw the outlines of their figures clear on the veiled window.

"Ah!" said the poor actor, with tears in his eyes. "There's no place like home."

He suddenly remembered that at the end of the town there was an English theatre manager who had come to Paris to seek new plays.

"I will look him up, and see if I can borrow a little money from him," said the wanderer.

And he at once turned and began to walk quickly towards the street in which the manager lived.

Suddenly his pace slackened. He looked back at the Tuilleries and Louvre, the two great palaces of the kings of France, which rose up in their splendor against the dark sky, with the lights shining in their long ranges of windows. Then he thought of the humble scene of happiness that he had seen in shadows on the window blind.

Breathless he stood, like a man in a strange trance. His lips moved and yet made no sound; and with his hands he beat time, as though he were listening to a melody.

A shop-girl, hurrying home, thought that something was the matter with him.

"What is the wrong monsieur?" she said. "Can I help you?"

She had seen that his face was streaming with tears. The miserable wanderer turned to her with a sad, yet bright smile:

"It is nothing, mademoiselle," he replied. "A poor poet with an inspiration."

With a ripple of laughter, the girl passed on, and the young foreigner continued his walk very slowly, his face now lighted with strange happiness. All the way he murmured to himself, and beat time with his hand.

The song that he was making was finished by the time he reached the street where the manager lived, and he then strode along, chanting out loudly to himself in English the wonderful song born of his suffering and his loneliness that night in the great city.

"Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;

A charm from the skies seems to carry us there,

Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

"Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.

The birds singing gaily that came at my call—

Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

"Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home, there's no place like home!"

Thus "Home, Sweet Home" was written by John Howard Payne. He soon thought of the idea of a play, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in which he introduced the now world-famous song; and the piece was produced at Covent Garden in 1823, with music by Sir Henry Bishop.

It was a great success, and Payne received \$1,250 for it, and three hundred thousand copies of "Home, Sweet Home" were sold the first year the song was written.

Payne still continued to be a wanderer over the earth, and he died at Tunis, in the north of Africa, in 1852.—*Children's Magazine*.

A FACTORY GIRL'S LIFE.

In the city of St. Louis, not long ago, a young woman died who had been for years a shoe-factory operative. She was one of many hundreds in the factory, an ordinary working girl like the others who sat day after day before the machines which stretched in long rows down the big and noisy room. Her life had been humble, and full of hard and commonplace work; in her sudden death there was nothing spectacular or dramatic.

Yet when the call came for her, there fell a cloud of genuine sorrow over the hearts of all the men and women in the factory. Upon the day of the funeral every wheel in the whole plant was still-ed, and all of the more than two thousand employees attended the simple services and marched behind the hearse to the cemetery.

In the room where she had worked, her chair and her machine were draped in white and an immense wreath lay upon them. Two large vans were required to carry to the grave the flowers that her fellow workers sent as the tribute of their love. Even from other factories, that she never had entered, there were delegates to the funeral.

Why was all this? The young woman was known and loved by all as the "sunshine girl" of the factory. From the owners to the youngest and humblest employee, all called her by the affectionate name of "Sis" Tobin. Her unflinching good nature, her constant sallies of wit that never stung, her cheerful greeting, her kindly, helpful ways with all around her had made her in truth a ray of sunshine to all who knew her. Her personality glorified the workroom; her presence lightened labor for all.

When the work dragged on a hot day, a merry word from her, or the ripple of her contagious laughter, completely changed the atmosphere for all within earshot. More than once discontent among the employes, and even incipient strikes had been quelled by her wholly unofficial but graciously compelling intercession. It was impossible to resist the appeal of her radiant smile, and both sides would make concessions when she went to them with: "Oh, let's not have trouble. It doesn't pay. We can fix this up."

And so this humble factory girl had

made life brighter and better for hundreds of others. No riches were hers, as the world counts wealth; it was her privilege to have but little of the education which comes from books; her station was lowly, and pitifully lacking in the luxuries that embellish life. But God had given her a soul so full of sunshine that its light overflowed and flooded the lowly lives about her. Or rather, be it said, that the sunshine with which God endows all human hearts was by her translated into a constant blessing and benediction.

It was after the funeral of "Sis" Tobin that one man said to another, as they walked together back from the cemetery, where the grave had been heaped high with a mountain of flowers, "I reckon God sends such girls as she was to show us here on earth what a beautiful place heaven is."—In *Young People*.

HOW SHE BECAME ATTRACTIVE.

She was not an attractive girl in any way, and she knew it. She was restless and cross and unhappy, and growing more unattractive in looks and manner as she became older.

Then an aunt, visiting at her home after a long residence in a distant city, sized up the situation, and out of pity for both the girl and everybody with whom she came in contact, undertook to prescribe the sure cure.

"Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" was the blunt and astounding question that she put to her niece one day.

"No, of course not," was the prompt and half-frightened reply from the astonished girl.

"You'd rather be sweet and lovely and happy?" came the next question, and it brought a sincere affirmative this time. The aunt handed her a folded paper, and smiled as she said, very kindly now: "Follow this magic prescription, and you will be what you want to be," and she was gone.

Madeline read: "Every time you want to frown, smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for some one else."

For a few minutes she was crosser than ever. Then common sense saved the day. She tried the cure—honestly, sincerely, prayerfully; and to her own life-long joy—to say nothing of everybody else—there was soon no happier, more attractive, more lovable girl in the place than she.—Onward.

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.—Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid. John 14; 27.

HOW CAN I BE A MISSIONARY ?

A young girl was waiting for a bus one night just as the factories in a large city were pouring out their crowds of workers at the closing hour. She, like you, had the love of Jesus in her young heart, and she longed to tell about Him to these hundreds of young girls who, with their shawls over their heads and their bare feet, were hurrying to their poor, miserable homes.

On the following Sabbath day, in the interval between the morning and afternoon service, she stepped across a street or two—for the church was near the squalid part of the city—and rapped upon a door. On its being opened, she saw a half dozen men and women sitting on a bench before the fire. They all looked their astonishment, and asked what the girl wanted. A woman, pointing to the Bible under her arm, said, "I know what she wants. Come in." A place, on the bench was then offered her.

A grown-up daughter had just been buried that morning in a pauper's grave. The young girl, with beating heart, opened the Bible to the eleventh chapter of John and read the story of Lazarus. The mother of the dead girl was greatly interested. Within three minutes' walk of a house of God, she had never heard of a life beyond the grave. She could scarcely contain herself, and leaning forward and peering into the face of the young girl, she asked, "Do you mean to tell me that our Maggie is living?" This was the beginning of a regular Sabbath Bible reading in that district.

On her visits, the young girl found a number of blind people; some men, some women; some old, some young. She longed to gather them together somewhere, but none of the poor homes could or would not open their doors for such a purpose. She asked the Lord to help her find a place.

One day, as she was looking around here and there, she spied in a back court, a fire burning in a big room with a lot of benches in it. On inquiring at a neighboring house, she was told that the place was used in the morning and evening for evangelistic purposes, but that no one used it in the middle of the day. Surely the Lord had led her to this open door. She hurried around among the different homes and got a promise that the blind would be conducted to the place the next Sabbath.

At the appointed hour a half dozen, mostly women, were there. Others heard of this meeting for the blind, and the number increased till fifteen gathered around the young missionary every Sabbath and listened to the Word of Life that brings sight to the soul if not to the eyes.

Many years after, the girl, now a mother of a family and living many miles away, returned to visit friends of former years. She found a neat church erected in that very court.

Worshipping with the congregation one Sabbath morning, she noticed one family remaining in their pew after the rest had dispersed. The minister told her that they were waiting to speak to her, and remarked that they were one of the most exemplary families in his church. She found them to be one of the families where she had gone to read the Scriptures in those young days.

The first time she was in their house the mother's head was bandaged from a fight the day before. The husband was in jail for manslaughter, having killed his brother in a drunken brawl.

The Word of God, told or read by the humblest Christian, can work wonders.—*Olive Trees.*

(This story is of special interest now that our Church is giving more attention to "Social Service and Evangelism" caring for the multitudes in the cities who have no knowledge of the future or care for it.—Ed.)

A BOY WHO SAVED SIXTY MEN.

Fred Evans worked in a coal mine. One day there was a fall of roof, and the earth and coal in falling imprisoned sixty men. The foreman of the rescuing party saw a small opening left between the places where these men stood and the outer world, and he said to the boy:

"The hole is just big enough for you to crawl through, and to drag a hollow pipe after you. You'll have to be careful, or the coal will settle and crush you. But if you can get the pipe through to them, then we can pump air enough in to keep them alive till we can dig them out. Are you willing to try it?"

All Fred answered was, "I'll try my best."

It was a long crawl, and many a time he had to stop, and those outside gave up hope, but at last there was a faint call through that told them he had got there. They began pumping air and water and milk through the pipe, and kept it up for a week, when Fred and the whole sixty were safely brought out and taken back to their families.

He was only a boy, but these true stories of plucky boys and their heroism show that any boy may hear the Lord's call to special duty, and the answer he gives reveals the kind of boy it is that hears it.—*Selected.*

THE BROKEN SAW.

Mr. Jones was accounted a hard master. He never could keep his boys—they either ran away or gave notice they meant to leave; so he was half his time without a boy or in search of one. The work was not hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, running errands, and helping with the general work. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you, because, even when you do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go.

Sam had been there but three days when, in sawing a cross grained piece of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said another boy who was in the woodshed with him.

"Why of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of people," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," repeated the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That boy Bill might have stayed, only he knocked an egg-box over and broke a lot of the eggs. He didn't tell about it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and put everything that went wrong down to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and ran away."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has got such a bad temper."

"I think he'd have done better to own up at once," said Sam.

"I expect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

Sam did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out into the garden, and went up to bed in his little room under the roof. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept

downstairs, and went to Mr. Jones in the parlour.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked the boy up and down, then, stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Don't be afraid. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle in you. Now get to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—Ex.

SYDNEY'S ACCOUNT WITH MOTHER.

A lad named Sydney, who had reached the age of ten, conceived the business-like idea of making out a bill for what he had done. The next morning he quietly laid on his mother's plate at breakfast the following statement:—"Mother owes Sydney—For getting coals six times, 12 cents.—For fetching logs lots of times, 12 cents.—For going errands twice, 8 cents.—For being a good boy, 4 cents.—Total, 36 cents."

His mother read the bill, but said nothing. That evening Sydney found it lying on his own plate, with the 36 cents as payment; but accompanying it was another bill, which read as follows:—"Sydney owes mother—For his happy home for ten years, nothing.—For his food, nothing.—For nursing him through illness, nothing.—For being good to him, nothing.—Total, nothing." When the lad had looked at this, his eyes were dim and his lips quivering.

Presently he took the 36 cents out of his pocket, and rushed to his mother, flung his arms round her neck and exclaimed: "Mother, dear! I was a mean wretch! Please forgive me, and let me do lots of things for you still!"

Jesus Christ has done everything for us; are we doing all we can for Him? What He most wants us to do is to let others know that He died to save them.—Ex.

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Toronto, 1st Wednesday June, 1913.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces. Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 6 Feb., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whyco., 4 Mar., 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 14 Jan., 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, Tatamagouche, 18 Feb., 4.45.
5. Truro, Truro, 18 March.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Lunenburg, March.
8. St. John, St. John, 18 Mar.
9. Miramichi.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 4 March, 2 p.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa. Prescott, 2nd Tuesday May, 1913.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 3 Dec., 2 p.m. *
12. Montreal, Montreal, 14 Jan., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 4 March, 1.30.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 7 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Renfrew, 17 Feb., 8 p.m.
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 18 March.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston. Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 4 March, 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 11 Mar., 9.30.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 15 Jan., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 14 Jan.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 2 Tues. Feb.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 2 Tues. Mar., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Burke's Falls, March.
25. Temiskaming.
26. Algoma, Sudbury, March, 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Harriston, 4 Mar., 9 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, Jan. 21, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London. Hamilton, Last Monday of April, 1913.

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 7 Jan., 9.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Woodstock, 11 March, 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 4 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 11 Mar., 10.30.
34. Sarnia, Petrolia, 4 Mar., 2 p.m.
35. Stratford.
36. Huron, Goderich, 24 Feb., 8 p.m.
37. Maitland.
38. Bruce.

Synod of Manitoba. Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Fort William, March.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Boissevain, 7 Feb., 4 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Nesbitt, 2nd Tuesday Feb.
43. Portage.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Strathclair, 2nd Feb., 3.15
46. Brandon, Brandon, 17 Feb., 7.30.

Synod of Saskatchewan. 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 10 Feb., 8 p.m.
48. Abernethy, Abernethy, 11 Feb.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wapella, 11 Feb.
50. Arcola, Arcola, 18 Feb., 2 p.m.
51. Alameda, Carnduff, 18 Feb., 1.30.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 18, Feb., 3.30.
55. Prince Albert.
56. Battleford, Battleford, 5 Feb., 10 a.m.
57. Swift Current, S. Current, Feb.

Synod of Alberta. April, 1913.

58. Vermillion.
59. Edmonton.
60. Lacombe, Lacombe, Feb.
61. Red Deer, Red Deer, Feb.
62. Calgary.
63. High River.
64. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia. Vancouver, May, 1913.

65. Kootenay, Nelson, Feb.
66. Kamloops, Revelstoke, Feb., 8 p.m.
67. Westminster, N. Vancouver, 14 Jan.
68. Victoria, Vic., last week Feb. At call.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from

Hillsdale, Ont., to Mr. E. H. Lockhart, of Vancouver.

Almonte, Que., to Mr. R. G. Brown, of Hemmingford, Que. Accepted.

Kerrisdale, B.C., to Mr. A. O. Paterson, of Granum, Alta.

Weston, Ont., to Mr. J. W. H. Milne, of Ottawa.

Kenora, Ont., to Mr. Allan McColl, of Tofield, Alta.

Strassburg, Sask., to Mr. N. J. Leith, of Isabella, Sask., accepted.

Norton and Southfield, N.B., to Mr. J. F. Polley, of Ferrona, N.S.

Camrose, Alta., to Mr. D. C. Ramsay, of New Liskeard, Ont.

Lingwick & Hampden, Que., to Mr. Duncan McLeod, of Carlowsay, Scotland.

Armow, Ont., to Mr. D. B. McRae, of Cranbrook, Ont.

Port Perry, Ont., to Mr. W. J. West, of Bluevale, Ont.

Knox Ch., Vancouver, B.C., to Dr. A. K. McLennan, of Boston, Mass.

Kennetcook and Gore, N.S., to Mr. C. D. MacIntosh, of River John, N.S.

First Church, Victoria, to Mr. J. G. Inkster, of London, Ont.

St. John's Ch. Grimsby, to Mr. L. H. Currie, of Forest.

Vermilion, Alta., to Mr. W. F. Allan, of Lamont, Alta.

East St. Peter's, P.E.I., to Mr. J. M. McLeod, of New Mills, N.B. Accepted.

Avonton and Carlingford, Ont., to Mr. G. J. Mackay, of Elmdale, Ont.

Prince Albert, Sask., to Mr. A. E. Mitchell, of Knox Church, Hamilton.

Inductions Into

Belwood and Mimosa, 29 Aug., Mr. D. D. Macdonald.

Galt, Ont., 1st Ch., 30 Aug., Mr. J. K. Macdonald.

Banks, Ont., 5 Sept., Mr. J. H. Graham.

English River and Howick, Que., Oct. 15, Mr. Donald Fraser.

Metapedia, N.B., Nov. 14, Mr. J. R. Millar.

Carleton, N.B., Nov. 14, Dr. J. A. Morrison.

Knox Ch., Stettler, Alta., Nov. 6, Mr. K. C. McLeod.

Maxville, Ont., Mr. Thos. Johnstone.

St. Andrews' Ch., Three Rivers, Que., Oct. 30, Mr. John Aitken Clark.

Scotland, Ont., Nov. 29, Mr. G. Campbell.

Parry Sound, Ont., Nov. 7, Mr. Jas. Binnie, B.D.

Boularderie, N.S., Nov. 21, Mr. John Fraser.

Zion Church, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Dec. 10, Mr. G. C. Taylor.

St. Enoch's Ch., Toronto, Nov. 28, Mr. Robert Hamilton.

Hanley, Sask., Dec. 10, Mr. R. C. Hunter.

Port Morin, C.B., 10 Dec., Mr. A. J. H. Fraser.

Hallville, Ont., Nov. 26, Mr. H. W. Cliff.

Bradford, Ont., Mr. L. McLean, appointed for 2 Jan.

Woodville, Ont., Dec. 18, Mr. W. W. Bryden.

Sutherland, Ont., Mr. A. E. Mitchener, appointed for 7 Jan.

Resignations of

Bedford, N.S., Mr. A. P. Logan.

Victoria Harbour, Vasey, Ont., Mr. H. A. Berlis.

Kitslano, B.C., Dr. P. Wright.

Vermilion, Alta., Mr. Wm. Simons.

Blackstock, Ont., Mr. J. C. Forster.

Westville, N.S., Dr. Robert Cumming.

Belmont, Man., Mr. G. W. Faryon.

Baldur, Man., Mr. A. McLean.

Broderick and Glenside, Sask., Mr. W. Wilson.

Cowan Ave. Ch., Toronto, Mr. P. M. MacDonald.

Acadia, N.S., Mr. F. L. Jobb.

Deaths in the Ministry.

In Hamilton, Ont., on Christmas Day, Rev. Donald Hugh Fletcher, D.D., aged eighty years.

The passing of the ministry gives emphasis to the article in this issue on "The Order of Recruits." The first "Chapter" of that Order, in Zion, Charlottetown, have had their call re-echoed by the death, so recently, of their pastor, well beloved, Rev. R. G. Strathie, after only two years service among them.

THE YEAR OF CHURCH WORK.

The church year ends 28 February. There are a few "don'ts" of great importance.

Don't keep your collections until the end of February. Send them at once to the Treasurers of the Church, for the work—Home and Foreign—has to be carried on, and money borrowed for it until your collections come in.

Don't wait to allocate it. Send it in at once, and allocate later, or let the Treasurer allocate it according to the Budget.

Don't give away your collections to other things. The work of our own Church is that for which you are responsible. It is as well carried on as any other, as fruitful as any other, as pressing as any other, and you are responsible for it.

Our Church has her share, with the other Churches of Christ, in the world's redemption, and that share can only be done by each member loyally doing his part.

IS THIS TRUE ?

A recently published letter on the lack of additions to the Church by profession of faith, and the fact that in some congregations of our Church there are more families than members, says:—

"What is at the bottom of all this? Has the Gospel lost its force? Listen to this":—"His preaching is in the air"—"His sermons are masterpieces of English, but he doesn't get down to the people"—"He starts out well but gets nowhere"—"He never spoke to me about my soul."

"These are the things people are saying. Now where is the remedy? There is only one remedy, the Gospel of Jesus Christ through the personal touch. Our ministers are losing the art of personal work for souls."

Is all this true? Part of it is true; that the only remedy for what may be lacking in the Church is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, a deep realization of it in the heart of the preacher, and a simple, earnest presentation of it, publicly and privately, as the only way of salvation.

That is what people go to the Church to hear. That is what they want from their

minister. To offer them anything else is giving a stone for bread; and no matter how beautifully carved or polished the stone may be, it will not satisfy hunger.

Is the other part true, that our people are not receiving, in public and private ministrations, that definite Message of Salvation through Jesus Christ, for which they hunger. It is not true of some places and men we know. It may be true of others. Let every preacher honestly ask, at this beginning of another year, as the disciples did on that sad night in the upper chamber, "Lord, is it I?"

FINDING IT VERY PLEASANT.

A new and pleasant experience is coming to many men in our Church; all the more pleasant because unexpected. From different congregations comes the same word, that when men of the congregation have met to consider how they would raise the amount asked of them as their fair and proportionate share of the work of the Church, under the Budget plan; they have divided the congregation into small districts, of five or ten or twenty families, and have gone out, two and two, a dozen, or two dozen, or more of them, covering the whole congregation in a few evenings.

And the almost uniform testimony is that they come back with the full amount aimed at, sometimes considerable more; and delighted with the whole experience. It has given themselves and the congregation a new view of things, a decided uplift.

Then the people, week by week, in the Duplex envelope, give their weekly part as promised, and are themselves the better.

Usually the work of collecting or getting subscriptions is looked upon as a more or less unpleasant duty. In the above plan men are finding it a joy. They are entering into a new experience of life, making new discoveries, finding new pleasures, where they did not dream that such pleasures could grow.

That is the beauty of all that is connected with work for Christ. It yields satisfactions unexpected; and no matter how far in that life and work one may go, there are still new surprises and satisfactions, the surprises always satisfactions, never the opposite.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Nov. | Mar. 1 to Nov 30 |
|------------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| Home Missions | \$3,229.05 | \$35,290.85 |
| Augmentation | 342.25 | 4,224.88 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 6,493.71 | 30,576.19 |
| Widows & Orphans | 90.00 | 1,153.00 |
| A. & I. Ministers... | 318.00 | 1,653.68 |
| Assembly Fund. | 575.77 | 1,381.62 |
| French Evangeliztn. | 231.36 | 2,031.66 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 399.00 | 3,481.26 |
| Social Service, etc... | 554.00 | 6,068.22 |
| Jewish Mission..... | 30.00 | 1,218.42 |
| Deaconess Tg. Home | 2.00 | 88.20 |
| Knox College | 69.00 | 612.50 |
| Queen's College..... | 27.00 | 334.08 |
| Montreal College... | 31.00 | 331.03 |
| Manitoba College.... | 57.00 | 236.63 |
| Westminster Hall... | 63.00 | 242.00 |
| Alberta College..... | 20.00 | 441.08 |

RECEIVED DURING NOVEMBER

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

ONTARIO.

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------|------------------------|--------|
| Westwood, ss. | 13.25 | Baltic's Cors., ss. . | 7.00 |
| Merivale, ss. | 9.35 | Stewar Glen, ss. . | 6.00 |
| Nelson, ss. | 5.00 | Skye, ss. | 11.00 |
| Creemore, ss. | 6.05 | Fiske Corners, ss. . | 12.00 |
| Barton, ss. | 8.00 | Glengarry, ss. | 2.00 |
| Paramount, ss. | 5.35 | Rev. G. F. N. Atkinson | 12.88 |
| Keewatin. | 110.00 | Shallow Lake | 43.00 |
| Meaford. | 25.00 | Valletta | 6.00 |
| Otta. Stewartn yps | 33.14 | Bervie ss. | 2.45 |
| Camden, Newburg. | 25.00 | Rv. John McInnis | 8.00 |
| Tor., Deer Park . | 1,000.00 | Rv. Prof. Davidson | 13.60 |
| Duntroon | 17.65 | Tilbury E. Fletcher | 150.00 |
| Margaret Craig . | 65.00 | Tor. Doyercrt | 235.00 |
| Wardsvil, Newbury | 1.50 | Thames Road, ss. . | 10.42 |
| Ancaster, ss. | 5.00 | Rv. J. H. Edmison | 8.00 |
| Kinburn, ss. | 14.00 | Bolsover, ss. | 5.00 |
| Ennotville, ss. | 20.00 | Tor., Knox | 200.00 |
| Ham. Wmstr. ss. . | 10.00 | Martintown | 400.00 |
| Rv. P. W. Anderson | 8.00 | Blyth | 59.00 |
| Rev. A. T. Barnard | 13.97 | Unionville. | 16.21 |
| Rv. Thos. Daydsn | 8.00 | Caradoc, Cook's, ss. | 7.00 |
| Rv. A. H. Drumm. | 20.68 | Riverview, ss. | 6.00 |
| Rev. W. H. Johnson | 8.00 | Quaker Hill, ss. . | 7.00 |
| Rv. Robt. Knowles. | 8.00 | Streetsville. | 8.00 |
| Rev. A. Leslie. | 8.00 | Dundalk | 64.15 |
| Rv. G. Milne. | 8.00 | Dundalk abc. | 4.90 |
| Rv. Dr. W. T. McMull'n | 8.00 | Dundalk, ss. | 7.64 |
| Rv. 'A. Rintoul . | 11.46 | Ventry. | 54.00 |
| Rv. N. R. D. Sinclair | 8.00 | Ventry, ss. | 12.92 |
| Rv. A. A. Scott. | 8.00 | Rv. Jas. Buchanan. | 10.00 |
| Rv. C. C. Salisbury | 12.51 | Rv. H. Gracey | 8.00 |
| Rv. J. R. Craigie . | 8.00 | Rv. G. C. Little | 15.14 |
| S. Porcupine, ss. . | 25.00 | Rv. Dr. Moore | 8.00 |
| Brooke | 7.00 | Rv. J. Steele. | 8.00 |
| Scarboro' | 85.69 | Rv. Crawford Tate. | 15.97 |
| Raleigh, ss. | 3.00 | Rv. Dr. Torrance. | 14.00 |
| Dunvegan, ss. | 10.00 | Eden Mills. | 16.00 |
| | | Ham. St. And., ss. . | 31.00 |

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| Blytheswood | 33.00 | Skipness, ss. | 5.00 |
| Goldsmith. | 2.00 | Rv. M. McKinnon . | 8.00 |
| Bear Creek | 18.00 | Rv. H. Sinclair | 8.00 |
| Rv. W. D. Ballantyne | 8.00 | King, St. And. | 6.00 |
| Bethesda, ss. | 8.00 | Laskay | 6.00 |
| Aspdin, ss. | 1.40 | Eversley | 6.00 |
| Northcote. | 6.00 | Fairbank. | 12.00 |
| Avonbank c.e. | 25.00 | Fairbank, ce. | 5.00 |
| Tait's Cors. | 41.00 | Fairbank, ss. | 2.00 |
| E. Oxford ss. | 12.00 | Rv. Robt. Haddow | 8.00 |
| Southwold, ss. | 21.00 | Georgetown. | 400.00 |
| Essex, ss. | 4.00 | Georgetown, ss. . | 13.00 |
| Hampstead, ss. | 1.20 | Limehouse. | 9.10 |
| Wellesley, ss. | 4.25 | Rv. Dr. Farquarsn. | 8.00 |
| Monck, ss. | 4.00 | Rv. R. Pettigrew . | 8.00 |
| Ratho, ss. | 2.00 | Rv. W. T. Pearcy . | 10.82 |
| Port Dover, Ch. . . | 63.00 | Toledo | 21.26 |
| Arthur | 28.00 | Athens | 8.20 |
| Maple Valley, ss. . | 9.00 | Atwood | 300.00 |
| Blenheim. | 240.00 | Mt. Pleasant, ss. . | 4.00 |
| Rv. J. J. Cochrane . | 8.00 | Richmond Hill . | 15.40 |
| Rv. M. B. Davidson | 10.50 | N. M. H., Dundas . | 6.00 |
| Rv. C. A. Ferguson | 8.00 | Peabody, ss. | 6.00 |
| Rv. Dr. Fletcher... | 8.00 | Howick, ss. | 7.00 |
| Rv. J. B. Hamilton . | 8.00 | Courtright, ss. . | 2.30 |
| Rv. R. Harkness... | 12.00 | Dundas | 95.00 |
| Rev. R. W. Leitch . | 8.00 | Ham. Et. Paul . . | 600.00 |
| Rv. R. J. McDonald | 12.88 | Elora | 200.00 |
| Rv. Dr. Parsons. . | 12.00 | Uxbridge. | 109.00 |
| Rv. W. T. Prittie . | 8.00 | Barrie | 62.00 |
| Nichol | 3.70 | Port Colborne . | 51.00 |
| S. Plympton, ss. . | 9.10 | Glenallan. | 49.00 |
| N. Ekrid, ss. | 4.00 | Midland | 407.56 |
| Waters, ss. | 2.00 | Vankleek Hill . . | 200.00 |
| Centre Bruce, ss. . | 3.00 | Peterbor., St. Paul's | 1,000.00 |
| Weston, ss. | 9.08 | Aultsville | 6.00 |
| Rv. Jas. Barber. . | 8.00 | Leaskdale, ss. . | 5.00 |
| Cruikshank, ss. . | 1.20 | Rv. D. L. Campbell | 8.00 |
| St. Mary's. | 5.33 | Rv. S. A. Carriere . | 14.35 |
| Saugeen. | 8.00 | Rv. Frank Davey . | 21.33 |
| Bluevale, ss. | 7.00 | Rv. J. B. MacLeod . | 8.00 |
| Tor., St. John, ss. . | 20.00 | Rv. T. R. Shearer . | 8.00 |
| Tor. Bloor. | 4,000.00 | Rv. Donald Stewart. | 10.00 |
| N. Easthope | 58.61 | Rv. J. U. Tanner . | 31.66 |
| N. Easthope, ss. . | 4.20 | Rv. J. H. Woodside | 8.00 |
| Edmondville. | 60.00 | Elmsley | 17.00 |
| Waterloo, ss. | 8.00 | Stirling | 22.00 |
| Reldville, s. | 2.25 | London, King, ss. . | 4.00 |
| Woodstock, ss. . | 5.25 | Dunbarton, ss. . | 5.25 |
| Crowland. | 17.00 | Algona Presby. . | 28.30 |
| Dunnville. | 100.00 | Welland, ss. | 10.00 |
| St. Cath, 1st. | 300.00 | Lindsay St. A., ss. | 2.00 |
| Vasey | 32.00 | Bluevale | 90.00 |
| Chatham, 1st. | 113.87 | Powassan | 7.00 |
| Paisley. | 46.28 | Green Bank, ss.... | 3.21 |
| Niagara, St. A. | 2.15 | Mrs. Mrs. J. Penman | 300.00 |
| London, 1st | 300.00 | Clinton | 34.45 |
| Douglas. | 45.00 | Fergus, Mel. | 100.00 |
| Lynden, ss. | 10.00 | Stratford, St. And. | 45.00 |
| Rv. W. J. Booth . | 8.00 | Claremont. | 20.00 |
| Rv. Dr. R. D. Fraser | 8.00 | Whitechurch . . | 43.58 |
| Rv. Dan. Johnston. | 12.00 | Rv. R. Fowle . . | 8.00 |
| Rev. B. Ketchen. . | 8.00 | Rv. W. Malcol'm Kay | 15.45 |
| Rv. D. A. McLean . | 8.00 | Rv. James Murray . | 8.00 |
| Rv. Dr. J. Ross. . | 8.00 | Rv. W. Nichol . . | 13.60 |
| Rv. J. F. Scott . . | 8.00 | Rv. John McClung . | 8.00 |
| Rv. Dr. A. Stewart. | 8.00 | Rv. W. K. Shearer . | 8.00 |
| Rv. S. H. Moyer. . | 12.51 | Rv. G. H. Smith, Ph. D | 8.80 |
| Woodland | 10.00 | Rv. P. Taylor . . | 10.82 |
| Woodland, ss. | 12.00 | Knollwood Park, ss. | 5.00 |
| Fernbank, ss. | 15.00 | Dalkeith, ss. | 7.00 |
| Alma. | 5.00 | Rv. J. D. Byrnes. . | 14.73 |
| Rv. M. A. Lindsay . | 8.00 | Rv. J. H. Turnbull . | 15.54 |
| Ridgetown, ss. . . | 5.00 | Tor., Wmstr . . . | 3,000.00 |
| Kintyre | 17.00 | Mallorytn, ss. | 2.60 |
| A. J. P. Seeley . . | 50.00 | Tor. S. side. | 110.60 |
| Nairn, ss. | 20.55 | Tor. S. side, ss. . | 15.00 |
| Bethel, ss. | 4.00 | Molesworth, Wm's In | 25.00 |
| Rv. J. L. Simpson . | 8.00 | Mrs. Sproule . . | 2.00 |
| Skipness | 12.00 | Westmeath . . . | 60.00 |
| Meaford | 100.00 | Beachburg. | 64.00 |
| Dobbinton | 46.00 | Mrs. John Swan. . | 5.00 |
| Tara | 100.00 | Daywood, Johns, ss. | 1.02 |
| Unionville, ss. | 4.00 | Rv. F. J. Maxwell. . | 8.00 |

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| Rv. E. H. Sawers | 8.00 | Nia-on-Lk, St. A. ce. | 20.00 | Oro. Tp., Willis, ss. | 8.25 | Rv. A. H. Kippan | 8.00 |
| Innerkip, ss. | 7.00 | Pictou, ss. | 7.00 | Scotia, ss. | 2.05 | Rv. N. D. MacKinnon | 10.00 |
| Shower's Cors., ss | 4.00 | Vernon, ss. | 10.00 | Wallaceburg, ss. | 15.00 | Rv. John McNair | 8.00 |
| Warton, ss. | 9.21 | Calvin, ss. | 4.00 | Stratford, Kx. | 400.00 | Foxboro' ss. | 11.00 |
| Lon. St. And., ss. | 25.00 | Milbrook, ss. | 8.00 | Rv. D. Kelso | 8.20 | Vernonville, ss. | 6.00 |
| Prooline. | 43.00 | Dresden | 86.00 | Rv. Thos. Oswald | 8.00 | Tor. Cowan Ave. | 200.00 |
| Rv. A. H. Kippen | 50.00 | Rv. Norman Lindsay | 8.00 | Ottawa, Knox, ss. | 14.00 | Maxville | 60.12 |
| Harrington | 55.00 | Rv. John M. Dickson | 14.35 | Drummond, ss. | 9.00 | Marmora | 13.25 |
| Bookton | 50.00 | Rv. S. Young. | 8.00 | Thorold | 175.00 | " ss. | 6.75 |
| Rv. D. J. Craig | 26.20 | Everett, ss. | 3.05 | Tor. Bonar. | 200.00 | Blackbank | 30.00 |
| Rv. J. A. Cranston | 8.00 | Oil City, ss. | 5.00 | N. Augusta. | 2.00 | Hollen | 5.00 |
| Rv. D. Stewart | 20.40 | Southwold | 70.00 | Fairfield. | 1.50 | Vernon | 170.00 |
| Est. Peter Stewart. | 20.00 | Tor. College, ss. | 20.00 | Stone's Corners. | 8.10 | Ashburn | 20.00 |
| North Gower | 34.45 | Ham. St. James. | 100.00 | Rv. T. A. Watson. | 15.97 | Russell, ss. | 7.00 |
| North Gower, ss. | 7.00 | Collingwood | 110.00 | Dixie, ss. | 4.00 | Claude | 100.00 |
| Kars, ss. | 8.00 | Bolton | 200.00 | Unionville. | 5.00 | Rv. Wm. Cooper. | 8.00 |
| Tor. Albert | 27.00 | Ham. Central | 600.00 | Clinton. | 15.05 | Est. K. Urquhart. | 465.91 |
| Madoc, St. P., ss. | 10.00 | St. Ann's. | 25.00 | Bond Head, ss. | 9.62 | Est. Ed. Beattie | 458.37 |
| Victoria Mine | 14.00 | Orangeville | 253.00 | Darling, ss. | 6.25 | Martintown, ss. | 19.60 |
| N. Kinloss | 76.00 | Woodstock | 144.00 | Cedarville. | 19.28 | Cromarty, ss. | 10.00 |
| Alma | 63.61 | Tor. Ave Rd. | 250.00 | Snow Road | 8.60 | Tor. Victoria | 600.00 |
| Rv. D. Currie. | 8.00 | Rv. C. Caughton. | 15.14 | Beaverton | 50.00 | E. & E. Fishrvil. | 15.00 |
| West Lorne | 76.00 | Maple Valley | 100.00 | Friend Belv | 5.00 | Perth, ss. | 5.00 |
| St. Thomas | 79.00 | S.S. No. I. Stanley, ss. | 19.00 | Lancaster, Kx. | 163.00 | Bear Creek | 21.00 |
| West Essa, s. | 2.00 | Mrs. J. A. Waddell | 4.50 | N. Osgoode. | 2.00 | Shallow Lake. | 4.75 |
| Mt. Albert. | 11.10 | Rv. J. P. McQuarrie | 8.00 | Rv. G. D. Campbell. | 13.79 | Burgoyne | 52.00 |
| Pt. Arthur, Kx., ss. | 11.00 | Rv. D. A. Thomson | 8.00 | Rv. David Carswell | 8.60 | Rv. Dr. Armstrong | 15.45 |
| Langside, ss. | 14.00 | S. Ste. Marie | 114.68 | Rv. John Radford | 8.00 | Tor. Dover. | 20.75 |
| Marmora, ss. | 3.00 | Est. James Baird | 459.32 | Dunwich, ss. | 9.00 | Utica | 22.00 |
| Rv. N. Smith. | 2.00 | Tor. Chinese | 126.08 | Scarboro, ss. | 12.72 | Priceville | 100.00 |
| Tor. Riverdale, ss. | 7.00 | MacLennan, ss. | 4.40 | Grassie, ss. | 1.00 | Rv. S. W. Fisher | 8.00 |
| E. Normanby, ss. | 13.00 | Rv. S. H. Eastman. | 15.70 | Victoria Hbr., ss. | 10.00 | Chippawa, ss. | 4.00 |
| Centre Road | 138.48 | Quaker Hill. | 53.00 | Hallville | 5.40 | Grand Valley | 11.95 |
| Lancaster, Kx, ss. | 14.00 | Chisholm | 40.00 | Morrisburg, ss. | 18.00 | Acton | 265.00 |
| Brooke | 31.00 | Powassan | 82.00 | Blenheim, ss. No. 8 ss. | 7.00 | Keady. | 45.00 |
| Verschoyle | 48.00 | Nassagaweya | 22.00 | Fenelon Falls. | 50.00 | Brooke | 5.00 |
| Bancroft | 14.55 | Winchester | 200.00 | S. Nissouri | 23.00 | Clinton | 20.95 |
| L'Amable | 7.10 | Chatsworth | 56.00 | Merrittton | 40.00 | Angus, ss. | 4.40 |
| Turiff | 8.35 | Alvinston, ss. | 3.40 | Tor. High Park | 1,000.00 | Beachburg, ss. | 12.35 |
| Rv. J. R. Conn. | 8.00 | Rv. John Lindsay | 8.00 | Drummond Hill | 225.00 | Rv. J. G. Millar | 13.60 |
| Rv. Robt. Laird. | 13.60 | Rv. J. W. Stephens. | 15.54 | Rv. Prof. Jordan | 10.00 | Bear Creek, ss. | 4.15 |
| Rv. J. A. McMullen | 16.30 | M. M. A. | 15.00 | Waubashene | 37.35 | Glen Allan, ss. | 4.10 |
| Rv. H. J. Pritchard | 8.00 | Grand Bend. | 5.00 | Hon. S. H. Blake. | 100.00 | | |
| Rv. A. C. Stewart | 8.00 | Strathroy, ss. | 8.00 | Fort Wm. St. A., ss. | 23.40 | | |
| Rv. Alex. Wilson | 10.00 | Rv. Alex. Dawson | 10.00 | Newcastle, ss. | 1.30 | | |
| Crinan | 60.00 | Hollen. | 20.00 | Tor. Riverdale | 120.00 | Hampden, ss. | 4.30 |
| Sudbury, ss. | 9.05 | Rv. J. Frazer Smith | 14.65 | Rv. James Binnie. | 18.90 | Mont. St. Mark's | 50.00 |
| Loring, ss. | 5.00 | Thornhill, ss. | 2.00 | Tor. Elgin, ss. | 10.00 | Rv. J. M. Miller | 10.20 |
| Ridgetown | 185.00 | Tor. Runnymede | 234.15 | Motherwell, ss. | 2.05 | Upper Ormstown, ss. | 3.10 |
| Drumbo. | 100.00 | Milliken. | 34.00 | Lucknow | 608.65 | Elmside, ss. | 6.00 |
| Prescott | 400.00 | Bowmanville, St. Pa. | 130.00 | Shelburne. | 60.10 | Mont. St. Luke's, ss. | 8.00 |
| Bayfield | 63.00 | Oro, Willis. | 73.53 | Port Hope, St. Pa. | 100.00 | Buckingham | 140.00 |
| Aylmer | 181.55 | Fordwich, ss. | 5.00 | Burlington | 30.00 | Mont. Livingston, ss. | 6.44 |
| Lansdowne | 10.50 | Dorchester. | 12.65 | Rv. H. Carmichael | 8.00 | Rv. G. C. Heine | 8.00 |
| Rv. I. N. Beckstedt | 8.00 | Paris. | 800.00 | Rv. D. N. Morden | 15.97 | Rv. J. A. Macfarlane | 8.00 |
| Rv. W. D. Bell | 8.00 | Rv. Hugh Crozier. | 8.00 | Tor. Old St. And. | 100.00 | Rv. E. F. Seylaz. | 8.00 |
| Rv. S. H. Gray. | 8.00 | Rv. A. B. Dobson | 8.00 | Mrs. R. M. Boswell | 250.00 | Mrs. D. Yuile & Misses | 4,000.00 |
| Grand Bend | 23.00 | Rv. Donald Tait. | 8.00 | Port Stanley. | 90.00 | Yuile | |
| Pt. Alexandra, ss. | 2.00 | Annan. | 26.00 | Orillia. | 1,000.00 | Mont. St. Paul's, ss. | 10.00 |
| Sydenham | 3.00 | Summerstown | 61.90 | McGillivray | 34.44 | Bristol Corners | 40.00 |
| Rylstone | 17.00 | Marvelville, ss. | 3.00 | Ingersoll. | 400.00 | Shawville. | 22.65 |
| Hepworth | 20.00 | Elmsley | 80.00 | English Set. | 67.00 | Scotstown | 29.21 |
| Carluke. | 50.00 | Darling. | 40.00 | Nia. Falls, St. A. | 200.00 | Point Fortune | 2.50 |
| Swansea, ss. | 7.00 | Dunwich. | 175.00 | Southampton | 60.00 | Rv. J. D. Anderson | 8.00 |
| Inwood | 10.00 | Brucefield | 25.05 | Burnbrae, ss. | 4.15 | St. L. de Gonz., ss. | 5.10 |
| Enniskillen, ss | 2.25 | Cargill | 52.70 | Rv. Gustavus Munro. | 15.45 | Lachute, ss. | 3.13 |
| Hastings. | 7.00 | Tillsonburg, ss. | 6.34 | Est. Lizzie Wilson. | 100.00 | Rv. W. T. Morison | 8.00 |
| Roxborough | 150.00 | Newington, ss. | 6.00 | Rv. A. W. Craw | 8.00 | Cote de Liesse, ss. | 3.00 |
| Listowel. | 150.00 | Lindsay, St. A., ss. | 9.00 | Rv. H. H. Macpherson | 8.00 | Chatham, ss. | 10.00 |
| Campbellville. | 34.00 | Sonya | 50.00 | Brucefield, Un. | 28.30 | Hampden | 50.00 |
| Eugenia. | 16.35 | Belgrave. | 166.00 | Vankleek Hill | 250.00 | Lachine | 400.00 |
| Weston. | 68.00 | " ss. | 4.25 | Shallow Lake | 10.00 | Sherbrooke, ss. | 21.00 |
| Lancaster, St. And. | 300.00 | Ham. St. Giles. | 548.00 | Parkhill | 125.00 | Hemmingford | 100.00 |
| Guelph, St. And. | 200.00 | Oakville, ss. | 30.00 | N. Mornington. | 29.00 | Rv. Dr. A. Paterson. | 8.00 |
| Teeswater. | 300.00 | Peterbor Kx., ss. | 18.00 | Arthur, St. And., ss. | 4.00 | Windsor Mills, ss. | 4.00 |
| Princeton | 6.00 | Uptergrove, ss. | 2.25 | Forest, ss. | 6.00 | Lower Windsor, ss. | 2.00 |
| Westminster, 1st | 200.00 | Scotch Bush. | 50.00 | White Lake | 10.00 | Rv. Thos. Bennett. | 20.00 |
| Rv. Dr. D. L. McCrae | 14.65 | Brooke, ss. | 5.00 | Rv. N. Campbell | 8.00 | Rv. J. R. MacLeod | 8.00 |
| Rv. R. C. H. Sinclair | 8.00 | Billings Bridge. | 40.00 | Lake Road | 43.75 | Inverness | 100.00 |
| North Bay | 450.00 | Ottawa, Knox | 900.00 | Rv. D. C. Stephens. | 23.28 | Rockfield | 35.00 |
| Riversdale | 48.78 | Drummond Hills, ss. | 7.00 | Glencoe, ss. | 11.00 | Norton Creek, ss. | 8.00 |
| Horning's Mills, ss. | 3.00 | Fairbairn, ss. | 14.50 | Harriston | 53.30 | New Carlisle, ss. | 4.00 |
| Rv. J. S. Duncan | 12.16 | Rv. A. M. Haig. | 8.00 | Friend, Cornwall | 250.00 | Rv. H. S. Lee. | 8.00 |
| Rv. R. T. Cockburn | 8.00 | Rv. S. Lawrence | 8.00 | Kintore, ss. | 4.00 | English Riv., Howick | 74.00 |
| Torbolton. | 10.00 | Peterboro, St. A., ss. | 14.00 | McCrimmon, ss. | 7.00 | Gould Station, ss. | 5.00 |
| Ardena Willing Wks | 10.00 | St. Helen's | 55.00 | Brookvil, 1st, ss. | 12.42 | Rv. M. McLeod | 8.00 |
| | | Rv. J. W. Penman | 8.00 | Thamesford. | 50.00 | Hemmingford, ss. | 3.00 |

Quebec.

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|------------------------|----------|
| Hampden, ss. | 4.30 |
| Mont. St. Mark's | 50.00 |
| Rv. J. M. Miller | 10.20 |
| Upper Ormstown, ss. | 3.10 |
| Elmside, ss. | 6.00 |
| Mont. St. Luke's, ss. | 8.00 |
| Buckingham | 140.00 |
| Mont. Livingston, ss. | 6.44 |
| Rv. G. C. Heine | 8.00 |
| Rv. J. A. Macfarlane | 8.00 |
| Rv. E. F. Seylaz. | 8.00 |
| Mrs. D. Yuile & Misses | 4,000.00 |
| Yuile | |
| Mont. St. Paul's, ss. | 10.00 |
| Bristol Corners | 40.00 |
| Shawville. | 22.65 |
| Scotstown | 29.21 |
| Point Fortune | 2.50 |
| Rv. J. D. Anderson | 8.00 |
| St. L. de Gonz., ss. | 5.10 |
| Lachute, ss. | 3.13 |
| Rv. W. T. Morison | 8.00 |
| Cote de Liesse, ss. | 3.00 |
| Chatham, ss. | 10.00 |
| Hampden | 50.00 |
| Lachine | 400.00 |
| Sherbrooke, ss. | 21.00 |
| Hemmingford | 100.00 |
| Rv. Dr. A. Paterson. | 8.00 |
| Windsor Mills, ss. | 4.00 |
| Lower Windsor, ss. | 2.00 |
| Rv. Thos. Bennett. | 20.00 |
| Rv. J. R. MacLeod | 8.00 |
| Inverness | 100.00 |
| Rockfield | 35.00 |
| Norton Creek, ss. | 8.00 |
| New Carlisle, ss. | 4.00 |
| Rv. H. S. Lee. | 8.00 |
| English Riv., Howick | 74.00 |
| Gould Station, ss. | 5.00 |
| Rv. M. McLeod | 8.00 |
| Hemmingford, ss. | 3.00 |

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|-------------------------------|--------|---------------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|----------|----------------------------------|----------|
| Rv. J. MacLaren. | 8.00 | Franklin | 35.00 | North Portal | 5.00 | Vancr. Chal. | 438.00 |
| Port au Persil | 21.00 | Rv. Hector MacKay | 18.37 | Fairy Hill | 13.00 | Anonymous | 55.00 |
| Bromptonville | 5.00 | Sandy Lake | 13.00 | Manor, ss. | 8.40 | Rv. T. T. Reikie | 8.00 |
| North Ham. &c. | 16.40 | Basswood, ss. | 17.40 | Alberta. | | | |
| Valleyfield | 100.00 | Wpg. St. Stephen's ss | 25.00 | Jumbo Valley | 9.00 | Grand Forks. | 75.00 |
| Stark's Corners | 17.00 | Blaris, ss. | 3.25 | Pine Creek, ss. | 8.00 | Duncan | 23.00 |
| Shawville | 31.00 | Gilbert Plains. | 90.00 | Rv. W. G. Brown | 8.00 | Rv. W. M. Reid, | 10.00 |
| Mont. Wmnstr, Chse. | 20.00 | Miami | 66.00 | Rv. Dr. McQueen. | 8.00 | Salmon Arm | 214.00 |
| Inverness, ce. | 25.40 | Oak Riv. Branch, ss. | 7.00 | Rv. T. M. Murray | 15.45 | Cedar Cottage, ss. | 38.00 |
| Mont. Knox | 640.00 | Foxwarren, ss. | 15.00 | Calgary, Kx., ss. | 40.72 | Glenemma | 6.00 |
| Arundel, ss. | 2.00 | Rapid City, | 60.00 | Arddrossan, Kx., ss. | 3.00 | Quesnel | 65.00 |
| Rv. H. S. Lee. | 10.20 | Portage la Pra, Kx. | 300.00 | Giles Scl. Dist. ss. | 2.00 | Nanaimo, ss. | 5.00 |
| Stark's Corners, ss. | 3.00 | Sperling ce. | 20.00 | Doalgan Sta. | 20.00 | Victoria, Kx. | 8.35 |
| Chatham | 2.00 | Oakner. | 40.00 | Rv. C. C. Whiting. | 8.00 | Rv. J. L. Campbell. | 8.00 |
| Mont. St. Luke's, ss. | 6.00 | Cloverdale, ss. | 5.00 | Eagle Valley | 5.00 | Van And. | 5.00 |
| Mont. Stanley, ss. | 5.00 | Shellmouth. | 9.00 | Strathcona, ss. | 67.00 | Vancr, Robertson, ss. | 13.45 |
| St. George, Ken. Rd. | 3.00 | Vista | 20.80 | Lakeford, ss. | 1.00 | Prince Rubert, 1st. | 100.00 |
| Marlow Ken. Rd. | 6.00 | Rv. H. McCullough | 16.88 | Redcliff | 17.00 | Victoria, St. A. mbc. | 250.00 |
| Rockburn, ss. | 3.29 | Two Creeks, ss. | 4.00 | Bowell. | 11.00 | Vancr Mt. Pleasant | 400.00 |
| Manitoba. | | | | Rv. F. W. Mahaffy | 8.00 | Vancr, 1st. | 593.50 |
| Douglas, ss. | 10.00 | Brandon, St. A. ce. | 13.35 | Vegreville | 200.00 | Hulcar, ss. | 3.00 |
| Rv. W. W. McLaren | 8.00 | Wpg. Home, ss. | 25.00 | Lamont, Union, ss. | 7.00 | Vancr, St. Paul's | 9.00 |
| Lake View, Elнора | 10.00 | Killarney, ss. | 19.00 | Willowdale, ss. | 10.00 | Hazelton. | 25.00 |
| Ninga, ss. | 4.00 | Norwood, ss. | 16.00 | Wainwright, ss. | 4.00 | N. Wmnst, St. Stpn. ss.16.00 | |
| Rv. A. MacTavish. | 10.00 | West Hall, ss. | 22.00 | Coronation, ss. | 8.30 | Nova Scotia. | |
| Balmoral | 5.00 | Saskatchewan. | | Ponoka, ss. | 10.00 | St. Geo. Channel, ss. | 1.00 |
| Brant | 15.20 | Rv. F. A. Clare | 8.00 | Ridgewood, ss. | 3.25 | Per. Agent, Hx | 8,293.00 |
| Grassmere | 30.50 | Yorkton, ss. | 21.30 | Calgary, Kx. | 1,625.00 | Hx Grove, ss. | 25.00 |
| Stonewall. | 30.00 | Rv. J. Leishman. | 8.00 | Several Persons, etc. | 10.00 | Per. Agent, Hx. | 1,540.34 |
| La Riviere | 65.75 | Spring Lake, ss. | 5.00 | Rv. N. D. Keith | 8.00 | Greenfield, ss. | 5.00 |
| Rv. S. McL. Fee. | 8.00 | Leeville, ss. | 3.00 | Grassy Lake | 8.00 | E. Lake Ainsle ss. | 1.00 |
| Rv. D. D. Millar | 8.00 | Kelfield | 65.00 | Sherburne | 5.00 | Rv. John McNeil | 8.00 |
| Arnaud, ss. | 11.00 | Zelma | 30.00 | Purple Springs | 2.00 | Per Agent, Hx | 357.63 |
| Dominion City, ss. | 13.00 | Plevant View, ss. | 16.00 | Wetaskiwin | 100.00 | Harrington Hrbr, ss. | 17.00 |
| Dominion City | 27.00 | Rv. W. C. Clark | 8.00 | Rv. Wm. Millar | 10.00 | Collingwood, ss. | 2.40 |
| Rv. J. G. Stephens | 63.35 | Rv. Peter Strang | 12.00 | Namao, ss. | 7.00 | Rv. Dr. P. A. McLeod | 8.00 |
| Wpg. St. Giles' ss. | 25.00 | Maple Ck. Robtson M. | 55.00 | Vulcan. | 64.00 | Stake Road, ss. | 3.00 |
| Millbrook | 6.15 | Robertson Mem. ss.: | 16.75 | Granum. | 50.00 | Gabarouse Lake | 2.00 |
| Wpg. Wmstr, ss. | 50.00 | Rv. A. A. Graham | 18.20 | Rv. G. R. Lang | 8.00 | Glengarry, ss. | 1.00 |
| Kemnay, ss. | 5.00 | Griffin, ss. | 3.00 | Rv. H. McKellar | 8.00 | New Brunswick. | |
| Huntingdon, ss. | 6.00 | Rv. C. B. Ross. | 8.00 | Mrs. Dav. Sinclair. | 10.00 | Rv. J. H. MacVicar | 8.00 |
| Gladstone, ss. | 38.15 | Percy, ss. | 12.00 | Lacombe, ss. | 12.00 | Fredriectn, St. Pa. ss | 15.00 |
| (Petrel | 66.00 | Rv. G. B. McLennan | 8.00 | Rv. Jas. Douglas | 10.00 | Rv. T. A. Mitchell | 8.00 |
| Humesville, ss. | 35.00 | Alsask | 13.40 | Nanton, ss. | 8.00 | Rv. Dr. J. A. Morrison | 8.00 |
| Clanwilliam | 10.50 | Waldron, ss. | 3.00 | Calgary, St. And. | 250.00 | Rv. T. A. Mitchell | 10.00 |
| Murchison | 14.05 | Broderick, ss. | 6.00 | Rv. A. W. K. Herdman | 6.65 | Prince Edward Island. | |
| Cameron | 7.80 | Tisdale, ss. | 3.00 | Cumberland, ss. | 1.40 | Miss A. MacLean. | 15.00 |
| Russell | 160.00 | Vonda, ss. | 6.00 | Morinville. | 25.00 | Miscellaneous. | |
| Rv. J. B. McLaren | 8.00 | Saltoats, ss. | 2.30 | Milton, ss. | 4.20 | Rv. Dr. Jamieson. | 127.80 |
| Suthwyn, ss. | 3.25 | Fairy Hill, ss. | 5.00 | British Columbia. | | | |
| Deloraine, ss. | 15.00 | Radisson | 70.00 | Telegraph Crk | 15.00 | Rv. W. G. Firth | 3.00 |
| Springfield, ss. | 8.00 | Garfield | 12.60 | Vanr. Wmstr. ss. | 16.00 | Oxford Press rylns.1,959.00 | |
| Rv. D. M. Solandt | 16.30 | Carlyle, ss. | 6.25 | Golden, ss. | 6.20 | Rv. Armstrong Black | 20.00 |
| Minnedosa, ss. | 10.00 | Rv. D. M. Buchanan | 25.50 | Collingwood E. ss. | 6.00 | Rv. Logie Macdonnell | 8.00 |
| Short Creek, ss. | 2.00 | Rv. A. C. Reeves | 8.00 | Pender Island | 80.00 | Mrs. W. C. Brown Sy. 62.50 | |
| (Minniska. | 6.00 | Graytown, ss. | 2.00 | Rv. R. J. Wilson | 8.00 | Rv. Dr. J. Mackie | 19.00 |
| Brandon, Zion, ss. | 15.00 | Rv. D. J. Scott | 10.00 | Victoria, St. A. | 400.00 | Rv. E. W. Waits | 10.00 |
| Ninette | 12.00 | Rv. D. G. Cameron | 8.00 | Crow's Nest. | 3.00 | W. H. M. S. | 2,058.00 |
| Rounthwaite, ss. | 3.00 | Rev. A. Henderson | 8.00 | Miss M. A. Hart | 5.00 | Rv. A. Ewing | 8.11 |
| Sperling. | 133.20 | Howiedale. | 17.60 | Van And. ss. | 4.30 | Miss Dinwood, Aus. 120.83 | |
| Isabella. | 15.00 | Rv. W. M. Fleming | 8.00 | Vernon | 300.00 | Pr. H. Bonar, Ednbg 43.58 | |
| Rv. Prof. Baird | 13.60 | Crieff. | 3.00 | | | | |
| Teulon | 4.00 | Floral | 11.00 | | | | |
| Simon M. Kinnon | 50.00 | Floral, ss. | 11.00 | | | | |

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

"Rev. Dr. Somerville, Treasurer, Western Section, Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto, earnestly requests congregations as soon as they have completed their collection for the Schemes of the Church for 1912, to forward the money to him, allocated in **Even Dollars** to the several Schemes.

"If they wish the Treasurer of the Church to make the allocation according

to the Budget, they should intimate this to him as soon as possible.

"If this is done, it will save much correspondence, and greatly relieve the congestion of work in his office at the close of the financial year, February 28th, 1913."

Special.

It is very important to mark carefully the directions in preceding notice, and act upon them, both East and West Ed.

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During Nov. | Mar. 1 to Nov. 30 |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$752.25 | \$33,927.72 |
| Home Missions.... | 425.79 | 4,758.44 |
| Augmentation..... | 174.00 | 1,601.89 |
| College..... | 481.00 | 5,016.47 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 207.00 | 2,093.50 |
| French Evangelizati | 205.00 | 623.95 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 25.00 | 177.67 |
| For North West ... | 74.00 | 2,240.67 |
| Children's Day Col. | 323.00 | 1,620.70 |
| Assembly Fund ... | 32.39 | 209.77 |
| Bursary Fund | 80.00 | 1,983.54 |
| Library Fund | | 280.94 |
| Manitoba College... | | 5.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' | 14.00 | 409.50 |
| Social Service and Evangelism..... | 61.00 | 190.00 |

Total..... \$2,854.52 \$55,139.76

RECEIVED DURING NOVEMBER

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|----------------------|-------|
| Acknowledged. . . | \$52,285.24 | Grand Pre, ss. . . | 4.20 |
| Park Corner, ss. . | 10.00 | L. Montague, ss. | 1.00 |
| Margaree | 27.00 | Belle River, ss.. | 6.00 |
| Spry Bay, ss. . . | 2.00 | Bon Accord, ss. . | 1.75 |
| Mira, Lion ss. . . | 4.00 | Cha'm. St. And., ss. | 14.39 |
| Clyde River, ss.. | 4.50 | McPherson's M., ss. | 2.75 |
| Springfield, etc. | 22.47 | Waweig | 19.00 |
| "W. R." | 5.00 | Mabou | 22.00 |
| Hartsville, ss. . | 2.00 | Cariboo Riv., ss.. | 1.00 |

| | | | |
|------------------------|--------|--------------------------|-------------|
| W. Folly Mt., ss. | 2.44 | Mrs. N. McDonald | 1.00 |
| Waterford | 5.00 | A. Kerr. | 1.00 |
| Buctouche, Mill Crk. | 34.00 | A. Morrison. . . | 1.00 |
| Parrsboro, ss. . . | 6.30 | A. McLean. . . . | 1.00 |
| Summerfield, ss. . | 8.00 | A. W. McLeod. . | 1.00 |
| Harcourt, ss. . . . | 2.10 | R. D. Morrison . | 1.00 |
| Beersville, ss. . . | 4.70 | M. R. Smith . . . | .50 |
| Coal Branch, ss.. | 3.52 | M. J. Morrison . | .50 |
| Emerson, ss. . . . | 1.15 | D. K. McDonald. . | .50 |
| Harley Road, ss. . | 2.60 | D. L. McLeod . . | .50 |
| Trout Brook, ss.. | 1.22 | A. C. Thompson . | 90.00 |
| Mortimore, ss. . . | .60 | Refund. | 6.00 |
| Carleton N.S., ss. | 5.00 | Balfour, ss. . . . | 5.54 |
| Upper Canada . . . | 25.00 | French River, ss. | 2.00 |
| Waverley, etc. . . | 12.00 | Hx., St. John's ss. | 3.00 |
| Wabana | 23.50 | Shinimicas, ss. . . | .50 |
| East River. | 12.00 | Harvey, Acou, ss. | 10.26 |
| Lockeport | 8.10 | Port Hastings, ss. | 11.90 |
| Salt Springs. . . . | 140.00 | Shemogue, Port Elgin | 40.00 |
| Black Riv. Napan, etc | 17.00 | Eldon, ss. | 4.75 |
| W. Riv., P.E.I., ss. | 5.00 | Carleton, Chebogue | 14.00 |
| Durham, ss. . . . | 3.65 | Hx., Grove, ss. . . | 6.00 |
| Alton, ss. | 1.00 | Noel | 46.00 |
| Churchil penny a wk. | 25.00 | Pleasant Valley, ss.. | 1.20 |
| Presby. Sydney . . | 8.79 | Friend | 5.00 |
| Tabusintac, ss. . . | 2.00 | Grand Falls, N.B., ss. | 7.75 |
| Mid. Lahave, ss. . | 3.00 | Long River, ss. . . | 5.50 |
| Big Harbor Isd. ss. | 1.75 | New Annan. | 38.00 |
| Shediac. | 14.66 | St. John, St. Matt. | 3.00 |
| Hugh McPherson . | 50.00 | N. Shore N. River. | 102.00 |
| Springhill, ss. . . | 17.00 | Belledune, Bath. mines | 11.03 |
| "Markhamville" | 10.10 | Halifax Park . . . | 100.00 |
| Glenfalloch, ss. . | 1.32 | St. John's, St. And. ss. | 11.00 |
| Wentwrth miss. soc. | 5.00 | Merigomish, ss. . . | 22.45 |
| Wreck Cove, ss. . | 2.90 | Sheet Harbor . . . | 60.00 |
| Tarbet, ss. | 2.00 | Piedmont, ss. . . . | 3.00 |
| Restigouche . . . | 46.00 | Hopewell, Union . | 122.00 |
| S. Riv. Lake, ss.. | 1.50 | Jacquet River, ss. | 8.00 |
| St. Francis | 5.00 | Summerfield | 60.00 |
| Glance Bay, Kx. ss. | 16.13 | Belleuve, ss. | 5.06 |
| Englstown | 17.68 | Rexton | 264.00 |
| N. Glasgo, United | 435.00 | Cavendish, ss. . . . | 2.50 |
| N. Glasgo. ladies soc. | 73.00 | Stanley, ss. | 2.50 |
| N. Glasgo. ss. . . . | 13.48 | New Glasgo, ss.. | 4.00 |
| South Branch, ss. | 1.45 | Rustico, ss. | 4.00 |
| Rev. J. A. McLellan | 30.00 | Pictou Isld, ss. . . | 8.20 |
| River Dennis . . . | 1.00 | Restigouche | 18.00 |
| Loggieville | 45.00 | New Mills. | 50.00 |
| Springside | 100.00 | Per Agent, Toronto | 10.00 |
| Little Sands, ss. . | 3.00 | Refunds | 47.25 |
| Murray River, ss.. | 2.00 | Charlott'n Zion, ss. | 20.00 |
| George McLeod. . . | 8.00 | Beq. Jas. McLeod | 182.09 |
| R. H. McLeod . . . | 6.00 | Brockway | 5.84 |
| D. J. Smith | 1.00 | | |
| D. N. McDonald . . | 1.00 | | |
| | | Total | \$55,139.76 |

The Presbyterian Record.

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Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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Youth is the only time to think and to decide on a great course.—Browning.

"Keep your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you."

"O thou who longest for some noble work, do thou this hour thy given task fulfill!"

What is success in our estimation may be failure from God's standpoint.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

He who makes a child happy now will make him happy twenty years hence by the memory of this kindness.

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers.—Beecher.

Our lack of power is chiefly due to our lack of earnestness. There is nothing good that's cheap, in earth or heaven.

A wrongdoer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something.—Marcus Aurelius.

Resolutions for the future are all very well. But decisions for the day are of tenfold more value as regards real growth.

"For he that once hath missed the right way; the further he doth go, the further he doth stray."—Spencer's "Faerie Queen."

If you want to miss success in life, just keep missing daily opportunities, and there is no question about failure coming by and by.

Be such a man, live such a life that if every man were such as you and every life a life like yours, this earth would be a paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

"Measure your giving thus: the need is the breadth; opportunity, the length; self-denial, the depth; as Jesus gave, the height. This is God's arithmetic. Is it yours?"

"After twenty years' experience I am convinced that tithing is a good plan. A few may need to thus limit their giving, but with many it should be only a beginning."

It is easy to be patient and gentle when everybody is treating us kindly. But it is nobler, and shows more fine character, to be patient and gentle when some one is wronging us.

No man has risen to true greatness who has not felt, in some degree, that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him, He gives him for mankind.—Phillips Brooks.

"To bear the cross properly brings you the joy of union and communion with your Lord every day. He is never so near to any as to those who are bearing the cross after Him."

"Do everything in earnest. If it is worth doing then do it with all your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man until you have seen His face."—McCheyne.

Beware of departing in the least from the straight line of right. If there are two lines separating ever so little, you have only to produce both far enough and they will be as far apart as heaven and hell.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.—Samuel Smiles.

"Mr. T. W. Inskip, speaking at the annual meeting of the Lord's Day Observance Society, said that to defend the obligation of Sabbath Observance on other ground than on the authority of God's Word was to invite defeat."

"To-day, too many ministers are engaged in action rather than thought. They are intensely busy with the small and often trivial things of their parishes, and are neglecting the mighty and vast things of the soul and eternity."

He who loses his temper, loses much besides. He loses his self-respect; he loses the respect of others; he loses an element out of his character and reputation which he can not regain; he loses vital force and stamps an impression on his whole being which time can not efface.

The Presbyterian Record

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✓ We cannot do our duty in this world by deputy.

Temptations resisted are stepping-stones to heaven.

It is a dangerous thing to try to live for Christ secretly.

No man will ever reach heaven with his face the other way.

True beauty of character gleams out unconsciously and without effort.

It is the duty and privilege of the Christian to trust Christ *in all, for all, with all, above all.*

Everything we *are* is slowly but surely helping to change the ways of men, for better or for worse.

The coin you fling across the road to the wounded wayfarer rolls into the gutter. It is *yourself* he wants.

Men's destiny never wants for miracles, or will want, though it may sometimes want for eyes to see them.

To let Christian magnanimity triumph when the temper is up, and to let the spirit rule over "manly revenge"—that is self-denial.

He that does not do the thing he knows to be right, and say the thing he knows to be true, is indeed weak. He is a coward. He deserts God.

Of all fretting, that is least glorious which bewails the smallness of one's sphere, the common-place character of one's work, or the lack of recognition by one's neighbours.

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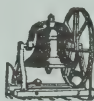
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It is a very bad thing for the memory and
the judgment to get into the habit of read-
ing carelessly or listening with distracted
attention. There is nothing so harmful to
strength of mind as this habit. There is a
valuable mental training in following a
discourse that is valueless in itself.

"The strenuous life demands foresight,
action, resolution. The young man who, as
the leaves of the open book are turned by
the wind, is lazily indifferent to what is
going on about him, will never become a
leader in the high-pressure life."

The struggle for self-mastery would be
a hopeless one if we had to fight it all at
once. But it is gained by little victories
at a time, and every new victory gives us
fresh strength for greater victories in the
future.

Great battles are really won before they
are actually fought. To control our pas-
sions we must govern our habits and keep
watch over ourselves in the small details of
everyday life.—Sir John Lubbock.

Behaviour in a crowd reveals character.
Unselfish courtesy is never more attractive
than when manifested in a crowd, to those
whom one never saw before and may never
see again.

It is only by labor that thought can be
made healthy, and only by thought that la-
bour can be made happy; and the two can-
not be separated with impunity.—John Rus-
kin.

There are great problems ahead of us as
a nation, but the really greatest problem is
the problem of making better men and bet-
ter women of all of us.—President Roose-
velt.

The Presbyterian Record

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FEBRUARY, 1913.

No. 2

GETTING DOWN TO WORK.

A few weeks ago, at a luncheon in Toronto, in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement, a well-known leader in that Movement, from the U. S. A., was developing with force and earnestness a plan for deepening interest in missions and bringing about a great forward movement for the world's redemption.

A first and prominent step to be taken was that seventy picked men should be sent out from Canada and the U. S. A. to study, for five years, conditions in the foreign field, to grasp the whole situation, the work and its needs, to become thoroughly siezed of it, and then to come home and stir up the churches to do their duty.

A strong and convincing speaker, and possessed with his theme, he swayed his audience of earnest men into sympathy with his proposal, and seemed likely to win for it strong support.

But our own Superintendent, Rev. A. S. Grant, was present—whose devotion to his work is equalled by his practical sagacity in doing it; who attempts bigger things than most other men dream of and is carrying them through as probably no other man could do.

Well, the Record seldom indulges in that kind of thing, and A. S. G. does not care for it. But it is not given for his sake, but to encourage others in giving him their loyal and generous and cordial support in what he is undertaking for the Church . . .

And now—to resume—when the speaker had finished his address, Dr. Grant arose back in the audience and in his own quiet and effective way proceeded to give another view of the matter. As his custom is, he did not indulge in circumlocution but went straight to the mark. He had no use for sending seventy men globe trotting for five

years. What would happen in the meantime in the way of lost opportunity. The great need is for men to get down to work NOW. The need is present with us. To-day is the day of opportunity. NOW is the time for the churches to throw themselves into the work. NOW is the time for the rich to give of their wealth and the poor of their poverty, to give the Gospel to our own land and to foreign lands. NOW is the time to raise up sons and daughters to preach that Gospel. NOW is the time to realize that every man is in the world to help save the world, and to do it NOW.

We do not need to send men to find out the need, or to wait five years to have them come back and tell it. We know the need now, and we know the remedy now,—the Gospel of Jesus Christ—and we can apply the remedy to the need—NOW.

It was like a trumpet-call from far off, visionary things to present duty, and those who heard it felt and heeded its force.

This is not mentioned to tell the incident, but to emphasize the fact that the great need of to-day, with the wide-open doors and the wants and woes of the world pressing as never before, is not new machinery or new theories but a new vision of the work that lies to our hand and a deeper sense of our responsibility for taking immediate steps in the doing of it.

The greatest need of to-day, so far as the Church of Christ is concerned, is not a new social order, nor better labor conditions, nor cleansed slums, nor any other of the many specifics for world ills, or patents for world uplift. All these may be important, but none of them will save men and women from their sins. The chief duty of to-day, so far as the Church is concerned, is to give the Gospel of Jesus Christ to every man, woman and child in the world; and when men and women are made new,

they will speedily and inevitably create new conditions.

There is one greatest need and there is only one Remedy for that need, and the Church has that Remedy in its keeping, in trust for those who have it not.

The need of the Church and its membership is that every Christian should realize his stewardship; that all he has, time, talents, means, are all a trust from Jesus Christ, for the world's redemption from sin and wrong, and the bringing in of the Kingdom of righteousness and peace, and that this trust is for execution NOW, day by day, as opportunity offers,

THE BUDGET.

A common sight, on country road or city street, is a team of horses, sometimes splendid fellows,—“stuck” with a heavy load standing on the road behind them. The driver uses all his arts, persuasive and coercive. One horse throws his weight into his collar and perhaps the load moves a little; another horse ditto and a little further move. At length they swing together and march off with their load, in triumph, every step and look determination and conscious victory.

In the past the work of our Church has been carried on largely by the individual effort plan. People have given as they felt inclined or moved, and the work of taking away the world's load of sin and sorrow has moved in corresponding fashion.

The Budget Plan is simply the whole team, men, women and children, measuring up the size of the work to be done, determining that it must be done, each agreeing to do his share, according to his strength, and then, a long pull—as long as may be necessary—a strong pull and a pull all together, till that great load now resting on the King's Highway, the heart of humanity, shall be removed and hinder the progress of His triumph no more.

To drop all figure, the Assembly measures the work that the Master lays to our hand to do this year, that should and must be done this year, if our Church would be faithful; and allots the whole amount necessary to do that work among the eight synods of the Church, according to their strength.

Each synod allots its amount among its several presbyteries in proportion to their strength; and each presbytery its part among its congregations in the same way.

Each member and adherent in the several congregations then loyally takes a part more or less, “as God hath prospered;” the year's work is done, and the exultant workers turn to face another year, with its larger trust from the Master and its larger work for Him, with new confidence, born of past triumph; until bye and bye the doers of all ages will share exultant in “The Grand Amen” when the work is done.

When tempted to question the size of the Budget and its increase from year to year, just remember three facts—that it is not increasing nearly so fast as is the ability of the Church to meet it;—that it is not increasing so fast as the opening doors of the heathen world, the work God is giving and calling us to do;—and that all we have and are is a trust from God for the doing of this work.

The question of love regarding need is never “What should I do” but “What can I do.” Fancy a mother saying of her sick child;—“How much should I do to make her well again; or a father of his wounded and bleeding son;—“How much should I do to help him.” It is always;—“What can I do;”—and nothing short of doing its utmost will satisfy true love.

What minister is there in all our church who cannot find in his congregation one or more boys to give themselves to the ministry. Many could find at least one every year. If every minister in the church would make this resolve—“Within the coming year, I will get one boy to give his life to the work of the ministry,” a new life would come to the Church. Having secured one recruit, none would be content, but would try for a second—and would succeed. The great task of telling The Glad Tidings to the whole world would soon be accomplished.

Correspondents will please never send anything to the Record that they are sending to the newspapers. It always comes out first in the papers, and for any one to find the same thing in the same form, weeks afterward, in a monthly, injures the latter.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Dear old Confession, loved and honored Standard of our Church, condensed into The Larger Catechism, and again into the Shorter Catechism, that matchless—for its length—setting forth of the teaching of the Word of God as to “What man is to believe concerning God and what duty God requires of man!”

The life of the Confession of Faith, for centuries now, has not been a peaceful one. Almost ever since it had a being it has been an object of attack, more often attack than defence, for its friends have usually taken little notice of attacks, leaving it to speak for itself. Hence a wide-spread incorrect impression regarding it, for many read the attacks, while few read or study the grand old object of attack.

But in spite of all, still it stands, like the storm sieged oak on the mountain side, its roots far down in eternal truth.

Some time ago an agitation against it began in the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. The Confession was “out of date.” It was “keeping people out of the Church and hindering her progress.”

That agitation grew until the General Assembly of that great Church decided that something must be done, and they appointed a large committee of their ablest men to revise the Confession of Faith.

This Committee labored for some years at their task and at length brought to the Assembly the results. And what were these results? Practically the same old Confession, with some “explanations” which nearly every student of the Bible and the Confession knew before. And everybody was satisfied, and complaint ceased.

To the casual or unthinking reader some of its statements seem strong, even startling, but the careful student should have no difficulty with them. The men of those days were not surface cultivators. They dug deep, and those who would appreciate their work must do likewise.

If a few facts were kept in mind there would be less complaint about it, and two or three simple suggestions are here offered, not for the learned, but for the everyday busy man and woman who loves the Presbyterian Church, and wishes to do so

undisturbed by questionings as to the truth of her doctrines.

(1) It should be remembered what the Confession of Faith is. It does not claim to be anything in itself, or to have any authority in or of itself, but to be simply a setting forth—in order—of what the Bible contains.

The first question, therefore, when one meets any difficulty in the Confession, is not whether that thing is likely to prove popular or unpopular; nor whether it coincides with common opinion on these subjects; nor whether it is likely to draw men to the Church or drive them away from it; nor whether our own judgment approves of it; not even whether it is true; but whether it is in accord with Scripture. Of course the question “Is it true?” must come. That is the essential question, but it is not the question at this stage. All we can ask of the Confession is whether it is in harmony with the statements of the Word of God. This is the only question to be asked of the Confession, for all that it claims to do is to set forth the teaching of Scripture.

If, on examination of the proof texts of Scripture, the Confession of Faith does not fairly represent them, then by all means revise that part of the Confession out of existence, or make it conform to Scripture. But if it does fairly represent the teaching of Scripture, then the question of the truth of such a doctrine must be taken up with the Scripture and not with the Confession of Faith, the Bible and not the Confession is responsible.

The writer was once travelling in the train with a business man—not a Presbyterian—with whom he was acquainted, who always loved to start a theological discussion and particularly to attack the doctrine of predestination as taught in the Catechism and Confession. “A horrible doctrine” was his comment,

“Is it in the Scripture?” he was asked. Does the Word of God use expressions concerning the decrees and plans and purposes of God, as strong and clear as does the Shorter Catechism and Confession of Faith.”

“Well . . . I suppose . . . that is . . .” etc.

“Very good. If it is in the Scripture do not find fault with the Confession of Faith.

All it claims to do is to set forth what is taught in Scripture. If you do not like the doctrine, if it is such a "horrible one," take it up with the Bible. The Confession has no responsibility in the matter. It merely states what is in the Scriptures, and, with the Catechism, states clearly that "the Word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him."

(2) A second point to remember, when we do follow this doctrine of God's decrees back to Scripture, is that our inability to understand it, or reconcile it with human free-will, is no reason for rejecting it, for it is a declaration of the Infinite about His own plans; and finite minds should recognize that they are finite. A little child cannot comprehend the thoughts of a mature mind in—say—the problems of astronomy. How much less can the finite mind grasp the Infinite.

Moreover, if we reject the great doctrine of God's decrees, we find ourselves at once in the midst of much greater difficulties and mysteries. The wise and reasonable course for finite minds, is to bow in silence before the mystery which it cannot understand.

(3) A third thing should be kept in mind which is declared in the Confession itself, viz.: "yet so as thereby neither . . . is violence offered to the will of the creatures, nor is the liberty or contingency of secondary causes taken away but rather established."

God's decrees have nothing whatever to do with our duty. His decrees are His own secret plans and purposes. We have nothing to "DO" with them, so far as our "doing" is concerned. All that we have to "DO" is to obey God's commands and claim His promises, and leave to God Himself the reconciling of this freedom of ours with His Divine decrees.

"The Scriptures principally teach"—two things—"what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man." What He has been pleased to reveal as to His plans and purposes concerns Himself, and has nothing to do with the duty which He requires of us. That duty is obedience and trust. "The duty which God

requires of man is obedience to His 'revealed will.'"

THE CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

A few days since, the writer preached at a Sabbath morning service, where just half of those present were children. The congregation is a small one, but the children were doing their part. It was a rare sight, and a goodly; such a contrast to most churches, where one looks in vain for children.

One picture of that morning in that little congregation will long remain in memory; a woman in the centre of a long pew, with three little boys on either side of her, the slope of the little heads upward from smallest to largest being very slight, showing the race for seniority a close one. The little chaps were quiet and attentive; an occasional word from the pulpit to the "children,"—even though they might understand little—making them feel that they were being spoken to and were a factor in the service.

Faithful mother, taking her wee laddies to church with her, training them in the way they should go! They will be the more likely to be church-goers when they are men, and out in the world, and she will be more likely to have satisfaction and comfort and gladness in their lives then than if she had left them at home in childhood, to idle or play, when she went to church.

Will parents carefully read the following paragraphs, and see if they are not, on the whole, true; every one of them.

(1.) Parents, as a rule, do the thinking and acting for their little children, in their earlier years. What these children think and say and do, and where they go, in these first years, is very largely owing to the example or permission or guidance or command of the parents.

(2.) When the children, at the age of ten or twelve or upwards, begin in some measure to think and speak and act for themselves, that thinking and speaking and acting is usually along the same lines—more or less—of the earlier years, for which the parents have been responsible. If the children have been used to staying at home from church they will be more likely than

not to continue in the same course. These earliest years, as a rule, will decide their church-going habits for life.

(3.) If they have the habit of non-church-going when they go out from home, into the world, they are more likely than not to seek amusement of some kind on the Sabbath, and more likely to fall into bad company than into good company.

(4.) Even though they do not fall into bad company or habits, yet if they are non-church-goers they are more likely than not to forget God entirely in their lives; to become absorbed in the material and to live for it; and to forget entirely the spiritual and immortal part of them.

(5.) It is true that mere church-going does not save. There are scoundrels who sometimes go to church; and there are those who are good friends and neighbors, and good members of society, honest and kindly and true, who do not go to church; but there are very few who have a place for God in their lives, who regularly neglect the place where His people meet for worship.

Further, the people who go to church, whatever their failings, are in the way of being reminded of their duty to God, and more likely to be led to give Him a place in their lives than those who stay away from such reminder and from the place where He is worshipped.

(6.) A life, without a place for God in it, is a failure, now and forever. It can have no real satisfaction or happiness in time or eternity. "Our souls were made for Thee, and they cannot rest until they rest in Thee."

Parents, if all these things be measurably true, and they are, then the parents who leave their children at home from church in their earlier years, forming the habit of non-church-going, when the being is most plastic, are doing these children a great wrong.

The little folk may not understand much of what is said or done, and sometimes may not feel inclined to go; but if taken, they are trained in the habit of church-going and when they come to years of understanding the habit will then be formed, and will be more likely to be continued.

It is sometimes—not often—claimed that if they are wearied with it when children, they will avoid it when grown. There may

be a few such cases, but who form the greater body of church-goers to-day, those who went in childhood or those who did not? Reason teaches, and all experience confirms the teaching, that those left at home in childhood, even if they wish to do so, are most likely to stay at home when they are grown-ups.

Statistics of the Nonconformist churches in Britain,—Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, etc.,—show that only one in five of the children attending the Sabbath Schools of these churches come into the communion of the church. That is an awful leakage. Is our own Church any better in this regard?

The Sabbath School can never take the place of the Church, for the children soon become—as they think—too old to attend the Church. That is an awful leakage. Is church-going habit is not formed, and they are liable to drift.

Setting them the example of church-going, by the parents going while leaving them at home, does not benefit them. It is their own habit of life that is forming, and every day they are left at home while the parents are at church only confirms that habit.

Neither the Children's church nor any other device for the young can take the place of church-going, for they soon outgrow all these, and with no habit of church-going they are liable to drift into a life which has no place for God, and to forget entirely that part of themselves which is immortal.

The Christian effort of to-day is directed very largely towards the young, but the most important line of all, and that which is so easy of fulfilment, forming in the little children the church-going habit, is criminally neglected, and for the neglect no other modern methods of reaching them can ever make amends.

"Do well your lowly tasks wherever you are. Never long for honor, for praise of the world, for distinction among men. Live for the eye of Christ and to make people better and happier."

"The noblest life is the one that puts a little glory on the name of Christ and makes some other human being a little better, truer, more worthy."

THE ROBERTSON MEMORIAL FUND.**A Suggestion.**

By REV. W. G. BROWN, RED DEER, ALTA.

One of the encouraging features of the present day spirit of the Church is a readiness to recognize the value of the services of the men and women who laid the foundations of this land in righteousness. The desire to rear a suitable memorial to the life of the late Rev. Dr. Robertson, as the Apostle of the West, is an expression of this spirit.

That there should be such a memorial, is agreed by all. The form that the memorial should take is a subject on which there may be honest difference of opinion.

The General Assembly has already sanctioned its taking a certain form, and the year just ended has seen the first effort to give visibility to this memorial.

If the Church could always have men who knew Dr. Robertson as intimately as Dr. Bryce did, the case would be a different one. But a memorial looks to the future, when this will be no longer possible, and it is in the hope that the Assembly in its wisdom may see fit to reconsider the matter, that I venture to offer a suggestion.

I do this, with the more confidence, since the Presbytery of Red Deer overruled the last General Assembly along the same line, though that overture apparently did not reach its intended destination.

Our presbytery took the ground that the present memorial was neither necessary nor worthy. Its reason for the first statement was that we have—or should have—at least one man on the staff of every theological college, whose missionary experiences would entitle him to give a series of missionary lectures.

The reason that the presbytery deemed the present memorial unworthy, was that it isn't a big enough thing for so great a life, and because it was believed that it would not be congenial to the spirit of Dr. Robertson as we knew him.

The presbytery of Red Deer, therefore proposed that in view of the great need of church equipment in the West, a fund

be created on a large scale for this purpose, and that this Fund be called the James Robertson Memorial Fund.

A Fund for the above purpose has already been launched. One proof that such a Fund would have met with the approval of Dr. Robertson, is his initiation and successful organization of the Church and Manse Fund. Attach the name of Dr. Robertson to the present Fund, which is being built up by Dr. Grant, with his keen vision of the church's need, and you have the double ground of sentiment and necessity on which to base an appeal to the Church, which will be found ready to respond liberally to such an appeal.

The two great financial needs now are money for equipment and money to pay a living wage to the ministers of the Word. Anything that is not a necessity is a distraction. Why not concentrate on these two great necessities and attach the name of the Great Superintendent to the permanent Fund which his work did so much to make possible, to meet the present need which he foresaw?

BELGIAN MINERS IN CAPE BRETON.

By MR. G. GALLOU, STUDENT.

On arrival in my field in Inverness, N.S., the soil was found to be arid and stoney. Thorns and thistles were rank and appeared to have choked any good seed that had ever fallen upon it. The people looked at me with distrust, and I saw at once that I had a difficult task.

These people are Belgian and chiefly Roman Catholic. They have for the most part forsaken the R. C. Church. Filled with prejudice, they no longer listen to the voice of reason.

What could I do in the circumstances? My decision was quickly made. Not being able to get hold of the grown-ups, I tried to get hold of the young. I opened a day-school which was well attended. This did much to gain sympathy for me, and if they did not look upon me as a "good shepherd" who loves the sheep, they at least no longer looked at me as a mercenary or ravaging wolf.

I then tried to bring them together in a place where we might frankly speak together about spiritual things. But in this I failed. Many of these people would not put their foot inside of a church.

Therefore as they would not come to the church I went to them in their homes. Often I had to take part in controversy. Many would acknowledge that reason was not on their side, but that did not prevent them often from living as if there was nothing in it.

An angelic patience and unfailing courage are needed so as not to abandon such people to their sad lot. But one always hears the voice of the Master: "They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick," and "I came not to call the righteous but sinners," and there are always some who will hear

However, I must say that those who called themselves Protestants without really being such, were altogether the most serious. Then came the infidels, and last the Roman Catholics.

Among the first I found some who caused much trouble, and did much harm to the work. Among the second, hardened hearts, but worthy of respect, who had a morality to which they adhered and were bringing up their children honestly, and the sympathy which I received in their homes was appreciated. Their leader was well disposed towards me, and when we parted it was with mutual good feeling and regret. The conduct of the Roman Catholics left most to be desired, for I met among them, for the most part, only indifference.

I was really astonished after all to see how much many of them were affected by my departure. My humble efforts were not altogether in vain for had I not aimed at placing in their hearts the essential principle of the Gospel, Love, "Love one another as I have loved you." This once in the heart, and the rest will follow.

May God in his infinite mercy bring this dear people in humility and repentance to the foot of the cross of Him who says, "Come unto me and be saved."

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

OUR CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS.

This work has, from its beginning, been under the care of the Foreign Mission Committee of our Church, and supported in considerable part by the W. F. M. S. It has now been handed over to the Home Mission Committee.

The province of British Columbia, and especially that part of it along the coast, is one of the most interesting fields for Indian Educational and Religious Work in Canada; and yet the difficulties to be encountered are greater than those of the provinces east of the Rocky Mountains.

The Indians in British Columbia from time immemorial secured their food supply by fishing in the ocean, rivers and inland lakes, which are very numerous, and abound in a great variety of the finest species of the finny tribe. Their clothing they made from the bark of certain trees, and from the wool of the mountain sheep and the hair of the mountain goat.

These being the circumstances under which the Indian lived long ago, the coming of the white man to the Pacific Coast has not seriously interfered with his comfort and food supply, as it did the clothing and food supply of the aborigines in the middle west and eastern provinces.

The result is that in British Columbia the Indian is more independent than he is in other parts of the Dominion, and therefore he cannot be so easily brought under the influence of education and Christianity as he can be where he is more dependent on the white man.

The Indian in British Columbia is a different type of a man from the Indian east of the Rockies, being no doubt of the same generic stock as the Japanese. He differs from the prairie Indian in the fact that, all things being equal, he is more easily civilized, more industrious and more readily adopts the white man's methods of work in the field, logging camp, saw-mill and fish canneries. The numbers employed at whaling stations, canneries, logging camps and saw mills are increasing yearly, and they give good satisfaction.

The Indian tribes in B.C., under the supervision of the Presbyterian Church are, with one exception, on Vancouver Island. They live in considerable comfort, as comfort goes among the Indians, having plenty of work, food and clothing, living in comfortable houses, fairly well furnished with beds, chairs, tables, mats and all that is necessary to live "the simple life."

The potlatch, a great hindrance to the well-being of the Indian, is fast disappearing, together with gambling and the use of strong drink. These commendable reforms are due partly to the strict enforcement of the civil law, but mainly the credit belongs to the *civilizing and Christianizing influence of the work of our schools.*

Our Foreign Letters

AN INDIAN RAJAH'S GIFT.

A most interesting illustration of the way in which our mission schools affect those who become the leaders in India, is in a letter, given below, which was sent to Mr. Sharrard, our missionary in Indore College, India:—

Narayan Prasad, the writer of the letter, was a former pupil, and then a teacher, in Indore College. He afterwards became tutor to the rajah of Dewas, and upon the accession of the rajah to full powers, the tutor was made his prime minister.

This prime minister, formerly pupil and teacher in our Indore College, lost his little daughter, and in a very beautiful way, honored her memory, as shown in the following letter:—

Dewas Senior, Nov. 1, 1912.

Dear Mr. Sharrard:—

I am sending herewith a cheque for Rs 500 (three rupees make one dollar) as a donation to the Canadian Presbyterian Woman's Mission Hospital at Indore, in memory of my youngest daughter, Sundrabai, who passed away on the 21st October, 1912. I desire that it be utilized toward the erection of a ward room for children.

If you think that it can be better utilized in some other way in the same hospital I should be glad to see you and personally discuss the matter with you at Indore next week. I may say that my previous connection with the Canadian Mission College, the memory of which I lovingly cherish, has prompted me to make this donation.

In conclusion I request that the amount may be kindly handed over to the proper quarter, or to the lady doctor in charge.

Yours truly,
Sgd Narayan Prasad,
Minister to His Highness, The
Rajah of Dewas Senior Branch.

It is interesting to know that the amount is the bank account of the little girl, deposited to her credit, and that the whole of the account is thus transferred.

CHINA AND FORMOSA.

The series of events that have occurred in China in such rapid succession are without parallel in history. The adoption of Western education; legislation looking to the rapid abolition of the opium trade; the introduction of constitutional government, the expulsion of a dynasty that had ruled for two hundred years, and the granting of religious liberty, are events of overwhelming importance.

It is a challenge to the Church to go in and possess the land. The doors are open and the appeals urgent. Our missionaries are insistent in their demands for more men that this time of favor may not be lost. They feel that favorable as the times have been, yet greater opportunities are at hand. They look for a period of unprecedented activity as soon as the present government has been established and tranquility restored.

There are 20,000 villages in the section of Honan for which we are responsible. Can the eye of faith not see the day when thousands of congregations worshipping the true God will be found in Honan and other provinces of China! To bring it to pass we need more—many more—evangelists, doctors and teachers, and above all, we need a great multitude who will carry China on their hearts to the throne of grace.

In Formosa there is much encouragement. Access to the people was never so easy, and the native ministry is becoming more and more aggressive. There are in Formosa 120,000 aborigines in the mountains for whom nothing has been done. They are the head-hunters, so formidable in the past, but Japanese administration has so far brought them under control that it is now possible to begin aggressive mission work. A doctor and evangelist are needed at once to begin work too long delayed.

“Go ye . . . and lo, I am with you always.”

Here is a little picture of one of our own women in the mission field in India on an evangelistic tour.—“With her Bible woman she enters the first village, and seeks an opportunity of talking with the women. There, at the well, is a group gossiping. Will they listen? Some are curious to know what has brought the white lady among them, some become suddenly busy, a few are anxious to hear this new and wonderful story. A little conversation results in a request to come to one of the houses. More of the story, and perhaps still more in song. After promises to come again and invitations to visit the camp, the next village is sought. And so on until at last the camping ground is reached.”

A NEW CENTRE IN HONAN.

The last three weeks have been spent at a market town about nine miles west of Changte. Although I have often gone through it on the way to one of my out-stations, I have never had time to do any work there hitherto,—writes Rev. Gillies Eadie, in a recent letter.

I rented a small hall there this time, and with a band of evangelists laid seige to the place. I had my graphophone with me, and of course that drew crowds. The first day we were there, a Sunday, we had service at 10 a.m. and kept up the preaching until 10 p.m., without a stop except to change the speaker.

Everyday after that we had good crowds for two weeks, then I sent the men out to the adjacent villages during the day, while I remained with one of the men to receive all who called. Market was held every second day and there was always a fair attendance on that day.

The evenings were the best, of course, as people had time to come and remain for a considerable time. We had a little room off the preaching hall, and this was constantly thronged in the evening with those studying the Catechism and hymns, and others who wanted to see what was going on. The opportunities for personal talks were unlimited, and everyone was engaged all evening in this way, even to my boy (servant), a bright young Christian.

There are but two police in the town,

and they were living in a temple across the street from us. They both became interested, and our men were back and forward to the temple teaching them. It was rather prophetic to hear, as one passed by the temple, the sound of “Jesus loves me,” coming from within. I have great hopes of the place. Have left two men there to carry on the work and conserve results.

We were all agreed that we had never seen anything so encouraging as this at any previous time in our preaching experience. Every evening we were kept up until eleven o'clock until the last had gone. Then we had a prayer circle, commending the work and workers to Him whose it is, and had a little talk as to what we saw and heard. There was a delightful spirit among the men, and an eagerness to work that was fine to see.

FROM SOUTH CHINA.

In a letter from Kongmoon, dated Nov. 14th, 1912, Mr. J. A. McDonald writes of the safe arrival of Miss Dickson, and of the welcome given her by missionaries, and by native Christians who came from the surrounding villages to express their pleasure at her return.

He also tells of a recent Communion at She Kei, when twenty-four were baptized. There is a call for a missionary to be stationed at She Kei, in order to cope with the growing work.

The letter continues:—“The peace and quiet we have been enjoying of late has been disturbed during the past few days by a report of a possible uprising in this vicinity, under a rebel chief, Wong Wo Shan. Wong is a powerful leader, and has been stirring up trouble for some time. For a while he has been active more in the interior, in Hai Ping district.

The report is that Kongmoon too is to be a centre for his action, which, we are told, is purely political, not anti-foreign. There are three gunboats in here. One has been down the river to find out how conditions were. They have just returned, but I have not heard any news. As long as there is a possibility of trouble, the boats will remain; so that we are quite safe.”

REV. JONATHAN GOFORTH.

By REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

It is just twenty-five years ago since Mr. Goforth was ordained in Knox Church, Toronto, and went forth, our first—the first—missionary to Honan.

It was hoped that the distribution of relief in the time of dire distress that then existed among them from famine, would disarm prejudice and open the way to the message of life. But in that there was disappointment. The Honanese were so bitterly hostile that they preferred famine—to food from a foreigner's hand.

Hostility, however, only means delay, it does not mean defeat. Mr. Goforth was soon followed by Dr. J. Frazer Smith and others, and unitedly and literally they fought their way; and now after twenty-five years have established one of the best organized and most fruitful Missions in China. The story of the Mission will probably be written in commemoration of this the twenty-fifth anniversary, and it is a splendid story.

Mr. Goforth, after a quarter of a century's arduous toil, still retains his elasticity and enthusiasm. He is to-day more optimistic and ambitious for aggressive evangelism than he was twenty years ago. This is true because he has maintained a constant living touch with the Eternal source.

In a personal letter, which may be quoted without impropriety, he says:—"Since coming back to China in 1910, I have gone over all the books of the New Testament—from Galatians to Revelation—ten times, in both Chinese and English. I have gone over first Corinthians thirteen times, Acts sixteen times, and John fifteen times, and always in both languages."

Men may differ as to their methods of Bible study, but whatever the method, the man who keeps his mind steeped in the truth, will grow. In consequence, Mr. Goforth can truly say:—"My confidence and trust in our Almighty ascended Lord was never more real than to-day. Never was I more settled in my faith in the absolute verity of the Scriptures as the inspired Word of God. Never has the Divine re-

sources appeared to me more abundantly sufficient than now."

The man who can thus write has a message, he speaks what he has tested and proved to be the power of God, in transforming the lives of men, submerged in the blackness of heathen darkness. He knows whereof he speaks. We expect a man who has seen the vision to use the following refrain:

"I am deeply humbled as I realize how not always have I appreciated the fulness of God, and how on that account the overflow promised (Jno. 7: 38) has been seriously hindered, and the greater works—promised in Jno. 14: 12—have not been done. I have not studied the Word of God so intensely as I ought to have done, I have not been so faithful and so persevering in prayer as the needs required. I have not been so diligent or so tender in seeking the souls of men as I might have been. I leave all to the abounding mercy of God in Christ and hope in the future for results more entirely glorifying to Him."

The reader will excuse this exposure of an inner life without permission, and it is quite a matter of course that we should read the following:—

"I have just been visiting a market town north east of Chang-te-fu, for over a month. Though at the busy season we have had great numbers of people from all the surrounding villages, never have I seen so much fruit in the same time. Dozens appear to have been converted. A store-keeper rented part of his compound for woman's work, and now he, his two sons and clerk, seem to be true believers in our Redeemer. These thirty odd days the constant theme has been "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

It goes without saying that in all this labour and during all these years Mr. Goforth has been seconded—we might say duplicated—by Mrs. Goforth. More and more with one heart they have toiled and still toil for the Christianization of China. Mr. Goforth beseechingly adds—"Please get as many as possible to join in prayer for blessing on these meetings."

The whole Church cordially congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Goforth on their silver jubilee and thanks God for their ministry.

IMPRESSIONS OF KOREA.

BY REV. J. MC. P. SCOTT, TORONTO.

(Mr. Scott is on a visit to our mission fields in the far East. The following letter gives a very complete and most interesting picture of the work of our Church in Korea, and its great opportunities. See map. Our own field is within the heavy black line.—Ed.)

Seoul, Korea, 21 Nov. '12.

Dear Record,

I have had now nearly five weeks in this interesting country, and most of this time has been spent with our Canadian missionaries.

In the territorial division for mission work, our Canadian Church has had allotted to it a great area of country, stretching from Wonsan on the south to the Chinese border on the north, and reaching westward from the sea half way across the Peninsula. She is sharing responsibility for evangelising Korea with the American Presbyterian Church North, the American Presbyterian Church South, Australian Presbyterians, American Methodist Church, North, and the American Methodist Church South. Each of these churches occupies territory allotted by mutual agreement in the "Comity of Missions" arrangements.

Other bodies are at work here; the Church of England, the Church of Christ in Korea, and the Salvation Army. The remarkable movement in this land has made progress in recent years and in that progress every church has shared.

The territory for which our Canadian Church has undertaken to care is divided into four sections; the southern field, of two hundred thousand people, with headquarters in the city of Wonsan; two intermediate fields, Ham Heung field, with a population of 414,000, and the Song Chin field with 393,000, with headquarters of work at Ham Heung city, ten miles inland from the sea, and the port of Song Chin, respectively. These three fields are administered by the Eastern Board of Foreign Missions.

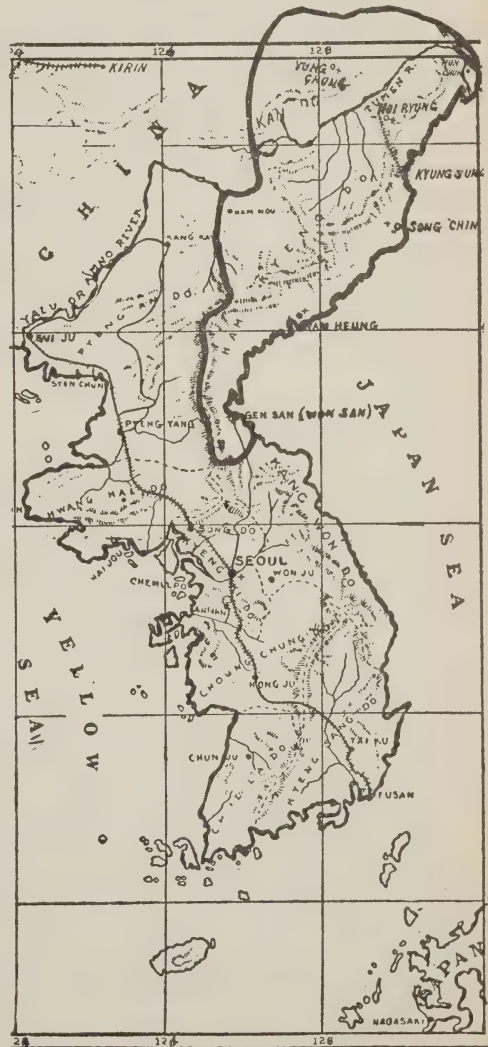
When the Western Board came in to give help in this growing work a section of North Ham Kyong Province, that reach-

ed north from the Song Chin field to the Chinese border, was given as the special area within which our western missionaries should work.

Recently, because of the remarkable exodus of Koreans into Manchuria, our western missionaries, the Mission Council agreeing, are following these people who have trekked north, and have started work in Ryung Jung, a Chinese-Korean town in Kando, the name by which this section of Chinese territory is called.

These four Sections constitute a compact and exacting field of about 1,500,000

Map of Korea.



souls—too large altogether to be satisfactorily cared for by the faithful men and women now struggling with the work. The present staff is seriously inadequate in numbers.

The foreign missionary has little opportunity of appealing directly to the heathen. The direct evangelising ministry is carried on by native pastors, evangelists, Bible-women, colporteurs, etc. The missionaries are over loaded with the work of teaching, examining and caring for all the churches.

Mr. and Mrs. Foote and Mr. and Mrs. Robb, with one single lady worker, have the oversight of fifty-six groups of Christians with a believing constituency of 2,900 people, spread over a great territory, and 200,000 heathen. Mr. and Mrs. Macrae and Mr. and Mrs. Young, with one single lady worker, are struggling to care for the Christian interests of a population of over 400,000.

Mr. Ross is now the only evangelistic male missionary in the Song Chin field. With what aid two single lady workers can give him, he is attempting the impossible of caring for eighty-four groups of Christians, with a believing constituency of 2,585 spread over seven populous counties.

Doctor McMillan in Ham Heung and Doctor Grierson in Song Chin, competent and earnest physicians, both of them handicapped for the need of a reasonable medical equipment, are having success in their special work, but success limited by the odds against them.

Apart from the doctor in connection with a mining company, distant several days' journey overland, there is no doctor or hospital, apart from the one at Song Chin, to give skilled treatment to the sick among the nearly 400,000 Koreans in the Song Chin field.

Mr. Young and Doctor Grierson are entitled to furlough in the spring. If they go home, as they need to do and ought to do, then Mr. Macrae is left as the sole ordained missionary in a parish of 414,000, spread over a territory which in itinerating keeps him weeks at a time away from home. Mr. Ross is left alone to do the best he can with the work of

four ordained men. Miss Rogers spent 159 days itinerating last year and touched less than one in four of the Christian groups of the field.

The fact is that these three fields in the number of missionaries and in equipment, stand sorry comparison with the stations of other churches in Korea.

The fourth section of the field, that under the Western Committee, calls for special interest at the present time. Gain would come from the work and counsel of a senior missionary in this territory were one available. As it is, three young men, none of whom have as yet a good working knowledge of the language, are doing their best with a great task. Messrs. Barker and Macdonald, with Dr. Mansfield, are now at Hoi Ryung in the far North on the border of Manchuria. From this centre meanwhile, as best they can, they are trying to care for the Christians in thirty-seven different centres, with a believing constituency of 2,356 people. The hands of these men with their brave wives should be strengthened at the earliest possible moment.

The situation in Korean Missions, arising because of Japanese occupation in this country and circumstances incidental thereto, is claiming the thought of missionaries here. A great exodus of Koreans, and the best of the people at that, to Kando, is taking place. The Kando country is a great section of southern Manchuria on the borders of Korea.

Amongst those who have trekked to this promised land are many from the Christian churches in the South. These must be followed. The territory occupied by those thus emigrating joins that in charge of our western men. Already land has been purchased at Ryung Jung, a Chinese-Korean town, forty miles north from the Korean border, a congregation formed and a church built.

It is a strategic centre. We were informed by native Christian leaders in Kando that already there are forty places where groups of Christians come together. From a point of elevation near the town, one hundred and ten Korean villages can

be counted. This is a single indication of what continues over a great area.

There is a stretch of country adjacent to our field, untouched by any missionary, 290 miles one way by 180 miles the other, which by orderly arrangement of work and by consent of other missions has fallen to the care of our Western Board and its missionaries.

Appeal after appeal has come to our men for a resident missionary there. Because of influences at work in this new land, as in many parts of Korea, it would be wise that Ryung Jung at an early date should be occupied as a station of our Mission.

Certain distinct impressions remain with one who has touched the Christian movement in this land.

1. The substantial character of the Christian work in this country is unmistakably clear. Multitudes of lives have been genuinely and permanently changed. The Christian faith has been rooted deep. Exhibitions of Christian living, almost apostolic in character, are in evidence everywhere. True, there has been counterfeiting. Many have lapsed of those who professed the faith. Difficulties traceable to defective life are not uncommon, but when the most has been said there remain evidences, definite and unmistakable, of the genuine character of this Christian movement in Korea.

The Korean Christians out-distance the Church at home as a Bible loving people. Herein their security lies as against influences and conditions in this rapidly changing land. The people are not afraid to carry their Bibles and are not slow to study them. Family worship, as is rarely true at home these days, is a little service with singing, Bible reading and exhortation and prayer. The servants in the home know their Bibles and pray to edification.

In company with one of the Wonsan missionaries I met an old woman with a heavy load balanced on her head, whose face bore the marks of past hardships, but now lightened by the joy of faith, with her Bible in her hand carefully wrapped in a cloth. I learned that through her busy day she had it thus at hand to read

it by snatches and from it to preach to others she met by the way.

In a meeting I conducted, in which men predominated, I was told that every adult person present could take part in such a service to edification. In Ryung Jung, the place where the Christian influence in Kando has headed up, 130 men came together for one week of close Bible Study conducted by Mr. Macrae, of Ham Heung. Many of these came great distances, the expenses of travel and entertainment being borne by themselves.

The spirit of Apostolic Christianity is seen over and over again by the concern these Christians have for the unshepherded believers and the unbelieving people of the land. A saint named Kim Kai An, at the opening service in the new Kando church, broke down and sobbed out his appeal to God on behalf of the uncared for sheep of that new country. The native pastor of one of the stations asked me to go back and tell our people that there are many of his people in these provinces who are still in darkness.

2. The Bible appealed to them as an Eastern book. Thus Christianity with little difficulty, comparatively, got a foothold in this country. In the customs of the land, Korea finds much to explain the incidents of the Bible. Habits and usages common to those of Scripture are found to a remarkable degree in this land of the Hermit Nation.

A knowledge of the inns of Korea makes easy the story of Bethlehem. In these autumn days the little farmers are seen at work on their threshing floors, winnowing the grain and burning the chaff as in Bible days. In our Saviour's day, demons possessed men and bedogged their footsteps; so also do they here. Christians meet to cast them out by prayer, and to say to the delivered one "go in peace" as in the Saviour's day.

In olden time men wore long robes, girt with a girdle; so do they here. At that time, ere they touched holy ground, they removed their shoes; so do they here. In the Saviour's day they went forth to meet the bridegroom; such is their custom at the present time in Korea.

Time consuming salutions were the order of Bible times; such do you see here every day.

Thus Korea sees herself at one with the Bible in the common walks and ways of men, so that young Christians find it not hard to appreciate the spirit and message of the times of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as well as those of our Saviour's day, and those of the Apostles who followed Him.

3. When the best has been said, it must not be forgotten that a change is taking place in Korea. There should be no surprise if the progress of Christianity in this land is less marked in the days to come than it has been during these past years.

Whatever judgment may be held about the Japanese treatment of Korea, and this I cannot discuss, it is generally agreed that influences are at work to retard the progress of Christianity. The Government is not professedly antagonistic to Christian Missions, yet government officials and government methods are hindering the Gospel. Many acts of official hostility are reported. A passive hostility on the part of most officials is evident. The Korean character does not resist well these influences. The men in certain localities are dropping away from the Church. Reports of declining church attendance are coming in from different quarters and missionaries are realising that the outlook of the Church is less bright than it was.

The materialistic spirit, exemplified in the alert, progressive and successful Japanese who swarm over this country, is having its effect upon the Koreans. They are not natively given to commerce, or to war, but they are not proof against the manifest business success of the Japanese, who are laying hold upon the commerce of this land and outdistancing the Koreans at every turn, as rivals in business.

Since Japanese annexation, for reasons not hard to understand, the Koreans as a whole are becoming more poorly off. When in undisturbed possession of their fields and the commerce of the land as they cared for it, they knew more of the comforts of life than they do to-day. The increased poverty is showing itself in the

diminished givings of the people as well as the enforced exodus in such large numbers to Manchuria, the Alberta or Saskatchewan of the East.

4. Much work still remains to be done, and the present seems, from a thoughtful view of the situation, a crisis period for Korea. The Christians in Korea number at least 200,000, which is one, for every seventy of the population. The country will never be more open than it is to-day for the reception of the Gospel. The fear is on the other hand, through the process of hardening now apparent, it may be less open soon. The native church, aggressive as it may be, must have meanwhile the immediate oversight of trained men from home.

An appeal of unusual force ought to come to the Canadian Church to more adequately man the fields they have now in charge. Strong and aggressive missions here in Korea are not slow to remind our Canadian brethren that unless more help and equipment be sent out, certain of their territory should be surrendered to other missions. It is not quite fair either to the work or to these strong, earnest men on the field that they should longer be left in this handicapped position. Moreover it is not creditable to our Church.

The situation in Kando is the most attractive missionary proposition I have touched in this country. Retrogression of a serious nature may soon set in there, if it has not begun already. Many Koreans who find their new homes there are accepting Chinese citizenship to be free from the control of the Japanese, and with their new liberties come manifestations of independence that are giving concern to our missionaries. The present seems the time for the best work in Kando.

A thoughtful review of the whole situation in Korea begets a concern that should issue in prayer to the God of Missions that His Church in this land should be cared for, that new missionaries should be thrust out into this ripened harvest, that the multitudes still unreached, like broken earthenware scattered over this great land, should be recovered by the preaching of the Gospel to every last man of them.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE SOCIETY'S TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

By REV. D. MACGILLIVRAY, D.D., SHANGHAI.

Dear Record:—

The Christian Literature Society was founded in 1887, with the object of utilising the press to the fullest extent in the work of evangelizing China. It prepares and publishes all classes of good literature, expounding the Christian faith or based on Christian principles. This means a wide programme, yet, with a single aim, the leading of China to the feet of Jesus Christ.

In the year 1887 it occurred to Dr. Alex. Williamson, of the Scottish Bible Society, that such a Society ought to be formed, to embrace the publication of all sorts of sound and clean reading matter, such as is common in Britain and America. And so the Society began its career, with perhaps only one man, Dr. Williamson, devoting his whole time to the production of its books.

The books had to be made as well as published. Hence, when Dr. Richard succeeded to the place of Dr. Williamson, he saw the great need of enlisting the whole time of literary workers, and when, in 1899, he invited Rev. D. MacGillivray, then of our Canadian Mission, Honan (and still of our Canadian Mission, though working in Shanghai) to join him, this was the beginning of the present free federation of missionaries, contributed and supported by different missionary societies who comprise the working force of the C. L. S.

The Society, therefore, is the best example, so far as we know, in the missionary world, of a union effort to solve the problem of Christian literature for a mighty Empire just awakened from sleep and standing at the parting of the ways.

Our programme then is ambitious enough for hundreds of workers where we now count ones. In common with all missionary work, ours may be classed as preparatory, penetrative, and constructive.

(1) Preparatory.

Many of our books are meant to remove barriers of pride, ignorance, superstition and prejudice. When these are removed,

there is still much to be done. Nevertheless, it means that we have carried some of the outworks of the town of Mansoul.

The earliest missionaries, such as Robert Morrison and William Milne, found time to prepare preparatory works, e.g., geographies, almanacs and tours of the world. And down to the present day this is recognized as a necessary and valuable part of missionary work.

(2) Penetrative.

But we have books which take the next step, and are penetrative, or directly evangelistic. The Glad Tidings must be directly and incessantly proclaimed with its appeal to the conscience of mankind.

But it is well to remember that many a book, which is only indirectly evangelistic, is from that very fact more effective with a certain class of readers. Hence, historical works showing what the Heavenly Father, through His Son, Jesus Christ, has done in the history of man and of nations, are truly evangelistic agencies, and we have repeated proof that such books lead on to conversion.

(3) Constructive.

The third division of our books is the constructive or educational. Besides works for schools and station classes, for special and general readers, we have a long and growing list of books which are intended to comfort and edify the Church.

For this class of books there is a demand which grows with the growth of the Chinese Church. Andrew Murray, S. D. Gordon, Dr. Stalker, Krummacher, Dr. Glover, A. B. Bruce, George Matheson, Dr. Denney, Dr. Orr, and many other well-known writers secure a vast extension of their influence by means of the Christian Literature Society, which translates and publishes their works, and the Chinese have a share in the authors, who are the common property of all nations.

The public, whom we address, is composed of the reading and thinking people of all classes. This means many millions of souls, the number of whom is rapidly increasing with the spread of the new system of education. We are after them all. We want to win them for Christ.

We make our appeal to the mind of China, as well as to her heart and conscience. The heaven must leaven the whole lump. Its process is not only from below upwards, but from above downwards. The lower, middle and higher classes act and interact upon one another, so that the one which first receives the Gospel influences the rest, whether above it or below it.

Besides the production of books, we lay considerable stress on our periodical literature. For the church we publish the "Chinese Christian Review," which was founded in 1891. It aims to be the organ of unity and interdenominational co-operation. It is specifically a magazine for Chinese helpers and preachers.

Since it began, the denominations have, one after the other, started denominational papers, but these can only supplement, they cannot replace our paper. As a denomination grows, it naturally craves its own organ, but beyond and above that there is the high unity which binds all denominations together, and in this atmosphere our readers are invited to abide.

A feature which is now being developed is the securing of the best thought of the Christian Chinese. Our weekly paper, the Ta Tung Pao, which, in 1904, succeeded our old monthly, the famous Wan Kwo Kung Pao, continues to be a great power.

More recently we have added a third paper for the women of China, called The Women's Messenger. The mere issue of such a paper is significant of the great changes going on in China. It shows not only that the number of reading women is increasing, but that the new China must elevate its women as well as its men if the family and the state are to be on secure foundations.

The year 1910 is memorable from the production of the first number of the "China Mission Year Book," now so well known on three continents. This kind of service was begun by Dr. MacGillivray's "Century of Missions in China," the historical volume of the Centenary Conference, and the plan of issuing Year Books on every phase of Christian work is the

beginning of another great service to the cause of Christ in China. Dr. MacGillivray is the editor of the series.

It is scarcely possible to speak of the results of our work without seeming to exaggerate. But there are seers among us to whom is granted the glowing vision of golden harvests from all this sowing of the Good Seed. In itself the letter killeth, but fructified and used by the Spirit of God, it may contain potential dynamite enough to shake the world. We magnify our office.

The Christian Literature Society came to China, in the divine thought, for the purpose of supplying the one thing more that was needed for the perilous times through which China is passing. How perilous none knew till recent events.

But our workers are not satisfied with social and political conversion. No, the ancient ideal of China's Classics, "A Renewed People," is impossible except the people individually be born again. But we long to see conversions on the largest scale. Hence, we attempt great things for God and expect great things from God.

The Chinese Church is growing rapidly with the granting of religious liberty by the new Republic. Much of the old persecution will pass away.

But, while the old needs will remain the same, new dangers will be sure to arise. With rapid expansion there is risk of shallowness. Without nourishment how can the Church be ready for the new tasks of the Republic? Moved by the example of the nation the church is talking of independence. Is it really ready for it? For these and other reasons it is incumbent on the West to redouble its efforts to feed the growing church in China.

Then there remain the vast millions outside the Church. They are cutting loose from the past. The negative work of unloosing is done, but whither will they go if they know not Him who has the words of eternal life?

When the Canadian Church sent me to Shanghai, in 1899, it practically opened a new station, but the work of the new station is Empire-wide in its influence. If

the crisis of 1898 induced the church to send me to Shanghai, surely the crisis of the Revolution of 1911-1912 constitutes a still louder call for workers.

Will not Canada send some reinforcements? Our literary work is only just begun. It is not a matter of translating a few, or even all, the old standard works. A new era calls for new books. The old ones served their purpose well, but new China calls for fresh presentation of the truth, and to such a literary nation as the Chinese we are still a long way off an adequate presentation of the truth through the aid of the wonderful modern press.

The new China, indeed, spells fresh opportunities in some directions, but fresh difficulties in others. Pray, ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest that he will send forth laborers into the harvest. One word sums up our need: More Power. Where are the faithful ones who will pray daily for the blessing of God on the Christian Literature Society's work that the people may be willing in the day of God's power. We are changing their *views*. God alone can change their wills.

THE "MORTON MEMORIAL" CHURCH.

By REV. H. H. MORTON, TUNAPUNA.

Tunapuna, Trinidad, Nov. 11, 1912.
Dear Record:—

This beautiful church was opened at Guaico, yesterday, 10th November. Guaico village is twenty-three miles from Tunapuna, and is the centre for seven schools and settlements of East Indians.

The premises at Guaico are enclosed in with a neat native timber fencing, and contain the following buildings:—Main school, infant department, catechist's house, teacher's house, a small cottage used as a 'rest house' for the missionary (built by Mrs. John Morton), and now the 'Memorial' church.

The church is 45 x 36 and is built almost wholly of native timber, which adds greatly to its durability and value. The roof and sides are covered in with cedar, which is beautiful wood, and resists the attack of the wood lice, so destructive in the district.

The pulpit is of polished cypress, carapa and cedar, and together with the pulpit chairs and communion table all of carapa, are the gift of St. John's Church, Bridgewater, N. S., Dr. Morton's first and only charge in Canada.

A few yards east of the church is an iron belfry, 26 ft. in height, with a sweet-toned bell from the Meneely Bell Company, Troy, New York.

The church, with bell, tower, furnishings, etc., cost \$2,300. of which nearly \$1,100 (nearly one half) was raised in Trinidad.

Our people from the seven settlements above mentioned, turned out in force and there was not seating room for all. I reached Guaico on Saturday at 3 p.m. and already several families had arrived for the next day's services in full force, even to the babies of three and six months. Many of the families would have to walk altogether twenty to twenty-five miles before reaching home again, which with our climate and roads is a consideration.

All Saturday night the Christian people in Guaico village were busily engaged in cooking food in the native style for their brethren coming from a distance on the morrow. Goat, rice, and unleavened cakes were the three items on the menu.

On Sabbath the effective and beautiful dedicatory and memorial service began at eleven a.m. Rev. E. W. Havelock, Moderator of the Trinidad Presbytery, preached in English. Rev. S. A. Fraser, of our own mission, spoke in Hindi of the life and work of Dr. Morton. The Indian catechist of Guaico, sketched the early trials of the work in that district, from the time when Dr. Morton began it in 1890. Very impressively he spoke of the great love of Dr. Morton for the East Indians of Trinidad.

The service, all of it impressive and beautiful, was concluded with the Lord's Supper, at which fifty-two sat down.

The Christians of the Guaico District are delighted with it and we hope and pray that it will ever be a source of light, hope and comfort to them, and a means of drawing many more there into "The Kingdom."

Young People's Societies

FEBRUARY CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

POLITICAL PURITY. •

BY REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A., PARIS, ONT.

We believe in the separation of Church and State, but must not allow our belief in that regard to carry us too far. There are those who believe that the Church and the State are so far apart, so distinct and separate, that the one belongs to God and the other to Satan. They consider themselves too good to have much, if anything, to do with such a mundane business as governing a municipality or directing the affairs of a nation.

Such people may be very good in their way but, as Thoreau says, "it is not enough for people to be good, they must be good for something." And it is safe to say that a man who withdraws himself from civic responsibilities is missing one of the greatest opportunities for doing good known to mankind.

Simeon Stylites, elevated on his stone pillar, removed from the work and the struggles of earth, may have been saintly enough, but it is quite certain that he did less for the uplift of humanity than Wilberforce or Lincoln.

Our age may be in danger of swinging too far from the mystical ideal, but the mystic has never transformed the face of human society. There is need for the man who has a practical side to his nature, the man who does things. He needs to cultivate the mystical too, else he may be dangerous as a piece of uncontrolled machinery. The two sides are necessary to the best and most useful life.

To a man who is thus synthetically developed it will be clear that though Church and State are separate they are both ordained of God, and hence that he ought to be a worthy member of both.

That a man can have his "conversation in heaven"—without ceasing to be a citizen of his country on earth—is the distinct teaching and example of the Apostle Paul. And this gives us the true answer to the question as to the right relation of the Church to the State. It is not the duty of the Church as such to take a direct share in directing, much less in dominating, the State. But it is the function of the Church to give citizens to the State who will conduct political affairs in righteousness.

The science of governing a country is a lofty one—and the Church should seek to produce men who will look upon politics as a noble calling.

And it is here that the Church has the advantage of all other organizations, for in the Gospel she possesses that by which the deepest springs of human activity may be touched with movements for the good of the world. The Church, energised by the Spirit of God, can produce the best type of character, and only men of that type can mould the decrees of the State after the patterns of righteousness.

From this it follows that in an ideal State we should have pure politics. But it is also manifest that we have not yet attained, but must still strive towards that ideal.

What we call "party" in politics is undoubtedly responsible for a great deal of the political corruption that is unhappily rampant. But "party" is not in itself a bad thing. It is safe to say that "party"—properly understood—is inseparable from responsible government in a free country. There are at least two sides to every question, and it is well that they should be presented for consideration. It has come

to be considered that a good Opposition is practically necessary in order to have a good Government.

And party, too, gives a loyal party man to feel that he must walk warily, or else he will drag down the whole line as a reckless individual may cause the fall of all who are roped together in mountain climbing. At the same time party gives a man great opportunity to mould history right if he is faithful and fearless and outspoken in the party caucus.

But after all this is said, it must be affirmed that blind adhesion to party becomes a fruitful source of corruption in politics. The party man develops into the partizan, and becomes a menace to the State.

The political party man aims at securing the success of his country through the policy and principles of his party; but the political partizan aims at securing the success of his party, even if it has to be attained temporarily by assailing things which are for the good of the country.

A political party man may see wisdom and statesmanship in the acts of his opponent and may support them in a particular crisis accordingly; but a political partizan is always crying out, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And to him Nazareth is the camp of his political opponent. He will not "come and see" whether there is any good in Nazareth or not. He closes his eyes, shuts his mind with a snap and says there is no good there.

The political partizan is not a Nathanael in whom there is no guile. This partizan attitude leads to untold political corruption, the padding of voters' lists, the wholesale use of bribery, the practice of intimidation, and all the rest of the vicious brood are the products of unchecked and reckless determination for personal and party success.

We should set our faces against this kind of thing in Canada. All the wisdom is not confined to one party, nor is all the corruption. Any man who can study the history of Canada and think either one or the other of these things is reading through partizan spectacles, or else is keeping his blind eye towards the party

to which he belongs. Anything we can do to kill the partizan spirit will tend to political purity in this new country.

One need hardly add that church courts must shun this spirit as a plague, and that if they feel called on to make deliverances on political questions they must do so with absolute impartiality. Otherwise they do more harm than good.

THE CHURCH AS A SOCIAL AGENCY.

BY CHARLES STELZLE.

Perhaps the chief function of the Church in social and economic problems is that of supplying the men and the women who are leaders in social reform affairs. A study of over a thousand professional social workers as to church affiliation shows that of those who were associated charity workers, ninety-two per cent. were church members, and of general social workers seventy-one per cent. were church members.

As a matter of fact, the Church practically controls, through its membership, nearly every great philanthropic movement of any consequence. Glance at the list of directors and verify this statement.

Practically all of the money that goes to the hospitals, orphan asylums, clubs and charitable institutions of various kinds comes from church people. Without them these could not exist.

Recognizing that there is a great work to be done in the matter of social reform which must reach down to fundamental things, let it not be forgotten that the wounded in life's battle must meanwhile be cared for. To these the Church ministers freely, while at the same time it is developing most of those who will fight for the bigger things in social reform.

It is one thing to ask God to help us in our plans; it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in his plans.—Henry Clay Trumbull.

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.—Marcus Aurelius.

FEBRUARY MISSIONARY TOPIC.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone was born 19 March, 1813, just a century ago, next month, in the village of Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. His parents were poor but of the best type of humble Scottish life; one of the prayer homes of Scotland that have sent out so many great and good men to all parts of the world.

When ten years old he left the village school to go to work in a cotton-mill. Here he studied as well as worked, a book—often a Greek Grammar—lying on the spinning jenny, so that he could catch a sentence as he passed and commit it to memory.

At twenty-three he had qualified to enter college in Glasgow, where he attended two sessions, in medicine, Greek and theology.

In September, 1838, aged twenty-five, he went to London to offer his services to the London Missionary Society and was accepted as a candidate.

Returning to Glasgow he completed his course and took his medical degree in the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons there in November, 1840.

His heart had been set on China, but the way was not open, and he accepted the appointment of the London Missionary Society to the "Dark Continent" and sailed for Africa 8th December, 1840, when twenty-seven years of age, and landed at Algoa Bay, east of Cape Town.

From there he travelled seven hundred miles north to Bechuanaland, which lies west of the Transvaal. His destination was Kuruman, a mission station established by Robert Moffatt, thirty-five years before. He arrived 31st July, 1841.

The next two years were spent in exploration, northward, teaching as he could and seeking a suitable place for founding a mission centre, and at length he selected Mabotsa, 200 miles N. E. of Kuruman.

Shortly after settling there he was attacked by a lion, which shook him as a cat does a mouse and stood over him and crushed his left arm with its teeth. He tells that he felt no fear nor pain, as if

feeling and fear were paralyzed, but expected soon and sudden death, when the lion turned away and left him. The arm troubled him at times through life.

He built a house at the new station and in 1844 he was married to Mary Moffat, a daughter of Robert Moffat, the missionary at Kuruman, to whose home he had come at first in Africa.

He labored at Barotsa two years, and then removed, in 1846, forty miles north and founded another station at Chonuané, the chief place of the Bakwain tribe under Chief Schele.

In 1847 he removed to Kolobeng, forty miles west, the tribe accompanying him.

And now developed more fully the idea which had been forming in his mind during the first two years of his work, that in a field like Africa, the work of the white missionary was pioneering, opening up and starting new work, leaving native agents to work as best they could.

During the next five years he made several missionary journeys, extending several hundred miles, reaching at length a considerable distance northward beyond Lake Ngami, and doing work among the Makololo.

In 1852 he took his family to Cape Town, and sent them home to England, and started back for the interior of Africa, and in the next four years had opened up much that heretofore figured on the map as unexplored territory.

On 12th December, 1856, he returned to England, after sixteen years' absence, and received a nation-wide welcome. During the next year, 1857, he published the results of his missionary explorations in a book, "Missionary Travels and Researches in Africa" which created a deep interest.

After a little more than a year in England he sailed again for Africa, 10th March, 1858, this time not as the missionary of the L. M. S., but as Her Majesty's consul for the eastern coast, and commander of an expedition for exploring eastern and central Africa. He was as much as ever the missionary, but in this

way had command of larger resources for his work.

The next six years were spent in exploration, learning and exposing the awful horrors of the African slave trade, studying the country, bringing the Gospel to the people. And in the midst of it all, 27th April, 1862, his wife died at Shupanga.

He returned again to Britain, 23rd July, 1864, and gave to the world the results of his six years' work in—"Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries," published in 1865.

In August, 1865, he once more started for Africa, with the nominal post of British consul to Central Africa, without salary, but with a grant from Government and another from the Geographical Society towards the expenses of the expedition, and the support of friends.

For eight years he labored, toiled, explored. Sickness and danger were his almost constant portion.

In 1871 Stanley went to find Livingstone and found him. Wonderfully touching is Stanley's account of his months with Livingstone, and the impression made upon his own life. Stanley tells how he went there to the centre of Africa, a sceptic, and during the few months of his stay with Livingstone, was converted, not by Livingstone's efforts, but by his life, so supremely devoted to the saving and uplift of the natives.

During these last eight years he suffered much from fever and dysentery. The jungles of Africa were telling on his strength. But still he kept at his task. "This one thing I do" was his motto, until at length, on the first of May, 1873, aged sixty years, he was found dead upon his knees by his bedside in a little hut, in Chitambo's village in Illala.

His faithful blacks dried and preserved his body in the sun, wrapped it up, carried it and all his papers, instruments and other things across Africa to Zanzibar, took it home to England, and 18th April, 1874, it was buried in Westminster Abbey with the nation's illustrious dead, one of the most illustrious of them all.

His journals, which he had faithfully

kept during these last seven years of exploring, were published in 1874 under the title of "Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa."

Livingstone's work during these three periods, covering over thirty years, was a continuous living of a motto which he gave some school children in Scotland, "Fear God and work hard."

"No single African explorer"—says an eminent authority—"has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

"Livingstone was no hurried traveller; he did his journeying leisurely, carefully observing and recording all that was worthy of note, with rare geographical instinct and the eye of a trained scientific observer, studying the ways of the people, eating their food, living in their huts, and sympathizing with their joys and sorrows.

"In all the countries through which he travelled his memory is cherished by the native tribes, who almost without exception, treated him as a superior being.

Stanley wrote of him, years after his death: "In the annals of exploration of the Dark Continent, we look in vain among other nationalities for such a name as Livingstone's. He stands pre-eminent above all."

Another eminent authority says:—"But the direct gains to geography and science are not the greatest results of Livingstone's journeys. His example and death acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries, and raising in Europe so powerful a feeling against the slave trade, which he made known—that through him it may be considered to have received its death blow.

"Personally, Livingstone was a pure and tender hearted man, full of humanity and sympathy, simple minded as a child."

The extracts from his dairy, which are given in the following pages, shew the man more clearly than any words of description could do.

QUOTATIONS FROM DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

AS GIVEN BY BLAIKIE.

"Anywhere, provided it be Forward."

"I shall open up a path into the interior or perish."

"Providence seems to call me to the regions beyond."

"Evening—felt much turmoil—feel quite calm now, thank God."

"I shall not swerve a hairbreadth from my work while life is spared."

"O divine Love, I have not loved Thee strongly, deeply, warmly enough."

"The sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God."

"The spirit of missions is the Spirit of Our Master; the very genius of His religion."

"My great object was to be like Him—to imitate Him as far as He could be imitated."

"He will keep His word—the gracious One, full of grace and truth—doubt is here inadmissible."

"It is well to be servants of Christ everywhere, at home or abroad, wherever He may send us or take us."

"A life of selfishness is one of misery, and it is unlike that of our blessed Saviour, who pleased not Himself."

"Our duty is onward, onward, proclaiming God's Word whether men will hear or whether they will forbear."

"Viewed in relation to my calling, the end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise."

"Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward."

"I commit myself to the Almighty Disposer of events, and if I fall, will do so doing my duty, like one of his stout-hearted servants."

"Everyone has his besetting fault—that is no disgrace to him, but it is a disgrace if he do not find it out, and by God's grace overcome it."

"I am conscious that though there is much impurity in my motives, they are in the main for the glory of Him to whom I have devoted myself."

"Remember us in your prayers. Bear us on your Spirits when we are far away, for when abroad we often feel as if we were forgot by every one."

"I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do *you* carry out the work which I have begun? I Leave It with You!"

"He who stays his mind on his ever-present, ever-energetic God, will not fret himself because of evil-doers. He that believeth shall not make haste."

"My object in Africa is not only the elevation of man, but that the country might be so opened that man might see the need of his soul's salvation."

"My times are in Thy hand, O, Lord. Go Thou with me and I am safe, and above all, make me useful in promoting Thy cause of peace and good will among men."

"I bless God that He has conferred on one so worthless the distinguished privilege and honor of being the first messenger of mercy that ever trod these regions."

"We are not alone, though truly we deserve not His presence. He encourages the trust that is granted by the Word, 'I am with you—even unto the end of the world.'"

"May God in mercy permit me to do something for the cause of Christ in these dark places of the earth, may He accept my children for His service and sanctify them for it."

"I want my whole life to be out and out for the Divine glory, and my earnest prayer is that God may accept what His own Spirit must have implanted—the desire to glorify Him."

"I am trying now to establish the Lord's Kingdom in a region wider by far than Scotland. Fever seems to forbid; but I shall work for the glory of Christ's Kingdom—fever or no fever."

"I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be. In this service I wish to live, in it I wish to die."

"My Jesus, My King, My Life, My All; I again dedicate my whole life to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O, Gracious Father, that ere year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' Name I ask it."

"I have been the Channel of the Divine Power, and I pray that His gracious influence may penetrate me so that all may turn to the advancement of His gracious reign in this fallen world."

"We have a different field to cultivate here. All I can say is that I think knowledge is increasing—but for the belief—that the Holy Spirit works, and will work for us, I should give up in despair."

"I would venture everything for Christ—Pity I have so little to give. But He will accept us, for He is a good Master. Never one like Him. He can sympathize. May He forgive and purify and bless us."

"If we dedicate ourselves to God unreservedly He will make use of whatever peculiarities of constitution He has imparted for his own glory, and He will in answer to prayer, give wisdom to guide."

"God working mightily in the human heart is the spring of all abiding spiritual power; and it is only as men follow out the sublime promptings of the inward spiritual life that they do great things for God."

"All I can add in my loneliness is, May Heaven's rich blessings come down on every one—American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." (He refers to the African slave trade.)

"I am fain to believe that I have performed a small part in the Grand Revolution which our Maker has been for ages carrying on by multitudes of conscious and many unconscious agents, all over the world."

"O Jesus, fill me with Thy love, now, and I beseech Thee accept me, and use me a little for Thy glory. I have done nothing for Thee yet, and I would like to do something. O do, I beseech Thee, accept me and my service and take Thou all the glory."

"We cannot all go out as missionaries, but we may all do something towards providing a substitute. Moreover, all may commend the work in their prayers. I hope that those whom I now address will both pray for and help those who are their substitutes."

"Future missionaries will see conversions follow every sermon. We prepare the way for them. May they not forget the pioneers who worked in the thick gloom with few rays to cheer, except such as flow from faith in God's promises!"

"I have never felt anyway inclined to turn Churchman or dissenter either since I came out here. The feelings which we have toward different sects alter out here quite insensibly, till one looks upon all godly men as good and true brethren."

"I begin to like (the school) and I once believed I could never have any pleasure in such employment. I had a great objection to school keeping but I find in that, as in almost everything else I set myself to as a matter of duty, I soon become enamored of it."

"If God has accepted my service, then my life is charmed till my work is done, and though I pass through many dangers unscathed while working the work given me to do, when this is finished, some simple thing will give me my quietus. Death is a glorious event to one going to Jesus."

"In any operation, even the women (of the Bechuanas) sit unmoved. I have been quite astonished again and again at their calmness. 'A man like me never cries' they say, 'they are children that cry'... But when the Spirit of God works on their minds, they cry most piteously."

"It is utterly unfair to magnify the little we do for Jesus by calling it a sacrifice. He asks a willing mind, cheerful obedience; and can we not give that to Him who made His Father's will in our salvation as his meat and his drink, till He bowed his head and gave up the Ghost?"

"It is not the encountering of difficulties and dangers in obedience to the promptings of the inward spiritual life, which constitutes tempting of God and Providence; but the acting without faith proceeding on our own errands with no previous convictions of duty, and no prayer for aid and direction."

"People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?"

"I hope I am in the way of duty—my own conviction that such is the case, has never wavered. I am doing something for God. I have preached the Gospel in many a spot where the name of Christ has never been heard."

"All is in the Lord's hands; on Him I cast my care. His testimony I receive as it stands—He careth for us. Yes, He does, for He says it, who is every way worthy of credit. He will give what is good for me. He will see to it that all things work together for good. Do thou for me, O Lord God Almighty!"

"The conversion of a few, however valuable their souls may be, cannot be put into the scale against the knowledge of the truth spread over the whole country. In this I do and will exult. As in India, we are doomed to perpetual disappointment, but the knowledge of Christ spreads over the masses."

"I was every day shocked by being addressed by the title (of God) and though it has as often furnished me with a text from which to tell them of the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent; yet it deeply pained me, and I never felt so fully convinced of the lamentable deterioration of our species."

"I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept, only as by giving and keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity."

"It is hard to work for years with pure motives and all the time be looked on by most of those to whom our lives are devoted, as having some sinister object in view. Disinterested labor—benevolence—is so out of their line of thought, that many look upon us as having some ulterior object in view. But He who died for us, and whom we ought to copy, did more for us than we can do for anyone else. He endured the contradiction of sinners—may we have grace to follow in His steps."

"Nowhere have I ever appeared as anything else but a servant of God, who has simply followed the leadership of His hand. My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those whose ideal is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have labored in brick and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical practice. I feel that I am not my own.

I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation, or writing to one of His children."

"On one occasion Sekomi, having sat by me in the hut for some time in deep thought, at length addressing me by a pompous title said, 'I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it, for it is proud, proud and angry, angry always.' I lifted up the Testament and was about to tell him of the only way in which the heart can be changed, but he interrupted me by saying, 'Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine, to drink and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud, and very uneasy and continually angry with some one.' He then rose and went away."

A LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE IN EVERY HOME.

Last month, reasons were given for the celebration of the Livingstone Centenary. One of the methods suggested was the reading in the home of a Life of Livingstone—either Blaikie, Horne, or Matthews', according to circumstances.

There will never be a better opportunity to awaken in the young people in our homes an interest in mission, for there is no story more thrilling than that of the great pioneer missionary, who, in his devotion to his Master, Jesus Christ, and the work to which he had given his life, voluntarily gave up the joys of home-life—as dear to him as to any other man—and endured hardships inconceivable, for the sake of the poor degraded African.

Nor would he admit that he had made sacrifices,—for he wrote: "People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?"

And as we follow him year after year, in his fight against the terrible slave traffic, and his effort to open up the country, so that its darkness might be dispelled by the light of the Gospel of Christ, we realize, as perhaps never before, that we, too, are called, not to a life of ease and selfish indulgence, but to a life of service. The missionaries of to-morrow are the boys and girls in our homes to-day; are they learning this lesson of cheerful devotion to duty, and a readiness to give of their best—their money, their time, their talents to the service of Jesus Christ?

A. E. A.

MARCH CITIZENSHIP TOPIC

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Its Value to Society.

By W. G. HANNA.

(Mark 2:23—3:5.)

Experience teaches that things of small value are allowed to slip away easily, but those valued highly are held much more tenaciously. The preservation of the Christian Sabbath presents no exception to the operation of this general law.

It is, therefore, a matter of vital moment that a correct view be held of the values of the Christian Sabbath to Society. It is an institution of fundamental importance to the individual, the family and the nation, and its preservation is fraught with untold advantages.

1. Economic Benefit.

It has taken the world a long time to learn that the divine rest law is in exact harmony with man's constitution and that obedience to it brings great benefit to him.

Personal efficiency, the most valuable national asset, is the new note of to-day. The economic value of the worker to the nation is estimated as never before. So, efficiency as a productive force is justly regarded as of paramount importance.

But a fundamental and essential condition of personal efficiency is the weekly rest day as a restorer of exhausted energy, and a quickener for renewed service. After ages of experimenting, civilized nations have settled down to the belief that one day in seven is the best arrangement, and have set apart the Christian Sabbath as the weekly rest day.

Workers with hand or brain who are deprived of the weekly rest day have a lessening efficiency and a shortened term of service. Science explains the cause.

Dr. Broadbent, physician to the late King Edward, in his work on "The Heart," shows that if each heart beat of an adult be estimated as equivalent to a force of 50 lbs., the force exerted during twenty-four hours, would be about 5,000,000 lbs. Without Sabbath rest this uninterrupted output of energy must impair efficiency and shorten life. It should not be a matter of surprise, therefore, that in this

age of unresting activity there are so many deaths from heart failure.

Besides this, such accepted authorities as Drs. Haegler, Voit, Palliker, by most careful experiments, have proved that a man at work does not take as full a breath as when at rest, by about one and one-half cubic inches of air. This would mean that he breathes about 12,960 cubic inches of air less during a working day of eight hours, with the consequent loss of about one ounce of oxygen. But the rest of the night restores only five-sixths of an ounce. So at the end of six days' labour, he is a full ounce behind and requires a full rest day of twenty-four hours to recover the loss and begin the work of the next week under normal conditions.

Hence it is, that seven-day-in-the-week toil long continued, gradually undermines the strength of the toiler, so that through diminished energy, he becomes prematurely unfit to perform his appointed task, and, because of lowered vitality succumbs much more readily to the attack of disease.

This condition was graphically expressed in the plea for Sunday rest, addressed by four hundred and fifty locomotive engineers to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt.

"This never ending labor ruins our health and makes us feel like prematurely worn out old men."

In this connection it is significant that the physicians of Berlin, Germany, early in this summer, divided the city into districts and arranged that each should take a neighbor's practice one day a week, at such intervals as would enable every one to obtain one rest day each week, to preserve their health, and maintain their efficiency.

Thus it is shown that the Christian Sabbath, if preserved, is of untold economic advantage to the nation.

2. Family Fellowship.

The family is the social unit. Here is to be realized the highest personal ideals. If the family life be pure, true and strong so will be that of the nation.

A nation will be competent for service

or defence in the measure in which its members are united in trustful fellowship. But this will always be conditioned upon the degree in which the members of its families are bound together. Whatever tends to loosen this bond is serious injury to the common weal.

The Christian Sabbath not only affords release from the strain of six days' toil, but permits the members of the family, perhaps separated through the week by the diversity of location of their employment, to return to the home and cultivate the domestic affection.

Or it may be that the father being the bread winner of the family is required by his employers to toil seven days in the week. He has to leave his home with cold lunch in basket or dinner pail, and returning late at night he finds his children asleep again, whom he left asleep in the morning. The continuance of this condition tends to make his own children strangers to him, so they grow up, in a large measure, without the cherishing fellowship for which the Sabbath provides opportunity.

Contrast with this condition, that in which the return of the Sabbath removes the yoke of toil from the father's shoulders and the soil of week day employment from his person, permitting him to be at home with his family. He has the opportunity of cultivating the affections of his children. He can join with his wife in performing the offices of love, in training his children to direct their attention to worthy objects, correcting faults or follies, warning them against the perils and temptations of life to which their inexperienced minds may expose them, thus guiding them to walk in the path of duty, with the "fear of the Lord before their eyes."

His nature, in danger of hardening by constant contact with the instruments of toil, is mellowed, as his children from whom he has been absent during the week, gather around him on Sabbath morning, climb upon his knees, nestle in his bosom, while he enjoys the tenderest love an earthly father can know. How he delights to do acts of kindness and exercise offices of love on behalf of his wife and children.

These acts of kindness and offices of love, frequently repeated, strengthen the family bond, inspire mutual confidence, deepen consideration for each other, until the family is fused into an indivisible unity that holds each to the other by mutual attachment and impels each to help the other in a spirit of unsparing self-surrender.

When the time comes for them to leave the old home they do so with golden memories clustering around it and unseen chords that keep their hearts in vibrating touch with its interests, so that there is not separation but wider unity. The extension of these bonds and their intertwining with those of other families, ensure the cohesion and stability of the nation.

3. Moral Improvement.

Because man is more than a hand at the machine or a beast of burden, he should have the opportunity for moral improvement.

The toiler who comes home at nightfall seven days in the week, exhausted with work, has little strength left for the mental effort needed to gain knowledge of moral ideas. Hence the low views of life and duty frequently complained of as prevalent among this class of people.

But the enjoyment of the Sabbath opens the door of opportunity. It affords him the privilege of becoming acquainted with the best text book on morals of all the ages.

Moral principles are not established in our nature as goods are placed in a warehouse. They are taken in from outside into the mind and require time to fructify in the heart that they may acquire control and direct the activities of the life.

On the Sabbath a school for moral training is established in the well-ordered family. Parents then have their golden opportunities to teach the foundation principles of morality at the most susceptible periods of life and in an atmosphere of trustful love. To the opening, eager mind of a child, a new idea is always welcome. Hence it is a matter of supreme importance that the first ideas with which it comes in contact are those of pure morality.

This can be supplemented admirably in the wider school established in connection with the church. Here these and other principles in their wider application to the duties and responsibilities of life, are amplified, illustrated and emphasized.

Thus it is, that cherishing right thoughts, doing right actions, acquiring right habits are encouraged, till sound moral character is established.

Moral character is the most secure ground of national stability, the true foundation of national greatness. If life is to be worth living in any nation, property and person must be safeguarded by law. But law will afford little protection unless it is supported and enforced by a sound healthy public opinion and the spring-head of such healthy public opinion is the moral character of the people.

The Christian Sabbath by affording the opportunity for establishing schools of morals, inculcating the practice of moral duties and giving free scope to the practice of moral virtues is of untold value to society.

4. Spiritual Culture.

Man is a spiritual being. His spiritual interests are his highest interests. For adequate attention to these the Sabbath is necessary.

The busy activities of the week keep the mind occupied with material things, leaving little time and in many cases a diminished inclination to consider the spiritual. Hence the need of the Sabbath with the opportunity it affords for proper consideration of spiritual realities, to engage in the worship of Almighty God and make use of the means of grace which He has provided.

During the week the competitions of trade or rivalries of manufacture tend to estrange men from each other. The atmosphere of business activity becomes heated, but the coming of the Sabbath brings pause, and, as a breeze from the upland, cools the air, permitting a more thoughtful view of life and affording a perspective of higher things.

A picture without a sky has no glory, and a plan of life that does not link it with that which is above is ignoble. Hence the need for the uplift and outlook gained in Sabbath worship.

The material contacts of the week-day tend to nourish human selfishness, but the services of the sanctuary confront the wrongdoer, or one inconsiderate of the rights of others, with the law of God, and present to him the new rule of life "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you." Then the sacrifice of Christ is presented as a new impulsive principle, prompting men to model their lives by the standard He has set before us.

A correct conception of God and reverent worship of Him week by week tend to repress the wrong and strengthen the right, thus effacing all world-made distinctions. But without a Sabbath the means of grace would be unused and men would degrade to heathenism. Working days are too often a call to the worship of mammon, the Sabbath is always a call to the worship of God, and upon it, as a fulcrum, the lever of the gospel must rest.

The tendency of secular occupations in this age of keen competition is to tempt men to sacrifice others to the promotion of their own advantage, while the influences of the Sabbath tend to self-sacrifice for the good of their fellows, thus transforming the natural ideal to the spiritual.

If we contrast these advantages with the conditions of Sabbathless lands, the low characters, the sordid lives, the nameless cruelties that are to be found there, we can see at a glance the great benefit the Christian Sabbath confers on society. Without this fundamental institution the Church would cease to exercise its potent influence for good upon the hearts of the people and our boasted civilization would degrade to a cultured paganism, like that of ancient Greece adapted to modern times.

In view of the widespread, aggressive attack upon the integrity of the Christian Sabbath in Canada, it is evident that there is urgent need of earnest, sustained and wisely-directed effort for its preservation. For the breaking down of this fundamental institution must lead to the closing of the church doors, the decay of public worship, and the permanent crippling of all agencies working for the social, moral and spiritual betterment of the people.

Life and Work

CHILD CULTURE.

Editor The Presbyterian Record:

To many thoughtful minds one of the most vital problems in the world to-day is the moral education of the child. It is comparatively easy to mould aright the little mind and soul during the plastic, formative period, but if this is neglected, the result is often a malformed brain that may rule to ruin in after years. Many parents and teachers, including the writer, have employed mental suggestion with remarkable success in character building. A brief outline of the method may prove helpful to some of your readers.

First win the child's love and confidence. Explain to it that you wish to help it develop a strong, beautiful character, and that if it will work with you, you will surely succeed.

Every morning, after its prayers are said, have it repeat after you these or similar words: "This day, God helping me, I will be honest, kind, pure and true. I will do all I can to make others happy. I can and will do right." These affirmations should then be sealed in mind and heart by a brief, fervent prayer for divine help and guidance.

If the child has any fault to overcome, earnestly and impressively repeat to it affirmations adapted to its need, several times each day, and just as it is falling asleep every night, but always when it is in a passive, receptive mood.

For instance, if it is selfish, say to it:—"Deep down in your little heart you are kind and loving. You always do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Embrace every opportunity to praise it for the desired virtue. If these affirmations are often and thoroughly impressed on the child's mind and heart, experience proves that they will almost invariably become integral parts of its soul and the ruling motives of life.

Every true life and every noble deed is inspired by an enlightened intellect, con-

science and love. To develop these qualities in the child they must be constantly appealed to and made the ruling motives of conduct. Teach it what is right and wrong, and "why." Seek to have it obey its conscience as the voice of God in its soul.

Encourage it to do acts of kindness and helpfulness. Teach it the laws of personal purity. Impress upon it that every good thought and act helps to develop a beautiful soul—the absolutely essential condition of highest happiness in this life and that to come; that every evil thought and act deforms its soul and must inevitably result in misery and unhappiness.

Above all, parents should exemplify in their own lives what they would have the child become. "Like begets like;" an angry word excites anger; love awakens love. By always living, thinking and desiring the pure, the good and the true, they may most surely create these conditions in their children.

When the little mind is unfolding beneath the mother's heart, then is her golden opportunity to implant noble talents and tendencies. According to the new psychology, every absorbing thought and heartfelt desire she entertains during the prenatal period, is telepathed to the forming brain cells of her babe, leaving there its impress of good or ill—"a chisel that cuts to make or mar the statue of a soul."

Therefore, anger, hatred, worry and all undesirable mental states must be carefully shunned. She should cherish only beautiful, kindly, happy thoughts and aspirations, and pray silently, earnestly, every waking hour, that her little one may be lovely, pure and good.

She thus renders herself fully receptive to the influence of the Divine Spirit, and the power of the Highest will overshadow her and fashion a beautiful soul—may we not hope a great spiritual genius—that will ever prove a joy to the parents and a blessing to mankind.

F. M. CRAIG.
Denver, Colo., Dec., 1912.

THE COTTAGE MEETING.

BY ARCHIBALD McILROY.

For the Record.

Outside, the night is cold and dark, but there is warmth and glow in a certain home in the "flats" of the big city, where the weekly cottage meeting is to be held. The hostess has hurried through the supper, and induced her husband, sons and three boarders to have a wash-up, don their Sunday clothes, and come in. Her two girls, also, who are stenographers, have smoothed their hair, put on fresh blouses, and are prepared to lead the music on a little organ which stands in the corner.

Several neighbours have dropped in—representatives of different lands. Some are from the Eastern Provinces, others from the "States," a few hail from Erin and Scotia, their rich brogues redolent of the sod and the heather. There is a negro woman, "Daisy" Clements, from Tennessee, a husband and wife who have spent years in Brazil, not to speak of an engineer who has been right round the world.

The little company join heartily in singing the "Shepherd Psalm," after which the speaker does his best to lay their wants before the great Father of all, commending them—as well as their dear ones across the seas—to His love. A portion of Scripture is read, and then the company, their hearts lifted, almost drown the notes of the organ as they sing the Hymn "Jesus loves me, this I know." "Daisy" Clements' countenance fairly beams, and her white teeth glisten like pearls, as she runs away with the chorus:—

"Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so."

All now unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer, after which one of the daughters of the house sings—to her sister's accompaniment—"The Holy City," which is much appreciated.

Then comes the address. To night it is the love and sympathy of Christ lived out through his followers, and bringing light, and hope, and cheer to the disheartened.

One incident is used to nail it home, that of Henry Ward Beecher, meeting a little ragged newsboy on a bitterly cold night, and buying from him his whole stock of papers. Patting the boy on the head, the great preacher asked him if he were not very cold? "Yes, sir," answered the waif, "I was cold till you came along."

At the close of the fifteen-minute address, there is another hymn, and two young ladies contribute a duet. The next place of meeting is arranged, the benediction pronounced, and the audience disperse, some of them saying they could have stayed longer.

Some weeks ago, the writer, while on a short visit to the U. S. A., heard, in San Francisco, a popular minister deplore the meagre attendance at the Wednesday evening meetings. He gave it as his opinion that the old-time prayer meeting had served its purpose, and had little attraction for people of the present time. He further announced that he was going to try the experiment of substituting lectures on favorite subjects, such as new books, magazines, or popular questions of the day, asking the people to encourage him by their attendance.

It may be that the church weekly prayer meeting *has* served its day, but how would it be to go to the homes of the people? One gets very near to the heart of things when in the midst of a couple of dozen worshippers, met together around the fireside; and his thoughts are sure to go out to the Master Himself, who was ever at His best in such a gathering.

WHERE CHRIST DOES HIS WORK.

Jesus Christ is in his glory when he gets amongst lost men.

Greatness is not comfortable among the fallen, for purple does not match with sackcloth. Fashion is not comfortable; it is too fearful its satin should be besmirched. Science is not comfortable, for whilst it can work miracles of transformation everywhere else, it can work none there. Art is not comfortable amongst the fallen, and it retires as soon as it has taken their portrait.

But Jesus Christ is in his glory with lost souls, lost classes, lost tribes and lost races, for the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost.—Sel.

ON THE SHELF.

BY EVELYN ORCHARD.

(In The British Weekly.)

Clement Gisby walked quietly from the inner room where he had formally bidden good-bye to the heads of his firm, and shook hands a trifle solemnly with every man and boy in the outer office. There were eleven of them, and the leave-taking took some few minutes. It was accompanied by the expression of a good many regrets. But the regret that was deepest, namely, Clement Gisby's own, found no voice.

He had entered the office a raw strippling; he was leaving it now, at sixty-five, with a record behind him few men could have equalled or excelled. Gisby was not a leader of men; he lacked that particular initiative quality necessary to the inception and building up of great enterprises. But he had other qualities which run more brilliant ones close. It is certain that but for men of Gisby's stamp, our commercial life would be built on a much less sure foundation.

He was, to begin with, a simple-minded and earnest Christian. When that is said, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add more. When a Christian man carries the practice of his faith into his daily life, in the home, the office, or the market-place, his fellows know what to expect of him, and are seldom disappointed.

"Very sorry, sir, I shan't be able to help you on with your coat to-morrow afternoon," said Tillotson, the junior clerk, who had been greatly helped in the first years of his office life by Gisby's kindly attention and sympathy.

"Don't mention it, my boy, said Gisby, then with a hurried clasp of the lad's hand, and a glance and a nod all round, he made a dash for the door.

It was too early to go home yet. He was extremely fond of Hyde Park in the season, and had been known to sit for two hours at a stretch on a warm evening, watching the folks, and weaving his own imaginations concerning them. But somehow this evening the charm failed to work. He sat among the throng unseeing of them; never had he felt more solitary more cut off from his kind. Nobody had need of him in the whole wide world.

Presently, watching the carriages, which one by one drew up for a space under the trees, he saw a face in one which he knew. Two ladies were on the seat facing the horses, a middle-aged lady and a young girl. On the smaller seat was a clergyman with a round jovial face and a particularly pleasant smile.

"That's Tom Bowlby, I could take my affidavit. I wonder whether he would remember me?" said Gisby to himself.

The clergyman's eyes roaming over the crowd presently caught sight of Gisby, and there was no doubt as to his recognition. He smiled and waved his hand, spoke a word to the ladies of his party, and then alighting came straight to Gisby's chair.

"Clement Gisby, old chappie, is it really you? Why, we haven't met, have we, for a score of years."

"Married, I suppose, and the usual hostages to fortune?"

"No, I've never married. I'm a crusty old bachelor. On the shelf, Tom," he added, sadly, "on the shelf."

"Nonesense," said his friend cheerily. "You're not asking what I've been about. I got tired of the foreign chaplaincy, and I've been in England now just two and a half years."

"Where?"

"Knocking about most of the time, but now I've anchored. My brother-in-law, Wingfield, has presented me to the living at Banstead, where I'm a very busy and a very happy man."

"Glad to hear it, but where's Banstead?"

"In Northamptonshire, a big parish, and been sadly neglected, but I like the work, and it repays one. My wife died abroad, Clement, and that is my daughter with Lady Wingfield. When will you come down to Banstead and see me?"

"I can come at any time now, Tom, I'm out of work."

"How's that?"

"Reached the age limit, been thirty-five years in Markhams. Just said good-bye to-day to the old place, and it has, you know, hipped me a little."

"Of course; well, why not come out to Banstead with me to-morrow morning? I'm all alone, and will be uncommonly glad of your company. My daughter remains here."

Next day Gisby rose bright and early, with the pleasurable feeling that he was going to have an unexpected holiday, which he had very richly earned, and arrived in ample time at St. Pancras station to meet his friend.

Bowlby's welcome was just as warm and hearty as it had been the day before, and they had a most pleasant journey, chatting over all the men they had known in their old public school days, which lay a good many milestones behind them, but were still fresh and sweet.

There is no bond more lasting between

men than that which has been forged by the intimate and sometimes hazardous comradeship of school. It has been known to survive untarnished, as in this case, every frost of fate.

Gisby was charmed with Banstead, a country parish with a big populous village for its centre, full of interest and charm. He expanded in the atmosphere, and in these few days the two men made great strides in their friendship.

It did not take Bowlby long to get possession of every fact of his old friend's life, and on the Monday evening as they sat together on the verandah of the rectory, he expounded a deep-laid scheme.

"Do you know why I took you to see Grey Gables to-day, Clement?"

Gisby shook his head.

"I want you to take it, to buy it, in fact. Its dirt cheap, and you could potter about it to your heart's content. Its just what you want to fill up your days.

"Besides, I need you here. You could help me in the parish. The place is dead. It wants the live coal of the faith in its midst. I've never met anyone who has preserved it like you have, and you'll never know what good you've done me personally by this visit."

"Tom, this is very good of you. I own its tempting, but are you sure you wouldn't get a little tired of me? I should be so dependent on you here."

"You wouldn't, because, you see, there are other people who would find out what you are. Clement, come down here, and be a power for good, a lever to lift the people up, beginning with me."

"Tom, Tom, you don't know what you're saying."

"Don't I, though. Its because I do know," said the rector, with the air of a man who had no doubt at all. "I tell you, we need you here. There would be a hundred and one outlets for your energies. I promise to give you plenty to do. I haven't forgotten our talk last night, Clement. A man who has walked with God as you have done all these years has his big work to do yet. Do it here."

They sat very late, and when Gisby went slowly up to his bedroom close on midnight, his face wore the look of a man who has unexpectedly, but beyond all doubt, come home.

He set down his candle, and approached the window, where the curtains were undrawn, because of the rare beauty of the night. A full moon was high in the heavens, and the light shed on the beautiful scene was almost unearthly. Away

beyond the 'belt of the Rectory trees, he could distinctly see the outline of Grey Gables, which was to be his future home.

Yet a few hours before how despondent he had been, contemplating an existence without point or aim or ultimate goal.

He knelt down, and his face wore the tender expression of a child who rests assured at a mother's knee.

His soul, borne on the wings of thanksgiving, echoed the Psalmist's words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

TO RECLAIM OFFENDERS.

The indeterminate sentence is without doubt the ideal method of dealing with offenders as it practically places his early release in the hands of the prisoner himself. He understands that his conduct and moral attitude will be the test when release is applied for and this gives a natural incentive to do his best. An additional advantage is that when released he goes out on parole and can be brought back if he continues in wrongdoing, whereas, under the old method of a fixed sentence, he is quite independent of the authorities when his time expires. In Ontario, the indeterminate sentence applies to all offenders under sixteen who are committed to the Industrial Schools. They remain under the supervision of the school until twenty-one but the average length of stay is under two years.—J. J. Kelso.

THE WISE.

Once in the ages long ago
Over the seas afar,

Wise men, I trow

With hearts aglow,
Followed a shining star.

Followed its mystical moving light

That led by a weary way,
To the humble home of the Lord of might,
Where their gifts they spread as His royal right,

And worshipping knelt to pray.

O, still methinks in the lands that are new,

In the dawn of the day that we live,
They who are wise—is it I?—is it you?—
Follow the light that leadeth them true,
Follow with treasure to give.

Look to thy wandering, heart of my heart!

Is it on the star-marked way?

Receive the King the kingly part?

Of all thou has, and all thou art?

O be of the wise to-day!

—In the Japan Evangelist.

THE LIFE OF UNSPOKEN PRAYER.

"And Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." John 11: 41.

These words indicate, among other great truths, that Jesus had been praying secretly before he uttered his prayer audibly. He had been silently engaged in the exercise before he made any outward sign of it. He had been praying before any of the people about him had any idea of it.

The Master was walking with his friends amid the deep shadows of life, manifesting a great sympathy for them, but all the while he was engaged in secret, victorious prayer. While the thoughts in the minds of others were scattered in every direction, his thoughts were stayed upon God, in the attitude of receiving power.

In this single thought we have a message upon the exercise of unceasing prayer, upon prayer as an instinct, as an unspoken attitude of the soul.

There must be times and places for the outward expression of prayer—alone, at the family altar, and in larger circles—and we can hardly over-emphasize the importance of such outward exercises. But all these should only be the external manifestation of a hidden, abiding attitude of the soul in habitual, instinctive turning to God, amid the incidents of our common life.

It is a very real temptation to postpone our communication with God until our stated times of prayer, instead of turning to him in the thick of our daily trials. And by our postponements of prayer, we often rob our souls of that immediate peace which would come to us on the spot, if we confessed a wrong spirit or word on the instant of its occurrence.

And by confining our prayer life to stated periods we not only narrow down the meaning of prayer, but we exclude God and the thought of God from a great deal of our ordinary experience, and we thus tend to throw prayer into a somewhat artificial relation to daily life. But when we bring prayer into the midst of affairs, then there is no division between religion and life.

How much time is wasted every day because the mind has not something definite to do between duties! How many hours every week are spent in which we think about nothing in particular, because our thought life has no real home to which to retire when free from the en-

gagements of duty! There are margins of time, spaces for mental freedom, in the busiest lives every day, during the walk do it. May the grace of the Lord Christ from one duty to another; waiting for a train; in the car; waiting for our friends when we are making a call.

Besides, there are some forms of work in which the mind is not entirely engaged. I am not pleading for a divided mind in our occupation. If our work calls for absolute concentration of mind, then absolute concentration is the only true attitude to the task.

But there are occupations where the complaint is that the whole mind is not required, in the best performance of the work the mind is, to a large extent, free. And the question is whether the mind shall dwell upon what is highest or upon what is less than the highest.

And the reason why we do not think of God, why we do not practice his presence during these margins of time in the midst of the practical affairs of life, is largely because many have not thought of it; it has not occurred to them. The habit has not been cultivated.

How real the spiritual life becomes when we seek the power of God for the emergency of the hour, in the midst of the noise, the excitement, the stress and strain of our practical pursuits; turning one's thoughts upward, yielding one's life as a channel of the Divine will and power! Every man or woman who honestly does it knows how it steadies the mind in making decisions, how it conquers the impatience and surliness toward others, how it brings one up to the standard of being a silent help to all around.

Without knowing it, there are some men who, because of their lack of the presence and power of God in them at their work, are every day making it harder for those associated with them to be at their best. Their bearing mortgages their neighbor's day. Then there are others who, because they are secretly practicing the presence of God at their work, are unconsciously inspiring their associates to be at their best; they create an atmosphere of cheer, they dispel gloom. It is thus Christ comes "to be admired in all them that believe."—John Douglas Adam, in "The Continent."

The fact that one works quietly, without fame, never doing anything startling or sensational, may indicate greatness rather than smallness. It is easier to work amid cheers, but the world needs those who are willing to work in obscurity.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**WHY EVERY CHURCH SHOULD HAVE ONE.**

1. Because the cause of missions should be placed on a permanent, business-like, dignified basis in each congregation.

2. Because the pastor should not be obliged to bear all the burden of missionary education, and the enlistment of church members in giving to missions.

3. Because the work of such a committee will make the congregation feel missions are not a little side issue, but the chief business of the church.

4. Because the wealth of our churches has quadrupled within a few years and the offerings for the great benevolent causes have in no wise kept pace with this increase.

5. Because it has been proven again and again that such a committee, properly realizing its responsibility, will bring a church to its highest missionary efficiency.

6. Because it enables a committee of informed men to clear up the ignorance, the doubts, and the difficulties in the minds of a great number of the people in regard to missionary work.—Sel.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, in a sermon to the students of Harvard, said:—

"There is a tacit understanding among college graduates and undergraduates that if they throw themselves into theology it carries with it the supreme devotion of their mental acquisitions to the needs of fellow man; but that if they thrust themselves into secular pursuits—trade, teaching, journalism, literature, politics—there is no such commitment implied; that their powers are still their own, and that whatever vigor and insight they put to the service of their times, is so much work of supererogation for which it becomes the times to be supremely grateful. I would that juster and more biblical ideas prevailed upon this matter."

"There is perhaps no greater hindrance to the full development of the power of the Christian church than this same false notion. It is this that, to a great extent, limits the efficiency of the church to the labor of a professional few. This holds back men from the ministry and cripples those who are in it. This hides away the wealth of the church from Christ and His cause; it is not the husbandman's, it belongs to the steward for his selfish uses.

In truth all who make a profession of religion enter into the same solemn covenant to live wholly for Christ, to be His in all their service and possessions and in-

fluence. The only difference between a minister and a layman is in the *form* of the service to be rendered. Only let the stewardship of money-making be placed on the same grounds as preaching, and the world will soon be reclaimed."

THE CROSS AND MISSIONS.

BY REV. C. H. WETHERBE.

The true success of missions, both in foreign lands and in home territory, depends most largely upon the teaching and the preaching of the cross of Christ, and its vitally related truths. The missionary who should go upon a field of labor without the mastering purpose to make prominent in his work the gospel of Calvary, would be a moral failure, from beginning to end. He would be spiritually powerless before the hosts of sin and darkness.

If those missionaries who went to pagan lands, from the days of Carey to the present time, had not put Christ's cross to the forefront, those lands would have remained in dense moral darkness to this day.

For many centuries those heathen nations had their religious philosophies and brilliant philosophers, yet they continued in a state of the worst sort of spiritual slavery. There was not a true free-man among them all, even from king to peasant.

It was the entrance of the cross of Christ, with its related doctrines, which broke the shackles of spiritual slavery, in every instance where the cross was accepted. The darkness lifted wherever the light of the cross shone. Behold, now, those lands which have been revolutionized by the power of the cross of the world's Redeemer!

Rev. Charles A. Bowen says: "Did you ever hear of a Unitarian mission? You may have. Then did you ever hear of a Unitarian mission having a revival in a heathen land? I never did. And the reason is, they have no cross—no atonement to preach. When you steal the cross, you take the crown of missions. When you despise the blood of Calvary, you will have strangled missions." And the same thing applies to our own land. It is cross and salvation.—In Philadelphia Presbyterian.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

No man is honored by others quite so much as the man who never seeks honor. Nothing kills a man's prospects in this direction so completely as to have it known that he is after all the honor he can get.

HOW SOME AFRICANS TITHE.

REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG.

The latest illustration of the application of the tithing principle is that of a congregation in this country which tithes its revenue for missions. It actually forwards to the church offices for missionary, educational and benevolent work one-tenth of its total receipts.

In Central Africa there is a congregation of about 2,000 members won out of heathenism. This African congregation tithes also but not after the pattern of the Canadian congregation. These 2,000 members tithe their own individual incomes and with these 2,000 tenths support one-tenth of their number in missionary service to the surrounding heathen. They tithe their lives, they tithe their earnings.

If we Canadian Presbyterians tithed our lives for God's service we would have 30,000 men and women devoting all their time as ministers, missionaries and deaconesses instead of about 1,800. If we tithed our individual income for the work, how much would we have?

Mr. R. S. Gourlay, President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, says that our average annual income could be only about \$200 if our present contributions were based upon the assumption that we all tithe our earnings.

Whether or not giving to the Lord a tenth of one's income is binding under the New Testament dispensation may be questioned, but one thing is clear and this is, that Christians should give some definite proportion of their income to God and the tenth is a good basis to start upon.

"Proportionate" giving is as much enjoined by Scripture as "weekly" giving—"as the Lord hath prospered." Many should give more than a tenth—some do; while many may not be able to give as much as a tenth. Let it be a matter of constant emphasis that all members of Christ's Church should set aside for God's work some definite proportion of their income. All we have is God's. We are but stewards entrusted with His bounty. "Not how much of my money shall I give to God, but how much of God's money shall I keep for myself."

MY OWN SHARE.

It is one of the most helpful features of present-day Christianity that men are becoming sensible that they are not mere individuals but are members of a society, and that they must bear the shame of the existing condition of things in society. Intelligent Christian men now feel that the saving of their own souls is not enough, and that they cannot with complacency rest satisfied with their own happy condition and prospects if the society to which they belong is in a state of degradation and misery.

It is by the growth of this sympathetic shame that reformation on a great scale will be brought about. "It is by men learning to see in all misery and vice their own share of guilt, that society will gradually be leavened." To those who cannot own their connection with their fellow men in any such sense, to those who are quite satisfied if they themselves are comfortable, I do not know what can be said. They break themselves off from the social body and accept the fate of the amputated limb.—Marcus Dods.

LOOKING UP.

The eye turned inward upon self is often the reason for that unrestful spirit in which too many spend their lives. We want some larger thing to look upon than self can give. The search for mere endowment of our lives with gifts can never long content us.

The world is a smaller thing than the heart of God's child. Whatever we seek, whether it be wealth or power or pleasure, or even the thoughts and affections of the heart, we come soon to the limits of content. The child of God can find rest only in the heart of God.

All literature is full of testimonies to this inadequacy of earth to satisfy a human soul and put to sleep its longings. Such a poem as Tennyson's "Palace of Art" takes for its theme the effort to find satisfaction in the highest beauties and gifts of the creative imagination. The treasures are collected, but the dissatisfaction is not stilled. The sated heart is not at rest. It must turn to God and to the works of God as instruments of help for others before it can enjoy what man or God has made in fullest measure.—Ex.

"I need to be purified, fitted for the eternal. I need to be made more like my blessed Saviour, to serve my God with all my powers. Look upon me, Spirit of the living God, and supply all Thou seest lacking."

The Children's Record

FOR THE BOYS.

Attention; men of to-morrow! Please read the following story and letter from an old school-boy to his former teacher. It stirs the blood like a trumpet-call to a life that is noble, unselfish, square, pure and good, a big life with big ideals.

A Noble Life.

Not long ago a wealthy man in New York heard that his old teacher had suffered a loss which had cost him almost all that he had saved after a long life as an educator.

The teacher received soon after, from an unknown hand, a draft that almost covered all he had lost.

He suspected it might come from this boy, so acting upon what was only a surmise, he wrote, thanked him for the gift and asked him if he was not right in his surmise; and this was the letter he received in reply:

Dear Mr. Munger: Yes, I did send that money. I did not mean to have you know it. How you came to guess it, I cannot tell.

I am sorry for your loss and glad to put you back where you can live comfortably while life lasts. Money is nothing. When I think of you and compare myself with you, I am ashamed. All I have been able to do in this world is to make money. But you have made marks for good on human lives, and mine among them, which never will be effaced. My money will not count when I get to the other side, but what you have done in making character will count for all eternity.

Among all the men whom I have known, you are one of the sincerest and most earnest Christian of my acquaintance.

With unmeasurable affection,

FELIX GAVIN.

Boys, you have read the story, and—"what are you going to do about it?"

When you are learning to write, you follow your copy, making the letters and words, as nearly as you can, after the copy set before you.

So in life, every boy that reads these lines is following some copy, and that copy is the thing he most wants to be like.

One boy admires strength. He wants to be a strong man. He tries how much he can lift, and keeps trying, and grows stronger by trying.

Another boy likes speed. A crack runner is his hero, and he too runs and tries and becomes more like his ideal.

Another likes knowledge. He admires his teacher, and presses on in that race.

Another boy honors manliness. Most boys do, though sometimes they have mistaken ideals of manliness. A few think it manly to puff a cigarette and spit, or to fling about swear-words of various colors, and they practice their ideal. But most boys, in their hearts, honor real true manliness, which scorns anything that is low or unclean or mean or selfish or careless of honor and truth.

Now if all the boys who read these words would set before themselves the best ideal of manliness that they know, some boy or man who best fills that ideal; or, best of all, the Perfect Ideal, who holds out His hand to help them be like Himself, what a world this would be a few years hence, when these boys are all men, manly men.

But listen, boys! There is something special that some of you should do about this story. You were told in your last Record, about the "Order of Recruits for the Ministry." It is an "Order" specially for boys, as is the Boy Scouts, or the Boy's Brigade. It is not for men, because most men when they come to manhood have chosen some other work. It is for boys, because they are now choosing what they will be in life, and have time to prepare for it.

The above story tells what a teacher may do; how noble the life; how much can be done in that way to make the world better.

But think what opportunities the ministry gives for helping lives, for doing things that count most in the long run.

What a satisfaction, at the end of a life of work, to think that one has helped other lives! And what a satisfaction—forever—and ever—and ever—to think that away back in the little work time there was on earth, one did all one could to give

higher ideals of life to the young! And there is no work that affords so much opportunity to do that as the Ministry.

The Presbyterian Church, your Church, is calling to her boys, to you, men of tomorrow, for Recruits for the Ministry.

If any boy wishes to find out more about the "Order of Recruits," ask your parents, or teacher, or S. S. teacher, or minister, or write a letter to your Record, or to Rev. Geo. E. Ross, Goderich, Ont.

THE CHILDREN OF OUR KING.

Among the most studious and best brought up boys and girls in all England are the six children of the royal family. Even in the summer, when the family goes to the royal castle at Balmoral, Scotland, there is a corner in one of the gardens set aside for nature study. Each child has a piece of land, where he digs and plants and sows. They are earnest, hard-working little farmers.

When the royal family is at home in London, at Buckingham Palace, the king often goes with the children to a large lake in the park, where they have a fleet of little ships which they learn to manage. King George also frequently accompanies the children on long walks, and takes them to see football games. The king loves his family devotedly, and they are all very affectionate and happy.

Prince John, the baby of the family, is a sturdy little fellow, now almost six years old. Next comes Prince George, nine years, and Prince Henry, eleven. The only daughter is Princess Mary, who is fourteen, and is said to rule her brothers with a rod of iron. She is described as a fearless little lady, with a strong will of her own, and she is very fond of study. Prince Albert is sixteen, and Prince Edward was eighteen on June 23.

As heir-apparent, Prince Edward is studying very hard to prepare himself for his future duties. For two years he has been one of the best pupils at the naval school at Dartmouth. He fares as do the rest of the students, eating, playing, working just as they do. He is fond of all sports, swims like a fish, boxes and plays football. The prince is a manly young fellow, and is said to have "a heart of gold." His kindness toward animals was shown one day, when he said, "When I am king, nobody shall cut puppies' tails."

Edward, who was a favorite with his grandfather, Edward VII., is altogether a charming young prince, handsome, full of popular spirits and humor. He is extremely popular, for "his kindness, his perfect courtesy and his unaffected way makes him loved by everybody."—Selected.

HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie, one day.

"What is a preacher?" said grandma. Eddie looked surprised.

"Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Firstly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. Its nice to have people listening to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy.

"Yes; really and truly."

"I'm 'fraid not," said Eddie, after a few minutes of thought, "because I don't know how."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes, you can!" said grandma. "Here is a good text for you to explain: 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain 'bout that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to hear him preach from it for a week."

"Preach for a week? Why, grandma, I can't."

"Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for a week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful.

"Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would—the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching."

"You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"Its not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," thought Eddie, the next day; and he did not whisper once.

"Its not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting;" and he hurried home from school.

"Its not kind to mamma, when I don't do errands promptly," he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it.

The end of the week came.

"Well, do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it very much; but, grandma, I think everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—Messenger for the Children.

SOME KOREAN "CURES."

BY A MISSIONARY IN KWANG-JU, KOREA.

Out here in Korea quack doctors are thick and thriving. Let me tell you a few of their cures:—

The one great cure—all is the chim or needle. This looks like a big darning needle, and is all the way from three to eight inches long.

The quacks here seem to go on the theory that there runs through the body air channels or flues, and when a person gets sick there is some foul air in one of these flues, and the only cure is to make a hole for this air to escape through, the skill comes in knowing just where to put the needle in, for it would never do to stick the wrong flue.

Here are a few of the remedies an old Korean told me were very efficacious:—

For diarrhea and nausea, stick a needle in each wrist and at the base of each thumb, also in each ankle and at the base of each great toe and the cure will be immediate and complete. No matter if you have tried many other remedies and the doctors have despaired of your life, this is a cure that never fails. The praises this old man sung of this method reminded me of a Peruna advertisement.

If the face becomes partly paralyzed on one side, so the eye and mouth try to meet, thus spoiling the looks and ruining the chances of getting married, a needle run in just below the ear on the other side will cause such intense pain that the attempt to squint the other way will put the face straight.

For biliousness and constipation, due to sedentary habits, a large needle run well into the thigh will produce sufficient exertions to overcome any such illnesses.

But now for the sadder part. I asked about amputations. This is the way that is done in this enlightened twentieth century in a country that was hoary with age when Christ was born. The cutting off of a finger or a hand is a comparatively simple matter. The offending member is laid on a block, and while several men hold the victim, a quick blow from a big knife does the work. The bone is never cut back, but the wound is rubbed with something to stop the blood and let get well the best way it can.

It is a little more trouble to amputate a leg, but that can be done, too. First, the limb is tightly bandaged above the place. Then a Korean grass chopper, which is nothing but a big blade fastened at one end to a block and then pushed down by the foot through the grass, is prepared. A

heavy stone is tied to the free end, and it is raised and set on a trigger. Then the leg is thrust under the knife, or guillotine, and the trigger jerked away—and one scream, and the work is done. A lot of stuff is rubbed on to stop the bleeding, and that is all. The wonder is, that sometimes they actually live through it.

For a broken bone they rub the place with a preparation of copper, wrap it in willow bark, and then dose the patient with copper, and after awhile the bone sets, though not always in the original place, but a little miscalculation like that cannot be laid to the copper, a spirit probably tampered with the work.

I want the doctors of the Christian world to know that over 12,000,000 people live and die under these conditions and infinitely worse spiritual quackery. Can you not see a need and a place to invest your life to greater advantage that perhaps it now is? These people are sick in body and soul, and they are pleading for some one to come over and relieve them. Pray, give, come.—The Missionary Survey.

PAT DRUNK AND PAT SOBER.

BY W. J. FAWCETT.

(Author of Rammlie Readings.)

Pat Vogan was a Protestant, a very poor specimen, but he claimed the name. He said he had been twice in church: once when he was married and once to hear an Orange sermon.

Pat's great weakness was drunkenness. Along with this he cherished an intense hatred of the pope, which found expression mainly when he was drunk. He was indifferent when he was sober—which was seldom.

One pay night he was rolling home with some companions, drunk as usual. The others were drunk also, but Pat was by far the worst, filthy in appearance and filthier in language. His voice was loud and strident. He was trolling out his favourite Orange ditties:—

"Come all ye freemen in the land,
Ye noble sons of William;
And here's a health to our Master Grand,
The Earl of Enniskillen."

Here followed a volley of oaths such as never was printed in a book.

Then he burst into song again, and after this came maledictions on the Pope, and a general wallowing in the mire.

Pat might have got home safe enough as usual on this eventful night, had it not been that the Vennie's were drunk on the same occasion, and were proceeding

homeward in an opposite direction. Now the Vennie's were Roman Catholics, and had the reputation of being the worst and most bigoted Roman Catholics for miles round the country. In the matter of swearing and unworthy language, there was nothing to choose between Pat Vogan and Terry Vennie. Vennie, too, had his favourite songs. Some of them he trolled out fearlessly.

As it happend, on this night Pat and Terry were more boisterous than usual, and when they came in sight of each other they let fly simultaneously volleys of curses and foul language. In a few minutes they were at one another's throats, and were pounding away in the dark at one another's faces, as well as drunken men could pound.

When they were both exhausted they were separated, Pat Vogan with a gash on his cheek, and Terry Vennie with an eye blackened and closed and his face covered with blood.

The next day found them sad and sorry men, Terry unable to go to his work, with an eye closed and inflamed, and his face a mass of bruises; and Pat with an ugly flesh wound with dirty, dry blood all round it.

Sunday passed over, and Monday found Pat feeling better, and for the first time for years he had spent a number of days without taking any strong drink.

When Monday evening came Pat was in Rammlie street at the Tailor's Corner, discoursing on the fight with his companions, and somehow he did not feel any exhilaration about the condition of poor Terry Vennie. He had been offered drink a number of times, but, in spite of great temptation, he refused, and kept sober.

Suddenly a cry was raised of "runaway horse," and a great heavy dray-horse came thundering down the street with a lorry bounding and rolling from one side of the road to the other at its heels. The men stepped into the doors and waited the advent of the horse and cart. The horse might have negotiated the street safely enough and pulled up at the foot of the hill, as the street was broad, and none of the men seemed disposed to interfere with it; but just then a frightened child went darting across the road. The child uttered a cry of terror and fell right in the middle of the street.

Pat Vogan leaped out of the doorway and sprang at the horse when it was only a few yards off the child. He managed to grip the chin strap and the bit, and with superhuman strength he pulled down the horse's head and then threw him back on his haunches.

A woman had run out and gathered up the child into her arms—a little ragged boy, whose face had struck the ground, and who was wailing piteously with a bleeding nose.

"God bless you, Pat Vogan!" exclaimed the woman; "if you had been drunk to-day that poor child would have been killed."

Pat was a bit dazed, but the woman's words stuck in his mind, "If you had been drunk to-day that poor child would have been killed."

"But I was sober," he said.

"Pity you weren't always sober, Pat!" said the woman. "You are too good a man for the drink, Pat."

A crowd had now gathered round, and as it had transpired that the child was little Mick Vennie, off the woman went, bearing him in her arms to Terry Vennie's house, with the shamefaced Pat Vogan at her heels.

Terry was seated at the fire with a bandage round his head and his eye still inflamed.

When the woman entered, Pat Vogan stood looking in at the door.

The woman, with a good deal of excitement, told Terry what had transpired, and she kept repeating, "if Pat hadn't been sober, your child would have been killed; its the brave man Pat is intoirely."

"Its thankful I am to you this day for what you have done for me, Pat Vogan," said Terry, "and its the sorry man I am for giving you that sore face, so I am."

"Sure Terry," rejoined Pat, "I'm as sorry as you are for hitting you the way I did, and me not maneing it at all."

"I know you didn't mane it, Pat," said Terry; "but it was that cursed religion. If you had only let the pope alone, Pat."

"I'm thinkin', Terry" answered Pat, "it isn't much religion you or me has. No, Terry, it wasn't religion, it was the drink."

"Terry," added Pat, reaching out his hand. "Will you take the pledge? If you do, I will, and there won't be two soberer men or better friends in Rammlie than you and me."

"I'll do it, Pat," said Terry; niver a drop of the dirty stuff will iver cross me lips again."

Pat and Terry signed the pledge, and kept it, and that was the beginning of a new life for both of the men. Wee Mick Vennie is now grown to manhood, and every time Pat Vogan sees the fine strapping young fellow, he says to himself, "If I hadn't been sober, he would have been killed; thank God I was sober."

Pat is still sober, and now he attends his place of worship, and nobody ever hears a bad word crossing his lips.—The Christian Irishman.

"CLEAN AS MUDDER T'INKS I AM."

While walking through a crowded downtown street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to his comrade turn
and say:

"Say, Jimmy, let me tell youse, I'd be
happy as a clam

If I only was de feller dat me mudder
t'inks I am.

She just tinks dat I'm a wonder, and she
knows her little lad

Could never mix wid nothin' dat was ugly,
mean or bad.

Lots er times I sits and tinks how nice
'twould be, gee whiz,

If a feller was de feller dat his mudder
t'inks he is!"

My friends, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,

You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.

Don't aim to be an earthly saint with eyes fixed on a star;

Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—St. Louis Star.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is he not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun;

Speaking no word that would injure or pain?

Speaking no scandal and giving no pain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,

Striving successfully always to please?
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek

When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is he not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,

Walking in uprightness fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod?

Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,

Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?

Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?

Seek out the man who has God as his guide,
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide,

Be he a noble or poorest in trade,
He is the gentleman nature has made.

—Selected.

A CASE OF HONOR.

Emily Wright, one of the last-engaged stenographers in a large office, suddenly found herself dismissed. There were more workers than were needed during the summer months.

"Have they fired you?" questioned the girl who sat next to her, as she returned from the office where she had been summoned. "Its a shame! If I were you I wouldn't hurt myself with work this week, I know."

This had been Emily's first impulse—not, indeed, in retaliation—but she pulled herself together. "I'm paid for the week's work; I must give honorable service," she said to herself sternly.

She was tempted to drop things at five o'clock, as some did, but she stayed, putting into exquisite order each day's work. It was Friday, while she was wearily type-writing specifications, that she was startled by Mr. Davis' voice beside her:

"Miss Wright, what are you doing here?"

"Finishing this work; it came in the last mail," Emily answered.

"Are you not to leave Saturday?"

"Yes," the girl answered, briefly. The question seemed needlessly cruel.

"Yet you are staying overtime?"

Emily looked at him gravely. "My work is here until Saturday night," she said.

Mr. Davis' keen glance flashed from her face to her copy, perfect in each detail. "Miss Wright," he said, "I'm going to take the responsibility of asking you, for the company, to continue your services with us. We can better afford to lose a little money than to lose one who so honors her trust—and herself."

Out in the summer evening Emily walked home with shining eyes. It was good—oh, so good!—to have the place, but underneath was something better—she had not failed herself.—Selected.

TAKE ALL TO HIM.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret—
Why not take them to the Helper

Who never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,

And tell Him the longing, too;

Tell Him the baffled purpose,

When we scarce know what to do;

Then, leaving all our weakness

With the One divinely strong,

Forget that we bore the burden,

And carry away the song.

—Phillips Brooks.

THE VERY LITTLE BOY.

Ben and Herbert objected to his going. They could not bother with a little boy this time, they said; they were going to work hard and pick up lots of lead, because Mr. Johnson had a fine new lot of jack-knives in his showcase.

Guy Phillips, however, said to let him go. Guy was older than either of the other boys, and they usually did as he suggested. "For it doesn't make any difference if Bobby is only seven years old," he declared. "He's no tagtail, and you all know it."

Therefore it happened that Bobby, radiantly happy, was allowed to trudge along with the big boys. He had two empty salt sacks in his pocket.

The boys went through the pasture and up the hill, and then across the swamp and up another little hill, coming at last to the three big targets standing in a row. The military company of the town had had rifle practice there the day before, and the ground around the targets was covered with old bullets.

Mr. Johnson, who had the hardware store, bought the bullets as old lead. More than one boy had a pair of skates that he had earned in this way. Just now they were all ambitious to have new jack-knives.

This morning they were so busy talking about the kind they were going to get that they did not work very fast. It was hot, too, so every little while they would sit down in the shade of the targets to rest, and count up their bullets to encourage themselves. All but Bobby; he worked on steadily, his small, round face growing redder and redder.

"What are you working so hard for, Bobby?" one of the boys called. "Your mother wouldn't let you have a jack-knife, anyway."

Bobby grinned, "Don't want a jack-knife."

They asked him what he did want, but he only laughed and kept on working.

When they heard the noon whistle blow they picked up their sacks and started for the hardware store. About half way in, one of the boys noticed that Bobby was panting very hard, trying to keep up with the others.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" he asked, turning back. "Why, boys," he exclaimed suddenly, "look at Bobby's load. He's got more bullets than any of us."

Mr. Johnson was surprised, too, when he found that Bobby had brought in more lead than the other boys.

"Well, young man, what will you have?" he asked kindly, noticing that the other boys were busy looking at knives. They turned when they heard Mr. Johnson ask this question, for they too had been wondering.

Bobby's little face beamed. "Would I have enough to buy that?" he inquired, pointing to a shining big tin pail. Mr. Johnson looked at the price mark.

"Just enough," he answered. "But what would such a little boy as you do with such a big pail?" he asked.

"Take it home to my mother," Bobby answered, and his face shone with joy.

The boys at the showcase suddenly lost interest in jack-knives. "I'm going to buy my mother a tin dipper," Ben said finally.

"I'm going to get mine a nutmeg grater," declared Herbert, and Guy added, "I guess mother would like one of those dust pans, Mr. Johnson. We can't let a little bit of a boy like Bobby beat us in everything."—The S. S. Times.

COALS OF FIRE.

Many years ago, two British officers, Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart, were thrown into prison by the Afghans in Bokhara, and after six months in a miserable dungeon, they were beheaded.

For a long time their fate was unknown in England, until a missionary undertook a dangerous journey to Bokhara, and ascertained that they had been murdered two years before. Five years later, a Russian officer, passing through the bazaar in the city, picked up a little well-worn English Prayer-Book which Captain Conolly had used in prison, and in which he had written an account of his sufferings. The Russian officer purchased the book, and carried it home to St. Petersburg.

The little Prayer-Book that lay for seven years on the shelves of a Bokhara bazaar, next spent fourteen years in St. Petersburg, where an English visitor, who chanced to see it, begged permission to take it to Captain Conolly's relatives, in England.

Thus, twenty-one years after her brother's death, Miss Conolly received the book that told of his sufferings. About that time, a mission hospital was opened at Bannu, near Bokhara, and Miss Conolly undertook the support of a bed in memory of her brother. Over it hangs a tablet, which reads: "Conolly Bed, In memory of Captain Conolly, beheaded at Bokhara."

No wonder that when the doctor in charge tells the sick Afghans of the way the Christian lady took her revenge, they are impressed that here is something very new and strange—an object lesson of the love of Christ.—World-Wide Missions.

THE DEPENDABLE BOY.

"I trusted you," repeated the deep voice of Mr. Richards, the school teacher, not sternly, but sadly.

Charlie stood, hands in pocket and head down, as if studying his stout shoes, one heel of which was digging into the soft dirt. Nearby stood his teacher.

"Yes, sir," replied Charlie, in a low voice. Then he swallowed and looked away. He so liked and admired this teacher of his, and it was all that he could do to keep his grimy fist from his eyes.

But if this meant that he was not to be trusted again, nor to be this man's comrade! A big hot drop slid down his freckled nose in spite of himself, but perhaps no one else noticed it.

"I didn't mean to break my word," he began falteringly. "I meant to come right back in time for my classes. It was good of you to let me take my little sister home. When I started back, my puppy followed me. I kept taking him home, but he wouldn't stay, and wanted to play awful bad. I let him come on; then a rabbit jumped up from a brush pile, and Fly just tore off after it. I followed, as I could not bear to lose Fly. Did you ever own a puppy, Mr. Richards?"

Mr. Richards nodded, but his eyes sparkled understandingly.

"We lost track of the rabbit, but we were so far away, I knew I could never get to school in time for my lessons. That's all, sir; but I'm sorry I broke my promise, and if you'll only trust me again, I'll try to do right—try my level best, sir."

"Trust you again? Why, of course, I will?" and a friendly hand was laid on the little bowed head. "Brace up! Take those hands out of their hiding places. They're going to do manly things from now on. That's something like it!"

Then the two walked out of the school yard together. "Let me tell you a little story," said the teacher, "just a short one, but it has a good point. A civil engineer late one afternoon saw his little nephew playing in the street. 'Here, sonny,' he called out; 'just take this little red flag in your hand and hold it until I come back and tell you to drop it.' So he left the boy standing in the street, holding up the flag, and went about his work.

"But when the work was finished, he forgot to go back, and passed that way no more until nine o'clock that night. Then, to his horror, he saw the boy still standing at his post, holding the little flag and shaking with cold. 'Why didn't you run home when the time came?' he cried.

"'But you told me to wait till you came back,' answered the boy.

"The man took the boy home and did all he could to show how sorry he was. But this boy proved that he could be relied upon, and we are not surprised to hear that, years later, he held a very responsible position in a great bank. He was not brilliant, the story goes; only reliable, dependable. The dependable boy makes the dependable man."

And little Charlie spoke from his brave young heart: "That's what I'm going to be from now on—a dependable boy!"—

HOW HE MADE IT "STICK".

One day there came into one of the mission stations in Korea, a sturdy Christian from the north. After the usual greeting, he was asked the purpose of his visit. His reply was: "I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible, and have come to recite them to you."

He lived a hundred miles away, and had walked all that distance, traveling four nights—a long stroll—to recite some verses of Scripture to his pastor, but he was listened to as he recited in Korean, without a verbal error, the entire Sermon on the Mount.

He was told that if he simply memorized it, it would be a feat of memory, and nothing more; he must practice his teachings.

His face lighted up with a smile as he promptly replied: "That is the way I learned it. I tried to memorize it, but it wouldn't stick, so I hit on this plan. I would memorize a verse, and then find a heathen neighbor of mine and practice the verse on him. Then I found it would stick."

INFLUENCE OF A TRACT.

Early in 1819, while waiting to see a patient, a young physician in New York took up and read a tract on missions, which lay in the room where he sat. On reaching home he spoke to his wife of the question that had arisen in his mind.

As a result they set out for Ceylon and later for India, as foreign missionaries. For thirty years the wife, and for thirty-six years the husband, labored among the heathen; and then went to their reward.

Apart from what they did directly as missionaries, they left behind them seven sons and two daughters. Each of these sons married, and with their wives, and both sisters, gave themselves to the same mission work.

Already have several grandchildren of the first missionary become missionaries in India. And thus thirty of that family, the Scudders, have given five hundred and twenty-nine years to India missions.—Indian Witness.

World Wide Work

A LIVINGSTONE ELEGY.

(Published in "Punch" at the time of Livingstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey, April, 1874).

Droop, half-mast colors, bow, bareheaded crowds,

As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds
As erst by Afric's trunks, liana-hung.

'Tis the last mile of many thousands trod
With failing strength, but never-failing will,

By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

Or if the ache of travel and of toil
Would sometimes wring a short, sharp cry of pain

From agony of fever, blain and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down and on again!

He knew not that the trumpet he had blown
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached and roused an army of its own
To strike the chains from the slave's fettered hand.

Now we believe he knows, sees all is well,
How God has stayed his will and shaped his way,

To bring the light to those that darkling dwell

With gains that life's devotion well repay.

Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,

The Missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;

He lived and died for good—be that his fame.

Let marble crumble; this is
LIVING-STONE.

"To-morrow, Communion at kirk. The Lord strip off all imperfections, wash away all guilt, breath love and goodness through all my nature and make His image shine out from my soul."—Livingstone.

THE LIVINGSTONE EPISODE.

(From the Pageant of Darkness and Light).

To lift the sombre fringes of the Night,
To open lands long darkened to the Light,
To heal grim wounds, to give the blind new sight,

Right mightily wrought he.
Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared,
He thought of all men but himself,
Himself he never spared.
He greatly loved,—
He greatly lived,—
And died right mightily.

Like Him he served, he walked life's troublous ways,

With heart undaunted, and with calm, high face,
And gemmed each day with deeds of sweetest grace,—

Full lovingly wrought he.
Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared,
In his Master's might to spread the Light,
Right lovingly wrought he!
He greatly loved,—
He greatly lived,—
And died right mightily.

Like Him he served, he would not turn aside,
Nor home nor friends could his true heart divide,

He served his Master, and nought else beside;

Right faithfully wrought he,
Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared,
In his Master's might to spread the Light
Right faithfully wrought he!
He greatly loved,—
He greatly lived,—
And died right mightily.

He passed like light across the darkened land,

And, dying, left behind him this command,—
"The door is open! So let it ever stand!"

Full mightily wrought he.
Forth to the fight he fared,
High things and great he dared,
In his Master's might to spread the Light
Right mightily wrought he!
He greatly loved,—
He greatly lived,—
And died right mightily.

READ A BOOK ON LIVINGSTONE.

March will be Livingstone month. On March 19th the entire Christian World will pay honor to the memory of the "Great heart of Africa," and one of the World's greatest explorers. Every person should read a life of Livingstone. For the convenience of its readers THE RECORD herewith gives a list of excellent readable books, pamphlets and leaflets, all of which can be secured from our Foreign Mission Office, 439 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Books.

"The Life of David Livingstone,"—By W. Carden Blaikie. The standard reference book, cloth 35c; postpaid 43c.

"David Livingstone,"—By C. Silvester Horne, M.P. A new, popular life. A regular 50c. book. Cloth, 35c.; postpaid, 43c. Booklet of suggestions on the study of this book, postpaid, 10c.

"Livingstone the Pathfinder,"—By Basil Mathews; for young people; 47 illustrations. Cloth, 50c.; postpaid, 59c.; paper, 35c.; postpaid, 43c.

"Missionary Travels,"—By David Livingstone; a 584-page story of the first sixteen years of his life in Africa. Cloth, 35c.; postpaid, 43c.

Livingstone Library Offer,—For \$1.50 we will send postpaid the above four books, cloth bound. For \$2.00, the above books and a copy of "Daybreak in the Dark Continent."

Portrait;—handsome, large, brown, colotype suitable for framing, 12 by 17 in., 15c. postpaid.

Pamphlets.

"David Livingstone,"—W. A. Elliott, postpaid, 8c.

"Livingstone Hero Stories,"—Susan Mendenhall, postpaid, 15c.

"Smoke of a Thousand Villages,"—Joseph Clark, postpaid, 5c.

"Livingstone's Work and Personality,"—Nelson Bitton, postpaid, 10c.

"Talks on Livingstone,"—T. R. W. Lunt, postpaid, 15c.

"Livingstone Episode,"—Words only, John Oxenham, postpaid, 5c.

"Livingstone Episode,"—Music only, John Oxenham, postpaid, 10c.

"Prof. Lyttleboye's Lecture (missionary recitation for four boys and four girls), 5c.

Leaflets.

"Message of Light,"—Easter S. S. Livingstone program with music, 2c. For use in Sunday Schools on March 23rd or 30th, combining Easter Day and Livingstone Centenary, \$1.50 per hundred, including 10 eight-page Supplements and one Lithograph portrait of Livingstone, 12 x 17 in.

"Suggestions for Sermons on Livingstone," postpaid, 2c.

"Glimpses of Livingstone,"—four five-minute talks for the Sunday School, postpaid, 2c.

"Livingstone's Life of Prayer," postpaid, 2c.

"Popular Programs for two Livingstone Meetings," postpaid, 2c.

"Why and How Celebrate the Livingstone Centenary," free.

Motto.—"The End of the Geographical Feat is only the Beginning of the Missionary Enterprise. In blue, red and gold on imitation Japanese parchment, 15 x 22 in., for framing. Postpaid, 15c.

Maps.—Wall map of Africa in colors, mounted, 48 x 40 in., \$1.25, carriage extra.

Outline map of Africa, postpaid, 20c.

Lantern Slides.

Sets on Livingstone and Africa can be rented for \$2.00 an evening, carriage extra. Arrangements can be made for a Livingstone lantern lecture to be given. The Presbyterian Lantern Slide Dept., Weston, Ont., sells slides at \$2.00 a dozen.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS,
439 Confederation Life Bldg.,
Toronto.

A GOSPEL VILLAGE.

While a missionary was preaching at Santa Cruz, in the heart of Brazil, one hundred and sixty miles from any railway, a stranger came into the meeting. The stranger that night decided to accept the Saviour. Next day he returned to his farm, twenty-five miles away, after exacting a promise from the missionary to visit his district. Two weeks later the promise was carried out, and as a result four families of farmers were converted.

About this time a persecution broke out against the believers in Santa Cruz, many of whom fled to find peace in the community of Gamelleira, where they were welcomed by their new farmer brothers in Christ.

One of these latter, wishing to offer of his best to the Lord, gave a large tract of land for the use of those brethren who cared to come and live there, also his own best room for Gospel services. The offer was accepted, and a Brazilian pastor sent to take charge. Thus a village has sprung up composed entirely of Christians.—"S. American."

The law of divine guidance is, step by step. One who carries a lantern on a road at night sees only one step before him. If he takes that step, however, he carries his lantern forward and this makes another step plain.

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Toronto, 1st Wednesday June, 1913.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces. Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 6 Feb., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whyco., 4 Mar., 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, Tatamagouche, 18 Feb., 4.45
5. Truro, Truro, 18 March.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Lunenburg, March.
8. St. John, St. John, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Chatham, 11 Mar., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 4 March., 2 p.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa. Prescott, 2nd Tuesday May, 1913.

11. Quebec, 4 Mar. Place not fixed.
12. Montréal, Montreal, 11 Mar., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 4 March, 1.30.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Renfrew, 17 Feb., 8 p.m.
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 18 March.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston. Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 4 March, 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 11 Mar., 9.30.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 15 Apl., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 14 Jan.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 2nd Tues. Feb.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 2 Tues. Mar., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Burke's Falls, March.
25. Temiskaming.
26. Algoma, Sudbury, March, 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Harriston, 4 Mar., 9 a.m.
29. Guelph, Galt, 18 Mar., 11 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London. Hamilton, Last Monday of April, 1913.

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 4 Mar., 9.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Woodstock, 11 March, 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 4 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 11 Mar., 10.30.
34. Sarnia, Petrolia, 4 Mar., 2 p.m.
35. Stratford.
36. Huron, Goderich, 24 Feb., 8 p.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 4 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
38. Bruce, Paisley, 4 Mar., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba. Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Fort William, March.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Boissevain, 7 Feb., 4 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Nesbitt, 2nd Tuesday Feb.
43. Portage la Prairie, 4 Mar., 4 p.m.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Strathclair, 2nd Feb., 3.15.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 17 Feb., 7.30.

Synod of Saskatchewan. 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 10 Feb., 8 p.m.
48. Abernethy, Abernethy, 11 Feb.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wapella, 11 Feb.
50. Arcola, Arcola, 18 Feb., 2 p.m.
51. Alameda, Carnduff, 18 Feb., 1.30.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 18 Feb., 3.30.
55. Prince Albert.
56. Battleford, Battleford, 5 Feb., 10 a.m.
57. Swift Current, Swift Current, Feb.

Synod of Alberta.

58. Vermillion.
59. Edmonton.
60. Lacombe, Lacombe, Feb.
61. Red Deer, Red Deer, Feb.
62. Calgary.
63. High River.
64. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia. Vancouver, May, 1913.

65. Kootenay, Nelson, Feb.
66. Kamloops, Revelstoke, Feb., 8 p.m.
67. Westminster, N. Vancouver, 14 Jan.
68. Victoria, Vic., last week Feb. At call.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.**Calls from**

Sydenham and St. Vincent to Mr. P. Mathieson, Kinloss, Ont.
 Alvinston, Ont., to Mr. R. G. McKay, of Thamesford, Ont.
 Burns Pres. Ch., Mosa., to Mr. S. D. McPhee, of Avonmore, Ont.
 Ballinafad and Melville, Ont., to Mr. N. Waddell, of Webbwood, Ont.
 Danville, Que., to Mr. L. A. McLean, of St. John, N.B. Accepted. Induction, 4 Mar.
 Hampden, Que., to Mr. M. Macleod, of Marsboro, Que. Accepted.
 Elkhorn, Man., to Mr. Hillis Wright, of Zion, Ont.
 Kitsilano, B.C., to Mr. A. D. McKinnon, of Boston, Mass.
 Cape John and Caribou, N.S., to Mr. W. H. Sweet, of Blue Mt., N.S.
 Prince St., Pictou, N.S., to Mr. A. D. Archibald, of Rexton, N.B.
 Scotch Ch., Boston, Mass., to Mr. John Calder, of St. Peters, C.B.
 Harriston, Ont., to Mr. W. C. Pearcey, of Londesboro, Ont.
 Egmontville, Ont., to Mr. Jas. Argo, of Ivan, Ont.
 Kamloops, B.C., to Dr. T. Nixon, of London, Ont. Accepted.
 Broderick and Glenside, Sask., to Mr. W. B. Tate, of Qu'Appelle, Sask.
 Isabella, Sask., to Mr. W. Ross, of Grand Coulee, Sask.
 Newcastle and Newtonville, Ont., to Mr. C. H. Lowry, of Hagersville, Ont.

Inductions into

Prospect and High Bluff, Man., Dec. 10, Mr. Alex. Riddell.
 Maxville, Ont., Dec. 5, Mr. Thos. Johnstone.
 Imperial, Simpson, etc., Sask., Dec. 19, Mr. R. C. Eakin.
 Strassburg, Sask., Mr. N. J. Leith.
 Lingwick, Que., Jan. 7, Mr. Duncan McLeod.
 E. St. Peters, P.E.I., Dec. 23, Mr. J. M. McLeod.
 Wood Islands, P.E.I., Dec. 26, Mr. John Gillis.
 Avonton and Carlingford, Ont., Jan. 29, Mr. Geo. L. MacKay.
 Sunderland, Ont., Jan. 14, Mr. A. E. Mitchener.

Resignations of

Thamesville and Kent Bridge, Ont., Mr. John McInnis.

Bowmanville, Ont., Mr. Hugh Monroe.
 Middleton, N.S., Mr. G. L. McCain.
 Ponoka, Ont., Mr. A. M. Dallas.
 West Bay, N.S., Mr. A. Ferguson.
 Swan River, Man., Mr. A. S. Weir.

Deaths in the Ministry.

Rev. Archibald McLaren, minister of Davisbury, Pine Creek and Melrose, Calgary Presbytery, died 22 December, after a brief illness, aged sixty-two years.

Rev. Donald Hugh Fletcher, D.D., of Hamilton, died in Hamilton, on Christmas morning, aged eighty years.

Rev. Henry Martyn Parsons, D.D., pastor emeritus of Knox Church, Toronto, died at Toronto, 14 Jan., in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

"OVERSEAS WELCOME."

Rev. T. Hunter Boyd, appointed by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, is Secretary of the European Information Bureau, and Chaplain on the Clyde. The object of his appointment is:—

(1) To co-operate with the Committees of the Home Churches which seek to prevent the lapsing of members and adherents.

(2) To co-operate with Societies which seek to safeguard young persons who travel unattended.

(3) To co-operate with agencies which seek to afford information on the religious, educational and social aspects of life in the Dominion.

Attention is also given to those who enter Canada by New York, Boston and Portland (Maine).

A report of Mr. Boyd's work is found on page 25 of the Appendix to the Assembly Minutes. His address is 70 Bothwell St., Glasgow, Scotland. Cable address, Presbycan, Glasgow.

W. H. M. S.

The Tenth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, will be held this year in St. Andrew's Church, King St., Toronto, June 9-12.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Dec. | Mar. 1 to Dec. 31 |
|------------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| Home Missions | \$8,702.27 | \$43,993.12 |
| Augmentation | 778.04 | 5,002.92 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 9,534.75 | 40,110.94 |
| Widows & Orphans | 438.00 | 1,591.00 |
| A. & I. Ministers... | 605.00 | 2,258.68 |
| Assembly Fund. ... | 135.92 | 1,717.54 |
| French Evangeliztn. | 321.03 | 2,352.69 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 842.00 | 4,323.26 |
| Social Service, etc... | 1,227.94 | 7,296.16 |
| Jewish Mission..... | 804.83 | 2,023.28 |
| Deaconess Tg. Home | 36.00 | 124.20 |
| Knox College..... | 219.00 | 831.50 |
| Queen's College..... | 60.00 | 394.08 |
| Montreal College... | 71.00 | 452.08 |
| Manitoba College... | 143.00 | 379.63 |
| Westminster Hall... | 42.00 | 284.00 |
| Alberta College..... | 21.00 | 462.08 |
| Saskatchewan College | 8.00 | 8.00 |

RECEIVED DURING DECEMBER

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|------------------------|--------|--------------------------|----------|
| Mrs. A. F. Murray. \$ | 5.00 | Woodbridge. | 44.00 |
| Wolfe Island, ss. . | 2.30 | St. Helen's | 3.00 |
| Mo. herwell. . . . | 29.20 | East Ashfield. . . | 4.00 |
| Collingwood. . . . | 57.00 | Rv. K. MacLennan. . | 8.00 |
| Dungannon. . . . | 27.00 | Rv. J. A. Stewart. . | 11.13 |
| Prof. Ballantyne. . | 8.00 | S. Wmster, St. A., ss. | 5.00 |
| Roslin. | 6.00 | E. Wawanosh. . . . | 52.75 |
| Thurlow. | 6.00 | Campbellville. . . . | 82.00 |
| Fuller. | 8.00 | Fergus, Mel. | 100.00 |
| Grafton, ss. . . . | 13.00 | Avonbank, ss. . . . | 4.20 |
| Rv. John Davidson. . | 8.00 | White Lake. | 4.00 |
| Woodville. . . . | 110.00 | Brockville, 1st, ss. . | 1.40 |
| Warwick. | 12.00 | Carleton Pl., St. A., ss | 5.00 |
| Ayr, Knox ss. . . | 134.00 | Rv. Hugh Cameron. . | 20.00 |
| A Friend. | 8.00 | Rv. Walter Moffat. . | 8.00 |
| Streetville, St. And. | 25.00 | Seaforth. | 28.00 |
| Mrs. J. Gander. . . | 1.00 | F. William, St. A. . . | 100.00 |
| Metcalfe. | 25.00 | Bethel, ss. | 6.00 |
| Culloden. | 75.00 | Tilbury E. Fitchr. . | 100.00 |
| Oro Station. . . . | 11.00 | Lornvil, women's mtg | 4.00 |
| Melrose. | 10.00 | Eldon, women's mtg. | 3.00 |
| Durham. | 46.00 | Brussels, women's mtg | 4.00 |
| Tor., Cowan ypg. . . | 2.00 | Listowell, women's mtg | 18.00 |
| Gamebridge. . . . | 4.10 | Hornby. | 12.00 |
| Rv. H. S. Graham. . | 10.00 | Oro, ss. | 4.10 |
| Rv. Arch. Blair. . . | 7.15 | Maynooth. | 30.00 |
| Rv. D. I. Ellison. . . | 8.00 | Annan. | 7.85 |
| Airlie. | 24.00 | Mrs. A. L. Murray. . | 10.00 |
| Miss Armour. . . . | 4.50 | Tor., Alhambra. . . . | 150.00 |
| Barrie. | 100.00 | Rv. Hugh Cowan. . . | 8.00 |
| Rv. W. W. Craw. . . | 8.00 | Tor., Knox. | 400.00 |
| Wellesley, Zion. . . | 31.00 | Chatham, 1st. | 105.92 |
| Paisley. | 41.00 | Bethesda yps. . . . | 10.00 |
| Tor., Dovercourt. . | 400.00 | Tor., Emmanuel ss. . | 4.00 |
| D. G. McTavish. . . | 5.00 | Rv. W. McConnell. . | 8.00 |
| | | Brantford, St. And. . | 11.75 |
| | | Rv. G. I. Craw. . . . | 8.00 |
| | | Tor., College St. . . | 2,000.00 |

| | | | |
|-------------------------|----------|-------------------------|----------|
| Frank Cockshutt. . . | 100.00 | Wyoming ypg. . . . | 20.00 |
| Crysler. | 35.00 | Galt, 1st. | 225.00 |
| Cromarty. | 298.00 | J. S. Dowling. . . . | 10.60 |
| Shannonvil, ss. . . | 6.00 | Onondaga, Tyr'l. . . | 13.50 |
| Smith Falls, St. A. . | 102.00 | Onondaga, wom. Inst. | 7.00 |
| Smith Falls, St. P. . | 103.00 | Tilbury E. Fitchr. . | 60.00 |
| Napier, ss. | 5.00 | South Kinloss. . . . | 240.00 |
| Est. James Wylie, Tp. | | Columbus. | 20.00 |
| Turnbury. | 100.00 | Crinan. | 125.00 |
| Dickie Sett., ss. . . | 30.00 | Hillsdale. | 36.50 |
| Brigden. | 127.00 | Tolmie's Cors., ss. . | 40.00 |
| Rv. Dr. McTavish. . | 8.00 | Chatham, St. Paul's. . | 18.00 |
| Tamworth, ss. . . . | 6.00 | Misses Deachman & Mc- | |
| Hartfell, ss. | 3.00 | Lellan. | 9.00 |
| Brown's Cors. . . . | 25.00 | Tor., Cowan, ypg. . . | 33 |
| Kirkhill. | 153.00 | Brantford, Alex ss. . | 21.00 |
| Hopetown, ss. . . . | 2.50 | Rv. A. H. Scott. . . . | 13.85 |
| W. Huntingdon. . . . | 5.25 | Vyner, ss. | 14.00 |
| Hillsburg, ss. . . . | 9.21 | Jullett. | 126.00 |
| Admaston. | 6.00 | Carluke. | 35.00 |
| W. Puslinch. | 40.00 | Frane. | 10.00 |
| Roy's. | 100.00 | Dorchester. | 92.00 |
| Atwood. | 113.60 | Brucefield. | 43.95 |
| North Brant, ss. . . | 5.00 | Kirkhill. | 147.00 |
| Mr. Mrs Jno Penman | 300.00 | Otta, Stewrtin, ss. . | 73.00 |
| Varna. | 56.00 | Milton West, ss. . . | 14.00 |
| Billings. | 5.00 | Hderton, ss. | 1.00 |
| Dunblane. | 4.00 | Tor., Bonar. | 300.00 |
| Mrs. Carruthers, Sr. . | 50.00 | Otta, Bethany ss. . . | 5.00 |
| Est. C. T. Wilmot. . | 700.00 | Essex. | 42.40 |
| Mimosa, ss. | 4.00 | Cheltenham, ss. . . | 4.87 |
| Walton. | 165.00 | Victoria Mine. . . . | 4.00 |
| Woods'ock, Kx. . . . | 240.00 | Caradoc, ypm. . . . | 46.00 |
| W. Adelaide. | 7.00 | Mrs. C. Duncanson. . | 40.00 |
| St. Ann's. | 10.00 | Holstein ce. | 67.08 |
| Annie McKinnon. . . | 5.00 | Glamis, ss. | 5.00 |
| Ham., St. Paul's. . . | 500.00 | Lowry, ss. | 4.25 |
| St. Cath., Knox. . . | 925.00 | Ottawa, St. Paul's. . | 700.00 |
| Rv. D. M. Macleod. . | 8.00 | Rv. R. Martin. . . . | 8.00 |
| Carleton Pl., Zion yps. | 2.45 | Port Stanley, ss. . . | 5.00 |
| Tor., Broadview, ss. . | 6.25 | Crowland. | 17.00 |
| Hawkesville. | 20.00 | Thamesville. | 150.00 |
| Agincourt, wom. Ins. | 61.00 | Fergus, St. And. ss. . | 25.00 |
| Berlin. | 200.00 | Ayr, Knox. | 93.00 |
| Malton ss. | 2.37 | Beeton, ss. | 13.07 |
| Sunderland. | 17.72 | Brockville, St. Jno. . | 125.00 |
| River Road, ss. . . . | 3.00 | Mandaamin. | 72.00 |
| Eden Mills. | 10.00 | Simpson Estate. . . . | 850.00 |
| Deseronto. | 50.60 | "Mac," | 5.00 |
| Roslin. | 2.25 | Esson. | 28.50 |
| Bellevil., John. . . . | 72.29 | Enniskillen. | 16.40 |
| Seaforth, b. c. . . . | 15.00 | H. Brown. | 2.00 |
| Mt. Hamilton. . . . | 12.00 | Smith Falls, St. A. abc | 25.07 |
| Rv. John Smith. . . . | 8.00 | Glenwilliam, ss. . . . | 4.00 |
| Riverside, ss. | 3.00 | Myrtle. | 2.00 |
| Dr. Gibb Wishart. . . | 25.00 | Ham., St. Jno. ss. . . | 12.00 |
| Sarn'a. St. And. . . . | 600.00 | Depot Harbor, ss. . . | 7.10 |
| Lynedoch, ss. | 5.00 | Edmondville. | 80.00 |
| Rv. N. Waddell. . . . | 18.20 | Est. Mrs. Jas. Men- | |
| Paisley. | 95.79 | zies. | 50.00 |
| Tor., Emmanuel. . . . | 135.00 | Campbellville. . . . | 7.00 |
| Gorrie, lad. aid. . . . | 15.00 | Avonmore. | 300.00 |
| Wroxeter, ss. | 10.00 | Teeswater, whms. . . | 16.25 |
| Vernon. | 100.00 | Englehart, ss. . . . | 5.00 |
| Nicolson, ss. | 3.00 | Tor., Davenport ss. . | 20.00 |
| Forest. | 63.45 | Barton, ss. | 11.00 |
| Uptergrove. | 14.00 | Listowell. | 29.53 |
| Carnarvon, ss. . . . | 1.00 | Blyth, ss. | 14.00 |
| Edith M. Dow. | 5.00 | Leaskdale. | 117.00 |
| Michael Clipsham. . . | 5.00 | Orillia, ss. | 43.00 |
| Sparrow Lake, ss. . . | 5.00 | Avonbank, yps. . . . | 13.00 |
| Englehart. | 1.20 | Tor., Old St. And. . . | 1,800.00 |
| Springfield, ss. . . . | 5.00 | Castleford. | 50.00 |
| Northcote. | 75.00 | Sellwood, ss. | 8.00 |
| Arnprior. | 169.00 | Lancaster, Heph. ss. . | 2.00 |
| N. Ekfrid. | 21.38 | Cotswold. | 24.00 |
| Tor., Rosedale. . . . | 1,000.00 | Townline, ss. | 5.08 |
| Buxton, ss. | 2.00 | Christophr Wren. . . | 5.00 |
| East Zorra. | 11.00 | Thamesford. | 30.83 |
| Brooksdale. | 10.00 | Rv. J. A. McDonald. . | 8.00 |
| Bright, ss. | 3.20 | E. Gloucester. . . . | 60.00 |
| Cromarty, ss. | 50.00 | E. Gloucester, ss. . . | 8.00 |
| Williamsburg. | 57.00 | Rv. J. B. Fraser. . . | 15.15 |
| Winchester Springs. . | 22.00 | Wroxetr Presbytn. . | 5.00 |
| Dundas. | 237.85 | Tor., Broadview. . . | 77.35 |
| | | Inverhuron, ss. . . . | 10.00 |

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|--------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|---------|---|-----------|
| Sarawak. | 24.00 | Dorchester. | 17.65 | Wpg., Riverview. | 50.00 | John Ewing. | 25.00 |
| Normanby. | 19.75 | Temple Hill. | 32.80 | Humsville yps. | 26.00 | Sturgeon. | 61.00 |
| Brooklin. | 97.50 | Primrose. | 15.00 | Holland. | 32.40 | Big Rock. | 8.00 |
| N. Bruce and St. A. | 40.00 | Bolton. | 127.35 | Friend. | 25.00 | British Columbia. | |
| Rv. Jas. Cumbrind. | 8.00 | Tor., Knox ss. | 15.09 | La Riviere, ss. | 25.00 | Revelstoke, ss. | \$13.00 |
| Bloomfield. | 15.00 | Wyoming, ss. | 12.35 | Manitou, ss. | 20.00 | Waldo. | 73.00 |
| Moore. | 12.00 | Rv. Dr. Abraham. | 14.65 | Alexander. | 195.00 | Moyle. | 15.00 |
| Callander. | 13.00 | McIntosh, ss. | 6.00 | Jarvisdell. | 52.25 | Lynn Valley. | 25.00 |
| Beachburg. | 182.35 | Salem. | 8.50 | Pr. Hugo Spitzer. | 12.00 | Lynn Valley, ss. | 8.00 |
| W. Nottawasaga. | 6.00 | Mitchell. | 356.00 | Neepawa. | 775.00 | Vanc., Robtson. | 150.00 |
| Brooke. | 11.00 | Newcastle. | 11.55 | Clandeboyce. | 4.00 | Rv. J. H. Dow. | 8.00 |
| Bracefield. | 57.80 | Shannonville. | 8.80 | Franklin. | 200.00 | Powell River. | 58.50 |
| Ham., St. Jno. | 250.00 | Tor., Old St. And. | 208.00 | Cameron. | 15.30 | Powell River, ss. | 3.10 |
| Beckwith. | 50.00 | Jasper. | 15.00 | Wanessa, ss. | 9.00 | Sooke, ss. | 5.00 |
| Rothsay, ss. | 5.00 | Cresswell. | 24.00 | Pilot Mound. | 160.00 | Quesnel. | 35.00 |
| Vankleek Hill. | 350.00 | Ham., St. Paul's. | 1,300.00 | Gladstone. | 530.00 | Victoria, Ist. | 200.00 |
| Carluke. | 3.06 | Quebec. | | Scotia. | 79.00 | Waldo. | 40.00 |
| Stella, ss. | 4.00 | Grand Metis. | 20.00 | Hartney mb. | 102.00 | Vancr., St. Pa., ss. | 30.00 |
| Priceville. | 15.00 | Huntingdon. | 400.00 | Roland. | 350.00 | Vancey, 1st laid. aid. | 150.00 |
| Swinton Park. | 35.00 | Marsboro'. | 50.00 | Isabella. | 113.50 | Vancr., 1st yla. | 25.00 |
| Vankleek Hill, ss. | 20.00 | Mont., St. Giles. | 500.00 | Shoal Lake. | 2.00 | Grand Forks. | 100.00 |
| Port Hope, St. P. ss. | 25.00 | Mont., Calvin ss. | 37.00 | Saskatchewan. | | Abbotsford, ss. | 10.00 |
| Colborne, ss. | 10.00 | Mont., Taylor. | 50.00 | Netherhill, ss. | 1.10 | Atlin. | 35.00 |
| Rv. Wm. Peacock. | 14.60 | Mont. West. | 100.00 | Winlaw. | 5.00 | Silverton. | 20.00 |
| Lake Charles. | 11.30 | Marsboro'. | 70.00 | Colgate, ss. | 4.00 | Enderby yps. | 15.00 |
| McDonald's Cors. | 54.63 | New Glasgow. | 10.00 | Piapot. | 7.35 | New Wmstr. St. Ste | 200.00 |
| Burnstown. | 100.00 | Wakefield, Mashm. | 100.00 | Quincy, ss. | 2.00 | Rv. W. J. Kidd. | 8.00 |
| Dixie, ss. | 1.25 | Mont., Calvin. | 62.00 | Hurricane Hills. | 10.00 | Victoria, St. A. | 400.00 |
| Torbolton. | 8.00 | Verdun, ss. | 5.23 | Hurricane Hills, ss. | 2.00 | Vancr., St. And. | 500.00 |
| Tor., Kx. Gaelic bc. | 6.00 | Aylmer, St. And. ss. | 8.00 | Dowd Hill. | 25.00 | Vctoria, St. P., a. b. c | 50.00 |
| Tilbury E., Fletcher. | 100.00 | Athelstan, ss. | 5.00 | Moose Jaw, St. And. 4,000.00 | | Kaslo. | 50.00 |
| Almonte, ss. | 50.00 | Mont., du Sauteur. | 15.00 | Griffin, Froude. | 6.00 | Famous McQueen. | 50.00 |
| Cotswold. | 5.00 | Margaret A Woodrow | 900.00 | Indian Head, ss. | 32.00 | Albarni, Ind Sci. | 10.00 |
| Embro. | 427.62 | Mont., Crescent. | 1,000.00 | Wilson's Sett. ss. | 5.00 | Vancr., St. Pa., ss. | 10.00 |
| Loring. | 2.25 | Lachine, ss. | 50.00 | Ellisboro' ss. | 23.00 | Nova Scotia. | |
| Orillia ss., prim. | 36.00 | Lachute. | 200.00 | Fleming, ss. | 18.00 | Mrs. Chas. Sproull. | \$50.00 |
| St. George, ss. | 5.00 | St. Laurent, ss. | 8.00 | Rv. R. H. Gilmour. | 8.00 | New Brunswick. | |
| Eramosa, ss. | 35.00 | Mont., 1st ss. | 69.40 | J. H. Francis. | 500.00 | Rev. E. Thorpe. | \$ 7.70 |
| Gravenhurst. | 68.00 | St. Hyacinthe. | 50.00 | Maple Creek. | 23.45 | Upper Derby, ss. | 5.00 |
| Tor., Runnymede, ss. | 6.00 | W. S. Leslie. | 1,400.00 | Bright Sand, ss. | 5.25 | P. E. Island. | |
| W. G. Dunoon. | 13.00 | St. Hyacinthe. | 40.00 | Hubbard. | 12.00 | Freetown, ss. | \$ 2.00 |
| Rv. C. D. Farqarson. | 13.60 | Lower Ormstown, ss | 27.00 | Denholm. | 25.00 | Rv. J. H. McHattie. | 16.10 |
| Watford, ss. | 5.00 | Point Fortune. | 4.00 | Semans. | 5.00 | Yukon. | |
| Millbank. | 85.00 | Chatham. | 4.00 | T. A. Irwin. | 31.25 | Dawson, St. A., ss. | \$ 5.00 |
| Temple Hill, ss. | 7.00 | Bristol Cors. | 50.00 | Mrs. J. H. Ellis. | 20.00 | Miscellaneous. | |
| Rv. J. W. C. Bennett. | 8.00 | Lake Megantic. | 75.00 | Mr. R. C. Weyman. | 5.00 | Per Agent, Halifax. \$723.89 | |
| Londesboro. | 43.00 | Mont., Erskine. | 1,000.00 | Broadview, ss. | 18.00 | Dr. Wm. Patterson | |
| Caledonia. | 150.00 | Mr. Mrs. H. Young. | 62.50 | Warmley, ss. | 18.00 | Belfast. | 20.00 |
| J. Dinwoody. | 1,000.00 | Lachute. | 10.00 | Tisdale. | 27.50 | Dr. Jean Dow, China | 45.00 |
| Stratford, Kx. | 500.00 | Mont., St. Luke's ss | 11.00 | Caron, Knox. | 35.00 | Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, Chicago. | 5,000.00 |
| Greenbank. | 147.22 | Mani'oba. | | Rv. Alex. Fraser. | 12.00 | A Friend. | 2.00 |
| H. N. Boosey. | 30.00 | Lyleton, A. B. C. | \$20.00 | D. T. Slimmon. | 30.00 | W. F. M. S. | 10,000.00 |
| Westport. | 49.00 | Boulah. | 4.00 | Brook. | 25.00 | Rv. J. M. Robinson. | 10.00 |
| Ottawa, Bank. | 15.00 | Wpg., St. Giles' | 400.00 | Alberta. | | Rv. Alex. Tait. | 10.45 |
| Admaston, ss. | 4.00 | Wpg., Augustine ss. | 22.00 | Wetaskiwin, ss. | \$ 5.15 | Rv. J. A. Slimmon, | 14.53 |
| Perth, Kx ss. | 6.00 | Kenton. | 122.00 | Saddle Hill, ss. | 1.00 | China. | 60.00 |
| Wallacetown. | 45.00 | Rathwell. | 25.00 | Rv. P. A. Walker. | 17.00 | Mrs. Gertrude Bates. | 5.10 |
| Wm. McCrae. | 10.00 | Dauphin Plains. | ss. 10.00 | Taber. | 17.00 | Rv. J. A. Crawford. | 7.70 |
| Webbwood. | 4.35 | Wallace, ss. | 6.00 | Edmonton, Wmstr. | 500.00 | Ch. of Scotland, Colo- nial Com. | 1,452.50 |
| Ottawa, St. And. | 4,000.00 | Elva, ss. | 10.00 | Ranfurly. | 6.00 | | |
| Bell's Corners. | 32.00 | N. Antler, ss. | 2.30 | Sturgeon. | 70.00 | | |
| Aaron Holm. | 68.00 | Stonehill, ss. | 7.00 | Annie McKenzie. | 10.00 | | |
| Blytheswood. | 83.00 | Kirkella, ss. | 1.00 | Strathcona, Kx. | 125.00 | | |
| Wilton. | 6.00 | Glenboro', ss. | 14.95 | Dr. A. O. MacRae. | 30.00 | | |
| Wilton, ss. | 2.30 | Strathclair. | 100.00 | Ace. | 22.00 | | |
| Daywood. | 3.00 | Swan Lake, ss. | 1.00 | Sturgeon. | 94.00 | | |
| Washago, lad. aid. | 15.00 | Wpg., St. And. ss. | 19.00 | Rosedale. | 30.00 | | |
| Kippen. | 199.00 | Summersville, etc. | 7.00 | Lakeford, ss. | 1.00 | | |
| Hullett, ss. | 11.00 | Kelwood, ss. | 4.00 | Prairie Park. | 8.00 | | |
| Londesboro'. | 5.00 | McCreary, ss. | 2.00 | Rv. Wm. Hamilton. | 9.15 | | |
| W. Tor., Victoria. | 25.00 | Selkirk. | 64.00 | "A Presbyterian" | 3.00 | | |
| Port Albert. | 8.00 | Dauphin. | 316.00 | Caraists. | 25.00 | | |
| Meaford. | 100.00 | Rv. D. Fleming. | 8.00 | Prairie Park. | 14.00 | | |
| Seaforth, ss. | 50.00 | | | Coleman, ss. | 6.00 | | |
| Misses Holden. | 25.00 | | | | | | |
| Kemptville. | 150.00 | | | | | | |
| Kemptville, ss. | 28.00 | | | | | | |
| Holstein. | 124.85 | | | | | | |
| Markham. | 100.00 | | | | | | |

Corrections. — In December RECORD, \$2,000.00 from "Parkdale" Ch., Toronto, should have been Roseale Ch., Toronto. Also, Dr. Appelbe, \$200.00, should have been

Religion is not a lot of things that a man does, but a new life that he lives; not a thing for weak souls, but a thing for the manliest soul.—Phillips Brooks.

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During Dec. | Mar. 1 to Dec. 31 |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$1,737.12 | \$35,664.84 |
| Home Missions.... | 747.17 | 5,505.61 |
| Augmentation..... | 279.33 | 1,881.22 |
| College..... | 228.00 | 5,244.47 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 74.00 | 2,167.50 |
| French Evangelizatn | 62.00 | 685.95 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 96.00 | 273.67 |
| For North West.... | 578.00 | 2,818.67 |
| Children's Day Col. | 320.00 | 1,940.70 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 52.87 | 262.64 |
| Bursary Fund | 14.00 | 1,997.54 |
| Library Fund | | 280.94 |
| Manitoba College.. | | 5.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' | 5.00 | 414.50 |
| Social Service and Evangelism..... | 141.00 | 331.00 |
| Total..... | \$4,334.49 | \$59,474.25 |

RECEIVED DURING DECEMBER At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax, by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D. and divided among the Funds as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Acknowledged. . . | \$55,139.76 | J. C. Campbell. . . | 20.00 |
| Taymouth, ss. . . | 5.00 | Albert Bridge, ss. . | 5.00 |
| Taymouth, ss. . . | 3.65 | Waterville. | 41.00 |
| "A Friend". | 13.09 | Alberton. | 8.00 |
| Mrs. Wm. Caldwell. . | 2.00 | Windsor. | 22.95 |
| Gairloch Mid. Riv. . | 94.00 | Marble Mountain. . | 47.05 |
| Richmond. | 44.00 | Bay of Islands. . . . | 5.00 |
| Cape John, Toney Riv | 2.26 | Sydney Riv., ss. . . . | 2.40 |
| Port Elgin. | 31.00 | Trenton, ss. | 9.50 |
| Springhill. | 30.00 | Lunenburg. | 100.00 |
| Clifton, New Lon. . . | 90.00 | "A Friend". | 60.00 |
| Interest. | 24.93 | Cross Roads, ss. . . . | 35.00 |
| Upper Mt. Thom, ss. | 3.00 | Peters Road, ss. . . . | 4.50 |
| Souris, ss. | 10.00 | Hantsport. | 4.00 |
| Kempt Head, ss. . . . | 3.75 | Horns Road, ss. . . . | 2.50 |
| Alberton. | 508.50 | Stewiacke, ss. | 2.80 |
| Interest. | 189.83 | Refund. | 30.00 |
| Per Agent, Toronto. . | 862.65 | Pugwash, ss. | 9.50 |
| Refund. | 10.00 | Loch Broom, ss. . . . | 6.43 |
| Bloomfield, ss. | 8.70 | Lorneville. | 50.00 |
| Glen William, ss. . . . | 3.00 | Mrs. Geddie's Annuity | 100.00 |
| Elizabeth Montgomery. | 15.00 | Little Hbr., C.B., ss. | 3.00 |
| Interest. | 83.81 | Hax., Chalmers ss. . . | 50.00 |
| J. A. MacAulay. | 100.00 | Lower Stewiacke. . . | 50.00 |
| Rev. J. McLean, D.D. | 40.00 | Millerton. | 33.00 |
| New Mills. | 395.00 | Inverness. | 475.00 |
| Harmony, ss. | 3.00 | Clyde, Barrington. . . | 16.00 |
| Windsor, ss. | 44.14 | New Glasgow, United. | 35.00 |
| Valleyfield, ss. | 5.00 | Lunenburg, ss. | 20.00 |
| Bedford, ss. | 29.00 | Shediac, ss. | 20.00 |
| Bloomfield. | 116.00 | Rev. Jacob Layton. . | 15.00 |
| Loch Katrine, ss. . . . | 4.00 | Newport, ss. | 2.50 |
| New Mills. | 15.00 | Bedford. | 20.00 |
| Kentville. | 55.00 | Boulardarie. | 10.00 |
| Musqdbt. Hbr. | 55.00 | | |
| Jas. A. Grant, F. M. | 100.00 | | |
| Springside. | 20.00 | | |
| | | Total. | \$59,474.25 |

The Presbyterian Record.

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**Will the stronger congregations, that
have not yet adopted the plan of tak-
ing the Record for each family, please
try it for a year and see how it works,
and the good it does.**

The world moves along not merely by
the gigantic shoves of its hero-workers, but
by the aggregate tiny pushes of every hon-
est worker whatever. All may give some
tiny push or other and feel that they are
doing something for mankind.—John R.
Green.

That civilization has reacted on Chris-
tianity is palpably true, but it is not one
whit more true than the fact that Chris-
tianity has woven itself into the very fibre
of the civilization whose triumphs it has
so immeasurably increased.—"New York
Tribune."

ALBERTA 125
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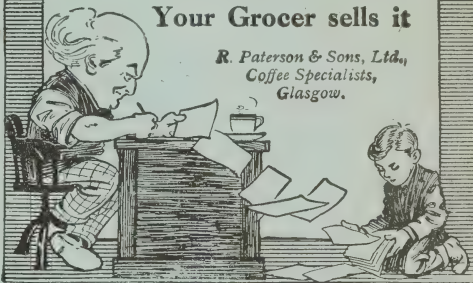
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Every kindness done to others is a step nearer to the life of Christ.—Dean Stanley.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, true education is to a human soul.—Adison.

Prayer will make a man leave off sinning, or sinning will make a man leave off prayer.

To laugh at evil, instead of being shocked or angered by it, is a sure sign of evil in one's own heart.

Be sure to mend that in thyself which thou observest doth exceedingly displease thee in others.—Bishop Patrick.

A book may be a perpetual companion. Friends come and go, but the book may beguile all experiences and enchant all hours.

Wheresoever God may lead you, there you will find Himself, in the most harassing business, as in the most tranquil prayer.—Fenelon.

There are sweet surprises awaiting many a humble soul fighting against great odds in the battle of a seemingly commonplace life.—Henry van Dyke.

Psalms one hundred and ten sing about the beauty of holiness. The Revised Version translates it, "the beauties of holiness," for there are many beauties. Name some of them.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, colour, beauty and value from that.—James Russell Lowell.

Those who are assured of their position are not always thinking about it. Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon.—Henry Seton Merriman.

It is not talent, nor power, nor gifts, that do the work of God, but it is that which lies within the power of the humblest; it is the simple, earnest life hid with Christ in God.—F. W. Robertson.

It is the fashion in these days to blame heredity, or to blame environment, when a man fails. Heredity or environment may make it harder for one to resist, but they excuse no man for sinning.

I can conceive no difference comparable to that between a smooth and a rough sea, except that which is between a mind calmed by the love of God, and one torn up by the storms of earthly passions.—John Wesley.

From a pure heart proceeds the fruit of a good life.—Thomas a Kempis.

Every trial that we pass through is capable of being the seed of a noble character. Every temptation that we meet in the path of duty is another chance of filling our souls with the power of Heaven.—Frederick Temple.

Peevishness may be considered the cancer of life that destroys its vigour and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations and taints, and vitiates what it cannot consume.—Samuel Johnson.

Good habits are not made on birthdays nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

A little fellow, who had noticed that his mother put only five cents into the contribution-box on Sunday, said to her on the way home, as she was finding fault with the sermon, "Why, mamma, what could you expect for a nickel?"

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing strong.—Phillips Brooks.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favourite temptation—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

No volume has so secured, or so endured, translations into the languages of the earth as the Bible. No volume has ever so spoken to every age, class and condition. No volume has been so centrally and vitally related to human thought and to human achievement.—President Bartlett.

The centering of our thought and effort on self is always a fatal error in any life, and brings a curse with it. Christ gives many warnings against it. Over and over He repeats the lesson that he who saves his own life loses it, and that only he who hates his life and loses it, really keeps it and saves it.

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Eternity cannot straighten one crooked day.

It matters not how long we live, but how well.

No poverty is unendurable except poverty of the soul.

The Christian's fruits are fruits of labour; he gains no victories without combat.

Great souls are always loyal, submissive, reverent to what is over them.—Carrlyle.

No cloud can o'ershadow the Christian in which his faith may not discern a rainbow.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Jesus Christ.

In this dark world where sorrow so abounds, there is no substitute for trust and hope in God.

The Christian's troubles are like those of other people, but his refuge is unlike those of non-Christians.

It is better to build a life than to make a fortune. Character is a greater accomplishment than riches.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—Canon Farrar.

The husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear bows noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest with its golden fruit.

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YOUTHS' OATH IN ATHENS.

Every Athenian youth when he came
to young manhood stood in the presence
of the chief officers of the city and took
this oath:—

"I will not dishonour my sacred arms.
I will not desert my fellow-soldier, by
whose side I may be set. I will leave my
country greater and not less than when
she is committed to me. I will reverently
obey the laws which have been established
and in time to come shall be established
by the judges. I will not forsake the
temples where my fathers worshiped. Of
these things the gods are my witnesses."

If trouble drives you to prayer, prayer
will drive away trouble.—Melancthon.

The Presbyterian Record

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No. 3

THE WORLD'S PRESBYTERIANISM.

A few days ago, February 18-20, a small gathering of men in the lecture room of Erskine Church, Montreal, represented, in a way, world-wide Presbyterianism through nearly forty years of its history.

But how, or why? On the 21st July, 1875, was organized, in London, England, by sixty-four commissioners from twenty-two of the leading Presbyterian churches of the world—"The Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian System."

The object was,—“to consider questions of general helpfulness to the Presbyterian community; to seek the welfare of the churches of the Alliance, especially such as are weak or persecuted; to gather and spread information concerning the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world; to commend the Presbyterian system as Scriptural, and as combining simplicity, efficiency, and adaptation to all times and conditions;—to consider all subjects directly connected with the work of world-evangelization, the distribution of mission work, the combination of church-energies, especially in reference to great cities and destitute districts, the training of ministers, the religious instruction of the young, the sanctification of the Sabbath, Systematic Beneficence, the suppression of intemperance and other prevailing vices, etc.

The meetings of the General Council of the Alliance were to be held usually every three years. The first was held in Edinburgh in 1877; the second in Philadelphia, in 1880; the third in Belfast, in 1884, etc.

At the Second General Council, it was reported that besides the twenty-two churches represented at the organization of the Alliance, twenty-seven others had asked to join; one of them our own (in part) Mission Synod of the New Hebrides, with Presbyterian Churches in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, etc. Churches

small and great are there, representing in all a communicant membership of between twenty and thirty millions, belting and bonding the world with the Scriptural ideals and principles of Presbyterianism.

Ten members of this Presbyterian family are on this Continent, one in Canada and nine in the U. S. A. The civil war, fifty years ago, split the different Presbyterian churches, U. S. A., into North and South. For nearly half a century since the war they have lived and worked in Alliance, but without organic reunion, as they could do their great work equally well, and with perhaps greater freedom, under present conditions.

The Alliance has its Executive, divided into Eastern and Western Sections, representing the corresponding hemispheres. These Sections meet annually, and it was the Western Section that met in Erskine Church, Montreal, a few days since.

The work of the Section, during its three days' session, was the reception and discussion of the reports of its various committees, on Social Service, Evangelism, Co-operation with other churches, Sabbath Schools, Training of the young, etc., etc.; its findings being forwarded to the next General Council of the Alliance, which meets in June in Aberdeen, to which our own Church is entitled to send twenty-three delegates, ministers and elders.

Its sphere is not legislative; its decisions are not binding; but they should be, and are, of great value to the churches of this world-wide Presbyterian family.

Notes and Impressions.

1. It was interesting to hear and to meet men whose names are familiar in the Presbyterian world of the U. S. A., such Dr. Roberts, the stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church, North, Drs. Burrell and Bryan and Minton and Pentecost and Wylie and Worden and Warfield and others.

Among the elders there were Generals of both North and South, who had borne

their part on the field of strife, old men now, but strong for truth and right.

One Southern veteran told how he had a continuous Sabbath School record of sixty-four years, uninterrupted even by the war, for in camp he had his Sunday School among the men, where they studied the Scriptures under the stern realization that perhaps ere another Sabbath the things unseen would be the only realities to them.

2. A marked feature of all the discussions was the putting of first things first. Little men may busy themselves with little things, but these big men had room only for big things. There was no academic trifling, no "new theology." The old Theology of the Westminster Divines, of Knox and Calvin and Augustine and Paul, the Atonement of Jesus Christ as the only redemption for a lost world and the supreme mission of the Church to proclaim the Gospel of that Atonement for man's salvation, this was the one dominant note.

3. Another marked feature was the importance attached to the teaching of the young; the necessity of home teaching, of family worship, of training the children to church-going; the responsibility of parents, of Sunday School teachers and pastors for leading the young, early in life, to decision for Christ. If the whole Church, all the churches, could have listened, and realized the importance of these things, as set forth, the good to the world would have been beyond human measure.

President Warfield, in speaking of the work among the many students under his care, told in a familiar aside of "the seven little Warfields" who all had their part in the family worship, each one choosing and reading his own portion of Scripture.

4. A feature of interest was the discussion on the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which was held in Chicago, a few weeks ago, at which more than three hundred delegates, representing some thirty different Protestant denominations, met for co-operation in common work.

Two impressions were carried away from this discussion on the Federal Council,

—(1) The great good that can be accomplished by the Christian churches thus getting together in co-operation, and using their united influence along great common lines;—(2) The advantage of each church retaining its own denominational liberty. It was stated that the views and teachings of some of the foremost and most active in the promotion of this great Federation movement, especially their teachings regarding Jesus Christ, were such as no evangelical church could accept, and would take away the very power which alone can make that good possible and permanent, the person and atonement and work of Jesus Christ in the salvation of men.

Thank God for a Church that stands true to the Doctrines of Grace, and for such men in the practical leadership of that Church as were gathered at the meeting of the Western Section of the Executive Committee of the World's Presbyterian Alliance.

SOME TITHING QUESTIONS.

From Battleford, Sask., comes this letter to the Record:—

"We wish to ask your advice about tithing. We are farmers, and often discuss the matter of proportionate giving. We firmly believe in giving the tithe, but we are doubtful about the proper course to follow.

"We have to pay hired help, threshing bills, interest of debts, and buy the necessary supplies for the home, and we never have anything over at the end of the year. We have also the usual farm produce to dispose of, eggs, beef, etc., besides the grain. From these things, it is necessary to supply the food and clothing, the farm equipment and the annual expense of carrying on the work. Can you give us some advice about what is the right thing for us to do in the matter of tithing?

"Also, when one gets a regular salary should the whole salary be tithed, or only what is left after board is paid?"

There are two ideals of life. One of these ideals faces inwards. Its chief question is—"How can I best make all else

tributary to self? What can I get, day by day, of that which I most desire?" The other ideal of life faces outwards, with its chief question—"How can I make myself tributary to others, to the world, for its greatest good? What can I do, day by day, of that which the world most needs to be done?" The above letter has in it the higher ideal of life and is a pleasant one to receive.

Answer at best must be indefinite and imperfect, because our living and doing for God is not a matter of "mint and annis and cummin." It is not "How much must I give"—like the slave with the taskmaster. It is, "How much can I give"—a service of love and devotion, like that of the true child with the true parent; just as God's doing for us is like that of the true parent for the child, but in infinitely wiser and more generous measure.

The tithing of salary is a comparatively simple matter. It is one tenth to God to help others, and nine-tenths to what might fairly be considered our own interests and obligations. If one's "board" were to be taken from salary, there would be the same reason for taking clothing, and other things, leaving for God, not even the "crumbs that fall from the table," but only one in ten of them.

The tithing of the farmer is less easily adjusted. The Old Testament rule was "a tithe of all thine increase" before they used any of that increase, the tithe of fields and flocks, for they were all farmers or shepherds.

But farming to-day is more complicated than in the simple life of the ancient Hebrew. The produce of different farms may be equal, but some may be under mortgage, others free, with many another difference. The only possible advice is to keep careful accounts of everything, increased value of the farm and all else. Then consult the other partner in the business, the One to whom the farm belongs, Who gives sunshine and shower, to make it bring forth, and health and strength to work it. And make the "tithe" what you think He would make it if you were discussing the matter face to face. Pray over it. Let it be one of every day's

petitions,—“Lord show me what is thine and help me to pay it.”

There are some general principles that should help in deciding one's giving.

1. All belongs to God and is for the use and good of each successive generation, and all that we have we hold in trust from Him and for Him, for the best good of the world.

2. The tithe was an Old Testament rate of rental which the steward returned to God for the use of what he had. The New Testament rate of rental is—"as God hath prospered"—leaving it to the conscience of the steward how much he will return for rental.

3. There is a great work to do for the world now that there was not when the law of the tithe was given, and that work Christ has left to His people to do, to tell all the world of Him.

4. There can be no uniform rate. For example, if one were receiving five hundred a year, another twice as much, another ten times as much, and each one gave a tenth, the first would have four hundred and fifty to spend upon himself, the second would have twice as much, the third, ten times as much. As riches increase there should not only be a larger return to God Who is the Owner, but a larger proportion.

5. The best adviser is our Business Partner, the Owner of what we use. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men freely, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

6. When giving, always think of Jesus Christ, the Proprietor, coming and receiving it in person from your hand, and give as rental, for doing His work of helping the world, what you would feel like handing to Him in person.

"I fell in love with my congregation. It made it easy to do anything for my people," said Rev. James Stalker. This is the secret of a successful pastorate. "He fell in love with his people." And when the pastor complains of the lack of affection which his congregation shows toward him, it is usually the return of the same degree of affection which he has shown for them.

THE MINISTRY, ITS ATTRACTION AND QUALIFICATION.

BY REV. BINNEY SIMPSON BLACK, TORONTO.

For the Record:—

The work of the Ministry has many attractions, and there are many qualifications that contribute to success in that work; but the object of this writing is to emphasize the one supreme attraction that it offers and the one crowning qualification for its success.

Its Supreme Attraction.

The supreme attraction of the Christian ministry is the opportunity which it affords for usefulness of the highest kind. The present-day ministry is one of boundless scope and unparalleled opportunity.

Read 1 Thess., 2; 19-20. This golden sentence is from the pen of the greatest of Christian ministers, the most remarkable man in the annals of the Christian Church. Hear his impassioned utterance. "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy." "Converted souls," wrote Dr. Cuyler, "are jewels in the caskets of faithful parents, teachers, and pastors." Surely this is usefulness of the highest kind.

Farming, manufacturing, merchandise are all useful and necessary. They supply the needs of the body, but our business is to transform the body into a temple of the Holy Spirit. The surgeon sets broken bones, our work is healing broken hearts. The lawyer administers justice, but the ambassador of Christ proclaims mercy. The one deals in titles to real estate, the other secures titles to mansions in the skies. The lawyer settles disputes, but it is more blessed to show men the way to live without disputes.

No Astor rich beyond the dreams of avarice, no Marlborough proud of triumph in many fields of conflict, has a joy like that of the servant of Christ who is heir to an "incorruptible" crown. His trophies are those whom he has led to Christ and introduced to a larger and fuller life. These are his reward in time and his heart's best treasure for eternity. None

but he can know the blessed hours when one points a penitent soul to the Lamb of God, and gently leads wayward feet into the paths of peace.

The Gospel is the most wonderful, most potent, saving, sweetening, sanctifying evangel known in earth or heaven, and the preaching of it is the divinest business to which a living man can devote himself. In the sacredness of its call, the vastness of its mission, and the rich reward that comes to him who enters it no other vocation is its equal.

It is more than a profession. It is a Divine Commission. It is the voice of God in the soul impelling a man to preach. "I fearlessly declare," said Dr. Theodore Cuyler, "that when the most splendid talent has reached the loftiest round on the ladder of promotion, that round is many rungs lower than a pulpit in which a consecrated tongue proclaims a living Christianity to a dying world."

The Ministry! It is the supreme vocation, and the Gospel is the master science. It meets every conceivable need of the human soul in time and for eternity. "The great duty of the ministry," said Henry Ward Beecher, "is to give a soul to the great working, thinking, throbbing world."

All honour to the legal profession which stands for justice and fair dealing in all human relations and makes social life safer. All honour to the medical science which relieves suffering and prolongs life. All honour to the students of nature who make her forces obey man's will and contribute to his happiness. All honour to the artists who thrill our souls with delight by painting the true, the good and the beautiful. All honour to the social workers and ethical teachers who would improve social conditions, with purer air, cleaner streets, fewer slums, and lift humanity up to healthy, happier human life.

But the preacher's mission is grander yet. He works at the foundations of life. Theirs is surface work; his is radical. Theirs is reform; his is regeneration. Theirs is social improvement; his is individual redemption. Theirs aims at respectability; his at character building. Theirs is ethical; his is spiritual. Theirs

is humane and beneficent; his is sacred and eternal. They seek to take men out of the slums; the preacher aims to take the slum out of them. All that is good in anything else is in the Gospel.

Its Crowning Qualification.

Dr. Robert E. Speer makes no distinction between the call to the ministry and any other call to service. My observation has been that there is a difference. The ministry is not a mere profession, but a divine commission, as the Bible is not the result of human thought, but a supernatural revelation of God's mind, of His love and plan for the world's redemption.

The Christian minister is more than a Christian man desiring to do good and choosing the ministry as one means among many. This is to make it only a profession with no divine commission, an ordination without foreordination. A merely professional minister is a calamity. We have heard preaching that was learned, instructive, orthodox, and even eloquent, but it had no message from God, and no relation to life. "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed." And where there is no message there is no divine call.

The ministerial call is more than duty, or intellectual delight, or love for humanity. It is not merely getting a living, nor representing a sacerdotal system. It is the voice of God speaking to the heart and conscience of a man, bidding him go forth and declare the truth, the truth which has been written indelibly on his own soul. The call to the ministry is a direct personal revelation to the heart of him who receives it. St. Paul was most jealous for the peculiar character of his mission, as received immediately from Christ Himself.

With that call comes also the message. This divine call cannot be described, any more than a mother's love for her child, but it is as distinct a reality from all other calls as a mother's love for her child is different from all other human love and stronger than all other. It is a divine passion which the man does not choose, but which chooses and grips him, so that though he be uncultured, he speaks with the witness that God speaks through him.

Such a man will be a man of power, and out of a large, varied, and original life with God will speak the truth he knows with fresh interest and authority.

It is a serious thing to be "ambassadors," "witnesses," representatives of Christ. If money or social position or anything can keep a man out of the ministry, he had better not enter it, for he lacks the preaching passion.

Of course we do not pretend, like the Romish Church, to invest the ministry with priestly or supernatural power, but we do make his call a supernatural call by which he stands before men as an ambassador of Christ, and no one without this conception of its holy sacredness can be a true prophet of his God.

Where is the minister's authority? Not in his opinions, or the deductions of reason, or even in the truth, but in the divine call. We do not stand before the world simply in our own personality, but we are more than ourselves, we are Christ's agents, His ambassadors.

How are we to attain such men and such a ministry? This is the serious crisis before the Protestant churches of this Continent at this very hour. Well, we must look to God for them. The Church, the Home, and the School ought to unite in creating the conditions favorable to the choice.

As regards the Church and the Home, what a sad account have our consciences to keep against us! When the Church feels her need of a godly ministry, when she feels it so intensely that she will commit herself to seek it by definite believing prayer, then, and only then, will this great gift be given.

True, in ages past, God has sometimes called the prophet out of the midst of an irreligious people, and may to-day raise up ministers out of the midst of indifferent, luke-warm churches, but such is not His rule. The first Apostles were the Divine answer to the earnest expectation of the Kingdom, and to-day the best of our young men will hear and respond to the call of God to preach His Gospel, when the Church is afire with holy zeal and praying

for "more laborers to be thrust into the harvest."

And what of the place of the Home in recruiting the ministry? It is the fountain source; the key to the problem. If more mothers had as lofty a conception of the ministry as Hannah had of the priestly office there would be more Samuels. Next to God we look to Christian parents and Christian families for this ministry. They can do much to prepare the minds and hearts of their sons, by reverencing it in their own hearts.

The Puritans, our fathers, furnish us a lesson from days gone by. O how their memory blossoms in the dust! Every man's house was a sanctuary, every man's family grew up a church in miniature. The father led his sons to Christ along paths of godly exhortation and devout example; the mother wept and prayed over her cradled treasure, and dedicated it to the Lord. The House of God was the scene of their greatest pleasure, and the ministry of the Word was honored as a sacred and supreme vocation.

What hinders us now from realizing such scenes as these? Too few young men going into the ministry? Let us know that in the neglect of duty and the abuse of privilege, we are to look for the source of this misfortune.

Young man, will you not give to the ministry your most serious thought and consideration? It is a man's work, serious work, hard work, incessant work. It is not easy to be a real minister of Christ; it is exceedingly difficult, and the more honest one is, and the more earnest, the more difficult it is. This is one side of it.

The other side of it is, that the present day ministry is simply unparalleled in scope and opportunity. To be a religious teacher, when teaching was never so difficult; to show that the Cross is still supreme, a great and saving fact, a door of hope; to show that the religion of Jesus is a reasonable religion, an indispensable possession; to deal with all the practical and common problems of men, to bear the burden of sorrow and trouble with others, to speak the cheery word, to be in the community a center of kindly influence, a man

full of sympathy, to save men in the highest and best sense, to speak a message to the world of commerce and industry and politics and social life,—in a word, to take your place in the wonderful, rushing life of your time, and show men how to love God and their brother, this is a service great beyond all other, and a glorious preparation for the ministry that lies beyond.

BUSINESS AND THE CHURCH.

There is great danger in the attempt to introduce the spirit and methods of secular business into the Church.

The chief object of business is exchange for profit. The chief object of the Church is rescue and reconstruction, with no view to profit.

The materials for business are things. The materials for the Church are souls.

Business accomplishes its purpose by keenness and force. The Church uses only love and persuasion.

Business throws away or casts out the inefficient. The Church clings closer to the inefficient, aiming to make them efficient.

It is evident, therefore, that to project the methods of the one into the other must be disastrous. As well expect a fish to live in air or a bird in water. As well attempt to guide and control an aeroplane by the same rules as pertain to machines running upon solid ground.

There is a temporal side to Church work. This may be called the "business" part of the Church. This has two parts, the outlay and the income. Now the outlay may, to a great extent, be managed upon business methods; at least, so far as accuracy and order may go. But the income can be secured, not by keenness of exchange, but by enlightenment and persuasion.

The methods of the commercial traveler, the "every-member canvas," and other such plans, are liable to miss their point, because they rely wholly upon the momentary impulse, and neglect the convictions which are necessary for continuance. Mere mechanical methods in Church work soon run dry, because they drain without giving in any new supply.—Ex.

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE.

The Supreme Attraction of the work of the ministry, and its Supreme Qualification, by Rev. B. S. Black, will reward careful reading.

Rev. Dr. Mackenzie's note, telling of farewell to the New Hebrides, after more than forty years, is simple, beautiful, impressive. Think of "God be with you till we meet again"—as contrasted with the heathen orgies of earlier years. What a work! What a life memory to look back to, for ever!

Rev. J. McP. Scott's review of Honan should not only be read but studied. Other missionary letters too are good.

The article on David Livingstone, by Rev. A. E. Armstrong, combines beauty and utility; is very readable and very informing.

The Student Missionary, his place and worth, by Mr. Omond, is very good. One can fairly see the material, the worker and the conditions under which he works.

"Life and Work" has three good articles on three important subjects; taste and see.

The children will find something helpful, and it is hoped they will read and like their Record.

"Britain's Future in India," gives a glimpse of "The White Man's Burden," and shows the urgent necessity for leavening India with the Gospel, the only thing that can make India's future safe and sure.

TRAINING NATIVE WORKERS.

The Women's Society, in the Maritime Synod, last year voted seven hundred dollars a year for the training of East Indian students from our mission in British Guiana, in our college in Trinidad, to fit them for work in their own Colony. The money is given in scholarships to enable the students to go to Trinidad and to keep them while there. Three scholarships are available each year, tenable for two years.

The "Daily Argosy" of Georgetown, Demerara, of 9th January, tells of a competitive examination for these scholarships held in Georgetown, 27th December, at which twelve candidates, young East Indians, presented themselves. Eight passed the examination, and of these, three were chosen to go to Trinidad, 17th January.

Three other scholarships will be available next year, for which examinations will be held in December.

When tempted to question the size of the Budget and its increase from year to year, just remember three facts—that it is not increasing nearly so fast as is the ability of the Church to meet it;—that it is not increasing so fast as the opening doors of the heathen world, the work God is giving and calling us to do;—and that all we have is a trust from God for the doing of this work.

THE MINISTER'S WORK.

Any minister who allows himself to be drawn into personal differences is sure to have his own troubles. No pastor ever settled a dispute to the satisfaction of both parties and usually to neither. Jesus refused to interfere in the division of an inheritance. He reproveth covetousness but declined being an orphan's court. Parishioners have no right to drag the clergyman into their individual disagreements. He is not installed as a judge, but as a pastor. It may be difficult to steer the congregational craft successfully between the two clashing rocks of a personal dispute, but the pilot who attempts anything else will need his life preserver not many days hence.

Carry religious principles into common life, and common life will lose its transitoriness. The world passes away. The things seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole "unprofitable stir and fever of the world" will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than sigh and moan over the perishableness of earthly things. It finds in them the seeds of immortality.—Principal Caird.

"No matter where we go—away from home, away from work—we can never get away from ourselves; and we can never get away from God. We must be careful to live so that we shall never want to get away from our self; and we must also live so that we shall never desire to get away from God."—J. R. Miller.

Our Foreign Missions

"MORE THAN FORTY YEARS."

FAREWELL TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

By REV. J. W. MACKENZIE, D.D.

Kent St., Epping.

New South Wales, Australia

December 18, 1912.

Dear Dr. Scott:—

As you are aware, we have retired from the mission field. My health during the past year or more was such that I was unable to undertake the work at our station anything like satisfactorily. I felt too that having laboured for over forty-years in that trying climate, it could not be said that we had deserted our post or lost heart in the work.

When the time came for us to leave our poor natives, we felt as if we could not tear ourselves away from them. They had entwined themselves round our hearts so that we felt as if they belonged to us.

The different villages had arranged among themselves to come on a certain day and say "good bye" to us. Old and young came, and we had a farewell service in the church. Only part of them could get in at a time.

As one and another, with tears streaming down his cheeks, came forward and clasped my hand, and as I remembered how that this one and that one had in years gone by frequently threatened my life, but now so changed, I realized in a way I had never done before, that we had been engaged in a glorious work, and that we were amply repaid for all we had done for them. Many of the women and girls clung to Mrs. MacKenzie as if they could not let her go.

When the farewells were over we were greatly touched and surprised on receiving from them a beautiful and valuable present.

As the SS. Malaita steamed out of the harbour, past what had for so many years been our island home, we could see our

poor natives congregated on the beach, and could hear the strains of that hymn which saddened, and yet cheered us—"God be with you till we meet again."

IMPRESSIONS FROM HONAN.

By REV. J. MCP. SCOTT.

Shanghai, 3rd January, 1913.

Dear Record:—

I have just said good-bye to our missionaries in Honan. It was not easy to do so. My visit there covered about a month's period. It was quite too short. I saw much and learned a good deal, but of China and of Christian missions I have yet much to learn. The country had some surprises for me but no serious disappointments.

I spent some days at each of our six stations, and in the time at my disposal saw what I could of the evangelistic, medical and educational work. However well informed one may be from reports of work and letters and addresses of missionaries, there is much he can only understand from seeing things at first hand. The general facts and features of the Honan work are pretty generally known to our people at home. Since leaving the field and all the things I saw and learned certain impressions remain:

1. China is Changing.

Not the China I know for I am little more than a tourist, but the China we all have learned about. Bishop Bashford speaks of the strange phenomenon of China's arrested civilization, that prior to the Boxer uprising in 1900 her civilization was no advance upon what it was 2,500 years ago. China's rulers and China's people as a whole are awakening. The new life throbs feebly yet. Her condition is perhaps one of semi-consciousness, but changes have come and greater changes yet shall come.

The most wholesome factor in this regeneration, it is held, is the beneficent

and unselfish work of the Christian missionary. Contact with the western world is, of course, an element in the nation's change, but less effective than that of missions. An educated young Chinese physician, an ardent advocate of the Republic, told me his country owed much to the work of the Christian Church.

There is an evident turning from the old order, not rapidly but surely. The ferment of democracy is at work. Railways and telegraphs, once opposed, are now generally sought. The Post Office is opened in every part of the country. Reuter's telegrams go to every part of the land. The walls of cities are being torn down. There is a simplification in methods of government in most of the provinces. The Central Government has adopted the Christian Calendar. Sunday is observed as a day of rest in all public offices. Social reforms are bringing great gain to the land in the abolition of the eunuch system, and general improvement in the position of women, the abolition of the queue, and the growing sentiment against foot-binding of little girls.

Another sign of change is her present stand on the opium situation. There is no doubt that China is sincere in her efforts to free her people from this deadly drug. That she is willing to sacrifice millions of taels of revenue is surely high proof of her good intentions.

The sentiment of the West is against this mischievous trade. The British people should help China in this crisis. It is disappointing, however, that just as she has hopes of freeing herself from the Opium Laocoon, great tobacco syndicates appear, deluging the country with their posters and wares, trying to fasten the cigarette habit upon the people.

2. The Attitude of the People Gives Great Encouragement.

A distinct change in the attitude of the people is evident. The missionaries everywhere speak of this. It is true of the officials and of the people. The altruistic motive of the missionary is at last being apprehended. I saw how easy it was to get audiences. They were always good-natured and interested. Never once did

I notice any spirit of opposition. Idolatry seems to be losing its place. What impresses the traveller in going through the country is the evident disrepair into which the temples are falling.

3. Christian Missions Have Been Worth While.

The beneficent results of the Christian propaganda in China are everywhere evident. The sight of these fine native congregations refreshed my spirit and re-inforced my faith. The Gospel truly has been a power of God to salvation to thousands in this land. The story of our own mission's success can be retold by nearly every evangelical mission in China.

4. The Hope Of China's Evangelization Is In The Native Church.

Our mission's ideal is that the ultimate agency in the evangelization must be the Chinese Church. The native Church, self-propagating and self-sustaining, must yet be the effective agency in the great Christian movements that are to win China.

Some one has said that an indispensable condition of a new China is a new Chinaman. Chinamen, made new in Christ Jesus and filled by His spirit, must yet, in numbers greatly multiplied, be the messengers of life to their people.

At this stage of missions in China is seen the wisdom of our Church's policy in education. In addition to the primary schools and the Higher Normal School for young men at Weihweifu, there should come in due time a Theological College for the training of a native ministry.

5. Our Missionary Staff Is Of Fine Quality.

As Missions go in the East, so far as I have seen them, our Honan work stands in most favourable comparison with the best. In equipment, in the work accomplished, its present state and outlook, and in the missionaries themselves, our field takes high place.

In education, in spiritual attainment, in all round culture, one seldom, if ever, finds together at home, and certainly not in the East, a finer lot of men and women, mar-

ried and unmarried, than those representing us in Honan. What is true of Honan would be true as well of our Missions in other eastern fields. A visit to the East reinforces greatly one's convictions that only the best should be sent to the mission fields.

6. The Present is a Critical Time for China.

A grave crisis seems to be on in China. It is the day of change. The Revolution accomplished much. This national upheaval is an immense thing. I doubt if the missionaries saw its nearness or anticipated its magnitude. The country seems slowly to be breaking with her past. Old days and old ways are passing. There must be no time lost.

It is the day of opportunity for the Church of Christ. The missionaries on the field should be driven in closer on God. The spirit of co-operation with other missions in educational work should obtain so that there be no friction and no waste. The duty of the Church at home is as clear as noon-day. The staff and equipment here must be further strengthened, it is true, but more important than this is the prayer ministry of God's people at home.

The sum of the work of our Church in Canada and abroad is a mighty task. We are summoned to it by a mighty God, and there must be no hesitation, no fear when, in unceasing remembrance before Him of this work, yielding to the Spirit His rightful supremacy, we are hastening forward the work that must be done soon, if done at all.

A letter from Mhow gives an account of a terrible disaster which had taken place that week. A fire broke out in a Borah shop in the bazaar, and the crowd collected as is usual. Suddenly a terrific explosion took place, and over a hundred people were killed, and some four hundred injured.

"We are thankful"—writes Miss Clearihue—"that none of our Christian people were among those killed or injured. Had it been a little later in the day, I would have been in that part of the bazaar."

A BHIL PROBLEM.

"One of the greatest problems facing us here"—writes Rev. H. H. Smith, our missionary—"is the education of the children.

The ordinary Bhil is opposed to anything new,—a new kind of grain, although more profitable than the kind always sown,—a new road, though shorter than the old one,—new style of cart, more comfortable than the one his fore-fathers have used, are all to be avoided, as something calculated to harm and not to benefit him.

What then about education? "My fore-fathers had no need of it, why should I trouble my children with a useless task? It is true they might be able in time to make up the accounts at the Mohammedan merchants, who I know robs me in broad daylight, yet even to learn that much would take years, so why should I trouble the children with books?"

It is suggested that the advent of the railway will solve the problem. This may help, but the real solution of this—and every other such problem—is found in giving them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This alone makes them new themselves, and then they look upon life with new eyes and new ideals.

The work is yet in its infancy, and the difficulties are great. Our congregation is scattered over many villages and square miles of territory. Schools have to be planted where there are the most available children; then teachers have to be found and supported, and the schools regularly visited by the missionary.

Again there are seasons when every child is required to sow, weed and reap its parent's fields. Lessons at such times are very irregular. In spite of difficulties, however, progress is encouraging.

The classes are usually taught in the open air, and a "teacher on one end of a log and a scholar on the other end" is sometimes the beginning of a class.

We emphasize the International Sunday School Lessons, and this year, Peter, one of our boys, has won the silver medal given by examination, open to all India,—"section beginners."

A BIG CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Bhabra, Central India, 1st January, 1913.

On Christmas day, our little mission hall was crowded, and Miss Herdman gave us a very helpful address, after which each one of our dāy scholars received a small present, sent from the orphan girls in Neemuch.

These girls deny themselves of some luxury (such as meat) in order to give a little joy to our Mendha village Christian children at Christmas, and if their joy of giving is anything compared to the joy of receiving, it must be great indeed.

There were just a few mistakes made, such as putting legs through sleeves and shirts wrong side forward, but these were speedily remedied, and the children went off as proud as American millionaires.

Then came the greatest event of the day—Christmas dinner to a family of two hundred and fifty Christians! Last year, there were only one hundred and sixty, and friends helped us. This year these friends came forward and helped us during the famine and, fearing to kill the goose which laid the golden egg, we did not ask them to help us at Christmas time.

Now was the dinner to fall through? We prayed over it and decided to give it on faith. H. H. Smith.

NOTES FROM INDIA, NEW CENTRES.

From Jaora, a new station in Central India, Mrs. Anderson writes:—

"We moved here to live permanently on October 30th. The walls of our bungalow are now up about five feet above the ground and in the meantime we are living in the little bungalow formerly occupied by the opium agent.

"On our new site here, we will have the same difficulty as they have in Ujjain in trying to raise trees. We have twelve big holes dug to fill with earth to plant trees in."

From Sitamau, another new centre, Mrs. McKay, nee Miss Sinclair—writes:—

"We got here at 10 a.m. Saturday—two weeks ago—and are living in the heart of the town in a very dirty little

native house. Mr. MacKay is wrestling day by day with the workmen at a new house. The foundation is dug and the well is down twelve feet—ten of it in solid rock.

"The whole place seems to have conspired to squeeze us. They think the silver if not the golden age has come with the advent of the Sahiblog. I haven't thought of being lonely and we are quite happy and certainly will appreciate our new home when we get it built.

"The people are very friendly. The Dewan Sahib, the Tehsildar and the doctor called the day after we arrived and the Rajah Sahib gave Mr. MacKay an audience a day or two later.

"I have a little school in progress around me—the eight Christian children of our helpers and servants. Premabai teaches the lessons and Dulabai the verses and hymns. It is on the voluntary principle. Things are moving slowly. The workmen seem to think they can make the most exorbitant demands for the poorest work. Mr. MacKay has sent to Mandsaur and Neemuch for some masons just to bring the local men to time."

THAT "VICARIOUS SACRIFICE."

"I wish that you could hear and understand that man, who has been a hearer for only three years, preaching the gospel of redemption." Thus writes our missionary, Rev. Mr. Gauld, of Formosa, of one of his co, since he became a believer.

"He is a literary man. The first time that I met him he said that the only claim that the Bible had to be more suited for the needs of sinful men than the classics of China is the Vicarious Sacrifice. 'The moral teachings are much the same in both,' he said, 'but in that Sacrifice of the Sinless Son of God for sinners the Bible stands alone. It is our only hope.'"

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Altheism is songless; agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;" and when Christ came the angels greeted his birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fullness and strength of voice with each century.—Advance.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.

BY REV. HAROLD M. CLARK, TAOK'OU.

Taok'ou, Honan, 2nd Dec., 1912.

As you will know by this time, the big party has arrived. I happened to be at Wei hwei fu to Presbytery meeting when they all came, and it was a great day. All the missionaries who could get away and a lot of the Chinese Christians were at the station and gave the newcomers a great welcome. Three or four big bunches of fire crackers were set off and a good British-Canadian cheer accompanied them. All arrived in good shape, one or two headaches, but that was all.

They arrived just in time to see one of the ordinations of our new pastors and a very interesting one. Mr. Cheng bu Yue, one of the faithful Chinese who escorted the missionaries out in 1900 (the Boxer uprising) was ordained and inducted as native pastor of Wei hwei fu and Chi Fang. It was a fine thing for them to see the day after they arrived.

On the evening of the same day, there was a big meeting for students and gentry. Mr. Lohead has done great service along these lines since coming back.

Besides the regular meeting of the native Chinese Presbytery this Autumn, we have ordained and inducted eight pastors into as many self-supporting congregations. It has been a great step forward. In one country station in my field, they are also beginning a church of their own, the first in this Tao K'ou section.

There are still a good many robbers on the roads but conditions are immensely better than they were this time last year. There is a different feeling in the air, though the outward changes around here are not very noticeable. Queues are going off rather slowly here. I think that of the people away from the church and the railway not one in a hundred is gone.

Every night at dark, the gates of the city are closed, and in some cases locked tight at about six o'clock. I have to get the city gates specially opened every time I come in and go out in the evening. The authorities feel like being pretty careful still.

LETTER FROM SOUTH CHINA.

BY MISS AGNES DICKSON.

Kongmun, 10th Dec., 1912.

I visited recently, with Miss MacLean, a home in Ngoi Hoi, where the whole household are now Christians. The eldest daughter-in-law loses no opportunity of testifying to the blessing the Gospel has been to them. She said, 'If I could only make people realize what it has meant to us, I am sure they would believe.'

The latest improvements in the progressive city of Shek-ki has been the installation of an electric light plant. The church members there, with a little help, have purchased a building adjoining the chapel, where a thriving boys' school is being conducted. Mr. Duncanson has been staying there for the last two months, and is getting to know and understand the people.

The owners of the property which the mission has been trying to secure, have just signified their willingness to accept the terms offered, so if there be no trouble about the arrangements for the transfer, it should soon be possible to make the purchase, and proceed with the erection of mission buildings.

The regulations of the Government Commissioner of Education for the Province have just been issued. Among other things, students are henceforth to wear suits and caps, the girls shaoms and shirts. Organizations of all kinds are forbidden, except by the counsel of the school principal. Students are subject to the discipline of teachers for conduct out of, as well as in school. Monthly teachers' meetings are to be held, as well as monthly gatherings of students for social functions or lectures.

The Commissioner is a Christian man, who for some years has been Chinese headmaster at the Canton Christian College.

Mr. John Lee, of Toronto, is to have charge of the work at Kongmoon Port and the surrounding country during the coming year.

It seems strange to return to China and find the five colour flag everywhere replacing the old dragon. Things foreign are becoming increasingly popular. No

queues to be seen here, but in their places are foreign caps and hats, both ancient and modern. Many of the men are also wearing foreign suits. The women still adhere to their former style of dress, but the younger ones often arrange their hair in a foreign fashion.

One of the most radical changes has been the adoption of the foreign calendar year. Dates are still somewhat confused, but an order has just been issued to the effect that all Government schools must close and open by the new calendar. The school year is also to have three vacations, corresponding to New Year, Easter, and Mid-Summer.

Piracy and thieving are still common everywhere in this part of the country. Men from America are usually the victims. One device used in the lower Kongmoon river has been the putting up of signs saying that the village nearest the scene of the robbery will be held responsible for the vessels interfered with. China needs the prayers of all God's people in this day of "new things," in this crisis in her history, as never before."

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY DR. ALEXANDER NUGENT, UJJAIN.

A short time ago, the Government of India conferred a title upon a Mohammedan who is the wealthiest and most public-spirited private citizen of Ujjain.

As this was the first occasion for a private citizen in this district to receive such an honour, and as our Mission and Indian community had received many favours from this man, our Indian Christians wished to publicly take notice of the honours conferred on him. Accordingly they held a reception and presented him with a framed address printed on green satin in gold lettering.

All the State officials of Ujjain and the leading men were invited, and all attended this reception which was held in front of the mission bungalow. Mohammedans, Hindus, Parsis and Christians were represented.

The reception opened with singing and prayer, then speeches followed. A former judge of Ujjain, who is a Hindu, came

many miles to take part. The chief part of his address was to point to the physical and spiritual benefits which the rich and poor of this District are receiving from the Mission.

The present chief judge, who is a highly educated Mohammedan, began his address by expressing his pleasure that a meeting of this nature, represented by so many castes and creeds, had been opened by prayer and praise to the one Heavenly Father.

Both addresses required considerable courage on the part of the speakers. I should note that the idea of giving this reception and address originated among our Indian Christians, and not from the missionaries. The fact that their invitations were received and accepted goes to show the respect and position which our Indian Christian community commands in this district.

A few weeks ago a durbar was held in Ujjain in honour of the birthday of the Maharajah of Gwalior. One of our Christians (my hospital assistant) was invited, which was a new departure.

This durbar took something of the nature of a banquet, except that there were several tables instead of one. The Christian representatives sat at a table with the Mohammedans and Parsis, the Hindus and Brahmins sitting at several other tables according to rank and caste.

One of the chief speakers of the occasion (a Brahmin) opened his remarks by expressing his pleasure at seeing so many castes and creeds dining together in the same room, and then went on to hope that soon they would all be civilized and enlightened enough to sit down to one common table. The remainder of his address was a comparison of the successful work and methods of the mission hospital and staff as compared with State institutions.

Letters from Indore tell of the visit of the Vice-Regal party. During their stay of three days, Lady Hardine, the wife of the Viceroy, found time to visit the Mission Hospital, and also the Women's Industrial Home, where the pupils from the Girls' High School also took part in the reception to Her Excellency.

LETTER FROM KOREA.

By REV. D. A. MACDONALD, KAINEL.

Kainel, Korea, 26th Dec., 1912.

The Christmas festivities are over. It is not altogether to be regretted that Christmas comes but once a year.

Christmas eve, the girls' school, consisting of about fifteen bright girls, gave an entertainment. The place selected was Mr. Barker's new house, and it was certainly a unique housewarming for this new house in this new mission. The two large rooms were packed with men and women, boys and girls. The school girls did very creditably in their singing and drill. Dr. Mansfield's old organ was pressed into service and proved almost as much of an attraction as the singing.

The crowning wonder of all was a real Christmas tree, all glittering with candles and tinsel, laden with books, pictures, pencils, candy and Japanese oranges for the girls, all of whom were made happy. This was probably the first tree of that kind ever seen in Hoi Ryung.

Christmas morning, we went over to the church to the boys' share of the festivities. Not to be outdone by the girls, they too had a programme of music and some other simple exercises. Their tree was outside in the yard and looked very nice. The Japanese oranges were all frozen as hard as stones, but nobody seemed to mind that.

Here we had a break in the proceedings, and the six foreigners, our mission staff, all gathered together for Xmas dinner.

At 4.30 another tree was waiting, this time in the Korean house. This was a rather exclusive affair, given by the foreigners in honour of our own teachers and servants "and their wives." Unlike those in the parable, none were absent and all enjoyed themselves. All received gifts, cloth for coats and dresses being the prevailing gift.

Shortly after the conclusion of this event, we again repaired to the Church. It was prayer meeting night, and such an occasion could not be interfered with by so trivial an event as Xmas. So there was the regular meeting. The place was packed by both men and women, as many out-

side as in. Many heathen were there, by this time being aware of something unusual taking place in the Christian community.

After the meeting, what was to some the biggest event of the day took place. From a crude stage in the yard before which the big crowd was gathered, several scenes, chiefly intended to impress the heathen, were enacted, all being done by the Koreans, who are born actors.

One of these scenes was intended to shew the folly of the heathen custom of marrying a young boy to a woman. The woman first appeared, dressed in her bright colours, and by her side the young husband, a boy of about ten or twelve years. He wore the hat that is only put on at marriage.

The heathen custom is for the boys to wear the hair in a braid down the back till marriage, when it is put up in a top-knot and a hat put on. One often meets a mere child with a hat on.

A street candy seller appeared on the scene, crying his wares, and the youthful husband immediately lost all interest in his bride and ran after the candy man. The woman finally took him on her back and carried him off.

The School situation in Kando never ceases to stir my wonder and admiration. Every place we visited has a school with one or more teachers, most of them teaching for their board and clothes. In practically all these cases the schools had been started without any action on our part or indeed without our knowledge. Our first question, when we came to a place, was "Is there a school here?"

The teachers are from all over Korea, some of them well qualified and some not, some spiritually minded, some Christians only in name. These schools, all over the country as they are, how many of them we do not yet know, are a great power, and constitute a magnificent opportunity and a terrible danger.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

CHURCH UNION COMMITTEE.

LETTER FROM THE CONVENER.

Westmount, January 13, 1913.

To the Editor of the Record:—

Dear Sir:—In your January number there is given a statement of the results of the meeting of the Presbyterian Church Union Committee held in Toronto on December 13, 1912, without note or comment. It seems to me and others the bare statement as given conveys an imperfect impression. There were forty-eight recorded as present besides the chairman, and while the votes, yea and nay, on the majority report were not recorded, only six of those present declared their intention of adhering to the minority report and all of these six have been consistent opponents of Organic Church Union, while a number of others on the Committee who have opposed Organic Church Union felt themselves free to fall in with the majority report, indeed several were active advocates of that report.

Unless this is presented to the readers of the Record, it is quite likely they will not apprehend the full value of the meeting in Toronto, and I am sure you would not wish to mislead them. Will you kindly, therefore give this note a place in your next number, and oblige,

Very truly yours,

W. J. CLARK.

"Note and Comment."

(1) The Record gave simply and only "without note or comment" what the Committee itself authorized to be given to the press, viz., the Majority and Minority Reports. If there was any "misleading" the fault did not lie with the Record.

(2) In now giving "note and comment," it is equally plain that the responsibility does not rest upon the Record.

(3) With the reasons for and against Organic Union, the Record has nothing to do, except to report them fairly on both sides. It has to do, however, with giving correct information as to what is being done in anything that concerns the Church, and in order to correct any "imperfect im-

pression" tending to "mislead" it gives herewith the "note and comment" previously omitted.

"Note."

1. The Committee has for years been almost wholly in favor of Organic Union. Its work for eight years has been the promotion of that Union. Its vacancies were filled from year to year on its own nomination.

2. Last year, when the "extent of the minority" vote led the Assembly to pause in the proceedings towards Organic Union, several names, representing different views, were added to the Committee, to consider the whole matter of unity and the ways of expressing it.

3. Of the forty-nine present at this meeting of the Committee, twelve—perhaps thirteen—one fourth of the whole, had voted against Organic Union at the ballot a few months ago; while the other three-fourths had voted for Union.

4. There were in all four resolutions submitted; one looking only towards Organic Union; another in the opposite direction; and two between, which were afterwards combined and became the finding of the Committee.

5. The first resolution to be disposed of was that looking only towards Organic Union. Its supporters were those who have always been strong advocates of Union. The Committee divided fairly evenly. The motion had a large vote, but failed to carry.

6. The next resolution to meet its doom was the one looking in the opposite direction, and naturally, by a much larger majority.

7. The two remaining resolutions, one by an advocate of Organic Union, the other by an advocate of Federation, were then combined, as a compromise, into one, which was moved and seconded by the movers of the two resolutions and became the finding of the Committee.

8. Three of the "thirteen" voted for the compromise. Some of them did not vote. Seven or eight of them voted against it.

Six of them recorded their dissent. To accommodate the Committee, they afterwards changed their dissent to a Minority Report.

"Comment."

1. The Majority Report, for the first time in the history of the Union Committee, while it emphasizes Unity, makes no declaration in favor of any particular way of expressing that Unity, neither Organic Union nor any other kind.

2. Neither of the Reports recommends to the Assembly any ultimate action with regard to Organic Union, either as to its final adoption or its final dismissal.

3. They both leave the question of Union of any kind, Co-operative or Federal or Organic, to the indefinite future, contingent upon the results of inquiry, and the future action of the Church upon those results.

4. Each Report provides in its own way, for fullest consideration of all other alternative proposals.

5. The Majority Report emphasizes the necessity for practical unanimity in our own Church in order to a successful union of any sort.

6. While the preambles of the two Reports vary in several points, the chief difference in their recommendation to the Assembly is that the Majority Report, while inviting and considering alternative proposals, would in the meantime continue the discussion of Organic Union among our own people; and would also continue negotiations with the other churches regarding Organic Union; while the Minority Report recommends that our Church, having so recently voted on the question, should have rest from it in the meantime, "without prejudice to either side"—in order to give herself without distraction to her great work during the time that the Committee is making fullest inquiry as to all other methods of union and co-operation.

WANTED.

BY REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG.

In every congregation, one or more home missionaries who will undertake to introduce a Life of Livingstone into every home. This is not a money-making scheme, but an

effort to bring into every household the inspiration which the reading of this wonderful story must bring.

This is the season when everyone reads something. Might we not, instead of the latest fiction, choose for once the story of a real hero—one who, from a boyhood spent, as we would think to-day, in intolerable drudgery, passed to a manhood spent among the savage tribes of Africa—WHY? "Because," as he said, "it is my desire to show attachment to the cause of Him who died for me by devoting my life to His service."

And under the glow of that love, he came to the conclusion that "the salvation of men ought to be the chief desire and aim of every Christian," and resolved to give "to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence." And from that time, when he was only twenty-one, "his efforts were constantly directed towards that object."

Dare we say that men of this spirit are not needed to-day? And why are there not more, ready to offer their lives to the service of Christ, as Livingstone did? Is it because the heroic is not held up before them as an ideal?

If we have failed in this, now is the time to make up for our failure, by bringing before our young people the heroic example of this greatest of modern missionaries—the centenary of whose birth we shall celebrate this month. Will not one or more in each congregation, who reads these words, undertake this real missionary work, the "Life of Livingstone in every Home"—seeking also a promise that it will be read?

There is a wide choice; either the Life of Livingstone, by W. Garden Blakie, which has long been, and will remain the standard work (35 cents, postage 8 cents);—or the new popular biography by Silvester Horne, M.P. (35 cents, postage 8 cents). If there are young people in the family, the best book is undoubtedly "Livingstone, the Pathfinder," by Basil Mathews. It is profusely illustrated, and is written in a style which will hold the attention of all, young and old (price, cloth 50 cents, postage 9 cents; paper 35 cents, postage 8 cents.) These books may be ordered from the Foreign Mission Office, 439 Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

Young People's Societies

MARCH MISSIONARY TOPIC

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

A Hero of Faith.

(March 19, 1813-May 1, 1873.)

By REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG.

"He passed like light across the darkened land,

And, dying, left behind him this command,—

"The door is open! So let it ever stand!"

Full mightily wrought he."

"The Smoke of a Thousand Villages!"

When Robert Moffatt, of South Africa, was in London in 1840, David Livingstone, who had become much interested in the missionary's stories, inquired if he thought he would do for Africa.

"I said," wrote Dr. Moffatt years later—"I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but would advance to unoccupied ground, specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometimes seen in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand villages, where no missionary had ever been."

Livingstone had determined to be a missionary upon reading Gutzlaff's appeal to the Churches of Britain and America on behalf of China. Like Robert Morrison—who wanted to go to Africa but was led by God to pioneer the way for the evangelizing of China—so Livingstone, blocked by the opium war from going to China, became, under God, the means of opening up the interior of the vast African continent for the introduction of Christianity and commerce and the suppression of slavery.

"My own people, the honest poor."

Neil and Agnes Livingstone, David's father and mother, were humble, hard-working, godly people, living in Blantyre,

Scotland, carrying on a small tea business. His ancestors were Highlanders, his father having been born in the island of Ulva.

In defence of Prince Charlie, his great grandfather had fought in many a battle, meeting his death on Culloden moor. When his grandfather would tell the story of those conflicts which rent Scotland, his mother would smilingly say, "your father's people fought and harried my people, but now we are all one family."

The Livingstones were exceptionally honest, thrifty, God-fearing people, and hence David came naturally by the staunch, manly Christian character which marks him far above the average. One of his ancestors—Livingstone used to remark—said to his children before dying: "Now lads, I have looked all through our history and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line, and I want you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for wrongdoing. Be honest."

Amid stirring times.

On March 19, 1813, David Livingstone was born. In 1807 England abolished slavery. In 1812, there took place the last war between Britain and the United States. In 1813, the allied armies entered Paris, and in 1815 the "Man of Destiny," Napoleon, finished his military career at Waterloo.

Churches were beginning to awaken to their missionary duty through the efforts of Carey, the "consecrated cobbler." In 1802 the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded. In 1810 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was formed. In 1814 the American Baptist Missionary Society; and in 1816 the American Bible Society. Upwards of

a dozen other societies were organized about this date for the purpose of sending the Gospel to the heathen world.

Making religion an "every-day business."

"Now lad," said David Livingstone's Sabbath School teacher, to him, "make religion the every-day business of your life and not a thing of fits and starts."

And our hero formed this resolution, which he steadfastly adhered to, throughout his life—"It is my desire," he said, in his twenty-first year, "to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me by devoting my life to His service." Everything thereafter had to become subservient to that high ideal.

His early education had, for the most part, to be secured while working in a cotton mill which he entered when ten years old. His first half-crown he gave his mother; with his second he bought a Latin grammar. As he worked from 6 a.m. till 8 p.m. he memorized conjugations and declensions and after hours he attended evening classes. This was his High School training.

At nineteen, having saved enough to keep him through the winter, David entered Glasgow University to study Greek and Medicine, with a little Theology thrown in.

In the second session, 1837-38, the decision was made for his life service. Offering himself to the London Missionary Society he was accepted as a candidate, but very nearly missed being appointed, because of his failure in the first sermon he tried to preach.

"I will go at once to Africa."

With these words Livingstone answered Moffatt's plea for the African plain with its thousand villages. The Society wanted to send him to the West Indies, but he argued that there were physicians in those islands. Accordingly, having passed the Medical Faculty at Glasgow, he visited his home to say farewell.

Most impressive was the parting; breakfast at 5 a.m., November 17, 1840; David reading Psalms 121 and 135; his father and he walking to Glasgow and then saying good-bye never to see each other

again; the father trudging his lonely way back to Blantyre while the son sailed for Liverpool, the first stage of the long voyage to the dark Continent. On the 20th November he was ordained a missionary, and on December 8th, the Rev. David Livingstone, M.D., sailed on the "George," reaching Algoa Bay, via Rio Janeiro and the Cape, after eighty days' sailing.

The man with "the forward tread."

Declining the offer of a church in Cape-town, Livingstone set out by ox-train on the seven hundred mile trail to Kuruman, Moffatt's headquarters.

His instructions were to push northward and open a new station. For this purpose he made a scouting trip and returned to Kuruman, determined to start for several months' sojourn with the Bakwena tribe to learn their language. This he did in the first half of 1842, two hundred and fifty miles north of Kuruman at Lepelole.

By this time he was resolved that his life must be that of a pioneer and henceward his motto may be said to be his own words to the London Missionary Society:

"Anywhere, provided it be forward."

"To lift the sombre fringes of the night,
To open lands long darkened to the light,
To heal grim wounds, to give the blind
new sight,
Right mightily wrought he."

Mabotsa was the name of Livingstone's first station. Here he built a house, preached the Gospel, healed the sick; and to this place in 1845 he brought his bride, Mary, the daughter of Robert Moffatt, the great South African missionary. Here occurred the famous lion incident, familiar to every boy.

In 1846 they moved to Chonuane, nearby, where they were welcomed by Livingstone's warm friend, Chief Sechele. This chief was a wonderful man, mastering the alphabet in a day, and soon learning to read. Reading Isaiah one day, he said: "he was a fine man that Isaiah, he knew how to speak." In October, 1848, Sechele was baptized by Dr. Livingstone.

Espousing the cause of the natives, who were suffering injustice from the Boers (who themselves had trekked north

to escape the British rule), Livingstone exerted his influence in vain to end the atrocities perpetrated upon the blacks. The Boers held to the strange belief that the Old Testament endorsed slavery, and that the inferior race of black men should be the slaves of the superior Dutch!

Years later when our own Rev. Mr. Inglis (later of Ayr, Ontario), sent a memorial on the subject of slavery and cruelty, he was charged with high treason and escorted to the border of their territory and ordered, on pain of death, never to return.

In 1847, drought drove the Livingstones forty miles farther north to Kolobeng, where two years were spent in building a third house and founding a new station.

In 1849 Livingstone determined to do what Chief Sechele declared impossible. With two friends from India, Oswell and Murray, he crossed the Kalahari desert in two months and discovered Lake Ngami.

Sebituane, "the brave."

No one can read about Livingstone without being impressed with the splendid types of men to be found among these inland African tribes. Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, "the greatest man in the Bechuana lands," was such a type. After two futile attempts, Livingstone, on the third trip, reached Linyanti in July, 1851, and received a cordial welcome from the friendly chief. A malignant disease soon caused the death of Livingstone's new friend, and thus his plan for making Linyanti a centre for missionary work was upset.

In this year Livingstone made his first real acquaintance with the organized slave trade in all its unspeakable horrors. His whole soul revolted and he solemnly vowed, "I will open a path through the country or PERISH." To stop this awful traffic in human lives the country must be opened up to legitimate trade. On to the coast then lay the path of duty.

"They like my ivory, you like me."

These words from Sekeletu, son and successor to Sebituane, indicate why Livingstone had such wonderful power over the natives. He loved them. Another explorer might have called Sebi-

tuane a "nigger;" Livingstone said he was "a wise man" and "a gentleman."

After a trip to Cape Town to send his family to England, Livingstone returned to Kuruman to learn that the Boers had burned his house and furniture at Kolobeng and were now seeking him. "The Boers," he said, "have made up their minds to close the country, I am determined to open it. Time will show who will win." Pushing on to the north, and crossing again the Kalahari desert, Livingstone received a warm welcome from the six thousand Makololo when he reached Linyanti.

His first great missionary journey.

Livingstone's apprenticeship trips were over; he must now begin his great life-work as forerunner for the Gospel and conqueror of slavery. With twenty-seven natives he started November 11th, 1853, for the Atlantic coast, reaching St. Paul de Loanda, May 31st.

Hardships beyond description, sickness, mutiny, and hostile attacks, marked most of the journey, but these were mere incidents when compared with the frightful, merciless and murderous traffic in living men, women and children which stirred his soul to the depths, made his eyes flash with fiery indignation and his heart go out in intense prayer to God.

At the coast a British captain urged him to go home, but he refused. He had promised to take his Makololo friends back home. "Nothing will happen to you, that does not happen to me," he had said to them. Despatching his reports to England, he turned his face inland and they reached Linyanti in September, 1855, after nearly two years' absence, covering two thousand eight hundred miles, and having sixty attacks of fever.

With pride and pomp the missionary's companions strutted around the town displaying their European clothing. "We went on till we had finished the world," they said.

Sekeletu began at once a trade in ivory with the Portuguese at the coast, following Livingstone's policy. It was on this journey that the missionary wrote in his diary the well-known words, "I will place no value on anything I have or may

possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ."

Down the Zambesi.

Two months later finds the indefatigable missionary discovering the beautiful Victoria Falls, which are twice as large as Niagara. They were known to the Makololo as "Sounding Smoke," and are now reached by the Cape to Cairo R. R.

Along the route of his march, he found splendid tracts of country, lovely, healthy and fertile. He met with greater opposition from the natives than on his journey to and from Loanda.

At the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi Rivers, Jan. 14th, he thought his end was near, but reading the words "I am with you always, even unto the end," his courage returned, and he wrote in his diary, "It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on't. . . . I feel quite calm now, thank God." The Scriptures were to him a never-failing source of comfort, and he often referred to such verses as Ps. 37:5.

He reached Quilimane on the East Coast, April 23rd, 1856, and setting his faithful black comrades on plantations, with the promise that he would return, Livingstone sailed for home, arriving before Christmas, 1856.

All Britain lauded the man who had in the sixteen years of his absence, travelled 11,000 miles in Africa. High honors were bestowed upon him. Great gatherings of distinguished people greeted the hero, who had accomplished (to quote Sir Roderick Murchison) "the greatest triumph in geographical research which has been effected in our time."

But the great missionary was humble through it all. When decorated with the degree of L.L.D. by Glasgow University, he said, "shall I tell you what sustained me amidst the toil, the hardship and loneliness of my exiled life? It was the promise, 'Lo I am with you always, even unto the end.'"

The second great missionary journey.

Early in 1858, Dr. Livingstone and family went out again to Africa. In that year he explored the Zambesi, and the

next year the Shirè. In 1860 he discovered Lake Nyassa and the following year he sailed far up the Rovuma. Everywhere he preached and founded mission stations.

In 1862 he wrote thrilling accounts of the slave trade from the Nyassa region, and the civilized world was shocked. He had the joy of freeing a line of slaves, chasing the Arab drivers off terrified. These slaves formed the beginning of a congregation under the Universities' Mission which had been started through Livingstone's appeals.

A fine steamer, the "Pioneer," arrived in January, 1861, one month after the foundering of the "Ma-Robert," nick-named the "Asthmatic," which almost useless vessel had been sent out with Livingstone three years before.

Fever carried off Mrs. Livingstone in April, 1862, and Livingstone was almost heart-broken. For the first time in his life, he said, he wanted to die. Under a baobab tree "on Shupanga brae" they laid his Mary to sleep and Livingstone mournfully turned to complete his task alone.

The "Lady Nyassa" was launched in July, but this joy was soon to be saddened by Bishop Mackenzie's decision to withdraw the Universities' Mission. They were not all great hearts like Livingstone. His own money had built the "Lady Nyassa" and he needed cash. So the missionary turned sailor, recalled the lessons in navigation he learned on the "George" in 1840-41, and, with reckless daring, sailed 2,500 miles across the Indian Ocean, to Bombay, and then went to England and aroused the country by his tales of the slave-raiders.

The third great missionary journey.

In August, 1865, Livingstone returned to Africa under the combined auspices of the British Government and the Royal Geographical Society. He now had the honorary title of British Consul, but he refused to go merely as a geographer. He insisted that he must go "as a missionary and do geography by the way."

Selling the "Lady Nyassa" in Bombay for £2,600 (it cost £6,000) he put the money in a bank which subsequently failed.

With thirty-seven men he reached Zanzibar and saw the awful barbarity of a

great slave-market. Grinding his teeth in anger he renewed his vow to God that he would stop these inhuman atrocities. In four months Lake Nyassa was reached, and while skirting the south end a number of his men deserted and reported the explorer's death.

Lamentation filled the hearts of the British when the news reached England, but Edward D. Young, who knew Musa, the servant who started the report, refused to believe the intelligence, organized a search party and quickly advanced far enough into Africa to learn that the brave missionary was pushing on into the interior.

One of his carriers stealing his medicine chest—and decamping, Livingstone wrote in his diary—"I felt as if I had now received sentence of death." He had now no protection against fever, which frequently attacked him, weakening his system.

He discovered Lake Tanganyika in 1867. Keen to discover the sources of the Congo and the Nile he hears of Lake Moero, over two hundred miles west, and, worn out though he is, the tireless hero presses on and discovers it.

Again he hears of another large body of water, Lake Bangweolo, farther to the south, and he resolves, in spite of the fact that all but five of his men forsook him, to find it also, which he did in July, 1868.

"I read the Bible through four times."

Everywhere the signs of the devastating slave-raiders abounded, and, weakened in body, he accepted the kindness of Mohammed Bogharib, an Arab trader, and accompanied his party north to Ujiji reaching that town February 26th, 1869, only to find that the letters and supplies which he expected had been destroyed by the Arabs, as were also forty letters which he then wrote and despatched to England.

Though the Arabs befriended him, yet they dared not risk posting letters from the only white man who knew of their nefarious slave traffic, and who, as they knew, was resolved to terminate the abominable and cruel business.

Five months later, Livingstone started to explore the Manyema country, hoping

to prove that the River Lualaba was beginning of the Nile; a question the answer to which more than any other discovery, would interest the entire civilized world.

While undergoing enforced delay at Manyema, in 1870, he read the Bible through four times, and it proved a tonic to him in both spirit and body. He witnessed the murder by Arab slavers of four hundred helpless blacks and this story when it reached England was one of the most effective in hastening the end of slavery.

Stanley finds Livingstone.

"Doctor, I have sought you

Far and wide.

The world has mourned for you

As dead.

Its anxious heart will not be satisfied

Till you come home.

The whole wide world will welcome you.

Will you not come home?"

Few incidents in modern travel are better known than that of H. M. Stanley, of the New York Herald, finding David Livingstone at Ujiji. Accompanied by two white men, twenty-three native soldiers, one hundred and sixty porters, twenty-seven donkeys and a great quantity of supplies, Stanley, with the simple commission—"Find Livingstone"—started inland from Bagamoyo and found the missionary, October 28, 1871.

Four and a half months of sojourn with him, and Stanley left the man who bravely said in response to the journalist's pleadings for him to go home, "I cannot go until my work is done." "I never found a fault in him," said Stanley afterwards in giving his impression of the greatest missionary explorer of the nineteenth century.

A fine birthday resolution.

"My Jesus, my king, my life, my all, I again dedicate myself to Thee."

So wrote this saint of God on his fifty-ninth birthday, March 19th, 1872. Who follows in his train?

While waiting five months for men whom Stanley promised to secure at the Coast, Livingstone wrote to the New York Herald May 1st, 1872, just one year before he died, the memorable words, after-

wards inscribed on the slab over his remains in Westminster—"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

Next month Livingstone started again, this time on the trip which ended in his death. By Christmas he was again at Lake Bangweolo, sick and feeble. "How I long," he wrote "to be permitted to finish my work." On the 27th April, 1873, he was only able to scribble, "Knocked up quite!"

At Chitambo's village, Ilala, on May 1st, 1873, David Livingstone—"one of the greatest men of the human race"—to quote Sir William Ferguson—passed on to rejoin his dearest Mary and to receive his Master's reward. He died on his knees in prayer.

"He greatly loved,
He greatly lived,
And died right mightily."

The Funeral "March" and Burial.

And now we must honor the greatness and the loyalty of Livingstone's companions. Susi, Chuma and Jacob dried and wrapped up his body, native fashion, and steadily marched with the remains of their beloved bwana (master) the long and difficult journey to the sea, the cortege arriving at Bagamoyo in February, 1874.

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, the body of David Livingstone, except his heart, which his servants buried under a mvula tree at Ilala, was laid away in Westminster Abbey, with a funeral attendance greater than had ever sought to pay honor to one of Britain's mighty dead. Indeed there has been no funeral equal to it since, save that of General Booth.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief
and sage,
The missionary come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower
wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy
work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his
fame;

Let marble crumble: this is
LIVING-STONE." —Punch.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

Mr. Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday bade his clerks come next day and unload a vessel which had just arrived.

One young man stepped up to the desk and said, as he turned pale: "Mr. Girard, I cannot work to-morrow."

"Well, sir, if you cannot do as I wish, we can separate."

"I know that, sir," said the hero. "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I cannot work on Sunday."

"Very well, sir," said the proprietor, "go to the cashier's desk and he will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia looking for work.

One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a suitable person for cashier of a new bank about to be started. After reflection, Mr. Girard named this young man.

"But I thought you discharged him."

"I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday; and the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man to whom you can intrust your money."—Ex.

THE BIBLE.

The charter of all true liberty.
The forerunner of civilization.
The mold of institutions and governments.
The fashioner of law.
The secret of national progress.
The guide of history.
The ornament and mainspring of literature.
The friend of science.
The inspiration of philosophies.
The text-book of ethics.
The light of the intellect.
The answer to the deepest human heart hungerings.
The soul of all strong heart life.
The illuminator of darkness.
The foe to superstition.
The enemy to oppression.
The uprooter of sin.
The regulator of all high and worthy standards.
The comfort in sorrow.
The strength in weakness.
The pathway in perplexity.
The escape from temptation.
The steadier in the day of power.
The embodiment of all lofty ideals.
The begetter of life.
The promise of the future.
The star of death's night.
The revealer of God.
The guide and hope and inspiration of man.—Bishop William F. Anderson.

APRIL CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

THE STUDENT MISSIONARY.

"His Sphere and Worth."

BY M. N. OMOND, M.A.

(President of the Students' Missionary Association of Queen's University.)

The two hundred or more student missionaries who go out from our various colleges during the summer and spend from three to seven months in mission work, might well be called the light-armed advance guard of the Church. They carry little "baggage." They are not bound to any "home base," and so they can move about freely to meet new conditions as they arise.

Because they spend only the summer months in the work they, as a rule, man fields which for any reason cannot be kept open all the year round. Hence the work of the student missionaries is largely that of pioneers. They follow the settlers into new districts and bring to them the ministry of the Church. And only too often is it the case that fields which have once been manned, and then left without services for a few months, have to be practically pioneered over again for the Church.

This then is the special sphere of the student missionary—to man the new and weaker fields and to explore and open up fresh districts for the Church. His work is widely varied. He learns the necessity of following the injunction, "whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might;" and he discovers that—for him—"Whatsoever" may include nearly all the activities in which it is possible for men to engage.

For example, one of our students during the past summer acted in the capacity of preacher, pastor, school-teacher, doctor, store-clerk, post-office clerk, carpenter and even undertaker. Yet behind and beyond all this varied activity there is always in the student's mind his great "work"—that of proving the worth—in the community—of the Church as an institution; and still more, of bringing the saving power of the Christ into the lives of the people.

Perhaps a brief account of some of the writer's own experiences may be of interest, as illustrating how the missionary must meet his work. He was sent out last spring by the Queen's University Student Missionary Association and assigned to the North Thompson field in British Columbia. The only information that could be gained concerning the field, before beginning the long westward trip, was that the nearest station was Kamloops, and—this from a map—that "North Thompson" was the name of a river some two hundred and fifty miles in length. It is often the case that the student missionary has to follow quite literally the example of the patriarch who "went out, not knowing whither he went."

Kamloops was reached at 10.30 on a Tuesday night after a long but enjoyable ride across the prairies and through the mountains. It was found necessary to stay in town for a few days until passage "up the river" could be secured. The time was used in gathering up some very uncertain information concerning the field,—e. g.—that the missionary "probably" made his headquarters at Louis Creek, which was reported variously as from nine to thirty-eight miles up the North Thompson River. Regarding the church situation on the field nothing at all could be gleaned, except that the last missionary had been gone for some weeks.

Finally, passage was secured with a surveying gang, and early on the Friday morning the thirty-six mile drive to Louis Creek was begun. It was a memorable trip. For the first fifteen miles, the road ran through the river bottom which was here quite wide. Then the mountains closed in on the river and the waggon-road curved and twisted along the sides and shoulders of them, with sometimes a steep drop of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet below to the water. In many places the road had been blasted out of the solid rock, or was supported by cribbing that seemed very frail at that dizzy height. The driver gave the comforting assurance, at a particularly thrill-

ing part of the road, that accidents were quite frequent.

We arrived at Louis Creek in the evening. Here was a settlement consisting of two-stopping places, a blacksmith shop, a small saw mill, and, as was discovered later in the evening, a little log church—about a quarter of a mile from the nearest house. It was a quaint little building nestling in a small nook in the hills. It was built of logs and contained a dilapidated little organ, a few school seats, desks and benches, and the walls were adorned with maps. It was used during the week as a school. Close beside it was a building in the making which was destined to become the manse. But it was still roofless and floorless and lacking windows and doors.

It was decided to hold a service on the first Sunday, and on the Saturday the student spread the news as far as he could. The result was a gathering of about twenty-five people on the Sabbath afternoon.

The missionary learned during the first few days that the field had been manned for several years, and that services were held at Louis Creek every two weeks, and every four weeks at each of two other points—distant respectively fourteen and nineteen miles from Louis Creek—and themselves nineteen miles apart. This gave only one service each Sunday and as this seemed scarcely enough in a new and sparsely settled district, the student planned to go to the two outside points on the same day.

However, a few days' experience tramping the mountain roads showed that this was impracticable. But within a few weeks three new points, where morning services could be held, were opened, and thus the two services a Sunday were managed and the best possible provision made—along this line at least—for the scattered people.

It was this fact—that the settlement was so sparse—which constituted one of the chief difficulties of the field. The people live anywhere from a quarter of a mile to five miles apart, along the single roads that run up the main river and through the narrow side valleys. This meant of course that the attendance at the

services was small; and made it necessary for the student to spend much of his time on the road.

The question of a travelling outfit had to be settled early. Suitable horses were scarce and expensive and horse-feed dear. While looking about for something to serve his purpose the missionary was walking and finding it healthy and invigorating. After a couple of weeks' hard training in this way he decided to dispense with a horse and do all his travelling afoot; and he found that on the mountain roads he could cover the ground almost as quickly as on a horse, besides saving the time that would have been spent in caring for one. I suppose that during five months in the field close to fifteen hundred miles were travelled on foot.

One of the first duties of the missionary was to hasten the completion of the "manse," so that he would be as free as possible in his coming and going and located at a central point. In this work he not only learned a little more about using a hammer and saw, but became well acquainted with a few of the men who generously gave of their time and skill to prepare a home for their minister.

One thing that made the work hard and—at times—discouraging was the presence of senseless dissensions and misunderstandings. This rendered impossible that feeling of unity and goodfellowship that should have made the district a pleasant place for anyone to live. Much of the student's energy and thought was necessarily directed towards seeking to allay suspicion and remove the causes—often more than half fancied—of distrust.

In one of the outlying parts of the field, this problem was especially troublesome. The services had been held at the home of one of the ranchers; but owing to some difficulty that had arisen, the majority of the people refused to attend service at any private house. There was no public building of any kind in which to meet; so, rather than cut any of the people off from the services, they were held in a grove by the side of the road. The attendance here—though not large—was more representative than it had formerly been.

It soon became apparent however that a church must be built, no matter how small it might be. The people all agreed on this point, but it was very difficult to get them to make a beginning. Finally it was only owing to the generosity and unselfishness of one of the good friends in another part of the field that the building was begun and now stands as the first step towards a new and better spirit in the community.

Services were held in the new church on the last two Sundays which the missionary spent at the part of the field. It is true that only a rough shell of a building was there, that the "pews" were simply rough planks, one end resting on a cleat nailed to the wall and the other on a box or block or empty nail keg; that a stove was the only furniture, the building being innocent of chair or table or pulpit. Yet it was a beginning and, with God's blessing, it will be of lasting benefit to the district.

Perhaps the most important part of the student's work is always that which brings him closely into touch with the people,—in their homes, on the road, at their work. Here he learns what they are thinking about, what is their outlook in life. He finds them in all sorts of places and at all kinds of work; the well-to-do-ranchers, the lonely bachelors, the miners in their cabins, the loggers, surveyors and railway-builders in these various camps.

In his contact with them his own life is greatly enriched. He himself is probably the chief gainer from his contact with this varied life. And in this sphere it is that he has an opportunity of "coming to grips" with his people and of bringing his message to bear directly on their lives.

Sometimes he sees little apparent result of his work. Many of us, doubtless, after months of honest effort, cannot point definitely to one soul won for Christ. Yet we have faith that the word spoken and the work done from a sincere desire to serve, will not be in vain, and that we may at least have helped some whose sight was dim to see more clearly.

Into the varied homes and dwellings the student goes, he sees how the people live and shares their life and their interests, and gradually—if he be worthy—finds a real place in their lives. But he may

have to wait long for the opportunity for which he is eager, of speaking the word or doing the deed which shall "make the contact" between the soul and Christ.

What are the common difficulties of the student missionary?

The first and greatest is, as a rule, not open vice or deliberate wickedness, but simply a sort of "settling down" in ideal and habits—a loss of standard among the people.

This is particularly evident among the bachelors. Though there are many brilliant exceptions, yet it is true that there is a tendency to become careless in every way. One sees and learns of many men who have been accustomed to refined and even luxurious surroundings, who have in this new life become more and more lax and negligent. They do not care how they keep their shack, they become indifferent as to their food, and neglect even such elementary things as cleanliness.

This is just an index of an inward change, a *sagging down*, which is evident only too often not only in physical habits and surroundings, but in their moral and spiritual standard as well. How often, for instance, one is met with, "I used to be a church member and never used to miss a service; but I've been so long away from that sort of thing now that I seem to have lost interest!"

This loss of desire for church attendance is trifling compared with the havoc that is wrought in many lives through the long separation from things which they have prized, and standards which prevailed in the places and life that have been left behind.

This fact, however, if it points to a great difficulty in the work, constitutes also our greatest opportunity. For the people do not attend church simply from habit. The whole life is comparatively free and unconventional. The student or minister has to "make good" as a man, quite apart from any professional standing.

If he be the man for the work, he can win entrance and be welcomed into the real thoughts of the men, just because they are free and frank, and not formally and conventionally "correct" in their man-

ner of life. It is obviously easier to get into close and intimate relations with men under such circumstances than in the older districts with their more settled habits and standards; and the missionary may be sure that if he has anything to say that has a vital bearing on the life of the people, it will find a ready and sympathetic hearing.

It is true that in many of the fields very difficult situations of many kinds are faced. The drink traffic must always be fought and sometimes the fight is a bitter one. Often vice is open and unashamed. Sometimes the work requires even a high degree of physical courage from the man who "means business." And wherever it may be, the students' task is never easy. Not infrequently the energies of the Christian people in the field are wasted in senseless rivalries among themselves.

The student missionary's work is to go each spring into a new place, face the situation as he finds it there, decide what is to be done; and then during the few short months of his stay to make his influence as deep and lasting as possible.

It is a task that demands all that a man has and can gain of faith and wisdom. It has been an inspiration to the writer during the past year when, as president of our own Association, he has received many letters from our men on the field, and learned how these men of widely varied types and many of them without experience, were facing situations—all different and all difficult—and were, by their zeal, their faith and their practical wisdom, solving—each in his own way—the serious problems that confronted them.

These men are doing work the value of which it is hard to overestimate. It is a man's work. It demands a goodness that is strong, robust, virile; and withal humility and infinite wisdom and patience. One is driven back again and again to the Source of all power. He is glad to realise that it is God's work he is doing and that it is to Him he must look for those things that he needs most. He learns the comfort of the assurance, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God. . . . and it shall be given him."

To the young men of our country, the

Church might well address the words used by Kossuth when recruiting followers in his heroic effort for national unity and freedom. "If your desires are for ease and comfort, and ready and rich rewards, with facile renown and glory, do not follow me. I can assure you only toil and privations, with the privilege of contributing to a noble work, and the imperishable satisfaction of undying service to your time."

THE STRANGER IN CHURCH.

Only a few days ago, a kindly old woman, with nothing of the critical spirit, and with no suggestion of an accusation against others, wrote to the contributor of this paragraph: "Will you tell me how Miss ——— is? I have missed her; she is the only person who has spoken to me since I began to attend ——— Church three years ago?"

What are the proper comments on such a letter? Not probably that the church is a place for hand-shaking and much talk. Hundreds of people do not want to be addressed by strangers and welcomed to the house of God—which, after all, is God's house and not any seat-holder's.

But surely there is a middle way between effusiveness and the sheer coldness which drives so many lovely persons from the fellowship of the church. A smile, a nod, an occasional word at the church door, in time of sickness an inquiry—these things so easily done would wonderfully sweeten the life of a church.—The Church of Scotland Magazine

FRIENDS.

We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can by any possibility help it. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set right. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure lightly to be thrown away.

And yet many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends.

Some drop old friends, for new ones. Some take offence easily at imagined slights, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friends.

Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no heart rest in any.

There are a great many ways of losing friends. But when we have once taken them into our lives we should cherish them as rarest jewels.—Ex.

Life and Work

THE CHILD IN THE CHURCH.

An East London Experiment.

By REV. THOMAS TIPLADY.

"And he took a little child, and set him in the midst of them."—Mark 9:36.

In 1909, I found myself minister at Old Ford, in the Poplar and Bow Mission, East London. The chapel was large and the congregation small. The older members spoke of the past glories and related how, month by month, they had parted with comrades and scholars who were bound for the suburbs.

Saddened by the story, I stood by the chapel gate and looked on the men and women and children who swarmed in the streets about me. There are the people, I mused, and here is the chapel. My work is to get those people into this chapel. I tried, and tried hard, and failed.

I began again. I went from door to door and asked people why they would not come to worship? Two answers were given. Some said, "We are too tired to come to chapel; we want to rest on Sundays." The others said, "We have no need of the chapel; we can be good without it." A number smiled on me benevolently, and promised to come but I looked for them in vain.

The attitude of these people demanded an explanation. Why had they no desire after the sanctuary? I thought of my early days and of theirs. During the hours of worship they had played in the streets, but I had sat by my father in the family pew. The lesson was plain. We must capture the children and teach them to worship in church.

And we must begin with the Sunday School. The scholars must be brought into the church service. Yet how could we do it? The school was held in the afternoon, but the services in the morning and evening. It was impracticable to hold a morning school because of the late habit of the people. Thus there was no link between school and chapel.

We made a link by forming an afternoon service. The school met at 2.45, and we arranged the service for 3.30. The teachers led the way into the chapel and invited their scholars to sit beside them. The response was splendid. Ten months have now rolled by and the afternoon service is well established.

The congregation is much larger than any we have had in the morning for many years, and is a great help to those who cannot get to church earlier in the day. It has not spoiled the morning service. It has simply widened the possibility of attendance. Many who came once to service now come twice, and some who came twice now come thrice.

Having added a service to the afternoon school, our next work was to add a school to the morning service. This we did by forming a Children's Own, and, later, two Bible Classes, one for young men and the other for young women. The hour of ten is too early for Old Ford; we, therefore hold these classes at twelve, after morning service.

School and service, service and school, now shaded off into one another and our scholars were being trained to worship in church both morning and afternoon.

But they were given the run of the streets during the evening service, and in that way the enemy of souls was allowed to pull down at night what we had so carefully built up during the day.

We, therefore, decided to open our chapel doors to all the children who cared to enter. I asked the chapel keeper to stencil the words, "The Rev. T. Tiplady invites the boys and girls of Old Ford to attend the evening service and reserves for them the gallery."

The board was placed in front of the chapel door and we awaited developments. The first week about fifty came. The second week 100. The third week 150 came, and we took the board in. We have never spent a penny in advertising the service, but, wet or fine, a long queue of children is ever to be seen on Sunday evenings waiting for the chapel doors to open.

We have 300 each week. They fill the gallery, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. Some have no boots and some no coats. Girls of twelve bring babes a few months old. They beg to come in, and promise that the babes shall go to sleep and in no way disturb the service. I think of the future that threatens them, and let them come in for sanctuary.

But as the children multiplied our troubles increased. Many of them were poor, uncared for little rascals, who came for fun and could not understand our feel-

ings of sacredness. They made an awful noise, shipped the hymn sheets or books over the gallery, slyly dropped pebbles on the "poor inhabitants below" and even spat upon them.

That was too bad; and the congregation began to melt away like snow before a thawing wind. The children had come too fast for us to master them. But the battle had begun and it must be won. The salvation of the church depended upon our holding both the children and the congregation, for the congregation was necessary to the present and the children to the future.

The struggle went on with varying fortune until, in a moment of crisis, I devised a flanking movement, and the battle was won. I divided the service into two parts—6.30 to 7.00 was for children and adults to worship together, but 7.00 to 8.00 was for adults only. This arrangement provided a way for the aged and ailing to come after the children had gone out. Further, I asked the Children's Own Choir to supply the items for the first part of the service. The order of service is something like this:

1. Hymn: "I think when I read that sweet story of old."
2. Prayer: "Gentle Jesus," said by a little girl of seven.
3. Lord's Prayer, sung by everybody.
4. Anthem by Children's Own Choir: "Down in yonder meadow."
5. Recitation from memory: Psalm 27, by a boy.
6. Anthem, with verses as solos, by Children's Own Choir: "In our hearts celestial voices."
7. Notices: (1) Children's Own, Tuesday at 6.00; (2) lantern service, after the benediction, in the schoolroom. Boys' turn this week; girls' turn next week.
8. Hymn: "Jesus love me."
9. Benediction. Children stand with heads bowed.
10. Selection by orchestra, while the children move out.

The effect of this service was instant and remarkable. The storm became a calm. The passage from one item to another is rapid and allows no time for talk. The movements of the choir and soloists attract all eyes. The soft voices of the singers quieting all excited minds.

And in the hymns and Lord's Prayer all have a part. Our chapel is exceptionally large, yet the thin, childish voices of the little girl, who leads in prayer, can be heard distinctly in the remotest pew. Every head is bowed and every tongue stilled.

Yet the children are not quiet because they want to be. Their silence is the silence of the fascinated. Change the service and you will change the behaviour.

The secret of their attention is this: There is always the possibility of a breakdown. The unexpected may happen any moment.

One night a girl read 1 Cor. 13, and she could not be heard for the whisperings of the children. But another night the same girl recited from memory the same chapter, and there was silence and attention.

Where lay the fascination? Just here: There was nothing clever in reading from a book and no uncertainty. But when she recited the passage from memory the youngsters appreciated her skill and watched for a mistake or breakdown. Some had learned the passage in the day school, and these kept step with her.

When the benediction is announced, there is a look of surprise, and children and adults are alike sorry that the service is over.

On leaving the chapel the children pass into the schoolroom for a limelight picture service. This consists of hymns, the general confession, a talk about some Scripture parable or event, and a story after the manner of "Jessica's First Prayer."

The children are fond of this service. One night a dainty little maiden very shyly said to the teacher, "Please, ma'am, may we have a collection? I have a ha'penny."

Another night the teacher told them of St. Paul's imprisonment. And when the picture was thrown on the wall a girl, overcome with emotion, burst out, "Oh, what a shame!" Methinks St. Paul would have been comforted could he have known that, 1,900 years later, a little East London girl would be sorry for his sufferings.

Our aim is to make the children so happy in our services that their minds will become stored with happy memories and they will regard the church as the happiest place in all the world.

We have now formed a League of Worshipping Children, to encourage attendance at divine service. We use cards to mark attendance at morning, afternoon and evening services, and offer prizes to the most deserving. In this way we publicly acknowledge the children as members of the congregation.

I do not think that East London can be saved except through the children. They hold the key to their parents' hearts. Even in politics they are the rulers. The candidate for whom they shout wins the election, this wail of the lonesome ones. Go children can rule the city.

It is a child, not a man, that will lead the East Londoner to Christ. Nowhere are children more dearly loved and nowhere are there children more worthy of

love. Hats are doffed to His Majesty the Baby in East London.

The child dominates the district. The nearest way to the hearts of the men and women is through the hearts of their children. Therefore, to save the men we must save the children; but surely they need saving for their own sake. They are the England of to-morrow. The future is in them. We must therefore train them wisely and well.

Of course, they will cause trouble and annoyance in the church as they do in the home, but the trouble will be outweighed by the joy they bring. They will brighten our service, and build up our church and love us to their life's end.—In the Christian Work and Evangelist.

"I WAS LONESOME."

A short time ago a young man was sent to serve a term of imprisonment in penitentiary. He was guilty of stealing a considerable sum of money. He had come to the city in which he was convicted but two years before, full of vigor, ambition and high purpose.

When asked why he had fallen, he ascribed the cause to the company into which he had been thrown.

When questioned as to his reasons for choosing such undesirable companionship, he retorted: "I was lonesome."

To-day there are many thousands of young men and women who are crying "I am lonesome!" And many of these will follow the path of this young man.

It is one of the tragic cries of civilization this wail of the lonesome ones. Go to-day into the slums of each of our great cities, into the saloons, the gambling hells, the houses of tawdry finery and heart-ache, and you will find the advanced guard of the great army of the fallen, "lonesome" ones. In the main body you will find the young men who are patronizing the pool rooms, the so-called decent saloons and the public dancing places, in which they consort with young women whom they would blush to introduce to the kind of girl they would like and hope some day to make their wife.

Lonesomeness is helping to keep alive the vice of the world. It is one of the causes and reasons behind the vast, threatening array of ruined, diseased bodies and minds of young men and women who come to the cities fresh, clean, pure and full of vigor and hope.

It is the effect which is sapping, and has sapped, the judgment and discrimination of thousands of young women and driven them into the company of, and often marriage with, men whose antecede-

dents are entirely unknown to them. And very often marriage, even to a scoundrel, would be preferable to what does happen.

Search the records of the divorce courts, the maternity homes and the houses of refuge, and you will find that through the dance halls, chance acquaintances in public places, or those of employment, and even the matrimonial advertisements, hundreds of girls have been led by their lonesomeness to ruin and sorrow. Scan the news of the morgues, the police courts, and you will discover the truth that there are agents of vice who depend upon this feeling of lonesomeness as their leverage for the assailing of virtue which would prove impervious to even the attacks of hunger and want.

Those who have been surrounded all their lives with friends, who have never been away from their own homes except to enter into places in which they had access to the homes of other friends, or who have journeyed in pleasant company, or surrounded with those conveniences which make for entire comfort, both mental and physical, can little imagine what it would mean to be cast into a strange city without friends or even chance acquaintances.

Let some of these fortunate ones imagine that they have just crossed the seas, or that they have come from some other town or city hundreds of miles away. Let them imagine themselves working eight, nine, ten or, it may be, even twelve hours a day.

They are released in the evening, tired with labour, weary for a change, pining for pleasure, and condemned to eat a dubious meal in a cheap restaurant. That done—where? what? A comfortless, small, unattractive room for the rest of the evening, with a well-thumbed, greasy book from the library, some sewing mayhap, or a lonely walk.

But the lonesome one is healthy and normal, and craves for human companionship and sympathy! There may be other lonely ones in the same rooming or boarding house, but they don't fit—there are no social avenues open by which acquaintance may be extended. And the deadly, grinding monotony of it—day in, month out!

Nearly all young people have a soft or weak spot in them; it is that part of them which seeks for the sympathy and companionship of their fellows. When their lonesomeness deepens into a poignant pain and craving they have reached the danger mark, the point at which they are ready to gamble with their present and their future.

Coming into every city there is a class of young men and women who seem to belong to an order of beings having no very

have had very little social advantage, and shrink from commingling with those they consider their "betters," and yet they have a certain pride and ambition which keeps them from sinking to the lowest round of the social ladder. These, and particularly in the case of the girls among them, are in the most terrible position.

The agencies of the evil one—the various places of dubious public amusement and means of time-passing, have ample room for all who may come. Blinded by their desire for human fellowship, the lonesome ones are not alive to the speciousness of their welcome; they are glad of a handclasp and apparently friendly and interested welcome at almost any price. A bartender has a greater facility for the remembrance of a name and a face than the usual church usher.

The shop girl or clerk is, after months of loneliness, not too greatly inclined to sift the motives of the well-appearing stranger who presumes upon her evident desire for companionship. You meet them daily, these girls, with a pathetic droop to their lips and shoulders, who, a few months ago, were bright, alert and confident; it is lonesomeness that is sapping their vitality.

Alone for a few months in a great city, it is not a very far cry from the church choir back home, to the dance hall or theatre, with a plausible stranger who has always a score of excuses to put one at one's ease.

It is true, fortunately, that there are many young men and women strong and courageous enough to pursue and capture their ideals, despite their loneliness; there are many others who are wise enough to avail themselves of the splendid opportunities for companionship and help offered in many of our churches and institutions. But the great majority of the young men and women coming to the cities fall the other way.

The remedy? Frankly, I do not know, unless it be that there may come a great awakening among the people of the churches as to their Christian social duties. It may be that there will come a prophet and writer who can make the appeal of the lonesome so impressive and heartrending that it will thunderbolt the conscience of every Christian man and woman into action for the good of the less fortunate.

There are many churches in which the stranger is made welcome; there are many others in which he is not. But the churches are usually open only on one or two days a week for a limited number of hours.

By the giving of a few hours each week every Christian man and woman, boy and girl, possessing a home and a social acquaintance could in any of our cities, work a mighty change in the condition of the lonely ones. Each church could allot a certain territory to its members. In these areas the Christian workers could get in touch with the strangers, and invite them, not merely the church, but into their homes—safeguard them against the evil of being alone when the tempter comes upon them.

What a splendid opportunity for the application of the Golden Rule, and what a host of splendid, new and grateful friends might thus be obtained!

There lives a man in a large eastern city of Canada. He and his wife represent a fine type of Christianity. They have a very beautiful home and they are childless. Each week-end they fill their house with the homeless young men and women of their city. They say that they thus obtain a happiness and joy that could come to them in no other way.

The mills of loneliness grind the soul exceeding small. Stand near the exits of some of the large stores or factories in your city on Saturday at noon, or whatever hour the labour for the week ceases. Watch the young men and women who pass you by with the shadow of the coming thirty-six hours of loneliness already sapping the joy of the holiday and rest, and wiping hope from their faces. Remember, too, that these upon whom you gaze are face to face with the problem of making a very few dollars go a very long distance. Do what you can for one or two of them—for Christ's and your own sake.—In the Christian Guardian.

HOW HE WAS CONVERTED.

An Indian clerk in a Madras railway office overheard the remark that the English Bible was the best book from which to learn English. He procured a copy from a friend, giving in exchange a volume of Renan, and set himself to study it, in order to improve his knowledge of English.

Soon, however, the Book gripped his attention, and he read it through once, twice, thrice. At length, convinced that Christianity was the true faith, and that Christ was able to save him from his sins, he went to the missionary who relates the story, and after a long conversation satisfied him that his knowledge was clear and experience definite. In the end he joined the church, won "to walk after the Lord" through the reading of the Scriptures.—Ex.

THE DREAM.

BY J. J. BELL.

(Author of "Wee Macgregor.")

The old man turned in his chair with an impatient movement. "Can ye no' sit doon an' rest ye?" he cried. "Ye've been dancin' about the hale nicht, like a hen on a het girdle!"

His wife ceased her occupation of rearranging the dishes above the dresser.

"I didna think I was disturbin' ye, Alick," she said gently, slowly crossing the kitchen floor and taking her seat by the fire opposite her husband. "I was just tidyin' up. Its Seturday nicht, ye ken."

"Ye feenished yer tidyin'-up an' 'oor back," he replied with a laugh. "I've been watchin' ye, an' ye've done naethin' but fiddle-faddle wi' things since eicht o'clock."

"I thocht ye was nappin', an'—an' I was a wee bittie restless."

"Ye sudna be aye on yer feet, wife," he said, his voice softening. "Ye maun keep in mind what the doctor said. What was makin' ye restless? Are ye no' weel, Mary?" he asked anxiously.

"I never felt better, Alick." She looked up at the clock, the old "wag-at-the-wa'."

Her husband's eyes followed hers. "Ten meenutes past nine," he muttered, taking out his fat silver watch for comparison. "Wud ye no' like to gang to yer bed, Mary? Ye're lookin' kin' o' wearit."

"No' yet, no' yet," she said hastily. "I'm no' sleepy."

"Weel, ye've been keekin' at the nock every twa-three meenutes sin' sax o'clock, as if ye was wearyin' for yer bed-time. Is onything disturbin' ye?"

She did not reply, but rose and went to the dresser, where she began dusting the shining pot-lids.

"Tits, wumman!" exclaimed the old man; "ye did that the nicht a'ready. Ye'll rin yersel' aff yer feet. What's ado wi' ye?"

She gave a little tremulous laugh. "I forgot I had dustit them afore," she said, and came back to her seat.

Alick produced his pipe and a piece of tobacco. He cut the tobacco mechanically, eyeing his companion the while.

Presently she took a brush from the corner of the hearth and proceeded to sweep the pipe-clayed stone.

"Guidsake!" cried the man, with a half laugh; "ye're soopin' at naethin'! There's no' a grain o' dirt on the stane. What's come ower yer knittin' the nicht, Mary?"

From a bag hanging behind her chair she brought an incomplete sock and a ball of wool, both transfixed by four knitting wires.

"That's better!" said Alick. "I dinna ken ye at this time o' nicht wi'oot yer knittin'. Never heed the time," he added, catching her glancing at the clock. "The nock'll be gettin' a consate o' itsel' if ye keep admirin' it like that. Its no' a bad nock, but its better nor its bonny. Wull I read tae ye?"

She did not reply. Her knitting was lying in her lap; she seemed to have forgotten it. She sat in a rigid attitude, a little bent forward, her worn hands clasped on her knees. Her wrinkled face seemed pale in the lamp-light, and her eyes were too bright.

"Wife, are ye shair there's naethin' wrang wi' ye?"

There was distress, if not alarm, in her husband's voice. She roused herself. Her eyes met his, searched his, and fell.

"There's naethin' wrang wi' me, Alick," she said, slowly, "but——"

Once more she glanced at the clock.

"But what, Mary?"

She hesitated. "I'm feart—tae tell ye," she whispered at last.

"Feart tae tell me?"

"But I've got to tell ye." She paused, as if to gain courage.

"I'm no' askin' ye to tell me onything ye dinna want to tell." His voice had become a little hard.

"But I've got to tell ye, dearie," she said, crushing her hands together. "I've had a—dream."

"A dream?"

"Ay—aboot John."

She bent lower, awaiting his words. But none came. His lips were tightly closed, and his weather-beaten face seemed to have grown suddenly older. A minute passed without sound save the ticking of the clock and the rustle of the fire. Yet again she looked at the clock.

"Alick, she began with difficulty of speech, "Alick, its fifteen year the nicht sin' John gaed awa', an' I've obeyed ye a' the time. I've never spoke his name. Is that no' the truth?"

Her husband nodded unwillingly, but did not speak. His eyes were fixed on the fire, and his expression was very bitter. She sighed and continued.

"Fifteen year I've obeyed ye, but noo—Oh, Alick, has fifteen year no' made ony difference in—in yer he'rt? Can ye no forgie him?"

He shook his head. "If ye maun say onything on that subjec', say it quick an' be dune wi' t," he said coldly.

With the back of her hand she wiped

her eyes; then dropped the hand to its former position against the other.

"I'll say it quick, Alick. . . . I had a—dream, an' it was aboot—John. I dreamed that John had come—hame." She looked eagerly at her man's face. It whitened, but the mouth remained firmly set.

"I had a dream that John had come hame," she repeated.

The repetition stung the old man.

"Dream nae mair, wife," he muttered sternly. "There's nae hame here for the wastrel that near ruined us. He wudna ha'e the face to come back."

"The Prodigal Son had the face to come back to his fayther," said Mary tremulously.

"He hadna near ruined his fayther—only hisselt' was ruined. Whereas John —" He stopped short. After fifteen years he, too, had uttered the name of his son.

"I think the Prodigal wud ha'e been weel received, whatever he had dune," said the wife softly. "Alick, dearie, dinna be angered at me for tellin' ye ma dream. It was a rare beautiful dream, for John cam' hame—he cam' hame to ask yer paurdon for a' the trouble he had caused ye, an' to strive an' work to repay ye for a' he had cost ye; an'—an', oh, Alick! ye—ye ran to meet him!" Her voice failed her.

"For the love o' God, say nae mair," the man cried passionately. "I'm sair vexed for ye, Mary. But dinna let a dream deceive ye, for I tell ye again what I tell't ye fifteen year syne; I canna paurdon him. I couldna speak to him if he was staunin' afore me. If it hadna been for him, ye wud be sittin' this nicht in a bonny hoose wi' a braw bit gairden roon aboot it, enjoyin' plenty o' comforts in yer auld age.

Instead o' that, ye've got to bide in this puir wee butt-an-ben, wi' scarce enough butter to yer breid. I tell ye, the thoct o' t drives me near mad; an' whiles, when I see ye that hard-wrocht an' that wearit, we've never a bairn to think o' but the twa puir wee innocents in the kirkyaird—oh, then I could curse——"

"Na, na, dearie. Ye mauna say that," she whispered soothingly. "I'm as weel aff as ever I want to be. I need naethin'. We've a heap to be thankf' for. . . . Oh, Alick, its hauf-past nine!" she cried suddenly, and was seized with a trembling.

"Ay, so it is," said her husband. "It's no' that late; but ye best gang to bed. Are ye cauld, Mary?"

She shook her head, shuddering.

"Dearie!" she moaned, regarding him with feverish eyes. He made to rise, but her gesture checked him.

"Bide there, Alick," she said imploringly, unsteadily. "I—I've mair to tell ye.

If ye was to hear that John was—was deid, wud ye no' try to paurdon—?"

"Deid! John deid!" The old man sank back in the armchair. Pipe, knife, and tobacco slipped unnoticed from his fingers.

"Na, na, dearie. Ye're no' to think that!" cried his wife. "For John's alive an' weel—it was in ma dream. An' oh! forgie me, forgie me the lee I've been telin' ye. For I hadna ony dream ava'. I——"

"Wife!" he exclaimed. "Ye're no weel; ye're upset aboot——" He lowered his voice. "Wha's that at the door at this time o' nicht?"

For a brief space the old woman sat as if frozen. The man rose. The tap was repeated. With a rending sob the wife fell on her knees before the husband.

"I tell't ye a lee," she gasped. "I had nae dream, but I had a—letter. Oh, Alick!"

The old man clutched at the back of his chair. He swayed slightly.

"Wha's at the door?" he demanded hoarsely.

"John. Oh, Alick, dearie——"

Then she nerved herself, and looked up in his face. . . . And thanked God.

"Ma son—ma son!" he sighed, and went stumbingly, eagerly, to open the door. "Ma son—ma son!"—Presbyterian Messenger.

"HIS HANDIWORK."

The sublime statement with which the Holy Scriptures begin is as worthy of belief as ever it was: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

There never were, and never will be more than two great theories of the origin of the universe, it is the product either of chance or of purpose. Between these two theories you must take your choice. That it is born of purpose is intelligible, reasonable, probable.

That it grew by chance always was preposterous, but it is ten-fold more preposterous to-day than it was sixty years ago. We are sure that the sublime movements of the planets over our heads, and the crystalline glories of the earth beneath our feet, and the wonderful and beautiful forms of life about us, are not the outcome of any chance. The unity, the harmony, the progress, that we see, disclose to us the working of an eternal purpose.

It is in that purpose that nature reveals to us the existence of that God, who, in the beginning, created the heaven and the earth. It is not a demonstration, but the inference is clear and strong. Purposes means intelligence, purpose means will; one intelligence, one will, one God.—Washington Cladden.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand—

The hand of a friend most dear
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land—

But what of the hand that is near?

For the living touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives in our hand alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone,
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone,
And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by are our hands more swift

For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp, for a kindly, helpful lift,
The burdens some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,

And the touch of the hand that is near?
—British Weekly.

WESTERN SPORT MADE CLEAN.

In a little prairie town in Western Canada no settled minister could be secured. But there were a few persons who knew the value of religion, and they determined to have a Sunday School of their own.

The young men of the town had an athletic association. At their practices and on field days the language used and the general tone of the men was low and base.

There was a gang of boys from eleven to sixteen years of age who were attempting to be as tough as the older fellows. When the Sunday School was organized these constituted something of a problem.

The two leading Sunday School workers were young men, and good athletes. They joined the athletic association, and when by their good work they were indispensable to the teams, they said, in effect: "We want to have the respect and confidence of the town. You boys must cut out all that vile talk."

The boys saw the point and responded loyally. The thing was done. Sports there are clean, and other teams who come to play are politely told, if they fail to be gentlemanly, that they must obey the unwritten law or the game will be stopped. The effect on sport is phenomenal.

The gang of younger boys now determined to be as honorable as the senior

teams. They met in solemn conclave. They determined bad talk must stop in their sports.

But how enforce discipline? No government is quite so rigorous as that of boys of this age. Finally they decided that if one of their number was heard to use bad or unclean language, the fellow who heard him must hit him as hard as he could in the face, and the offender dare not resent this, in pain of expulsion from the gang.

For a time blood flowed. But the boys stood manfully to their compact. Their sport is now clean!—Ex.

HOW TO GET.

"Ye have not, because ye ask not." A great many Christian workers, Sabbath School teachers and ministers are asking, nowadays: "Why do I make so little progress in my Christian life? Why do I see so little fruit of my labors? Why are there so few conversions under my ministry? Why are there so few accessions to my church?" And God answers in these words, "Ye have not, because ye ask not."

Are you a Sabbath School teacher? Do you want power to bring your class to Christ? Ask for it.

A well-known evangelist says:—One day, in Sydney, Australia, there came into our meeting eighteen young women, who sat on my left in a long row.

When I gave the invitation, the whole eighteen arose, walked down front, and publicly confessed Christ.

I said to myself: 'There's a Sabbath School class with a faithful, praying, working teacher.' And so it proved. Their teacher, a young woman, had prayed and worked for a definite conversion of each one, and her prayers were answered."

INFLUENCE.

Everyone is a teacher. The influence of your life is constantly affecting some one else. It is impossible that anyone stand in your presence for five minutes and go out exactly the same.

Everyone has two lives, so to speak, the inner or heart life and the outer life or our own lives as men see them. This is the distinction between character and reputation. Reputation is what men say you are; character is what God knows you are.

The inner life rules the outer and will in time reveal itself. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." You can't fool God at all, or men all the time.—Joseph Clark.

The Children's Record

FORMING THE HABIT.

What Habit?

We'll See.

My Dear men and women of to-morrow:—

Will you please give me your ears for a few minutes. You needn't break them off and mail them, but just bend them this way a little, and hold them steady, so that what is put into them will find its way through to brain and heart.

"But it is our eyes and not our ears that read the Record. We are not blind and dependent upon having it read to us; nor ignorant and unable to read it."

Well, be thankful for your eyes and your knowledge, and use them always in reading only the clean and pure and helpful, and if you turn your eyes this way I will try and make the Record so that you will always see in it something to interest and to help.

But all this is aside from the subject. I want a word with you on a question of supreme importance, the formation of a habit that will affect your whole life and the lives of others whom your lives may touch.

"What habit?"

The habit of church-going.

"Oh———! Is that all?"

Well, just keep your ear bent—I beg pardon, your eye—and let me ask you a few questions, and then you will see whether the habit is not worthy of the most earnest attention you can give to it.

Is it not a fact that habits formed in childhood keep to one through life?

Is it not a fact that men and women who are dependable to-day, were dependable boys and girls?

Is it not a fact that tricky or deceitful men and women are living out—as a rule—what they were in youth?

Is it not a fact that—as a rule—the men and women who go to church regularly to-day, did so when they were young?

Is it not a fact that, in most cases, men

and women who did not—when young—attend church regularly, do not do so to-day?

And so I might go on. The lazy, idle, careless boy or girl will likely make a lazy, idle, careless man or woman; the diligent youth will be followed by a diligent maturity; the Christian boyhood and girlhood by a Christian manhood and womanhood.

If all these things be so, is it not likely that if you form the habit of church-going when young, you will keep it up when old, and if you are a stay-at-home in childhood, you will probably continue the same through life.

"Well, what of that?"

What of that? Just keep your ears bent for a few more facts.

It is not a fact that young men and women, when they go out in life, if they are not church-goers, generally seek amusement or pleasure on Sunday?

Is it not a fact that most of the companionship in life which would tend to lead to drinking and other hurtful habits, is to be found there rather than at church?

Is it not a fact that church-going, when you are among strangers, will introduce you to safer and better companionship than will places of Sunday pleasure?

Is it not a fact that nearly all of the world's down-and-outers, the criminals, the jail-dwellers, the underworld, the wreckage floating on life's sea—are those who have not been church-goers?

Is it not a fact that the world's best, happiest, most helpful people, whether rich or poor, are, as a rule, church-goers, honoring their Father's house and His day and His name?

Is it not a fact that the young people away from home, who are habitual church-goers, and keep the companionship and follow the example of those found there, will never make wrecks of their lives, and that many young people who follow an opposite course do make wrecks of their lives?

Is it not a fact that the church-goer is in the way of being reminded, week by week, that he is not a mere animal, living a little

while for the pleasures he can get here; but that he is an immortal, and that this life is only his infancy; and is it not a fact that the Sunday idler and amusement-seeker is liable to forget altogether that he is immortal?

Is it not a fact that those who neglect God's house, are liable to forget God Himself?

Is it not a fact that there will soon come a time in the lives of each one of us when none but God can help us, and if we have lived away from Him what will we do when all else fails us?

If all these things be true and you know they are true—is it not the highest wisdom for you to form the habit of church-going now, cold or hot, ran or shine? You will be putting yourself in the way of what is best. You will be shaping a life that will keep you away from much that is hurtful and bring you into touch with the best. You will be putting yourself in the way where the Great and Good Father passes by, helping and blessing all who put themselves in His way.

But above all remember this greatest, most important fact of all, that even church-going cannot save men, that only Jesus Christ can give pardon of sin and peace of conscience and rest of soul for now and forever.

Dear men and women of to-morrow, won't you "get the habit"—form the habit, that will bring you into life-long touch with His people, His house, His worship, and if you are willing with Himself?

AN OLD FABLE EVER TRUE.

A donkey once found a lion's skin which some hunters had left in the sun to dry. He put the skin on and went toward his native village. At his approach, all fled, both men and animals.

The donkey became so proud and delighted that he lifted up his voice and brayed his very loudest. As soon as his first heehaw was heard, everyone knew him, and his owner came up with a cudgel and gave him a sound beating for the fright he had caused.

Later on, the donkey, sadder and perhaps wiser, met a fox that said, "I knew you by your voice."

Though fine clothes may disguise, silly words will disclose the fool.

AT THE SUGAR CAMP.

Joe tore into the house.

"O mother, may I go to Uncle Ethan's sugar camp?"

"Did he invite you?"

"Yes, just now. They're waiting for me."

"You're sure you didn't hint?"

"No, mother. I was just going past and there was the whole load—and Uncle Ethan called, 'Hey, Joe, can you come? There's room for one more.' I told them if they'd just wait a minute I'd find out."

"Didn't he say anything about my coming?" asked Callie, two years younger than Joe.

"No," answered Joe regretfully.

"Why didn't you say, 'Shall I ask Callie, too?'"

"Why, that would have been hinting, 'I couldn't do that.'"

"No," answered mother, "you were quite right. Hurry and get on your things. We mustn't keep them waiting."

All the way out, in spite of the jolly talk of the older boys and girls, Joe could not help thinking of little Callie and how much she would have liked to be with them.

It was almost eleven o'clock and the young people had begun planning for dinner when Joe noticed Uncle Ethan alone in the bobsled.

"O Uncle Ethan," he called, "where are you going?"

"I'm going home for dinner to-day," answered Uncle Ethan.

"And when are you coming back?"

"By one o'clock."

"May I ride with you?"

"Of course you may. I expect its a mite dull for you, with nobody here your age."

"Oh, no," Joe protested. "It isn't that; but I thought"—he hesitated—"I thought I might stay home this afternoon and perhaps you'd let Callie take my place. She wanted to come."

"Why, bless me," exclaimed Uncle Ethan. "Why didn't you say something about it this morning? She could just as well have come with us. As for your staying at home this afternoon—why, you'll both come back with me, that's sure."

As they were riding out after dinner, Callie, all smiling and dimpling under her red hood, asked:

"Uncle Ethan, what are all the things out of which they make sugar?"

"Well," answered Uncle Ethan, "there are sugar cane, and maple trees, and sugar beets."

"But all the sweet things don't grow that way, do they?" demanded Callie significantly. "Some of them grow in brothers—and uncles."—The Morning Star.

THE "B. O. W. H."

Winthrop Appleton, he said his name was when he joined the school, and that name, together with his very nice clothes and the fact that he had come to live in the big house on the hill, made the other boys in the school a little shy of him, for fear that he would be "stuck up."

The truth was that he had never been to a school before, but had been taught at home, and the other boys frightened him very much, and he never dreamed that they were afraid of him.

"How ever will I get to know the boys?" he asked wistfully of the one friendly boy who sat beside him in school, and walked part of the way home with him.

"Say, you join the 'B. O. W. H.', and then they'll all know you, at least all of the best ones. But you wouldn't join them."

"Wouldn't I? Just try me. But why do you think I wouldn't?"

"'Cause they have a president, and you have to do just as he and one or two others say; you have to do some funny stunts sometimes, and I don't believe you'd like to do some of them."

"But the other boys do them," pleaded Winthrop.

"Yes, but—er—well, you're sort of swell, you know, and you wouldn't do some of the things. I know you wouldn't."

"Swell, nothing!" said Winthrop again. "Perhaps my clothes are some swell, but my heart isn't a bit swelled, and I do want the boys for friends, they all seem to have such good old times together."

Bob, the friendly boy, reported all this talk to the president of the "B. O. W. H.", and as a result, Winthrop was seen a few days later going down the main street of the village, with a shovel over his shoulder and a bucket in his hand.

In this shape he was seen by his aunt, who held up her gloved hands in horror, saying:

"Winthrop Appleton, where are you going in that rig, with that—er—shovel, I suppose it is, and a pail?"

"Where? To dig some potatoes for the Widow Long. I am in training for the 'B. O. W. H.'"

"For the what? Put down that pail and come home! Have you gone quite crazy? Do I live to see an Appleton with a shovel on his shoulder?"

"Can't, auntie, I am on the president's business, and must hurry." And with a laugh, Winthrop ran off down the street. But at the supper table, his father said:

"Well, Winthrop, I understand that you have joined the shovel brigade. Just what is it all for?"

"Why, you see, dad, all the best boys belong to the 'Brotherhood Of Willing Helpers,' and to be really friends with them, I'd have to be a helper, too, and all their test stunts are like what I did to-day, and, honest, it was lots of fun, and the old lady was so pleased, and she gave me some cookies which were—well, they were just all right."

"Just listen to that!" said the father. "When I was a lad, and went to that school, the only 'brotherhood' which we knew was one of mischief, of taking apples and melons, letting out hens, and other things too mean to mention. And they say the world is getting wicked. This doesn't look like it. Here's long life to the 'B. O. W. H.', and may our Winthrop live to be president of it!"—In The Child's Hour.

A FRONTIER HERO.

In the summer of 1901 I was visiting in a German home in Oklahoma.

As we entered the house a large black Newfoundland dog followed in. His beauty caught my eye, and I made some remark about him; and that led to this story, told by the old German lady.

"In the early days of the settlement of Kansas, we settled in the southern part of the State. We owned a bigger and stronger dog then than this one. We had only one child then, Charlie. He was a little over two.

"Our work team was a yoke of oxen, one of them inclined to be 'ugly.'

"The dog—Bruno—had taken up with the baby from the very first time he ever saw it and as soon as the baby was able to crawl, and later to run about, Bruno was always with him. I don't believe he ever let that child get out of his sight when he was out of doors.

"One day, when father was working away from home, I went out at noon to water the oxen. Charlie had followed me out into the yard, though I did not know it. He had on a red dress, which must have drawn the attention of the 'ox, and with a snort the animal charged.

"My first impression was that he was rushing at me, but the instant I fixed my eyes upon him I knew better, and turning quickly in the direction of his terrible eyes, I saw Charlie.

"I was so frightened that to this day I do not know what I did—it always seems to me that I was trying to run to my child, but could not move.

"As usual, Bruno was near the child. He, too, saw what had happened. With the noble instinct of his breed (he was a cross between a mastiff and Newfoundland) he sprang in front of the unsuspecting child. I can see him to-day, his great muscles standing out in knots upon his shoulders, his powerful, crouching limbs tense for the on-coming struggle, his white teeth shining, and his flaming, fearless eyes fixed upon the infuriated, charging beast.

"Before the maddened ox had reached him, with one mighty bound Bruno met him, and, seizing him by the nose, he crouched to the ground and held him fast until I had run and caught my child up in my arms and run into the house. I was so weak with fright that I could not stand, but sank down upon the floor and cried for sheer joy.

"When father came home that night, of course that was the first thing I had to tell him. He had always thought lots of Bruno, and was always very fond of the baby; but I think he had never before thought so much of Bruno or loved his baby so fondly as he did that night as he listened to my story.

"And when I had finished he took Charlie in his arms again, and kissed him half a dozen times; and then he went to the door and opened it and called big Bruno in, and sat down on the floor beside him, and put his arm around his neck and patted him on the big, brave head, and for half an hour talked to him and tried to make him understand that he appreciated what he had done."—O. B. Whitaker, in "Our Dumb Animals."

THE OPEN BOOK.

"I don't see," complained Frances, "how Miss Carter has any right to say what she does about me; she's known me only two weeks, and I've said hardly three words to her out of class."

Cousin Molly smiled wisely. "If a teacher's eyes are wide open, she doesn't need to have you talk to her to know all about you. She can read you like an open book with large print."

"How?" inquired Frances curiously.

"Well, there are all sorts of things besides words that show character. One is the way you walk and hold yourself. Doesn't a girl with a quick, light, springy step and a straight back, seem more ambitious and energetic and in love with life, than one who slouches along and drags her feet, or one who thumps along till it seems as if she were stamping?"

Frances agreed somewhat unwillingly. She could hardly help recognizing the description.

"Then," went on Cousin Molly, "your hands tell a story. The shape of your hands shows whether you're practical or not, whether you like your own way or not, whether you're selfish or generous.

Your voice betrays you. Even if you're saying the pleasantest things in the world, a whiny voice shows an unhappy disposition. There are some voices that are so low and comfortable it just rests you to hear them, and others so high-pitched and nervous and monotonous that the very sound of them is irritating.

The way you wear your clothes reveals a great deal. It is almost always true that the girl whose clothes are put together with pins, is slipshod, and the girl who doesn't know what colors ought to go together lacks taste. I shouldn't wonder if Miss Carter had sometime seen that very safety pin that is now showing at the back of your belt."

Frances flushed and hurriedly adjusted the offending pin.

"I always read something in the way a person shakes hands—whether it's done heartily or limply. And no one has a better chance than a school-teacher for judging your character from your hand-writing—that is one of the things that tells the most. It may be sloppy and careless, or affected and full of quirks and quirks, or firm and clear and even."

"You know my writing's good, anyway," said Frances, with satisfaction. "All those things are things a person could make right by trying."

"Of course they are—only they need care and attention. But I've left the most important till the last. That's your face."

"Now, Cousin Molly, how can anybody help her face?"

"Don't you know the old story of the girl who was complaining because she was so homely, and her mother said, 'My dear, God gave you your face, but it rests with you to make the expression?'"

That's what I mean. You can't alter your features, but your expression is a clearer index of character than anything else about you. It can be fretful or good-tempered, sulky or peaceful, stupid or bright.

Remember, little cousin, you can't manufacture an expression as you'd go to work to form a handwriting. It is a reflection of the feelings within.

So if when you're an old lady you want to have pleasant wrinkles instead of ugly wrinkles, you must go to work at once and try to plant pleasant thoughts and feelings in the garden of your heart."—In "The Comrade."

HAL'S INVESTMENT.

Hal's pocket was a very queer place,
A little of everything in it;
A ball, a knife, some books and tacks,
That he might need any minute.

But one day it held a brand new cent,
Yellow and shining as gold;
Not to be spent for candy or toys,
But to be "vested," he told.

So he 'vested first in shingle nails,
And off to his mother ran;
"I'll fix the closet for you, now,
As well as the carpenter man."

Ten cents he earned at the closet,
Then bought two balls of twine,
And each fruit bush in the garden
He tied up straight and fine.

So the penny grew all summer,
Turned over and over again,
Until at the "treasury meeting,"
It counted up ten times ten.

The queer little trouser's pocket
Could scarce all the money hold,
And a prayer went up with each penny
As it into the mitebox rolled.
—"Over Land and Sea."

BE PREPARED.

What a brave, strong, trustworthy knife it was! I turned it over in my hand admiring its beauty and fitness for any work that might be required of it, when, on giving it closer scrutiny I noticed on the shining blade the motto—"Be prepared." Straightway the knife had an added charm for me—that of being ready for all emergencies.

As I read for a second time the motto that means so much, I thought of my boys and girls and wondered how many of them have come to the place in their work and studies where they realize the necessity of being prepared, for the time comes to all when the success or failure—perhaps the making or marring of a life—will depend on this one thing—being prepared.

Some day you will have finished going to school, and you will begin to look around for a place in the line of work you have chosen. You will, perhaps, be astonished and grieved to find there are many others trying for the same place, and that the one best fitted to fill the position will be the one chosen.

You will see those less capable, perhaps, chosen for the place that you are sure you could fill far better. But could you? Are you so well prepared for the place, so

capable of filling it, that if the one chosen should fail through his incapability you could fill his place?

The world is such a hurly-burly place, it goes at such swift pace that it cannot afford to stop and wait for anyone to catch up with it. This same old world has not much heart or tender sympathy for the struggler, so if you wish for any favors from it, you must earn them by being able to serve it in whichever way it requires.

If you are doing careless work in school, if you are slighting the smallest detail in the shop where you may be serving an apprenticeship, if you are cheating others and yourself by slipshod ways, then you may be very sure that there are others who are fitting themselves to fill the place you will want and expect.

If you are having golden dreams of what the future will bring to you, wake up and begin to fit yourself for that work. Decide what you wish to be and to do, and then keep ever before you the motto—"Be prepared."

Do not depend upon fine dress, good looks, wealth, position or friends to carry you through, for if you do, you will fail utterly. Friends cannot help you to make good, riches and position cannot make up for incapability, good looks and fine apparel will not soften the heart of a disappointed and angry employer. It is you and you alone that will be judged.

There is always the place and the time and the opportunity for the right boy, the right girl. Will you be the right one, when the call comes for the one who is thoroughly prepared?—In The Comrade.

A DOG'S MEMORY.

An English clergyman once owned a dog which was very much attached to him. When he was compelled to leave his country for a long sojourn abroad, the clergyman took his devoted canine companion to the house of his friend. There the dog remained for about two years. Then the long-absent owner returned and, arriving at his friend's house late at night, retired without having the dog called.

Early next morning the sleeping owner was awakened by the dog, bursting into his bed-room, and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstration of delight.

"How could he possibly know I had arrived?" asked the clergyman.

"O, sir," the valet replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots, the dog recognized them, and I have not been able to quiet him till he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed along with me to your door."—Our Dumb Animals.

World Wide Work

BRITAIN'S FUTURE IN INDIA.

Extracts from special correspondence to the "London Times":—

A few conclusions based upon prolonged acquaintance with India, and recent inquiries on the spot, may be of interest.

The first statement which it is necessary to make is that reforms recently instituted in India have left almost entirely unaffected those essential conditions which chiefly concern us. So far as there is any menace, direct or indirect, to the continuance of British rule in India, the reforms have not abated that menace in any material degree. On the contrary, their ultimate and inevitable effect must be to accentuate it.

We are face to face with the antagonism, open or veiled, of a very large proportion of the Indian peoples. Our rule is disliked, not because it is bad, but because it is alien; and if we were a race of administrative archangels the situation would be very much the same. Our difficulties in the future are likely to arise in a great measure because we are reluctant to recognise this tangible fact. We want to be loved for our good works; yet it is not our good works, but our presence that is chiefly resented.

The Causes of Unrest.

We shall never rightly understand the problem of India unless we realise that such causes of unrest as exist are only in a very limited way local and accidental. The real cause of unrest is not Indian at all, but Asiatic. The unrest is the most visible symptom of that resentment of prolonged European domination which is affecting the whole continent of Asia. For 300 years the tide of European dominion has flowed eastward, -but the ebb has now set in. It became inevitable from the day that steam and quick transit broke down the barriers of India's isolation, and her yielding people began to cross the seas.

It is part of a great world-movement, the end of which no man can foresee. No concessions, however sweeping, will conjure it. We have to reckon with its continued—and most natural—increase and growth, and to shape our course accordingly. And, meanwhile, it is of little avail to peer into odd corners for minor causes of unrest. These swell the stream, but they do not furnish the main current.

The Outlook of India.

The inquirer returning from India is constantly asked, "Is there likely to be trouble, and when is it coming?" The dangers of political prophecy are manifold. It is wiser to confine oneself to indicating certain possibilities.

Many Anglo-Indians are prone to allow individual friendships to cloud their political judgment. No man can have lived long in India without forming warm and enduring friendships with some of its people. Their gratitude, their warmth of heart, their capacity for devotion to individuals, their abiding recollection of slight benefits or casual favours, their gentleness and sympathy, the sincerity of their hospitality, are qualities that endear them to the stranger from the West.

But we must not confuse personal predilections with broad political tendencies. At the time when our relations with France seemed permanently strained, Englishmen crossing the Channel almost invariably received a kindly welcome. Such antagonism as existed was not personal, but political.

So it is in India. It is not the individual alien who is disliked, but the collective alien rule, and the gulf that is created by awakening political desires is widening, and cannot be bridged. Sedition, spoken or written, is only a casual symptom, though a very serious one, of the general tendency of Indian thought. Probably no country has ever been without sedition.

We have to modify some of the popular notions about Oriental tendencies. One very great misconception is that the Oriental is always meek and subservient. The real fact is, as the history of India shows, that the Oriental mind is accustomed to rebellion. Given a suitable opportunity, the rebellion will generally be forthcoming.

What, then are the probabilities? That the anarchist organisation will continue to spread, and will break forth into fitful out-rages, is tolerably certain. The anarchists remain a class apart, though they are really only the ultimate expression of a very widespread phase of Indian feeling. Lord Morley is under no illusions about their continued existence, and has repeatedly warned the British public that "bombs are not at an end."

Alone the anarchists could do little. A Punjaub civilian said proudly, "The bomb is not made that could burst the Indian

Empire." But we have also to reckon with the permanent irremediable antagonism which exists among large sections of the population.

That is a factor which must endure, and it is unsafe to assume that it will always smoulder and never flare forth. It cannot now abate, and must ultimately find an outlet. How, or when, it will seek vent are matters which are on the knees of the gods. Some wild and improbable story, passed excitedly from lip to lip, may be the spark which will start a conflagration.

A far more possible cause will be the entanglement of Britain in difficulties elsewhere. Ten years ago Lord Curzon sent across the Indian Ocean the contingent that saved Natal. One can hardly conceive a repetition of that act to-day.

It cannot be too often insisted, however, that here is not the slightest visible possibility of any trouble in India which cannot be dealt with by the forces now on the spot. The stability of British rule in India is never likely to be seriously impaired, at any rate in our time, except by ourselves. The great industrial undertakings cannot be materially affected by any outbreak. If trouble comes in India, it can assuredly be suppressed—this time. There has been no lack of warnings, and the Government is certain not to be caught slumbering.

Our Attitude Towards India.

The more one studies Indian affairs the more one is driven to the conclusion that many of our difficulties are due to the fact that we have never made up our minds as to our purpose there. As a nation we do not possess the faculty of clear thinking. Over and over again reflecting Civil servants have said to me: "What are we here for? If I only knew that, I should know how to order my life and my duty."

The civilian nowadays is perplexed and puzzled. He sees the conflict of the rival ideas—the one that we are in India for the good of the people, and the other that we are there primarily for our own good. He finds it difficult to reconcile the two schools of thought.

The task of the man who nowadays seeks to implant a greater degree of western civilization among peoples whose chief awakening desire is to control themselves is hard indeed. Benefits forced upon reluctant peoples are very soon forgot.

I can see no outcome save a gradual limitation of the aims of our work in India. To hold what we have, to make concessions slowly and cautiously, to rule justly and fearlessly, to continue our thankless endeavours to advance the well-being of India without praise and without gratitude, and never to do anything to impair the stability of our rule—these must suffice.

We must never forget that, as Lord Morley has said, India is our only real Empire. It is the keystone of the Imperial edifice. We recovered from the loss of America, but we should never, as a great nation, survive the loss of India. When we lost America we were calling a new Empire into existence. The acquisition of India redressed the balance.

The growth of Australia and Canada, our services to the world in the Napoleonic wars, our long lead in the earlier era of manufacture by machinery assuaged and healed and reconstructed our wounded prestige, and brought us new and vast outlets for our wealth and our energy.

Such opportunities for renewed growth and rehabilitation seldom occur twice in the life-time of a nation. All the more, therefore, does it behove us to seek to conserve the Empire of India. We shall only do it by always remembering, among other things, that, as has been most truly said, "beneath the small film of white men who make up the Indian Empire boils or sleeps a sea of dark men, incurably hostile, who await with patience the day when the ice shall break and the ocean regain its power of restless movement under its own laws."

INFANTILE SLAVERY.

Miss Chamberlain, a graduate of Vassar College, secured work in some of the fruit and vegetable canneries in New York State, to study conditions there, and before the State Factory Investigating Committee, a few days ago, she testified "that children four years old and upwards had been employed in snipping beans, cutting corn, and sorting peas and beans. During the busy season these children worked regularly from 4 a.m. to 10 p.m., and sometimes until 12 p.m. She declared that the spectacle of "these little human machines, some of them with their fingers wrapped in bandages, the result of having them split in their work, was as sad as it was shocking."

"The people of the State would indeed be appalled if they were to see these children on cold mornings, shivering in blankets at work, scarcely awake. Some of the little ones would fall asleep, others would cry and want to stop work, but I have seen them whacked by their parents and compelled to stay at their task."

What about conditions in Canada? To what extent are little children compelled by their parents and permitted by factories of different kinds to labor early and late, often in unwholesome surroundings, when they should be at school or at play in the open air, building up a healthy manhood and womanhood.

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Toronto, 1st Wednesday June, 1913.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces. Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney.
2. Inverness, Whyco., 4 Mar., 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro, Truro, 18 March.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, Lunenburg, March.
8. St. John, St. John, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Chatham, 11 Mar., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 4 March, 2 p.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Prescott, 2nd Tuesday May, 1913.

11. Quebec, Danville, 4 Mar., 11 a.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 11 Mar., 10 a.m.
13. Glengarry, Cornwall, 4 March, 1.30.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark.
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 18 March.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston. Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 4 March, 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 11 Mar., 9.30.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 15 Apl., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville, 11 Mar. 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 2 Tues. Mar., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Burke's Falls, March.
25. Temiskaming.
26. Algoma, Sudbury, March 8 p.m.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 4 Mar., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Harriston, 4 Mar., 9 a.m.
29. Guelph, Galt., 18 Mar., 11 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London. Hamilton, Last Monday of April, 1913.

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 4 Mar., 9.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Woodstock, 11 March, 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 4 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 11 Mar., 10.30.
34. Sarnia, Petrolia, 4 Mar., 2 p.m.
35. Stratford.
36. Huron.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 4 Mar., 10.30
38. Bruce, Paisley, 4 Mar., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba. Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Fort William, March.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake.
42. Glenboro.
43. Portage la Prairie, 4 Mar., 4 p.m.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa.
46. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan. 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton.
48. Abernethy,
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 6 May, 10 a.m.
50. Arcola.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sep., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Saskatoon.
55. Prince Albert.
56. Battleford.
57. Swift Current.

Synod of Alberta.

58. Vermillion.
59. Edmonton.
60. Lacombe.
61. Red Deer.
62. Calgary.
63. High River.
64. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia. Vancouver, May, 1913.

65. Kootenay.
66. Kamloops.
67. Westminster, New Wmstr., 4 Mar. 10
68. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.**Calls From**

Tweed, Ont., to Mr. James Rattray, of Eganville, Ont.

Danville, Que., to Mr. L. A. McLean, of Calvin Church, St. Johns, N.B. Accepted.

Westville, N.S., to Mr. D. A. Frame, of Lunenburg, N.S.

W. Branch, River John, N.S., to Mr. C. J. McInnes, of Caledonia, N.S.

W. River and Green Hill, N.S., to Mr. A. H. Foster, Maitland, N.S. Accepted.

Glebe Ch., Ottawa, to Mr. T. J. Thompson, of Collingwood, Ont. Accepted.

Liberty, Penzance, etc., Sask., to Mr. W. W. McRae, of Balgonie, Sask.

Egmondville, Ont., to Mr. James Argo, of Ivan, Ont. Accepted.

Hamilton Rd. Ch., London, to Dr. D. L. McRae, of Westminster. Accepted.

Inductions Into

Oshawa, Ont., February 13, Mr. Geo. Yule.

Sydenham and St. Vincent, Ont., February 11, Mr. P. Mathieson.

New Mills, N.B., February 18, Mr. F. L. Jobb.

Elkhorn and Woodville, Man., February 5, Mr. Hillis Wright.

Reston, Man., February 14, Mr. G. M. Young.

Vista and Kellock, Man., February 18, Mr. R. Ashcroft.

Resignations of

Dundalk and Ventry, Ont., Mr. Jas. Buchanan.

Moffat, Sask., Mr. A. Fraser.

Sintaluta, Sask., Mr. R. MacNight.

Cypress River, Man., Mr. J. M. Kellock.

Treherne, Man., Mr. J. A. Smith.

STANDING COMMITTEES OF ASSEMBLY.

Presbyteries are reminded that they are encouraged to forward to the Convener of the 'Committee to nominate Standing Committees'... each year, "the names and addresses of any who, in their opinion, possess special qualifications for service on any of the Standing Committees." (Assembly minutes of 1909, page 61.)

Unless for special reasons, only those in the 1913 column are changed this year.

Rev. S. H. EASTMAN, Convener,
Port Stanley, Ont.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A gentleman who has been taking and distributing the Record for his congregation for a number of years, writes:—

"Please find inclosed a money order for \$19.00 for seventy-six copies of the Record. They wanted me to send the list same as last year, but I told them I would not; that I was ashamed to send for the same number from year to year; but if they would double the subscription I would be bothered with it. So you see, they have done even better than that, they have trebled it."

"We enjoy the Record. It is about all the reading some of our people do," writes another.

But time would fail to tell the many similar kindly words that come, which are so helpful in trying to make the pages of the Record best fulfil their purpose.

VOLUMES OF THE RECORD.

There are in the Record Office a few volumes for some, not all, of the past twenty years or more, unbound, which will be sent free, while they last, to any who will promise to preserve them by binding or in any other way.

Volumes of the Presbyterian Witness.

There is also a file of The Presbyterian Witness, fairly complete, for perhaps thirty years, or from near its beginning, from say about 1856 to 1890. Spread out, full size of the page, they make a pile nearly three feet high. Age is telling on the paper. They are frail but readable and of interest to the student of the history of our Church in the Maritime Synod. Space is limited, and these will be sent to any who will pay the cost of boxing and shipping them.

Georgetown, "the oldest rural Presbyterian Church in the Province of Quebec," says the Huntingdon Gleaner, celebrated its ninetieth anniversary on the last Sabbath of January, and a few weeks previous the semi-jubilee of Mr. Whillans' pastorate.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Jan. | Mar. 1 to Jan. 31 |
|------------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| Home Missions.... | \$24,802.83 | \$68,595.95 |
| Augmentation | 4,025.70 | 9,028.62 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 17,815.71 | 57,928.65 |
| Widows & Orphans... | 1,033.00 | 2,624.00 |
| A. & I. Ministers... | 1,251.40 | 3,510.08 |
| Assembly Fund. | 665.80 | 2,183.34 |
| French Evangeliztn. | 1,735.00 | 4,087.69 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 3,602.64 | 7,925.90 |
| Social Service, etc... | 2,195.39 | 9,491.55 |
| Jewish Mission..... | 1,477.00 | 3,500.28 |
| Deaconess Tg. Home | 134.00 | 258.20 |
| Knox College..... | 953.00 | 1,784.50 |
| Queen's College.... | 411.00 | 805.08 |
| Montreal College... | 448.00 | 900.08 |
| Manitoba College... | 342.00 | 721.63 |
| Westminster Hall... | 136.00 | 420.00 |
| Alberta College.... | 133.00 | 595.08 |
| Saskatchewan College | 9.00 | 17.00 |

RECEIVED DURING JANUARY

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

| Ontario. | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| Rv. R. C. Tibb . . . \$ | 8.00 |
| Scarboro', Zion . . . | 76.00 |
| Barrie, Chinese . . . | 30.00 |
| Riversdale . . . | 25.00 |
| Woodstock, Chal. . . | 215.00 |
| Keldon, Gandier . . . | 12.00 |
| Palmerston, Kx. . . | 91.00 |
| Guelph, St. And. . . | 200.00 |
| Farrington . . . | 414.49 |
| Lancaster, St. And. . . | 250.00 |
| Weston . . . | 61.00 |
| Fairbairn . . . | 87.00 |
| Tiverton, Kx. . . | 159.00 |
| Bellevil, St. And. . . | 573.18 |
| Misses Ferguson . . . | 20.00 |
| Smith Falls, Chin. . . | 4.25 |
| Otta., Stewartn Chin. . . | 83.00 |
| Zephyr . . . | 40.00 |
| Barrie . . . | 180.00 |
| Teeswater . . . | 400.00 |
| English Settltmt. . . | 51.00 |
| Walton . . . | 87.00 |
| Lon., St. A., Chinese . . . | 71.30 |
| Glenmorris . . . | 113.93 |
| Motherwell . . . | 25.00 |
| Waldemar . . . | 45.13 |
| Ravenswood, jr. b.c. . . | 5.00 |
| Carleton, Pl., St. A. . . | 365.54 |
| Parry Sound . . . | 198.68 |
| Culloden . . . | 44.25 |
| Brucefield . . . | 34.00 |
| Fort Wm., St. And. . . | 88.00 |
| Melrose . . . | 48.40 |
| S. Ste. Marie, St. A. . . | 2,200.00 |
| Cranbrook, ss. . . | 6.00 |
| Dunbar, ss. . . | 8.00 |
| Niagara, St. A. . . | 84.40 |
| Oro, ss. . . | 10.00 |

| | |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Isabella Taylor . . . | 10.00 |
| Gore, ss. . . | 2.25 |
| Burnstown, ss. . . | 25.00 |
| Nairn . . . | 148.00 |
| Desboro' . . . | 81.50 |
| Clinton, ss. . . | 10.46 |
| Thamesford . . . | 227.00 |
| Lon., St. Paul . . . | 50.00 |
| Mimosa . . . | 78.80 |
| " ss. . . | 10.00 |
| Amherst Isle . . . | 50.00 |
| Nairn, ss. . . | 2.00 |
| Milliken . . . | 21.00 |
| Warwick . . . | 17.00 |
| Otta., Erskine ss. . . | 300.00 |
| Beaverton, Kx. . . | 300.00 |
| Oneida . . . | 45.00 |
| " ss. . . | 30.00 |
| Carp . . . | 40.40 |
| Otta., Erskine . . . | 715.00 |
| N. Lunenburg . . . | 32.00 |
| Richmond . . . | 70.00 |
| Dr. J. M. Duncan . . . | 6.95 |
| Rv. W. H. Geddes . . . | 13.95 |
| Rv. F. H. Larkin . . . | 18.90 |
| Rv. W. Robertson . . . | 15.15 |
| Rv. D. A. Thomson . . . | 7.15 |
| Preston . . . | 91.10 |
| W. Toronto . . . | 25.00 |
| Onondaga . . . | 44.35 |
| Rv. J. M. Whitelaw . . . | 6.35 |
| Est. K. Urquhart . . . | 190.36 |
| Tor., St. Jas. Sq. . . | 300.00 |
| Calvin . . . | 2.50 |
| Niag. Falls, St. A. . . | 210.00 |
| Rv. D. A. McCuaig . . . | 14.10 |
| Bethesda . . . | 7.00 |
| Peterboro, Kx. . . | 300.00 |
| Merrickville . . . | 17.00 |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| N. M. Riddell . . . | 50.00 |
| Campbellford . . . | 370.99 |
| East Zorra . . . | 45.00 |
| Ham., Erskine . . . | 720.00 |
| Port Credit . . . | 60.00 |
| Seaforth . . . | 384.63 |
| Waterdown . . . | 107.82 |
| Merriton . . . | 35.00 |
| Priceville . . . | 50.00 |
| McDonald Cors. . . | 2.90 |
| Ethel . . . | 101.84 |
| Demorestvl, Crofton . . . | 7.25 |
| S. Nissouri . . . | 30.00 |
| Dutton . . . | 141.00 |
| White Lake . . . | 25.00 |
| Appleton, ss. . . | 50.00 |
| Vyner . . . | 15.00 |
| "J. R. C." . . . | 88.00 |
| Otta., Stewartn ss. . . | 40.00 |
| Dr. R. P. MacKay . . . | 6.95 |
| Lake Road . . . | 31.00 |
| Tor., Ersk., Boys' cl. . . | 25.00 |
| Rv. R. M. Phalen . . . | 8.20 |
| Alice Petawawa . . . | 238.00 |
| Allandale . . . | 81.75 |
| Rv. D. C. MacGregor . . . | 23.33 |
| Dr. W. Farquharson . . . | 7.70 |
| Dr. W. G. Wallace . . . | 5.80 |
| Underwood . . . | 115.00 |
| Maxville . . . | 25.00 |
| Hillsburg . . . | 303.10 |
| Gananoque, ss. . . | 44.00 |
| Normanby . . . | 112.10 |
| Bobcaygeon, ss. . . | 10.00 |
| Caledon East . . . | 18.00 |
| Florence . . . | 21.00 |
| Burford . . . | 19.00 |
| Harrington . . . | 100.00 |
| Tor., Cowan . . . | 24.04 |
| Tor., Collego St. . . | 25.00 |
| Arnprior, Miss Mc- Intosh cl. . . | 21.00 |
| Brown's Cors. . . | 16.45 |
| Hon. Geo. Bryson . . . | 250.00 |
| Rv. Robt. Martin . . . | 10.80 |
| Rv. W. A. MacKay . . . | 24.25 |
| Rv. D. A. McLean . . . | 15.30 |
| Rv. Thos. Nixon . . . | 6.10 |
| Rv. J. Radford . . . | 8.90 |
| Mrs. D. McAlpine . . . | 1.00 |
| Delaware . . . | 13.00 |
| Sonya . . . | 100.00 |
| Burk's Falls ss. . . | 4.47 |
| Rv. J. G. Greig . . . | 6.95 |
| Harwich, St. Pa., St. . . | 167.00 |
| Jas. . . | 187.00 |
| Morewood . . . | 333.00 |
| Lake Road . . . | 2.00 |
| E. Nottawasaga . . . | 28.00 |
| Lancaster, Kx. . . | 257.80 |
| St. Porcupine, ss. . . | 15.00 |
| Avonbank . . . | 192.93 |
| McKillop . . . | 92.73 |
| Carlingford . . . | 2.40 |
| Eldon Station . . . | 45.25 |
| Farrington, ss. . . | 200.00 |
| Fergus, St. A., ce. . . | 25.00 |
| Milverton . . . | 187.27 |
| Cornwall, Kx. . . | 68.00 |
| Bear Creek . . . | 39.00 |
| Mooretown . . . | 4.27 |
| Strabane . . . | 79.00 |
| Belgrave . . . | 6.00 |
| N. Easthope . . . | 79.00 |
| Miller, Matawatchan . . . | 5.00 |
| Deseronto . . . | 60.00 |
| Toledo . . . | 19.75 |
| Athens . . . | 14.13 |
| Doon, ss. . . | 5.75 |
| Rv. A. E. Camp . . . | 12.20 |
| Rv. D. Currie . . . | 7.45 |
| Rv. J. Currie . . . | 7.70 |
| Rv. S. W. Fisher . . . | 6.95 |
| Rv. A. McD. Haig . . . | 7.45 |
| Dr. Gandier . . . | 6.10 |
| Dr. D. M. Gordon . . . | 7.45 |
| Rv. J. B. Hamilton, . . . | 8.00 |
| Dundas . . . | 10.80 |
| Rv. James Malcolm . . . | 6.65 |
| Rv. W. R. McIntosh . . . | 10.80 |
| Rv. H. J. Pritchard . . . | 7.15 |
| Rv. C. T. Tough . . . | 16.90 |
| Rv. E. G. Walker . . . | 8.90 |
| Rv. A. B. Winchester . . . | 6.65 |
| Rv. J. H. Edmison . . . | 7.15 |
| Rv. S. A. Woods . . . | 8.30 |
| Eden Mills . . . | 8.00 |
| Tor., Knox . . . | 456.93 |
| Columbus . . . | 128.00 |
| Orillia, ywa. . . | 35.00 |
| N. Gower . . . | 183.60 |
| Elmvale . . . | 10.00 |
| Riverside . . . | 47.00 |
| Eglinton Friend . . . | 14.00 |
| Aurora . . . | 14.65 |
| Gordonville . . . | 13.00 |
| Tor., Emmanuel . . . | 173.00 |
| Brigden, ss. . . | 10.00 |
| Otonabee, ss. . . | 8.00 |
| Bervie . . . | 36.00 |
| Niagara, St. A. . . | 9.00 |
| Galt, Kx. . . | 1,000.00 |
| S. Plympton . . . | 93.85 |
| Moorefield ss. . . | 12.00 |
| Harry Penny . . . | 5.00 |
| Sand Hill . . . | 5.00 |
| Carleton, Pl., Zi. jr. m.b. . . | 56.00 |
| James Stewart . . . | 100.00 |
| Flos . . . | 30.50 |
| Rv. P. W. Currie . . . | 9.60 |
| Rv. Frank Davey . . . | 11.25 |
| Rv. A. M. Gordon . . . | 7.45 |
| Rv. Archibald Lee . . . | 7.70 |
| Rv. A. H. McFarlane . . . | 16.10 |
| Rv. M. McGillivray . . . | 7.15 |
| Rv. E. W. MacKay . . . | 10.00 |
| Rv. R. MacNabb . . . | 8.00 |
| Rv. H. H. Macphersn . . . | 5.80 |
| Rv. J. Steele . . . | 6.95 |
| Rv. J. H. Turnbull . . . | 7.70 |
| Rv. B. B. Weatherall . . . | 8.20 |
| Rv. Orr Bennet . . . | 5.80 |
| Carlingford . . . | 30.00 |
| Otta., Stewartn . . . | 382.56 |
| Eramosa . . . | 106.00 |
| Zephyr, ss. . . | 11.00 |
| Westminster, 1st . . . | 356.00 |
| Proffline . . . | 67.00 |
| Napier . . . | 55.00 |
| Kirkton . . . | 140.00 |
| Rv. Colin Fletcher . . . | 15.15 |
| Rv. R. M. Dickey . . . | 7.45 |
| Rv. N. H. McGillivray . . . | 7.70 |
| Rv. J. C. Tibb . . . | 7.15 |
| Riversdale, ce. . . | 15.00 |
| Bethel . . . | 41.00 |
| Rv. J. P. Falconer . . . | 5.60 |
| Dunblane . . . | 24.00 |
| Tor., Doverct. . . | 596.09 |
| Tor., St. Jno., abc. . . | 50.00 |
| Whitechurch . . . | 86.18 |
| Carluka . . . | 64.40 |
| St. Thos., Alma, ss. . . | 28.00 |
| Pinkerton . . . | 10.00 |
| Monkton, Logan . . . | 7.00 |
| Winthrop . . . | 107.00 |
| Belmore . . . | 95.00 |
| Sunderland . . . | 43.15 |
| Cromarty, ce. . . | 23.00 |
| Carleton, Pl. Zi. . . | 315.00 |
| Harrington, ss. . . | 2.67 |
| Bond Head . . . | 175.25 |
| Fergus, Mel. . . | 100.00 |
| Ailsa Craig, ss. . . | 12.22 |
| Eugenia . . . | 4.10 |
| Chesley . . . | 400.00 |
| E. Puslinch . . . | 290.00 |
| Bracebridge . . . | 152.00 |
| Mrs. R. M. Boswell . . . | 50.00 |
| Egmondville, ss. . . | 10.50 |

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|-------------------------|--------|--------------------------|--------|--------------------------|----------|--------------------------|----------|
| Mrs. M. Elliott . . . | 125.00 | Rv. E. H. Sawers . . . | 10.00 | Rv. J. U. Tanner . . . | 13.60 | Rv. J. J. Brown . . . | 28.60 |
| Thedford | 43.00 | Mosborough ss. . . . | 5.00 | Rv. J. H. Woodside . . | 8.00 | Rv. Thos. Davidson . | 12.75 |
| Stratford, St. And. . | 88.00 | Paisley | 142.34 | Campbiford ss. . . . | 50.00 | Rv. P. F. Langill . . | 14.60 |
| Caradoc | 131.00 | Port Frances | 47.00 | Winchester | 211.53 | Rv. K. J. Macdonald . | 8.60 |
| Badies | 57.25 | Streetsville | 241.00 | Rv. D. O. MacArthur . | 27.30 | Rv. W. S. Wright . . | 7.70 |
| Motherwell, ce. . . . | 10.00 | Aylmer, Kx. | 103.20 | Rv. A. D. MacKenzie . | 6.95 | Rv. W. T. Wilkins . . | 16.80 |
| Ospringe | 40.00 | Sir W. M. Clark . . . | 470.00 | Perth, Knox | 481.15 | Mt. Pleasant | 13.60 |
| Lonsdale | 14.00 | Fordwich | 25.85 | Amos | 150.42 | Waterdown | 3.50 |
| Harrington ss. . . . | 8.00 | Euphemia | 9.00 | " ss. | 16.07 | Columbus | 38.75 |
| Rv. J. R. Conn . . . | 9.15 | Fleeherton | 29.00 | Keewatin | 145.00 | Springfield | 89.75 |
| Rv. D. Currie | 7.45 | Dundas ss. | 53.00 | Winterbourne | 53.00 | Stirling | 48.81 |
| Rv. J. Johnston . . . | 17.00 | Normandy | 4.00 | W'm'ster, St. And. . . | 353.28 | Chatham, Chal. . . . | 134.00 |
| Rv. A. Leslie | 7.45 | Agincourt ss. | 53.00 | Claremont | 32.00 | Caledon E., Mrs. . . | |
| Rv. John Lindsay . . | 8.60 | Newtonville | 50.00 | " ss. | 4.00 | Cowan's cl. | 10.00 |
| Rv. J. McClung . . . | 7.15 | Lakeport | 122.82 | Alice, Petawa | 2.00 | Scotch Bush | 30.00 |
| Rv. W. I. McLean . . | 12.31 | Essa | 17.80 | Cairo | 20.00 | Ayr, Stanley | 422.60 |
| Rv. F. A. MacLennan . | 8.00 | Markham | 77.00 | Mooretown | 2.00 | Victoria Mine | 50.00 |
| Rv. W. Nichol | 11.10 | Kincardine | 596.00 | W. Lorne | 150.60 | Rv. W. G. Hanna . . | 7.15 |
| Rv. L. Perrin | 12.20 | Markham, mb. | 1.09 | " ss. ce. | 5.50 | Dr. D. D. McLeod . . | 4.30 |
| Rv. J. Ratray | 8.60 | Unionville | 25.65 | Ventry | 31.35 | Exeter | 100.15 |
| Rv. S. M. Whaley . . | 16.00 | Otta., Bank St. . . . | 600.00 | " Gillies mb. | 5.75 | Vankleek Hill ss. . . | 85.00 |
| Rodney | 80.25 | Belleville, St. A. . . | 12.00 | " ss. | 1.71 | W. Gwillimbury . . . | 2.00 |
| Belleville, St. A. . . | 135.00 | Bath | 40.00 | Dundalk | 15.00 | Fairbank ss. | 6.00 |
| Seymour | 139.90 | Barr's | 14.00 | " abc. | 1.71 | Tor., Chal. | 1,277.00 |
| Bothwell | 25.00 | Molesworth | 238.00 | " ss. | 1.31 | Rv. A. J. Mann . . . | 10.40 |
| N. Gower | 62.71 | Pontypool ss. | 1.25 | Rv. Jas. Buchanan . . | 13.30 | Rv. M. MacKinnon . . | 16.10 |
| Bradford ss. | 5.00 | Bolton ss. | 20.00 | Mrs. Carruthers, sr. . | 45.00 | Listowel | 237.59 |
| Rv. R. McKay | 16.10 | Leith ss. | 2.00 | Motherwell | 96.20 | Appin | 39.00 |
| Rv. A. Rintoul | 7.75 | Leith | 61.25 | Summerstown | 45.45 | Whitechurch | .60 |
| Tait's Corners | 119.99 | Otta., St. Paul ss. . . | 14.00 | Baltimore | 290.63 | S. Nissouri | 74.48 |
| " " ss. | 5.00 | Bluevale | 76.00 | Eldon Station | 5.00 | Rv. Jas. McCrae . . . | 10.00 |
| Mrs. W. C. Harris . . | 5.00 | Rv. John Fairlie . . . | 13.30 | Durham | 30.30 | Tor., Knox | 1,000.00 |
| Victoria Mines | 7.25 | Rv. J. A. McKeen . . . | 6.10 | Tilbury E. Fitchr . . . | 70.00 | Mimico | 152.00 |
| Rv. G. R. Fasken . . . | 12.20 | Rv. F. O. Nichol . . . | 5.60 | Ham., McNab | 1,365.00 | Duart ss. | 5.00 |
| Cornwall, Kx. yps. . | 80.00 | Rv. R. Pettigrew . . . | 7.00 | Caledon E. | 90.00 | Normanby | 7.25 |
| Ferguson | 2.75 | Rv. David Ritchie . . . | 14.34 | W. Puslinch, Kx. . . . | 96.00 | Clifford | 409.52 |
| Hollen | 71.50 | Dr. James Ross | 16.10 | " ss. | 36.00 | Rv. Geo. Weir | 6.00 |
| Caledon | 39.25 | Rv. A. A. Scott | 7.45 | Wingham | 402.00 | Rv. T. A. Watson . . | 10.00 |
| Bury's Green | 25.00 | Rv. D. Stewart | 6.65 | Roslin | 11.00 | Fairbank | 15.00 |
| Carlisle ss. | 11.40 | Rv. Geo. Yule | 10.45 | Strathroy | 206.75 | Smith Falls, St. Pa. . | 425.00 |
| Normanby | 36.00 | Bathurst, S. Sher- . . | | Fergus, Mel. ss. | 112.00 | Natrn | 129.00 |
| Kenora ss. | 20.00 | brooke | 45.00 | Ancaster | 20.00 | Belgrave | 10.00 |
| St. Thos., Kx. | 711.45 | Rv. J. W. Cameron . . | 6.95 | Oro | 30.00 | Jas. J. Steele | 250.00 |
| Leeburn | 18.00 | Vankleek Hill | 300.00 | Teeswater | 200.00 | Walton | 43.00 |
| St. Mary's | 508.07 | Walkerton | 810.00 | Tor., Alhambra ss. . . . | 5.00 | " ss. | 25.00 |
| London, King | 272.00 | Sarnia, St. A. ss. . . . | 310.00 | Orillia | 1,000.00 | Lobo | 135.96 |
| Stayner | 222.50 | Fort Frances ss. . . . | 7.46 | Dorchester | 10.00 | Lancaster, Kx. | 20.00 |
| Tiverton, ypg. | 70.00 | Dunwich, abc. | 8.00 | Tor., Ave. Rd., Gor- . . | | Clinton | 310.30 |
| Brucefield ss. | 49.22 | Rv. M. F. Lindsay . . . | 10.45 | don, bc. | 13.00 | Carholm ss. | 3.00 |
| Nairn | 27.50 | Eglington ss. | 133.87 | Rv. A. T. Barnard . . . | 11.85 | W'mstown, St. And. . | 127.00 |
| Arkona | 11.00 | Langside | 61.00 | Rv. G. Milne | 8.60 | Wolfe Island | 24.00 |
| Dunwich | 390.00 | Cedarvale | 9.00 | Rv. G. S. Scott | 8.00 | Ventnor | 19.00 |
| Carleth Pl., Zi. . . . | 24.00 | Strabane | 2.00 | Rv. H. C. Sutherland . . | 6.65 | " ce. | 20.00 |
| Stouffville | 12.00 | Rv. A. M. Hamilton . . | 16.30 | Erin | 164.00 | Kemptville | 121.80 |
| " ss. | 7.00 | Tor., Royce ylb. . . . | 10.00 | Tavistock | 212.00 | Leamington ss. . . . | 10.00 |
| Stratford, Kx. | 500.00 | W. Tor., Victoria ss. . | 9.18 | " ss. | 6.00 | Chatham, 1st | 258.71 |
| Blake | 125.50 | S. Ste. Marie, St. . . . | | Brantford, St. A. . . . | 183.00 | Aultsville, abc. . . . | 2.50 |
| Bellevil, St. A. . . . | 8.00 | A. ss. | 13.23 | Melbourne, ss. | 12.00 | Pickering | 44.30 |
| Arnprior | 98.00 | Scarboro, Zion | 19.00 | Centre Bruce | 70.00 | Dunnville | 46.25 |
| " ss. | 100.00 | Ailsa Craig | 138.15 | Rv. C. S. Lord | 5.80 | Elmsley, Bethel . . . | 90.85 |
| Ayr, Knox | 186.00 | Kintore | 108.83 | Fergus, Mel. ss. | 12.00 | " St. And. | 14.86 |
| Pictou | 4.00 | Kars | 80.00 | Rv. Jas. Wilson | 6.60 | Rv. J. J. L. Gourlay . . | 26.00 |
| Cobourg | 50.00 | Almonte, mb. | 125.00 | Meaford, ss. | 25.14 | Dr. Henry Dickie . . | 10.00 |
| Cache Bay ss. | 8.00 | Stittsville | 16.00 | Comber | 300.00 | Dr. Jno. Gray | 10.00 |
| Cumberland | 104.00 | Normanby | 11.00 | Whitechurch | 18.38 | Rv. R. Harkness . . . | 13.30 |
| English Sett. yps. . . | 19.00 | Claremont ss. | 7.00 | Appleton | 134.00 | Rv. W. M. Martin . . | 6.10 |
| Rv. O. Haughton . . . | 7.70 | Sarnia, St. A. | 300.00 | Ashton | 12.80 | Rv. Walter Moffat . . | 11.70 |
| Rv. N. M. Leckie . . . | 14.45 | Lon., King St. bc. . . | 5.00 | Gorrie | 64.20 | Rv. G. Munro, jr. . . | 11.85 |
| Rv. J. S. McIlraith . . | 11.70 | Bond Head ss. | 9.80 | Foxboro' | 20.60 | St. David's | 55.00 |
| Rv. D. N. MacRae . . . | 6.65 | Aberarder | 133.30 | Thamesford, gld. . . . | 20.00 | Rv. K. MacLennan . . | 5.80 |
| Rv. R. Stewart | 13.60 | Burlington | 80.81 | Millbank | 291.00 | Rv. H. Ross | 13.95 |
| Garden Hill | 77.81 | Nassagaweya | 74.00 | Uxbridge ss. | 50.00 | Rv. J. L. Small | 10.40 |
| Southwold | 123.00 | Lancaster, St. A. . . . | 89.65 | Caintown | 223.70 | Rv. E. McL. Smith . . | 16.60 |
| Waterdown | 17.93 | Dundas | 600.49 | Durham ss. | 10.00 | Rv. A. Thompson . . . | 11.25 |
| Rv. T. Oswald | 6.35 | Corunna | 4.50 | Collingwood | 600.00 | Rv. Wm. Wallis . . . | 10.00 |
| Tor., Emmanuel . . . | 2.35 | Rv. J. H. Barnett . . . | 9.15 | Cumberland ss. | 5.00 | Tor., W'm'ster bc. . . | 36.57 |
| Elphin | 39.45 | Rv. J. R. Bell | 9.00 | Seaforth ss. | 26.00 | Molesworth | 5.00 |
| Whitechurch | 100.00 | Rv. J. D. Byrnes . . . | 13.60 | Mandaunin ss. | 15.00 | Kirkhill | 132.00 |
| Rv. A. W. Shepherd . . | 7.45 | Rv. W. N. Carr | 14.45 | Ham. Central | 1,900.00 | N. Easthope | 37.00 |
| Miss Armour and . . . | | Rv. Geo. Gilmore . . . | 10.00 | Woodville | 438.35 | Tor., Bloor | 4,950.00 |
| Mrs. Waddell | 9.00 | Rv. Alex. Hamilton . . | 13.00 | Unionville ss. | 5.00 | Rv. T. S. Glassford . . | 7.15 |
| Tor., Ave. Rd., yps. . | 15.00 | Rv. R. E. Knowles . . . | 8.00 | Glenallan | 43.00 | Dr. D. R. Drummond . | 8.30 |
| Tor., Chinese | 108.81 | Rv. D. H. McRae . . . | 7.45 | Henry Swan | 20.00 | Rv. Wm. McDonald . . | 15.25 |
| Ham., St. Giles' ss. . | 15.00 | Rv. D. Perrie | 15.30 | Rv. P. W. Anderson . . | 15.50 | Oro. Willis | 42.47 |
| Richard's Land'g ss. . | 6.25 | Rv. T. A. Sadler | 6.35 | Rv. T. A. Bell | 9.60 | Snow Road | 65.50 |

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|--------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------|----------|------------------------------|--------|------------------------------|----------|
| Burnstown | 110.00 | Rv. D. C. McIntyre | 7.70 | North Gower | 6.87 | Mrs. P. Mathieson | 1.00 |
| Kars | 7.00 | Rv. J. Roy Van Wyck | 9.25 | Victoria Harbor | 56.71 | Ham., St. Paul's | 3,200.00 |
| Rv. A. E. Mitchell | 11.70 | N. Lunenburg | 28.00 | Drumbo | 173.00 | Mitchell ss. | 40.64 |
| Rv. M. B. Davidson | 6.55 | " ss. | 16.00 | Tor., Alhambra | 180.47 | Van Vlack | 14.00 |
| Wallaceburg | 400.00 | Egmondville | 46.37 | Owen Sd., Div. | 941.26 | Ham., Calvin ss. . . . | 52.00 |
| Chatsworth | 77.40 | Otta., Glebe | 707.83 | Tor., St. Giles' | 305.00 | Hyde Park ss. | 10.00 |
| " guild | 10.00 | Hesperal ss. | 70.00 | Guelph | 907.00 | St. Cath., Kx. | 275.00 |
| " abc. | 3.00 | Strangfield | 16.00 | Sonya | 73.00 | Quaker Hill ss. . . . | 5.54 |
| Rv. J. McKinnon | 12.75 | Rv. N. R. Sinclair | 6.55 | " ss. | 71.00 | Mosa, Burns' yps. . . . | 250.00 |
| Allenford | 25.00 | Picton | 7.40 | Rv. F. C. Overend | 8.60 | Winchester Spgs. . . . | 11.00 |
| " ss. | 25.00 | Tor. Chinese | 53.45 | Mrs. Hillary | 50.00 | Cedar Hill | 60.00 |
| Tor., Kew Beach | 961.54 | Dutton | 12.00 | Burk's Falls | 1.04 | Carholme | 31.00 |
| Lefroy | 37.84 | Bridgen abc. | 25.00 | Tor., Ave. Rd. | 320.00 | Southampton | 100.00 |
| Bruce Mines | 16.34 | Amherstburg | 13.50 | Quaker Hill | 59.00 | Sunnidale Cors. | 68.00 |
| Ophir, Dunn Val., etc. . . . | 2.00 | Essex | 43.56 | Collingwood, Berea. . . . | 15.00 | Harrington | 10.00 |
| Rv. G. Ballantyne | 8.00 | Rv. J. S. Duncan | 8.70 | Drummond Hill, ylb. . . . | 3.40 | Rv. C. A. Ferguson | 8.30 |
| Rv. A. C. Stewart | 7.15 | Tara | 70.00 | Blenheim, ce. | 8.00 | Rv. N. Lindsay | 7.10 |
| Rv. J. W. Penman | 8.30 | Deer Park ss. | 15.00 | Mt. Brydges, ss. | 10.00 | Rv. R. J. Ross | 7.45 |
| Palmerston, abc. | 25.00 | Alma yps. | 24.83 | Centreville | 353.00 | Ham., St. Jas.' ss. . . . | 60.00 |
| Linwood | 20.40 | Chatham, 1st | 150.00 | Brooklin | 13.00 | Leith | 2.00 |
| Rv. L. W. Thom | 20.00 | Rv. J. McP. Scott | 12.75 | Braeside | 50.00 | Tarbert | 10.00 |
| Rv. J. A. Moir | 9.60 | Lodi ss. | 11.00 | Tor., Ave. Rd. ss. . . . | 52.00 | Ingersoll | 468.18 |
| St. Mary's, 1st | 13.75 | Moose Creek ss. | 39.00 | Bowmanville ss. | 35.00 | Oakdale | 29.00 |
| Franktown | 77.00 | Tor., Ave. Rd., ylg. . . . | 11.20 | Creemore ss. | 7.43 | Rv. R. P. Byers | 13.60 |
| Goderich, Un. | 15.00 | Blyth Friend | 10.00 | Columbus | 4.00 | Rv. T. L. Turnbull | 19.15 |
| Hagersville ss. | 20.00 | N. Caradoc | 67.25 | S. Wmstr. St. A. ss. . . . | 21.00 | New Glasgow | 71.00 |
| " abc. | 22.00 | Blyth | 140.45 | Lindsay | 700.00 | D. H. Gibson | 60.00 |
| Brantfrd, Farr., ypa. | 100.00 | Marvelvil | 26.00 | Beamsville ss. | 15.00 | Slate Riv., Wom. Inst. . . . | 5.75 |
| Harriston, Guth. | 174.65 | Toledo | 4.50 | Mt. Pleasant | 5.00 | Margaret McNeil | 5.00 |
| Sydenham, Kx. | 45.00 | Moorefield | 75.30 | Reid's Mills | 272.00 | Barton | 35.00 |
| " ss. | 2.00 | Nottawa | 24.63 | Napier | 10.00 | Nashville ss. | 6.26 |
| Woodford | 13.00 | Braeside ss. | 30.00 | Friend | 5.00 | Meaford, abc. | 20.00 |
| Vernonville | 7.89 | Westminster, 1st | 100.00 | Hesperal, yps. | 5.60 | Dunbarton | 61.00 |
| Ham., Macnab | 370.00 | Cromarty | 31.00 | Guelph, Kx. br. ss. . . . | 7.00 | Glenallan ss. | 9.28 |
| Chesterville | 100.00 | Rv. I. Campbell | 5.85 | Thamesford ss. | 4.00 | Charlotte Chiles | 5.00 |
| Galt, 1st | 215.00 | Dr. R. D. Fraser | 5.60 | Rv. James Barber | 7.45 | Elphin | 3.50 |
| Brockvil, St. Jno. ss. | 10.00 | Rv. J. H. Ratcliffe | 8.00 | Rv. W. J. Booth | 7.70 | Kingston, Zion | 43.53 |
| Mt. Forest | 227.10 | Rv. T. M. Wesley | 1.70 | Rv. D. A. McKenzie | 8.00 | Otta., Bethany ss. . . . | 30.00 |
| Stratford, Kx. ss. | 61.00 | Bethesda | 41.50 | Ayr, Knox | 41.00 | Braeside, wms. | 15.00 |
| Doon | 26.50 | Deer Park | 668.79 | Esplin | 11.19 | Cornwall, Kx. | 1,943.96 |
| McGillivray | 59.29 | W. Williams | 69.35 | Brooke | 92.00 | " mb. | 23.00 |
| John Lowden | 100.00 | Corbett | 15.00 | Woodstock, Kx. | 767.00 | Hensall | 407.35 |
| Rv. H. E. Abraham | 6.35 | Osgoode Station | 89.00 | South River | 7.00 | Daywood | 7.00 |
| Rv. W. A. Bremner | 10.80 | Bracebridge | 11.00 | Scarboro', St. A. | 339.56 | Ham. St. And. | 749.00 |
| Rv. Daniel Johnston | 13.95 | Perth, Knox ss. | 10.00 | " " ss. | 46.89 | Burnbrae ss. | 20.00 |
| Rv. R. A. Lundy | 7.70 | Swinton Park | 65.00 | Turin | 139.20 | Vasey | 16.00 |
| Rv. D. D. McDonald | 15.70 | Priceville | 85.00 | St. Cath., Haynes | 29.00 | "D.E.C." | 48.00 |
| Rv. D. G. McPhail | 6.65 | Peabody | 20.00 | Rv. Jas. Binnie | 9.60 | Scarboro', Zion | 11.00 |
| Rv. J. Ross, D.D. | 6.35 | Rv. A. R. Linton | 8.30 | Tor., Erskine b.c. | 250.00 | Tor., Dovercrt ss. . . . | 415.06 |
| Rv. S. F. Sharp, Ex. | 8.60 | Puce, St. And | 28.00 | Glencoe | 440.00 | Dresden ss. | 5.00 |
| Rv. W. T. Wilkins | 1.60 | Mainsville | 48.00 | Chatham, 1st | 10.40 | Tor., Queen E. ss. . . . | 100.00 |
| Mt. Brydges | 50.00 | Tor., Old St. And. | 3,300.00 | Tor., Cooke's ss. | 50.00 | Sarnia, St. Pa. | 25.00 |
| Dr. A. Malloch | 300.00 | Rv. J. P. McQuarrie | 11.25 | Brampton | 918.00 | C. & E. Tinline | 5.00 |
| Richard's Landing | 26.13 | Dr. A. Macgillivray | 17.85 | Dr. Bissonnette | 10.00 | Bethany | 22.33 |
| Pt. Arthur, Kx. | 54.00 | Linwood | 26.00 | Barrs | 7.06 | Esplin ss. | 7.01 |
| " " abc. | 25.00 | " ss. | 10.00 | Uptergrove | 20.00 | Kingston, Chal. yws. . . . | 18.00 |
| " " yps. | 6.00 | McIntosh | 148.00 | W. Bentinck | 8.75 | Iroquois, Kx. | 100.00 |
| Smithville ss. | 10.00 | " ss. | 6.79 | "A. & M." | 70.00 | Maxville | 81.00 |
| Rv. P. M. McEachern | 20.00 | Est. Alex. Sangster | 100.00 | Brooksdale | 100.00 | Orono | 88.00 |
| Rv. W. H. Smith | 8.70 | Marjorie Hunter | 10.00 | Amherstburg | 3.00 | Beechwood | 204.00 |
| Tor., Cooke's | 35.00 | Roy's | 86.00 | Chatsworth ss. | 10.00 | Bradford, ylb. | 2.00 |
| Salem | 10.00 | Rosemont | 17.40 | Kirkfield | 66.20 | S. Mountain | 222.68 |
| Hawkesville | 5.00 | St. Thos., Alma | 71.25 | Oro | 15.00 | Rev. G. D. Campbell | 7.00 |
| Tor., Riverdale | 75.35 | Lancaster, St. A. | 8.30 | Nassagaweya ss., abc. . . . | 29.60 | Newburgh | 56.00 |
| Drayton | 25.00 | Grand Valley | 101.10 | Niag. Falls, St. A. | 168.00 | Camden East | 50.60 |
| St. Ann's | 33.00 | Goldsmith | 26.00 | Walkerville | 40.00 | Camden V. | 16.40 |
| Brantford, Balf. | 52.00 | Markdale | 68.03 | Rv. J. A. Cranston | 9.15 | Bayfield | 97.00 |
| Blackheath | 116.15 | " ss. | 30.00 | Rv. T. D. McCullough | 6.10 | Tor., Coll. St. | 1,255.00 |
| Eldon | 97.58 | S. Ste. Marie, St. P. | 87.08 | Rv. A. A. Smith | 8.00 | Kilsyth | 119.50 |
| Peterboro', Kx. ss. | 20.00 | Bruce Mines | 25.00 | W. Flamboro | 229.00 | Uxbridge | 109.00 |
| Watford | 37.08 | Penetanguishene ss. . . . | 7.00 | Keady | 50.00 | Rockland | 26.13 |
| Lobo | 9.85 | Alberten | 25.00 | Galt, Kx. | 762.00 | Hyde Park | 200.00 |
| Claude | 220.00 | Warkworth | 367.65 | Listowel, ss. | 135.67 | Bowmanville | 90.00 |
| Roseneath | 49.50 | " ss. | 12.00 | Tor. College, abc. | 36.00 | Rv. J. C. Robertson | 7.15 |
| Mayfield | 184.75 | Kemble | 101.00 | Senator MacKeen | 250.00 | Brigden, Mrs. Os. cl. . . . | 2.01 |
| Port Elgin ss. | 25.60 | Delhi | 32.80 | Rv. W. T. Prittle | 8.30 | Exeter ss. | 50.00 |
| N. Bruce, St. And. | 209.00 | Miss K. S. Scott | 25.00 | Preston ss. | 25.00 | Cargill | 157.15 |
| Chippawa yps. | 3.00 | Est. Mary Skinner | 3,068.30 | Brantford, Alex. | 750.00 | Pinkerton | 92.00 |
| Hampden | 26.51 | Rv. A. U. Campbell | 7.45 | Tilbury, E. Fltchr | 8.00 | Bradley ss. | 2.00 |
| Desboro' | 2.00 | Rv. Jas. Murray | 6.65 | Vaughan, Kx. | 151.00 | Elk Lake | 17.10 |
| Brooklin | 37.75 | Rv. T. H. Rogers | 8.00 | Welland | 335.00 | Greenbank | 5.00 |
| Rv. H. Brown | 16.10 | Sarawak | 11.00 | Rv. W. G. Hanna | 8.00 | Streetsville | 18.00 |
| Rv. A. H. Drumm | 6.10 | Oro | 99.00 | Strabane ss. | 16.76 | Hills Green | 31.70 |
| Rv. A. A. Laing | 6.10 | Strathroy | 20.25 | Cresswell | 14.00 | Guelph, St. And. | 154.95 |
| Clinton | 12.00 | Camlachie | 88.95 | Mt. Hamilton | 23.00 | Avonton | 317.00 |

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|---------------------------------|----------|-------------------------------|----------|--------------------------------|----------|--------------------------------|-----------|
| Brussels | 8.00 | Pembroke | 198.10 | Rv. Wm. Munro | 15.70 | Victoria | 19.50 |
| Avonton ss. | 5.00 | Keene, ca. | 18.00 | Beauharnois | 865.76 | Rv. J. H. Martin | 10.50 |
| Warsaw | 37.71 | Drummond Hill | 241.71 | Quebec, St. John's | 25.06 | T. Turnbull | 500.00 |
| Alexandria | 406.00 | Wardsville | 100.00 | Mont. Taylor | 350.00 | Douglas | 85.00 |
| " ss. | 12.00 | Lakeville | 29.00 | Mont., Erskine | 2,000.00 | Hamiota | 400.00 |
| Newboro' | 24.00 | Whitby ss. | 77.00 | Rv. J. R. Dobson | 26.30 | Dr. J. K. McLennan | 800.00 |
| Elora | 32.00 | Tor., Grosvenor ss. | 5.00 | Rv. R. Gamble | 14.50 | High Bluff ss. | 10.05 |
| Blackheath ss. | 3.00 | Rv. W. L. H. Rowand | 12.20 | Quebec, Chal. | 80.00 | Clegg | 14.00 |
| Atwood | 244.32 | Brighton | 100.00 | Aylmer E., St. And. | 31.00 | Beausejour, I.a. | 10.00 |
| Elora ss. | 47.80 | Berlin | 125.00 | Grenville | 34.00 | Mr. Fleming | 3.77 |
| Crinan | 149.00 | Cheltenham | 102.00 | Belle Riviere | 5.00 | Sunnyside Ch. | 7.50 |
| Alliston | 185.00 | Madoc | 10.00 | Rv. W. T. Crombie | 6.65 | Wpg., Robertson Mem. | |
| Douglas | 45.00 | Carlisle ypg. | 25.00 | Rv. C. R. Lapointe | 13.60 | ce. | 10.00 |
| Garafraxa | 92.00 | Bear Creek ss. | 10.00 | Kensington ss. | 10.00 | Rv. G. E. Lougheed | 9.60 |
| Appin | 11.00 | Port Stanley | 29.00 | Que., Chal. Chinese | 40.00 | Rv. J. S. Watson | 9.15 |
| E. Gloucester | 136.65 | Markham, ebc. | 25.00 | Lachute | 8.00 | Foxwarren | 5.00 |
| Dunsford | 33.00 | Port Elgin | 435.00 | Russelltown, Covey | | Chater | 80.00 |
| Rv. T. J. Thompson | 8.00 | Tor., Grosvenor | 2,058.20 | Hill | 100.65 | Rv. J. M. Kellock | 8.00 |
| St. Cath. ss. | 11.00 | Cornwall, St. Jno. | 1,300.00 | Rv. J. M. Macalister | 6.10 | Breadalbane | 130.00 |
| Goderich, Kx. | 693.00 | Jarvis | 185.00 | Rv. D. J. Fraser | 19.20 | Franklin | 18.00 |
| Teeswater ss. | 50.00 | Brockville, St. Jno. | 281.77 | Rv. C. W. Shelley | 11.85 | Rv. E. W. Johnson | 8.90 |
| Skipsness | 18.00 | Beeton | 129.00 | Westmt, Wmstr Chin. | 16.00 | Rv. C. Moore | 13.30 |
| Tor., Rosedale | 2,477.72 | Camilla | 43.60 | Rv. J. F. Macfrdin | 11.25 | Rv. J. B. McLaren | 7.45 |
| " | 50.00 | Hawkesbury | 120.00 | Mont. West | 28.00 | Rv. T. R. Scott | 8.60 |
| Mrs. Arthur Scott | 8.00 | Bryanston | 58.50 | Westmt, St. And. ss. | 550.00 | Kinsmore | 15.75 |
| Paris ss. | 75.00 | Sarnia, St. A. ss. | 39.00 | Mont., St. Giles' | 740.00 | Ravine | 25.00 |
| Rv. M. P. Talling | 7.70 | Gamebridge | 306.00 | Lachute | 15.00 | Rv. H. G. Crozier | 6.35 |
| Glamis ss. | 14.82 | Beachburg | 131.80 | Rv. J. R. Douglas | 10.00 | Rv. S. McL. Fee | 7.75 |
| Collingwood | 65.00 | Est. E. Beattie | 166.78 | Rv. W. J. Fowler | 7.70 | Newdale | 200.00 |
| Port Carling | 35.65 | Rv. D. Findlay | 7.45 | Ormstown | 958.00 | Rv. S. C. Murray | 14.60 |
| Braeside | 100.00 | Port Dalhousie | 143.00 | Uppr Ormstown ss. | 10.00 | Wnpg., Augustine | 16,827.94 |
| Komoka ss. | 35.00 | Ham., Central | 1,300.00 | Dr. D. W. Morison | 8.60 | Vista | 13.00 |
| E. Oxford | 51.00 | Meaford | 105.70 | Grand'Mere | 35.00 | Binscarth ss. | 30.00 |
| Rv. Wm. Cooper | 8.60 | Napier | 21.00 | Riviere du Loup | 20.00 | Wnpg., St. Pa. Chin. | 10.00 |
| Rv. J. K. L. Gourlay | .55 | Ott., St. Paul's | 221.64 | Grand Metis | 5.00 | Sperling ss. | 50.00 |
| Rv. W. K. Shearer | 8.00 | Aultsville | 33.50 | Rv. J. D. Anderson | 6.65 | Virden | 614.00 |
| Niagara, St. A. | 19.00 | In Jesus' Name | 300.00 | Beauharnois | 21.47 | Rv. J. D. Fleming | 12.20 |
| Amherst Is. | 50.00 | Cottesloe | 9.00 | Rv. B. B. Maclean | 5.60 | Rv. A. MacTavish | 8.90 |
| Woodland | 13.60 | W. Tilbury | 44.00 | Bristol Corners | 20.00 | Rv. E. B. Chestnut | 14.60 |
| Rv. S. H. Moyer | 7.45 | | | Norton Creek ss. | 50.00 | Melita ss. | 60.00 |
| Ott., Glebe | 110.78 | | | Mont., St. Giles' ss. | 155.00 | Union Point | 65.00 |
| Dutton | 20.00 | | | " " " Phil. | | Hamiota | 148.00 |
| N. Easthope ss. | 5.00 | | | cl. | 34.00 | " ss. | 50.00 |
| Westboro', wfms. | 5.00 | | | Mont., St. Giles' ce. | 75.00 | Basswood | 262.50 |
| Mosa | 235.16 | | | " " " Chin. | 100.00 | Roseisle | 13.00 |
| Hallville | 758.00 | | | Stark's Corners | 41.00 | Antler | 40.00 |
| Billings Bridge | 120.00 | | | Rv. G. W. Thom | 40.00 | Mather | 28.60 |
| Miss A. A. Noble | 5.00 | | | Shawville | 42.00 | Wpg., Wmstr ss. | 28.69 |
| Collingwood, ymb. | 4.00 | | | Laprairie | 13.25 | Humessville | 6.00 |
| Miss M. L. Beck | 10.00 | | | Valleyfield ss. | 60.00 | Wawanesa | 66.00 |
| Mrs. Wm. Wmson | 5.00 | | | Rv. J. R. MacLeod | 16.30 | Norwood | 139.98 |
| Rv. R. J. Craig | 10.00 | | | Scotstown | 15.00 | Rv. R. Aylward | 14.60 |
| Ham., Knox | 1,317.85 | | | " ss. | 4.00 | Rv. D. Fleming | 5.60 |
| Rosedale | 35.00 | | | Rv. J. A. Macfrine | 6.35 | Rv. D. D. Millar | 8.30 |
| Kilmount | 63.00 | | | Dundee | 257.00 | Rv. D. MacVicar | 15.30 |
| Coboconk | 37.00 | | | Bristol | 10.00 | Rv. G. Watt Smith | 5.06 |
| Monkton | 80.00 | | | Aylmer E., St. And. | 50.00 | Wellwood, Oberon | 107.00 |
| Woodstock, Chal. | 20.00 | | | Rv. M. McLeod | 11.25 | Brandon, Kx. ss. | 50.00 |
| Lucknow | 494.95 | | | Athelstan, las. | 25.00 | Hartney | 277.55 |
| Victoria Harbor | 50.00 | | | Montreal, 1st | 488.00 | Brandon Hills ladies | 18.00 |
| Lindsay ss. | 119.06 | | | Beechridge | 37.00 | Manitou | 620.00 |
| Warwick | 34.00 | | | Mont., St. Luke ss. | 9.00 | Rv. Alex. McFarlane | 16.30 |
| Shelburne ss. | 17.96 | | | Westmount, Mel. | 900.00 | Silverton | 45.00 |
| Grand Valley | 57.35 | | | Rv. H. S. Lee | 75.00 | Miniska | 27.00 |
| Rylstone | 77.00 | | | Fairmount | 75.00 | Wpg., Knox ss. | 50.00 |
| Peterboro', St. Pa. ss. | 125.00 | | | Montreal, wms. | 1,360.67 | Gilbert Plains | 44.00 |
| Walpole | 61.00 | | | Richmond, Melbourne | 248.11 | Blaris | 3.00 |
| Burnbrae | 5.00 | | | Chateauguay | 105.00 | Rv. E. E. Annand | 7.70 |
| Springfield | 7.07 | | | Mont., Calvin ss. | 11.00 | Rv. R. S. Laidlaw | 7.45 |
| Madoc | 224.12 | | | Kinnear's Mills | 12.75 | Rv. W. W. McLaren | 8.30 |
| Rv. J. B. MacLeod | 7.70 | | | St. Damase | 1.57 | Rapid City | 63.00 |
| London, 1st | 625.00 | | | Mont. Stanley | 415.00 | Sperling | 143.50 |
| Blakeney | 76.85 | | | Georgetown | 428.67 | Cartwright | 25.00 |
| Edenvale | 34.00 | | | | | Cypress River | 76.00 |
| Balderson | 232.70 | | | | | Brandon, St. Pa. ss. | 30.00 |
| Port Dover | 61.20 | | | | | Berton | 27.00 |
| Simcoe | 531.05 | | | | | Brandon, St. A. ce. | 11.65 |
| Lanark | 10.00 | | | | | Rv. H. McCulloch | 4.00 |
| Sarnia, St. Pa. ce. | 50.00 | | | | | Wpg. ss. | 5.00 |
| Gore Bay | 75.00 | | | | | Wpg., St. John's | 173.00 |
| Duart | 70.00 | | | | | Virden ss. | 35.00 |
| Tor., College | 5.00 | | | | | Newbridge | 71.00 |
| Inwood | 29.81 | | | | | Glendale | 44.60 |
| Crosshill | 1.90 | | | | | Wnpg., Aug. Chin. | 14.85 |
| St. Helen's, ypb. | 20.00 | | | | | Hargrave | 50.00 |
| Appin | 2.00 | | | | | Greenridge | 90.67 |

Saskatchewan.

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|---------------------------------|----------|--|----------|-------------------------------------|----------|--|-------|
| Blenfait | 12.00 | Hon. C. W. Cross | 50.00 | Chilliwack | 160.00 | Waterville | 1.00 |
| Albany | 10.00 | James Breckenridge | 50.00 | Victoria, St. Col. ss. | 3.00 | Rv. G. S. Carson | .40 |
| " l. aid | 28.50 | Calgary, Knox | 250.00 | Jordan River | 50.00 | Rv. W. Dawson | 8.80 |
| Rv. A. D. Menzies | 10.00 | Rv. W. T. Hamilton | 14.45 | Dr. John McKay | 19.00 | Rv. H. Michael | 12.20 |
| Rv. E. McQueen | 13.30 | Seven Persons | 6.00 | Rv. M. D. McKee | 13.30 | Rv. L. W. Parker | 6.65 |
| Rv. C. Whiting | 8.00 | Med. Hat, St. Jno. ss. | 30.00 | Merritt | 12.00 | Rv. D. McD. Clarke | 12.30 |
| Uzleman ss. | 2.00 | Edmonton, Ersk. | 217.00 | Rv. W. L. MacRae | 7.50 | Rv. John McNeil | 7.45 |
| N. Battleford | 809.00 | Rv. A. McWilliams | 7.45 | Vancr., St. And. | 2,000.00 | Rv. J. A. Ramsay | 8.00 |
| Perdue ss. | 5.90 | Strathcona | 200.00 | Albarni | 32.00 | Rv. R. H. MacPher-son | 17.40 |
| Hubbard | 8.00 | Sturgeon | 80.00 | N. Vancr., St. A. ss. | 11.50 | son | |
| Parkside | 25.00 | Pincher Creek | 63.00 | Rv. D. MacRae, D.D. | 8.00 | Up. Canard ss., Mrs. Ell's cl. | 8.00 |
| Finlater | 5.00 | Islay | 92.00 | Collingwood | 27.00 | Rv. Jas. W. Falconer | 5.00 |
| Parkbeg | .50 | Rv. W. G. Brown | 6.95 | Armstrong | 332.00 | Rv. D. MacDonald | 7.45 |
| Rv. W. G. Wilson | 10.40 | Red Deer | 400.00 | Aldergrove | 15.00 | Rv. Wm. Forbes | 6.65 |
| Rv. M. A. McKinnon | 7.15 | Morinville | 8.00 | Vancr., St. Jno., ss. | 152.00 | Rv. D. A. Frame | 6.85 |
| Rv. J. Russell | 8.90 | Rv. J. E. Duclos | 22.60 | Kamloops | 6.95 | Principal McKinnon | 5.60 |
| Rv. A. A. Graham | 10.80 | Edm. A. Russell | 22.00 | Rv. T. T. Reikle | 35.00 | Rv. A. H. Denoon | 5.80 |
| Weyburn | 457.80 | Fort Sask. | 1,878.00 | Tynehead | 10.00 | Rv. Wm. McLeod | 7.70 |
| Dr. P. Strang | 14.60 | Lethbridge, China | 193.00 | Ladner, ss. | 8.60 | Rv. W. A. Cunning-ham | 14.80 |
| Scott ss. | 10.25 | Medicine Hat | 60.00 | Rv. P. Fleming | 10.00 | | |
| Dundurn ss. | 9.40 | Rv. Jno. A. Clark | 9.60 | Duncan, ss. | 2.00 | | |
| Starview | 25.00 | Rv. John McInnis | 7.15 | Nicola ss. | | | |
| Scott | 63.15 | Fort Sask. | 22.00 | Wardner, Jaffrey, Bull Riv. | 61.00 | | |
| Saskatoon, St. Ths. ss. | 53.45 | Rv. F. W. Mahaffy | 9.15 | Port Kells | 10.00 | Moncton, St. John's | 28.00 |
| Hoosier Valley | 15.00 | Dr. D. G. McQueen | 7.70 | Grand Forks, ce., ss. | 24.50 | Lorneville ss. | 3.00 |
| Kellher | 10.00 | Rv. F. D. Roxburgh | 8.60 | Rv. Wm. Ross | 6.65 | Rv. J. F. McCurdy | 6.10 |
| Rv. W. H. May | 7.70 | Rv. H. Young | 8.90 | Victoria, St. A., mbc. | 500.00 | Rv. F. W. Murray | 5.80 |
| Wakaw | 90.00 | Spring Bank | 15.00 | Rv. C. H. Daly | 16.00 | Rv. J. H. Kirk | 8.60 |
| Rv. F. A. Clare | 6.95 | Rv. J. G. Meek | 10.45 | Grand Forks | 92.30 | Chipman, Red Bank ss. | 4.15 |
| Kamsack | 85.00 | High River | 70.55 | Fernie | 30.00 | Rv. J. H. MacVicar | 28.60 |
| Theodore | 13.00 | Rv. Jas. A. Wheeler | 7.70 | South Hill | 25.00 | Rv. Wm. Girdwood | 8.20 |
| Beaverdale | 11.00 | Castor | 27.70 | Port Haney, ss. | 20.00 | Rv. G. A. Grant | 5.80 |
| Gladwin | 4.00 | " ss. | 9.00 | Fernie | 50.00 | Mr. R. M. Hobson | 20.00 |
| Saltcoats | 75.00 | Lamont | 24.85 | Nanaimo ss. | 4.00 | Rv. T. A. Mitchell | 11.25 |
| Perley | 7.00 | Rv. G. R. Lang | 5.60 | Rv. Dr. Ballantyne | 6.35 | Rv. Edwin Smith | 6.10 |
| Robeby | 20.00 | Rv. J. A. Claxton | 16.90 | Victoria | 200.00 | Rv. W. H. Smith | 6.65 |
| Wynyard | 7.00 | Calgary, Grace, Mrs. Mfts. cl. | 25.00 | " ss. | 50.00 | Rv. F. C. Simpson | 7.15 |
| Dunleath | 4.00 | Steveville | 11.42 | New Wmstr, St. A. ss. | 50.00 | Rv. A. D. Archibald | 6.65 |
| Wilkie | 40.00 | Kitchener | 3.00 | Chilliwack ss. | 20.00 | | |
| Belbeck yps. | 1.00 | Vulcan ss. | 10.00 | Rv. Jas. Carruthers | 5.60 | | |
| Rv. Alex. Fraser | 13.30 | Vegreville | 160.00 | | | | |
| Manor | 154.85 | Calgary, Bank'v'w | 25.00 | | | | |
| Rv. C. B. Ross | 10.00 | Willowdale | 25.00 | | | | |
| Earlswood | 91.50 | Strathcona, yps. | 25.00 | | | | |
| Caron | 3.00 | | | | | | |
| Ellisboro' | 233.00 | | | | | | |
| Wordsworth ss. | 1.00 | | | | | | |
| Estevan | 130.00 | | | | | | |
| Rv. B. Glover | 8.00 | | | | | | |
| Rv. A. Henderson | 10.00 | | | | | | |
| Sandwith | 8.25 | | | | | | |
| Rv. Jno. Fletcher | 60.00 | | | | | | |
| Colgate Lomond | 100.00 | | | | | | |
| Rv. Stuart Acheson | 19.25 | | | | | | |
| Unity | 25.00 | | | | | | |
| Manor | 60.00 | | | | | | |
| Pioneer ss. | 20.30 | | | | | | |
| Stornoway | 60.00 | | | | | | |
| Rose Plain | 210.85 | | | | | | |
| Willowdale | 8.65 | | | | | | |
| Birch Hills | 75.00 | | | | | | |
| Armadae | 10.00 | | | | | | |
| Rv. A. S. Reeves | 6.10 | | | | | | |
| Regina, Knox | 1,115.85 | | | | | | |
| Rv. M. J. Leith | 18.00 | | | | | | |
| Rv. D. J. Scott | 8.90 | | | | | | |
| Hanley | 50.00 | | | | | | |
| Stony Beach | 113.00 | | | | | | |
| Buffalo Lake | 182.40 | | | | | | |
| Heward | 25.45 | | | | | | |
| Chaplin ss. | 4.00 | | | | | | |

Alberta.

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|--------------------------------------|-------|--|--|
| Pincher Creek | 40.00 | | |
| Loma | 21.60 | | |
| Rv. C. A. Myers | 8.00 | | |
| Rv. J. Rex Brown | 8.25 | | |
| Fairview ss. | 4.00 | | |
| Calgary, Rosedale, lad' aux. | 20.00 | | |
| Rv. Dr. McQueen | 50.00 | | |
| Robt. Lee | 50.00 | | |
| D. F. McLennan | 50.00 | | |

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|--|----------|-------------------------------------|----------|--|-------|
| Hon. C. W. Cross | 50.00 | Chilliwack | 160.00 | Waterville | 1.00 |
| James Breckenridge | 50.00 | Victoria, St. Col. ss. | 3.00 | Rv. G. S. Carson | .40 |
| Calgary, Knox | 250.00 | Jordan River | 50.00 | Rv. W. Dawson | 8.80 |
| Rv. W. T. Hamilton | 14.45 | Dr. John McKay | 19.00 | Rv. H. Michael | 12.20 |
| Seven Persons | 6.00 | Rv. M. D. McKee | 13.30 | Rv. L. W. Parker | 6.65 |
| Med. Hat, St. Jno. ss. | 30.00 | Merritt | 12.00 | Rv. D. McD. Clarke | 12.30 |
| Edmonton, Ersk. | 217.00 | Rv. W. L. MacRae | 7.50 | Rv. John McNeil | 7.45 |
| Rv. A. McWilliams | 7.45 | Vancr., St. And. | 2,000.00 | Rv. J. A. Ramsay | 8.00 |
| Strathcona | 200.00 | Albarni | 32.00 | Rv. R. H. MacPher-son | 17.40 |
| Sturgeon | 80.00 | N. Vancr., St. A. ss. | 11.50 | son | |
| Pincher Creek | 63.00 | Rv. D. MacRae, D.D. | 8.00 | Up. Canard ss., Mrs. Ell's cl. | 8.00 |
| Islay | 92.00 | Collingwood | 27.00 | Rv. Jas. W. Falconer | 5.00 |
| Rv. W. G. Brown | 6.95 | Armstrong | 332.00 | Rv. D. MacDonald | 7.45 |
| Red Deer | 400.00 | Aldergrove | 15.00 | Rv. Wm. Forbes | 6.65 |
| Morinville | 8.00 | Vancr., St. Jno., ss. | 152.00 | Rv. D. A. Frame | 6.85 |
| Rv. J. E. Duclos | 22.60 | Kamloops | 6.95 | Principal McKinnon | 5.60 |
| Edm. A. Russell | 22.00 | Rv. T. T. Reikle | 35.00 | Rv. A. H. Denoon | 5.80 |
| Fort Sask. | 1,878.00 | Tynehead | 10.00 | Rv. Wm. McLeod | 7.70 |
| Lethbridge, China | 193.00 | Ladner, ss. | 8.60 | Rv. W. A. Cunning-ham | 14.80 |
| Medicine Hat | 60.00 | Rv. P. Fleming | 10.00 | | |
| Rv. Jno. A. Clark | 9.60 | Duncan, ss. | 2.00 | | |
| Rv. John McInnis | 7.15 | Nicola ss. | | | |
| Fort Sask. | 22.00 | Wardner, Jaffrey, Bull Riv. | 61.00 | | |
| Rv. F. W. Mahaffy | 9.15 | Port Kells | 10.00 | Moncton, St. John's | 28.00 |
| Dr. D. G. McQueen | 7.70 | Grand Forks, ce., ss. | 24.50 | Lorneville ss. | 3.00 |
| Rv. F. D. Roxburgh | 8.60 | Rv. Wm. Ross | 6.65 | Rv. J. F. McCurdy | 6.10 |
| Rv. H. Young | 8.90 | Victoria, St. A., mbc. | 500.00 | Rv. F. W. Murray | 5.80 |
| Spring Bank | 15.00 | Rv. C. H. Daly | 16.00 | Rv. J. H. Kirk | 8.60 |
| Rv. J. G. Meek | 10.45 | Grand Forks | 92.30 | Chipman, Red Bank ss. | 4.15 |
| High River | 70.55 | Fernie | 30.00 | Rv. J. H. MacVicar | 28.60 |
| Rv. Jas. A. Wheeler | 7.70 | South Hill | 25.00 | Rv. Wm. Girdwood | 8.20 |
| Castor | 27.70 | Port Haney, ss. | 20.00 | Rv. G. A. Grant | 5.80 |
| " ss. | 9.00 | Fernie | 50.00 | Mr. R. M. Hobson | 20.00 |
| Lamont | 24.85 | Nanaimo ss. | 4.00 | Rv. T. A. Mitchell | 11.25 |
| Rv. G. R. Lang | 5.60 | Rv. Dr. Ballantyne | 6.35 | Rv. Edwin Smith | 6.10 |
| Rv. J. A. Claxton | 16.90 | Victoria | 200.00 | Rv. W. H. Smith | 6.65 |
| Calgary, Grace, Mrs. Mfts. cl. | 25.00 | " ss. | 50.00 | Rv. F. C. Simpson | 7.15 |
| Steveville | 11.42 | New Wmstr, St. A. ss. | 50.00 | Rv. A. D. Archibald | 6.65 |
| Kitchener | 3.00 | Chilliwack ss. | 20.00 | | |
| Vulcan ss. | 10.00 | Rv. Jas. Carruthers | 5.60 | | |
| Vegreville | 160.00 | | | | |
| Calgary, Bank'v'w | 25.00 | | | | |
| Willowdale | 25.00 | | | | |
| Strathcona, yps. | 25.00 | | | | |

British Columbia.

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|--------------------------------|----------|--|--|
| Abbotsford | 10.00 | | |
| Nanaimo, ss. | 4.00 | | |
| Nakusp | 25.00 | | |
| Vancr., St. Jno. | 1,000.00 | | |
| Crow's Nest | 1.00 | | |
| Robt. McNair | 250.00 | | |
| Vancr., 1st ss. b.c. | 58.45 | | |
| Vancr., Mt. Pleast. | 700.00 | | |
| Vmri | 34.00 | | |
| N. Vancr., St. A. ss. | 7.56 | | |
| Collingwood ss. | 7.00 | | |
| Pender Isld. ss. | 88.00 | | |
| N. Vancr., St. And. | 244.70 | | |
| Rv. Ng. Mon. Hing | 12.00 | | |
| Vancr., 1st | 537.35 | | |
| New Denver | 40.25 | | |
| Sandon | 86.00 | | |
| Vancr., 1st yps. | 60.00 | | |
| Victoria, St. Pa. | 92.00 | | |
| N. Vancr., St. A., ss. | 12.50 | | |
| Trail, ss. | 14.00 | | |
| Mt. Tolmie | 25.00 | | |
| Fort George | 18.00 | | |
| Sandon ss. | 2.00 | | |
| Denman Island | 7.00 | | |
| Revelstoke ss. | 75.00 | | |
| Hedley | 50.00 | | |
| Salmon Arm. ss. | 7.45 | | |
| Victoria, St. A. | 600.00 | | |
| Vancr., St. Jno. ss. | 450.15 | | |
| Rv. J. Campbell | 7.45 | | |
| Rv. P. Henderson | 9.80 | | |
| Rv. David James | 10.00 | | |
| Eburne | 115.00 | | |
| Vancr., St. A., ss. | 22.00 | | |
| Victoria, 1st | 150.00 | | |

Nova Scotia.

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|---------------------------------|--------|
| N. Sydney | 4.20 |
| Rv. J. A. McLellan | 3.40 |
| Rv. P. K. McRae | 9.60 |
| Agent, Hx. | 424.22 |
| Rv. A. V. Morash | 5.60 |
| Rv. J. W. M. Crawford | 6.10 |
| Rv. A. H. Foster | 5.80 |
| Rv. R. Johnston | 12.65 |
| Rv. R. MacKenzie | 15.30 |
| Rv. A. Rogers | 7.15 |
| Rv. C. Munro | 8.00 |
| Rv. P. A. McLeod | 6.35 |
| Rv. W. P. Archibald | 5.60 |
| Rv. G. S. Carson | 6.25 |
| Rv. J. A. Forbes | 7.70 |
| Rv. F. H. McIntosh | 6.65 |
| Rv. J. A. McLean | 6.10 |
| Rv. J. W. Macmillan | 5.60 |
| Rv. D. Stiles Fraser | 7.15 |
| Rv. T. C. Jack | 6.85 |
| Rv. J. A. MacKean | 13.00 |
| Rv. D. McLeod | 13.30 |
| Rv. A. F. Thomson | 8.20 |
| Rv. R. B. Layton | 6.65 |
| Rv. J. F. Dusan | 6.35 |
| Rv. F. L. Jobb | 6.30 |
| Rv. C. C. MacIntosh | 5.60 |
| Rv. E. H. MacKinnon | 8.30 |
| Rv. J. W. Nicholson | 7.45 |
| Rv. M. H. McIntosh | 6.65 |
| Rv. E. S. Bayne | 8.60 |
| Rv. Malm Campbell | 6.65 |
| Rv. D. M. Gillies | 12.20 |
| Rv. A. McMillan | 8.00 |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During Jan. | Mar. 1 to Jan. 31 |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$6,790.50 | \$42,455.34 |
| Home Missions.... | 1,734.00 | 7,239.61 |
| Augmentation..... | 1,287.00 | 3,168.22 |
| College..... | 1,147.00 | 6,391.47 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 410.00 | 2,577.50 |
| French Evangelizati | 368.00 | 1,053.95 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 416.00 | 689.67 |
| For North West.... | 860.00 | 3,678.67 |
| Children's Day Col. | 132.00 | 2,072.70 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 110.67 | 373.31 |
| Bursary Fund | 308.00 | 2,305.54 |
| Library Fund | 1.00 | 281.94 |
| Manitoba College... | 1.00 | 6.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' | 61.00 | 475.50 |
| Social Service and Evangelism..... | 521.00 | 852.00 |

Total.....\$14,147.17 \$73,621.42
RECEIVED DURING JANUARY

**At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.**

| | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Acknowledged . . . \$59,474.25 | Orwell 75.00 |
| St. John, Cal. ss. . . 7.00 | New Richm'd Cen- tre ss. 2.00 |
| Hx., Grove ce. . . . 136.00 | Sydney, St. Mark's b.c. 50.00 |
| Barrington 22.00 | Blackville ss. . . . 7.03 |
| "Trusting" 10.00 | Summerside ss. . . . 8.93 |
| Pugwash 5.00 | Sherbrooke 77.26 |
| T. J. Reid 50.00 | St. Andrews' ss. . . 5.00 |
| East River 214.00 | Maitland 22.00 |
| Watervl. Lakevl . . 17.00 | A. Howatt 5.00 |
| Lyons Brook ss. . . . 4.70 | Woodville 76.00 |
| New Glasgow, Un. 1,166.00 | New Glasgow, Un. 192.00 |
| ss. 220.00 | Sherbrooke 96.10 |
| Sunny Brae, St. Pa. 66.00 | Wolfville 84.41 |
| Cape John 39.80 | |

| | |
|---|--|
| Margaree 20.00 | J. S. McKay 50.00 |
| Escuminac 40.00 | W. River, Green Hill 267.00 |
| New Annan 1.00 | Harmony, ce. . . . 10.00 |
| Thompson 1.00 | Harmony 23.80 |
| Parrsboro 5.00 | Truro, St. Paul's . . 196.00 |
| River Hebert 5.00 | Hx., Chalmers' . . . 364.00 |
| Northport 3.00 | McLean Bros. . . . 90.00 |
| Shinimicas wfms. . . 7.00 | Lower Stewiacke . . 150.00 |
| New Aberdeen . . . 70.00 | New Dublin, Con- querall 108.00 |
| Campbelton 295.00 | St. John, Mem. St. . . 15.00 |
| W. River Station . . 140.00 | And. 27.00 |
| Hx., St. Matthew's . 34.00 | Greenfield 82.00 |
| River Dennis 22.00 | Richmond 317.00 |
| Rv. J. A. McLellan "A Friend" 5.00 | Great Village 5.00 |
| New Glasgow, First 1,751.00 | Hantsport 14.50 |
| Princeton ss. 125.00 | Bellune ss. 339.60 |
| Princeton 11.00 | Springhill 510.00 |
| Mira Catalone 127.00 | Charlott'n, St. Jas. . . 145.00 |
| St. John, St. David's 160.00 | Black Riv., Napan., Hardwicke 10.00 |
| Robert Stewart . . . 3.75 | Rv. James Heron. . . 25.00 |
| Sydney Mines ss. . . 5.00 | Bay of Islands . . . 10.00 |
| Sydney Mines ce. . . 6.00 | Waverley 69.00 |
| Kensington ymbe. . . 25.00 | Middleton. 264.28 |
| Kensington, mb. . . 20.00 | Tatamagouche 12.61 |
| Hx. Grove 23.00 | ss. 12.00 |
| Leitchs Creek . . . 200.40 | Tatamagouche cent a week soc. 15.30 |
| Hx., St. Matthews ss. 64.00 | Tatamagouche French Riv. ss. 11.65 |
| Hx., Park St. ss. . . 250.00 | Dalhousie 313.00 |
| Lower Stewiacke . . 150.00 | Malagawatch 31.00 |
| Bedeque 440.00 | Hx., Fort Massey ss. 106.00 |
| W. River Station . . 11.50 | Bass River 118.13 |
| New Annan 22.00 | Presby. Miramichi . . 90.00 |
| Nesbitt, Man., wfms. 5.00 | Glace Bay, Knox . . 424.00 |
| Sheet Harbor 7.00 | Dartmouth ss. . . . 87.00 |
| Pictou, Prince St. 91.83 | Marshfield 74.00 |
| Hopewell, St. Col. wfms. 73.50 | Pictou Landing . . . 72.50 |
| Hopewell, St. Col. 121.00 | Thomson ss. 5.00 |
| Onslow, Belmont . . 465.00 | Mabou 18.00 |
| Interest 20.00 | Shubenacadie 175.00 |
| Beq. Cap. E. Cum- mings 100.00 | Andrew Johnston. . . 5.00 |
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| Renton 109.00 | Up. Musq., Sharon ss. 3.54 |
| Miss Mott, Mrs. Howe 20.00 | Middle River, cb. . . 120.00 |
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| Halifax, Park St. . 115.00 | W. Bay Road ss. . . . 1.00 |
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| Sydney, Falmouth ss. 13.50 | Mulgrave ss. 15.00 |
| Pleasant Bay, ss. . . 3.00 | |
| Pleasant Bay ce. . . 3.00 | |
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| M. L. Urquhart . . . 100.00 | |
| Alberton 10.00 | |
| J. Stanley McKay . . 15.00 | |
| Dalhousie ss. 50.00 | |
| Nashwaak Stanley 50.00 | |

Total \$73,621.42

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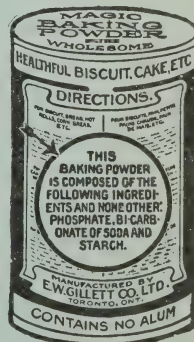
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The way of the pit is filled with people who are going to turn back at the next corner.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of God.

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things with an extraordinary spirit.

It will require more than a few hours of fasting and prayer to cast out such demons as selfishness, worldliness, and unbelief.—T. L. Cuyler.

I have been benefited by praying for others; for by making an errand to God for them, I have gotten something for myself.—Rutherford.

It is always safe to take it for granted that, as yourself, so others, are trying to do their best. Shortcoming is no sign of shortwilling.—F. W. Faber.

"I jist like to let her in at the door, the face of her does one good, shure," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman, whose face was always cheery and bright.

Nothing is to be compared to the habit of continuous application and patient effort to insure success in our efforts to increase our knowledge or build up character.

Nature is kinder than we know in her penalties. Through pain she teaches the child to avoid the fire that would consume him; through pain she teaches the man to avoid the vices which would ruin him.

There is nothing faith cannot make noble when it touches it. You need not say I want to get away from my daily business or from my domestic concerns in order to show my faith. No, no, stop where you are and show it.—D. L. Moody.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

In such a world as this, with such hearts as ours, weakness is wickedness in the long run. Whoever lets himself be shaped and guided by anything lower than an inflexible will, fixed in obedience to God, will in the end be shaped into a deformity and guided to wreck and ruin.—A. MacLaren, D.D.

There is no help for it, the law is eternal and ever-working. If a man loves his life he shall lose it. Selfishness is death. "The liberal soul shall be made fat:" The selfish soul shall be made thin. When unselfishness ends, death begins. The self-centered person has within himself the germ of decay.

The world should not expect absolute perfection in the church members, but rather bear in mind the old proverb, "A diamond even with a flaw in it is more precious than a perfect pebble." So the earnest Christian who strives daily to do the Master's will is a child of God and precious in His sight.

A beautiful character makes a beautiful woman. Not long ago I heard a homely woman spoken of as "beautiful." I looked into her face and saw plain features and was disappointed. But a closer acquaintance gave me an insight into her character, whose true key note was self-forgiveness. Soul-beauty will not fade.

Bishop Brooks once said that becoming a true Christian was not like climbing a high mountain one day, only to go down the next. It was reaching the lofty tablelands, lifted far above our old lives; and when we once trod those grand heights we should not go down again, but live there forever, ever moving on and on.

Let a man feel that the truest way of living for himself is to live for others; that the best way to serve his Maker is to "make it his meat and his drink;" his highest aim, to benefit and bless mankind habitually by such acts of kindness and charity as it is in his power to perform, consistent with the other duties of life.

Professor Henry Drummond in an address from the text—"To me to live is Christ"—paused, and then said slowly, "To me to live is—" asking each of his audience in his own heart to supply the missing word with business, pleasure, passion, appetite, amusement, or whatever should honestly be placed to make the sense complete.

What we all want is inward rest, of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression, which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraint, for it is strong enough to use God's gifts without abusing them; the character in a word which is truly temperate, not in drink and food merely, but in all desires, thoughts and actions.—Kingsley.

The Presbyterian Record

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Happiness consists not in where we are
but in what we are.

Nothing is so dear and precious as time.
Moral:—Do not waste it.

"Envy no one who does things that men
praise while you are unpraised."

A true view of time can be best obtained
from where it marches with eternity.

When we "pass on" we will leave behind
what we have and take with us what we
are.

Never do a thing concerning the recti-
tude of which you are in doubt.—Pliny the
Younger.

"Be good, though you cannot be great.
Live sweetly, though you cannot live
brilliantly."

Labor to keep alive in your breast that
little spark of celestial fire—conscience.—
George Washington.

Resolve to perform what you ought;
perform without fail what you resolve.—
Benjamin Franklin.

It is better to deserve the things that
we have than to have the things that we
desire.—Henry van Dyke.

A plain business question;—What will
it profit a man if he should gain the whole
world, and lose his own soul... himself?

"Remember that your work comes only
moment by moment, and as surely as God
calls you to work, he gives the strength to
do it."

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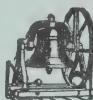
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Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind. The foul cubs are like their parents. Their den is in the guilty mind, and conscience feeds them with despair.—Shelley.

It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or a flower garden. The heart makes the home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

The Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXVIII.

APRIL, 1913.

No. 4

OUR EMPIRE'S SHAME.

Canada may choose the manner—and the measure—in which she will share the burden of Empire defence, whether naval, or military, or both; but she has no choice as to the burden of Empire shame. That burden, wherever the blame, must be borne by all.

The SHAME—beside which other national shames grow pale—is that China, a heathen Empire, has been trying for nearly two centuries to save her people from opium, which has done so much to ruin them, and that Britain, a Christian Empire, has been for the larger part of that time virtually compelling her to admit opium from British India.

The story of the shame has two ends, India and China, the producing end and the consuming end.

The story of the India end of the shame is that the poppy plant, which yields the opium, was grown there long before the British rule, and has continued. Britain being responsible for it since 1773.

Its cultivation is prohibited throughout British India, except by licence. The British India Government grants licences, which yield millions to the revenue.

Poppy may be grown without a licence in the Native States in the interior of India, but can reach the coast for export only by passing through British territory, for which a heavy tax is imposed.

In these two, and in other ways, the Government of India makes a net gain of twelve or fifteen millions of dollars yearly from the opium traffic.

The poppy juice thus grown by cultivators in India is sold to the Indian Government at a fixed rate, manufactured into opium in Government factories; and then sold to opium merchants, many of them Jews, and shipped abroad, chiefly to China.

The story of the "shame" at the Chinese end of it is in this wise. Opium from the poppy has been known in China

for medicinal use for many centuries. The smoking of opium was introduced shortly after 1700 and rapidly spread. The first edict against opium smoking was issued from Peking in 1729, nearly two centuries ago, and the sale of opium for smoking became a criminal offence; though it was allowed for medicinal purposes.

But the illegal importation and sale and smoking of opium steadily increased for nearly half a century, until Britain appears upon the scene in 1773, one hundred and forty years ago. Since that time Britain's treatment of China has been one continuous, cruel wrong.

This period divides into two parts, the first, nearly ninety years, from 1773, when the British East India Company adopted opium as a monopoly, until the treaty of Tientsin in 1860, when China was forced by Britain to legalize the importation of opium to the ruin of millions of her people. The second period is the half century since that time.

In the first named period, the cultivation of opium by the B. E. I. Co. and shipping it to China, increased so rapidly, that China, in 1796, passed a law prohibiting the importation of opium for any purpose. This reduced it for a time, but again it increased and China was practically helpless, while the armed clipper ships of the British East India Company carried it to the Chinese coast and smuggled it in in defiance of law.

At length the Emperor, alarmed at the growing evil, sent Commissioner Lin to Canton in 1839, where he surrounded the quarters of the opium trading smugglers; and compelled them to deliver up the nearly three million pounds of opium lying in port in British ships, and destroyed it.

These were contraband traders, breaking the laws of China, but for this act Britain went to war, a war which Dr. Arnold said was—"so wicked as to be a national

sin of the greatest possible magnitude," and of which Gladstone said—"a war more unjust in its origin, a war more calculated to cover the country with permanent disgrace, I do not know and I have not read of. The British flag is hoisted to protect an infamous contraband traffic, and if it was never hoisted, except as it is now hoisted on the coast of China, we should recoil from it with horror."

This was the "opium war" of history. Helpless China was compelled to yield, and the war ended with the treaty of Nankin, in 1842, by which China had to pay six millions of dollars for the opium destroyed, twelve millions for the expenses of the war, and three millions in other ways to make up losses to British subjects, besides ceding Hong Kong to Britain.

For the next sixteen years, opium poured in faster than ever, though still illegal. Hong Kong became a vast opium shop, and smugglers ran it into the country in ever-increasing quantities, until in 1858, the sale of Indian opium in China, smuggled in contrary to law, had reached ten millions of pounds annually.

All this time the British Foreign Office, through its representative, was urging China to legalize the traffic, and get revenue from it, but in vain. The Emperor Tao Kwang, replied:—

"It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

This emperor is said to have lost three of his sons through this vice, and to have died of a broken heart in consequence.

Sixteen years after the "opium war," an incident led to another war. A Chinese boat called the "Arrow," flying the British flag, was captured by the Chinese in the act of smuggling opium into a Chinese port. The British declared war, which was, for the most part, merely a barbaric slaughter of unarmed people. China had to yield, and the treaty of Tientsin, ratified in 1860, legalized for

the first time the importation of opium into China.

She had long tried to keep out this terrible evil which wrought such havoc among her people, and at last had to yield to the power of Britain and make legal its admission, for the sake of a few dollars' gain to the Government of British India. At the same time she had to pay additional indemnity in money and territory.

Of this war, known in history as the "Arrow war," Lord Elgin, who was compelled by his position to take a leading part in it, said:—"In our relations with China we have acted scandalously."

A feature of this treaty of Tientsin was that while one clause of it compelled China to legalize the importation of opium, another clause compelled her to permit the teaching and profession of Christianity. The same treaty legalized for the first time the importation of opium and of Christianity.

The Chinese naturally associated the two, and for half a century missionaries have been met with the answer—"You foreigners exhort us to virtue! First take away your opium and then talk to us about your Jesus." And still more awful was the term—"Jesus-opium"—frequently applied to the drug.

And what of this half century since the treaty of Tientsin? It has simply emphasized the record of shame. That treaty had a clause permitting revision every ten years. At the end of the first ten years the Chinese government made a plea to Britain for leave once more to prohibit opium.

Space forbids giving that plea, but in beauty, pathos and lofty sentiment, parts of it greatly excel. It pleads with Britain to permit China to keep out the "deadly poison" which is ruining her people, and to substitute in India the cultivation of cereals and cotton in place of opium. We quote from it a single clause.—

"To do away with so great an evil would be a great virtue on England's part; she would strengthen friendly relations and make herself illustrious. How delightful to have so great an act transmitted to after ages."

And what was the result of this appeal? After months of waiting and repeated requests for an answer, the Chinese Government was told by the British representative that no answer had been received from the British Government and none need be expected.

Small wonder if China, in despair, should turn to the cultivation of the poppy at home, to try and kill out the importation of it by competition, thinking that when this was done she could easily deal with the growth of it at home.

And so the sad story goes on, with repeated vain efforts on the part of China for relief, and no single ray across the dark cloud on Britain's honor, until 1906, half a dozen years ago, when once more, China made appeal.

This time Britain, with the Orient awakening, dared no longer refuse, and a treaty was drawn up, beginning in 1908, by which the importation of opium from India was to be reduced by one tenth yearly, ending in ten years, provided China would reduce the growth of native opium at the same rate.

There was this additional feature, that Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India, referring to the possibility of China doing her part more quickly, stated in parliament that "any deliberate proposals from the Chinese Government would meet with sympathetic consideration;" meaning—as he afterwards stated—that Britain would also do her part more quickly.

China set to work and in three years had stopped in very large measure the native growth of the poppy. So vast a reform in so short a time has never been known in the world before. And now China is pleading with Britain to meet her with the "sympathetic consideration" before mentioned.

There is lying in Chinese ports forty millions of dollars worth of Indian opium, the property of opium merchants, chiefly Jews, which the Chinese are trying to keep out of their country, and appealing to Britain not to force upon them. The British nation, its churchmen, its statesmen, its societies, its newspapers, have long protested against the dishonor and the

iniquity of the traffic; practically the whole civilized world points the finger of scorn, and still the Chinese are pleading, thus far in vain, that Britain will meet her half-way, as was practically promised, and not continue for the ten years the ruin of China's people.

The part of India's revenue raised from opium is only seven per cent. of the whole revenue, and could easily be made up otherwise, and even if Britain were to make up the deficit, it would only cost her the price of two or three Dreadnoughts to stop at once the age-long wrong she has inflicted on a helpless people. It is her last chance to do anything towards righting that awful wrong. If it be continued for the ten years, it will cease of necessity, and she will never have another opportunity. Moreover China is starting on a new national career, and delay will work more lasting ill than ever before.

Let Canadians join with governments, societies and churches, the world over, in agitation and in prayer, in the hope that a world-wide public opinion and the rulings of Providence may compel an end of the wrong.

Meanwhile, there remains the fact that the dark, sad story of China's effort to free herself from this terrible evil, and Britain's forcing it upon her, is one of the longest, saddest, most dishonorable and unrighteous pages in the dealings of nation with nation in all history. Taking the numbers affected and the length of its continuance, it is the world's biggest, blackest, national crime. Siberia does not equal it; neither Russia nor Turkey can parallel it; and our own Empire is responsible for it, and still declines to right what remains of the gigantic wrong; and Canadians are sharers in the shame of it. If the mills of God grind sure, there is a day of reckoning yet for our great Empire.

Some Things Said of the Traffic.

The British Parliament, three times, in 1891, 1906 and 1908, the last two times unanimously, has acknowledged the traffic to be "morally indefensible"—i.e., IMMORAL... but has not stopped it.

"When will this nation show its repentance for the iniquity of its past in re-

ference to the opium trade? It is impossible now to undo the wrong and mischief of the years that are gone; but why should we not at once take some decisive step which will show that national righteousness is more to us than revenue or trade? Till this is done, our influence for righteousness in the world is paralysed."—Rev. J. Monro Gibson, D.D., of London.

"China is courageously setting herself to deal with the most powerful cause of the degradation of multitudes of her people. On the other hand, the most influential and highly enlightened nation of the world, deriving gain in revenue by the manufacture of the noxious cause of China's moral destruction, and forcing its import upon an unwilling country, thus virtually refuses to help her in the mightiest struggle which any country has ever made to shake herself free from that which is eating out her vitals. A sorry spectacle for men and angels."—Vicar of St. Paul's, London.

"That we should grow opium in order to raise revenue, is, I think, without any parallel whatever in the whole history of the world."—Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Of all humiliating and degrading positions to be in, I can think of none worse for a good people than this."—Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, Sec. Lond. Miss. Soc.

"There never was a clearer case against any nation, than that which lies against our British name in respect to the opium traffic. The Christians of Britain ought never to rest till this miserable business is put an end to.—It concerns the very stability of our Empire, because for crimes like this the nations of the past have come into judgment."—Rev. F. B. Meyer, M.A.

"It is beyond measure urgent that we acknowledge and repent of our crime against China, by at once bringing to an end our opium export trade.—James L. Maxwell, M.A., M.D.

"This abominable East; abominable not so much in itself, as because it is strewn all over with the record of our violence and fraud."—Lord Elgin.

"I wish to say clearly and deliberately, that it is a disgrace to modern civilization that such a condition should be allowed to continue."—Dr. Tenney, Secretary of the American Legation at Peking.

"The Indian Government could well dispense with the revenue they get from opium."—Sir E. M. Baker, Secretary of the Indian Viceregal Council.

"We could not, with any self-respect, refuse to assist China on the ground of loss of revenue to India."—Lord Minto, late Governor General of Canada, also of India.

"The greatest of modern abominations."—Lord Shaftsbury.

The Very Latest.

A cablegram from China, March 10th, 1913, is as follows:—

"The Chinese Government appeals to the civilized world for support for China in its refusal to buy the accumulated forty million dollars worth of opium stock which the opium trust holds in Shanghai for speculative purposes, and which can not be sold because of China's vigorous enforcement of its prohibition of the retail trade, which is permitted by the last opium treaty, but which makes of no avail the permission in the same treaty of British sales at wholesale.

"The consequent financial embarrassment affects not only the opium trust but also the International Banking Association, a banking trust of European banks, which has constrained the Shanghai consuls of these countries to put pressure (including intimations of delayed recognition) on the Chinese Foreign office to buy the opium in bulk or to have opium prohibition relaxed till these stocks are sold.

"The Chinese refuse to do either, standing on their treaty rights and declaring their belief that the British people, whose sympathy with China has been expressed in influential memorials, will never permit another opium war.

"The British people urge that as the India Government has made many millions of profit out of the rise in the price of opium, due to China's suppression of the native product, it should buy back the opium stocks in China."

THE THIRTY-NINTH ASSEMBLY

Of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will meet in Knox Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 4th, at 8 p.m. The Committee on business, consisting of the clerks of Assembly, together with the clerks of synods and presbyteries, who are commissioners, will meet in the same place on the same day at 4 p.m.

Synod and Presbytery clerks are instructed to take order as follows:—

1. That all documents for submission to the Assembly be written on foolscap, on one side of the sheet, with a wide margin to the left, and that all matters that may require separate consideration be on separate sheets.

2. That parties who have causes coming before the Assembly are required to send the papers in the case, and five dollars to pay for the printing of the same for the use of members of Assembly.

3. That applications of presbyteries for the reception of ministers from other churches must be accompanied by two typewritten copies of all papers relative to said ministers, and five dollars to pay for printing the same for the use of Assembly.

4. That lists of Presbytery commissioners, as soon as they are appointed, be sent to Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., 63 St. Famille St., Montreal, together with the post office addresses of all the elders who are commissioners, and the congregations to which the ministerial commissioners may belong; and that all other papers for submission to the Assembly be sent to Rev. John Somerville, D.D., Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

5. That all papers to be laid before the Assembly be in the hands of the Clerks at least eight days before the Assembly.

6. All reports to be printed in the stitched volume sent to commissioners in advance of the Assembly, must be in Dr. Somerville's hands by April 1st, and all overtures of April 30th.

Travelling arrangements to the General Assembly have been made as follows:—

Commissioners to Assembly will purchase a first-class railway ticket to Toronto and obtain a Standard Certificate. They will be entitled to return free.

(1.) From Port Arthur East to the Atlantic, the going date will be from May 23rd to June 11th, and returning limit, June 17th.

(2.) From Port Arthur West to British Columbia, the going date will be May 20th to June 7th, return limit, July 17th.

(3.) British Columbia, going May 20th to June 7th, returning, July 27th.

The arrangements for the Upper Lakes will be the same as for last year.

Particulars will be sent to all the Commissioners. These terms will be given to all attending the General Assembly or any of the meetings connected with it. A charge of 25 cents will be made for vising the tickets in the territory of the Eastern Canadian Passenger Association.

ROBERT CAMPBELL,

JOHN SOMERVILLE,

Joint Clerks of Assembly.

THE PRE-ASSEMBLY CONFERENCE.

By REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

Arrangements for the Pre-Assembly Conference are under way. It is going to be a long pull and a pull altogether, but it can be done. The Presbytery of Toronto has undertaken the billeting and they are vigorously at work. The following Committees have been appointed: Programme and Policy; Music; Transportation and Finance; Exhibits and Statistics; Halls and Ushering; Reception; Devotional.

It is in connection with the latter Committee that I would like a word with the readers of the Record. The most common remark one hears regarding the Conference is that it will be either a blessing or a curse. There is no middle ground. The expenditure of so large a sum of money for a mere holiday will bring disappointment and worse.

But if it is made the occasion of spiritual uplift it may tell for good upon the Canadian Church beyond anything hitherto known. On that all are agreed. A Pentecostal time at the Conference would mean showers of blessing throughout Canada and in the regions beyond. Pentecostal times produce similar results whether in Jerusalem or Toronto.

And Pentecostal times are always secured in the same way—by the upper room experiences. They that “wait” shall renew their strength. The Devotional Committee is asking every minister and every elder, every man, woman and child who knows how to pray, to unite in daily, hourly intercession in behalf of this Conference. Let it be the note in Sunday and mid-week services. Let prayer circles be formed and other methods that may occur.

Is it too much to ask? Think of what will follow if a great Assembly of four or five thousand men and women, expected to be in Toronto at that time, should feel the touch of the tongues of fire! We could then measure up to our task at home and abroad—nothing would be impossible.

It is a great opportunity—such as the Canadian Church has never had and may never have again. It is surely a right and proper think to seek such purposeful co-operation in prayer as is rarely known. There is the need. There is the Infinite supply. There is one condition upon which Divine resources are released. “He giveth to them that ask Him.”—“They were all with one accord in one place.”

It is earnestly hoped that this will be taken seriously, that every one who comes to that Assembly will come under a sense of personal responsibility and be a contributor to the hoped-for results.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

By a Business Man.

No scheme of our Church better deserves the support of her membership than does the Fund which makes provision for our aged servants of God, who have given many years of faithful service in the work of the ministry. The very nature of his calling prevents a minister from making even a fair provision for the days when he must give up active work; indeed a money-making minister greatly injures, if he does not destroy, his usefulness.

At present, from gifts by congregations and from interest on the Endowment Fund, annuities varying from \$75 to \$400 per annum, according to years of service, are paid, the latter amount only after forty years of service.

But I ask the business men of our Church if such a provision—I dare not call it maintenance—is at all adequate? I say to the business men of the Church—and many of them have become wealthy during the past few years—put yourself in their place and try to think what it means, and then let effect be given to thought by coming to the help of the Fund.

How This May be Done.

The Endowment now in hand for the entire Church—East and West—is \$339,009.58. The General Assembly in June last decided that it should be brought up to \$500,000. The Committee on the Fund was authorized to take the necessary steps to raise this additional sum.

The Committee is of opinion that this sum should be given by the wealthier members of the Church, of whom there are many, rather than by a general canvass. Could not this be made a Free Will Offering on the part of these wealthier friends in the Church?

The present endowment was contributed largely by persons other than those to whom the appeal is now made, and it is only fair to ask those who have not heretofore done so, to give now the sum wanted. It should not be difficult for the well-to-do and the wealthy members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to raise the sum of \$161,000. There are some of our people who would be richer, to say nothing of the sense of happiness that would follow, by a gift of ten thousand dollars. Will some one start it, and others follow?

If the Endowment Fund is brought up to \$500,000, the Committee will be able to increase the full annuity for the forty years of ministerial service to \$500 per annum, and the shorter terms of service in proportion.

They are worthy for whom this appeal is made. Will not the business men connected with our Church, by an early and generous response, make it possible for the aged annuitants to enjoy the comfort the increase will bring to them during the few years remaining to them here?

J. K. MACDONALD, Convener.

THE AGED MINISTERS' FUND.

Mr. J. K. Macdonald, who has given so many years of earnest effort to securing a better support for the aged ministers that have devoted their lives to the good of their country and their fellow men, makes an appeal in this issue of the Record, which should meet with a prompt and generous response wherever business men look carefully and fairly into the subject.

This Fund is not charity, it is justice, simply and only justice; and there are two great principles upon which it is based;—first, the equal obligation of all men for service to God, and, second the obligation of fairness and justice from man to man.

1. All men, ministers and business men alike, are responsible to God according to their opportunity, for the world's redemption from evil to good, from despair to hope, from death to life, from Satan to God.

If some men give their lives wholly to this service, and others chiefly to business, the latter are not relieved of obligation, but they fulfil it in part by devoting some of the fruits of their business to the support of the former.

Further, of those who give their whole lives to this ministry, many receive, during their working life, no more than is necessary for their support. Few of them are able to make adequate provision for the time when they can no longer work.

Business men are therefore only fulfilling their part of the common responsibility for world uplift, when out of their gains in business they make some provision for the old age of men who have been in a measure their substitutes.

2. The other great principle that should commend this Fund, not only to Christian men, but to all fair-minded business men, is, that one of the greatest factors in making any country a place where there can be security in the acquirement and possession of property is the Christian Church and its ministry.

In this connection one is always re-

minded of the statement of Major Welsh, in early Yukon days, that for the preservation of law and order and safety in a community one missionary is worth many policemen.

If then the minister and the business man are partners in the creation of wealth, it is not fair or just, between man and man, that one partner, when unable to work longer should suffer want. The aged minister is fairly and justly entitled to some support from the general prosperity which his life work has helped to make possible.

PERILS OF YOUNG MEN.**In Some of Our Western Towns.**

"I am trying to 'hold the fort' in one of our progressive western towns, writes Rev. John Bendelow, of Alsask, Sask. There is much to be done if we are to save the many bright young men, whose leisure—especially at this season of the year—finds them drifting to the usual public resort, the pool-room.

"Through the generosity of a goodly number, I have been able to open a public reading room—18 by 28—and have it well supplied with magazines from several of our Women's Societies. I have likewise checkers and other games.

"Once a fortnight we have a ten cent social, but apart from the social night, I fear, for one going to the reading-room you will find a dozen preferring the pool resort, where not only is the atmosphere polluted by the insatiable smoking victim, but the language is vile, and worse still if reports be true, gambling is also carried on.

"I am sure many of the boys have been reared where the influence was calculated to make them strong, physically and morally, but alas, they have fallen on evil times. What can we do to save them?

"When setting out to secure help for the building of the reading-room, I had occasion to ask the pool room proprietor if he would care to assist in the erection of the building. 'Oh No,'—said he—'I want the boys,' I believe he is getting them, but oh the consequences to himself and others!"

"Can we not and should we not provide the amusement and social recreation, freed from these baneful influences, and save our young men to a better and more worthy life?"

A PRAIRIE BIBLE CLASS.

By REV. JOHN JACKSON, BIENFAIT, SASK.

To start with, it isn't an "Organized" Bible Class that we have up at Albany, but just an ordinary, every-day sort.

It isn't an ideal Class either, as it is only held for six months in the year.

Moreover, it is neither held in a city, nor in a town, nor even in a village, but away off on the prairie, with the nearest house about a mile away.

Further, its members are not composed of the staid city fathers, or of active townsmen, but of sturdy country lads and lasses and their elders, with the brawn and muscle so characteristic of their class.

Still further, it isn't held at the fashionable hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but at 10.15 in the morning.

Yet again, it isn't held in the body of some great church, of elaborate design, and beautiful workmanship, but in a plain country school-house, with the rude school seats, and two rickety benches, and these are shared with the two other classes of the Sunday School.

We cannot boast of numbers, as our membership is only twelve. We cannot boast of wealth, as most are struggling to obtain a start in life.

Of what then can we boast? Of a faithful few who gather from distances of from one to five miles; of the deep interest taken in the study of the Scriptures in the homes; of the splendid answers written down week by week to the questions in the Intermediate Quarterlies; and above all else,—some are being led to Jesus.

You ask, "What are your methods?" We are kind of old-fashioned. It is essentially a conversational class, and an effort is made to give every one something to say. Each member is asked for some information about the lesson.

To start with, one may be asked for the Lesson Plan, another asked if there is any connection with last week's lesson. If so, what?

Having got at the basis of the lesson, we then proceed in earnest to work at the subject in hand. We do not stop so much to talk of meanings of words, but endeavour to get at the underlying principles, often bringing them to bear on the daily life.

Towards the close of the lesson, the members read their answers to the questions in the "Intermediate Quarterly." At the close of the school the class joins with the school in Bible drill, and is acquitting itself well in this respect.

Review Sunday is quite an interesting feature. One or two weeks previous the members receive one lesson each, which they are expected to study, and on review day, to come prepared with a short address or essay on the subject of their lesson, which is read before the class.

A few have failed to prepare, 'tis true, but others, again, have been of an exceptionally high character, revealing careful study and diligent research.

The members are thus being trained to take part in Sabbath School work, and are being prepared to take their places as teachers of the junior classes. More than that, during the enforced absence of the teacher, the class has been left in charge of the various members, who willingly undertook the responsibility.

What are our prospects? Not so much extensive growth, as the population around is small. But we do expect intensive growth: growth in the knowledge of the Word, in love to God, in open acknowledgment of, and service for, our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.—Bible Class Magazine.

PRAYER.

A tree without roots and a Christian who never prays in secret are fitting types of each other. Prayer is the most wonderful fact in the universe. It is the highest and supremest privilege of a human being. As our view of the Almighty is enlarged by new discoveries of the marvels of physical science, this privilege of vital relation between our helplessness and His might should become more and more dear to us. In ourselves we are infinitely little, but as we take hold upon God, infinite love and strength and joy are ours through believing prayer.—The Christian Observer.

OUR TRINIDAD MISSION, 1912

SAN FERNANDO DISTRICT, 1912.

REV. S. A. FRASER'S EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

This has been in many respects the most trying year I have ever seen in Trinidad. The people will not soon forget the suffering, sickness, hardships and financial loss that followed the great drought of 1911 and 1912. Our people have been set back at least five years in their material prosperity. Many will be struggling with debts for years to come and not a few have lost all their property.

The drought was followed by a serious epidemic of dysentery. Measles and whooping cough also broke out among the children which very seriously affected the attendance at our schools.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks there has been steady growth in every department of the Church's work, with the exception of the regular native church contribution, which shows a slight decrease under last year. It speaks well for the liberality of the native church in this district that during such unprecedented hard times they contributed in the regular way \$2,774.67, and raised specially for buildings \$1,400.00 making a total of \$4,174.67, which is more than was paid for the support of the entire staff of native preachers and evangelists.

A new school house was built of native wood on Siparia-Erin road and opened in July. We are hoping to get government aid for this school before the end of this year.

Rusillac Section of Fyzabad congregation subscribed over \$2,300 for the building of their new church, the elder of the district heading the list with \$800.00 which amount he paid in full. The church, which is built largely of beautiful native cedar, was completed and opened for worship early in November. About three hundred people were seated in the church on the day of the opening. \$1,400. of the amount subscribed has been paid and I believe the people will make good their promise to pay the balance within

three years. A new teachers' house was also erected at Rusillac.

At our last communion in the new congregation of Penal and Dewi there were one hundred and thirty people crowded into the school house and eighty-five partook of the communion.

A church is much needed here but owing to the cocoa just beginning to yield, and the losses of 1912 through drought, the people will not be able to raise more than a third of the cost of their church. May we look to Canada for the remaining \$1,000.00?

A friend has given \$600 for the building of a native minister's residence in this congregation, small interest to be paid on the amount during the life time of the donor.

We need more preachers and evangelists. There is an average of 2,000 heathen and 240 Christians to every native minister and catechist employed by the mission, and 2,500 still continue to come annually from India. It may be truly said even of Trinidad "The harvest is great but the labourers are few."

We tender our sincere thanks to all the friends who have helped us during the year with gifts of money, clothing, picture rolls, papers, cards, etc.

TUNAPUNA DISTRICT FOR 1912.

REV. HARVEY H. MORTON'S TWELFTH YEAR.

The year 1912 was marked for us by two great sorrows. On the 29th July, Rev. Andrew Gayadeen, after scarce two days' illness was called away. He was so highly esteemed as a humble Christian, and for his great gifts in preaching and pastoral visitation, as well as for his Eastern scholarship, that his place cannot be soon filled.

On the 4th of August Dr. Morton was taken from us. His able administration, and his wisdom, gained from nearly half a century of experience, made his loss only the more keenly felt as time goes on.

On the 10th November the "Morton Me-

morial" church was opened at Guaico; and remains a monument, not only of the esteem in which Dr. Morton was held, but of his successful work in the part of this field most recently opened up.

From 1st September the Couva field undertook the supervision of the Chaguanas and Charlieville district, thus releasing for me, from 1st January, 1913, John and Deborah Talaram to labour in the San Juan district, where good agents were greatly needed.

Dr. Jamieson was also able to assist me by sending from Princetown James Rameshwar, to co-operate with me at Tunapuna, in place of Andrew Gayadeen.

So long as Dr. Morton's place continues vacant the burden of work will continue to be very heavy. For the present it has been found absolutely necessary to close the work of the Hindi Printing office, as I could not, as now situated, overtake the task of editing. Happily an enlarged edition of the Hindi Hymnal "Gitmala" had been completed by Dr. Morton early in the year.

Our schools, numbering twenty-one, were well maintained, with an average daily attendance of 1,950 children.

Our teachers and catechists all worked well. Special mention should be made of Joseph Gibbings at Guaico, who has assisted me there with increased faithfulness and diligence.

Miss Blackadder has had an unusually large attendance at her school and is reporting for herself.

Besides contributing largely to the "Morton Memorial" church the native church in this field gave this year \$1,155.42, an average of \$4.01 per communicant.

The number of baptisms was 110. Communicants in good standing 288.

I am thankful to be able to report that the sorrows of the year have worked gain to many, an increasing loyalty to the Master and his cause being so clearly resultant, that we all begin the work of a new year with hope and courage and looking for an enlarged blessing.

PRINCETOWN DISTRICT FOR 1912.

By REV. W. J. JAMIESON.

In some ways the work of 1912 seems to be stationary, as the progress has been quiet and of a general character, but there has been progress. Almost all our schools have grown in attendance, thus necessitating an increase of teaching staff and enlargement of accommodation. The new school at Nipal has been admitted to Government aid.

Several young men have confessed Christ in baptism and one or two families have been received, but baptisms have been largely of children of Christians.

The givings of the native church have been fairly well sustained, although it has been a hard year on account of the severe drought, and prevalence of pests both in cane and cocoa. Our Christian families are using more generally the envelope system, with more comfort to themselves and profit to the work. The men chosen to the office of eldership in the several proposed nuclei of congregations, are giving us encouragement, in the interest manifested in looking after the families under their care, and in advising and assisting the catechists in general supervision of the work.

The number of preachers is the same as last year. They have been generally faithful and, we think, more efficient. Saturday classes have been regularly held throughout the year and some have grown in ability to interpret the Scriptures.

Joseph Rampersad, a talented school teacher, dedicated himself to the work of the ministry, and is giving good promise in the work of preaching the Gospel to his fellow countrymen. Friends in Ontario and Quebec have supported him so that he, at present, is no expense to the Mission. Two other young teachers will be ready to leave teaching for catechist's work as soon as the funds for their support are in hand. These men are willing to devote themselves to preaching at a considerable financial loss to themselves, and we feel that the Church in Canada will stand by them when the facts are known.

These young men offering themselves to the work of the ministry call for AD-

VANCE. The needs of many well-settled sections, which are without any Gospel ordinances, who would respond to Christ's call were he faithfully preached among them, call for ADVANCE.

The work of your missionary is more and more is outgrowing his personal efforts. His duty seems to lie more largely along the line of guiding and teaching the native staff, and in superintending the whole field under his control. Will the church make it possible for us to avail ourselves of the young men who are ready to devote themselves to the work, or shall we halt and cry "retrench" just when we see the way opening for the Church's prayers to be answered?

COUVA DISTRICT FOR 1912.

By REV. W. J. GREEN.

Notwithstanding the crop failures of the past year, and the resultant poverty and sickness, we have great cause for thankfulness. The Lord's work has been carried on without interruption and the abundant rains of this year are bringing a much better harvest than was expected.

The proper work of this field is pursued under difficulties. Our report of nineteen catechists is misleading. All but five are men who are engaged in work of the mission only on Sabbath; and of these five full time men one is growing old, having laboured very faithfully for thirty-six years, and two are untrained and inexperienced. Where continuous and careful house to house visitation is so necessary, even to the up keep of the Sunday services you will readily understand our insufficiency to meet the demands of the work.

There is this to be said, however, that whatever the staff was able to do was done most willingly and with good results. Over 14,000 persons have heard the word on Sabbath, and 4,500 have been visited, and instructed in their homes. Some fruits are being gathered, but we believe a larger harvest is slowly ripening.

Our schools with regard to attendance are about the same as last year. Fever and dysentery, so prevalent, has prevented an increase.

The quality of the instruction, however, especially the religious part of it, is improving. In 1911, twenty-seven scholars received diplomas and this year eighty-one.

For the past year and a half we have had quarterly examinations in Religious Instruction, including Hindi, and the teachers show an increasing interest in this work. We look upon this as perhaps the best strategic point in all our work. Wherever the Word has been taught from the evangelistic note the results have been good.

To-day we employed a pupil teacher, fifteen years of age, who about a year ago stood up between his teacher and his heathen father, and received baptism. He is well taught in the Scriptures, and has already passed his Sixth Standard. His father regularly accompanies him to church and will probably be yet won to Christ through his means. The fruit of our schools is the best quality we get in the field.

Our financial returns from the field are less than we expected. We had estimated for \$1,200 and in the first half of the year half this amount was realized, but the financial stress made itself felt keenly in the second half so that our income fell off by one third. Less emphasis is laid on special occasions and systematic giving is encouraged. The people are inclined to be generous, and with instruction and increasing means will in time be able to pay their own way.

ABOUT FICTION.

Fiction is the most prolific department of reading. It is most in demand with an ease-loving people. It is one of the most pernicious lines of reading.

Fiction which rests on fact, by its description, history customs and impersonation, can impart a large amount of excellent information in a very attractive and restful way, and therefore has a proper place in one's reading.

But fiction which appeals only to the emotions, the lower passions, and the fancy, is destructive both of the mind and of the morals, and is to be avoided as a case of Asiatic cholera.

OUR BRITISH GUIANA MISSION, 1912

ESSEQUIBO FIELD, 1912.

Rev. R. Gibson Fisher, Seventh Year.

The Year just closing has been a very strenuous and critical one in this field; but in certain directions at least we have made some solid progress, and have cause for much thankfulness to the "Disposer Supreme."

Health Conditions.

Our first cause for gratitude in this torrid zone is continued health and strength. The country does not deserve the wretched name it bears in certain quarters. I have now lived here for nineteen years, and have never known any serious epidemic, or any serious illness.

Providential Aid.

Still greater cause for thanksgiving, is the manifest presence and blessing of God, which have attended our feeble efforts these past seven years to further the cause of His Kingdom here. In spite of all opposition, and hindrances of every kind, the Gospel leaven is working. A few instances of this year may be briefly mentioned.

One Hindu Maraj, who has opposed us consistently for years, recently publicly expressed his conviction to his fellow Hindus, some of whom were urging him to renewed opposition to our work in his neighbourhood, that all such opposition was useless, and that "all the Hindus here will be Christians soon."

Another pundit in this field, who boasts of having over three hundred and fifty "god-children," who among them supply him with quite a comfortable income (I am told he frequently brings home \$200.00 or \$300.00 from his periodic visitation of his flock), recently gave a contribution towards the building fund of our new church in his district, and he told me in confidence the other day that he has been reading the International Sunday School Lessons all this year, by the aid of the Hindi leaflets which are distributed every Sunday at our services, and that he knows Christianity is true, and is thinking ser-

iously of embracing it, as he "cannot afford to lose his soul for the sake of an easy living." He has never attended our services, but the message has reached him through the printed word.

In another case the terrible drought was the cause of diverting the growing opposition of the Hindus. After praying in vain for weeks to the unheeding idol in the "thakurbari," accompanied by the sacrifice of a pig, a goat and a white cock, they came to me, headed by the estate head driver, himself a Maraj, just as I was leaving for Trinidad, asking me to call a meeting, and pray for rain.

I suggested to the catechist that he might convene a special service at the church for the purpose next day, and on my return I was told that the meeting had been held; that it was largely attended, that the Gospel was faithfully preached to many who are seldom found at our services, that fervent prayers were offered, and rain fell heavily all the following day.

Rightly or wrongly, the Hindus gave the credit for this to the Christians' prayers, and have ceased from troubling us in that region ever since. In fact, a deputation of them, with the same head-driver at their head, came to me only last week, asking me to open a day school for their benefit!

In another case our leading opponent, a Mohammedan, was stricken down suddenly by the hand of death, and his co-rengtonists have since refrained from all active opposition, and have indeed been positively friendly in some respects, whilst his own brother-in-law has recently been baptised.

In yet another case, the most influential Hindu, who has hindered us greatly for some years past in that particular village was taken seriously ill, and at the point of death professed his faith in Christ, sent for the catechist and the missionary, and vowed, if spared, to join the Church on his recovery. His life was spared, and he and his whole family are now candidates for baptism.

Doubtless, many will see in these things

only some "peculiar coincidences." In the thick of the fight we see things somewhat differently, perhaps, for to us they seem indubitable proofs that the Master's word is still true: "Lo, I am with you."

Baptisms.

We have had sixty-two baptisms this year, as against thirty-seven in 1911. No less than forty of these were children and young people of our schools, in the majority of cases brought, or allowed to come, by their heathen parents, who are not yet themselves prepared to make the "great renunciation."

Whatever may be the case elsewhere, it is undoubtedly true that our hope of success here lies chiefly with the children of our week day and Sabbath schools, and we are glad to report that in nearly every case these schools have well maintained their ground this year, although several causes have conspired together to render further progress well nigh impossible.

Hindrances.

First, there was the severe drought, which began in August, 1911, and continued till the end of May, 1912. This had the effect of making work of all kinds for field labourers very scarce, and scattered many families in search of it, and the children, of course, went with their parents.

Then in the middle of the year, we had an epidemic of Hindu child marriages, which carried off quite a number of our promising scholars, for the most part against the will of the youthful brides and bride-grooms, who were driven thereto by their Hindu parents and pundits. These marriages are not legal, and one cannot help thinking something should be done to put a stop to them, as they are a prolific source of trouble and woe to the frequent ly ill-assorted partners.

Another great hindrance this year has been the open and avowed opposition of both Hindus and Mohammedans to our Sunday School work in certain places. This is probably a sign of progress, that our work is beginning to impress and alarm the enemy, and if so, opposition is undoubtedly preferable to indifference.

But we have suffered serious losses from this cause at Airy Hall, Huist Dieren, and MacKay Memorial Schools this year. Nearly every Hindoo and Mohammedan child has been withdrawn from these schools this year, by direction of the pundits and maulavis, and this has emphasized the urgency of having our own day schools, wherever possible, as the day school has so far escaped the suspicion and interdict of the pundits, and in the day school we can teach religion five days a week.

But probably the greatest hindrance of all has been the attitude of most of the estates to the question of child and Sunday labour. Scarcely a week has passed this year without some complaint reaching us on this score. Although we have here model laws concerning compulsory education and Sabbath observance these are more honoured in the breach than in the observance so far as the East Indians are concerned.

Sabbath desecration has undoubtedly increased this year in Essequebo, whatever may be the case elsewhere, and, in his Annual Report just issued, the Immigration Agent General states that: "only about twenty-seven per cent. of the children who are of the age at which they are required by law to attend school, are on the attendance registers."

Hindu parents are keen on economy, and supremely unconcerned about the education of their children, particularly the girls, and on a sugar estate there are many things for which child-labour seems eminently suited, and economical to the planter. Hence both Sunday and day schools in the neighbourhood of an estate are as a rule seriously handicapped.

And as for the adult labourers, when not sent to the cane-fields to cut the canes on Sunday, or to load them in the punts, in readiness for an early start of grinding operations on Monday morning, as frequently happens in the grinding season, they are pretty sure to be at the pay office, receiving the weekly wages, or in the buildings attending to the machinery, or off to their own rice-fields, Sunday being the only day available for that purpose.

Our work is inevitably opposed to such a state of things, and, whilst in nearly every case the proprietors are well disposed towards us, and render us liberal financial aid, with one or two conspicuous exceptions, the local authorities are frankly hostile, or indifferent.

Here again we are doubtless beginning to pay the price of our success. Refusal to work on Sunday, in spite of consequence, for religious reasons, must be very annoying when it comes from such a source; and this probably is the true explanation of the regrettable fact that on some estates which we could name large and substantial Hindu temples have this year been erected, if not by the estate authorities, at least with the active assistance and approval of the local management!

Teacher Training.

Another notable event of the year has been the despatch of the first student teachers to Trinidad for training in the College there. We hope great things for our schools from this scheme of teacher training, which has been made possible for us by the kindness of the W. H. and F. M. S.

At the same time an effort is being made to fit certain of the younger catechists and catechist teachers for a college training by means of classes held at the manse almost daily. The lack of efficient and suitable catechists has long been one of our greatest handicaps and we hope by these means to gradually bring about a better state of things.

Death of Catechist Prashad.

We regret to record the loss, through death, of one of the younger Catechists, James Prashad, of L'Union, who passed away after a short illness, on November 26th, being only 26 years of age. We can ill spare such a worker. He was a product of the Essequibo Mission, having been one of the first couverts at Anna Regina. In this last conscious moments his chief regret was that he had not been permitted to preach the word even once in the new church erected at his station, and dedicated on October 21st.

Three New Churches.

Concerning the building of three new churches, which have been designated "Khusalstan," (Place of Comfort);—or that of "Akashwani" (the voice from Heaven), at Johanna Cecelia;— or the one at Anna Regina, to be known as "Muktighar. (House of Salvation), all three substantial structures, which have given our cause its long needed "visibility" on this coast, and made the year 1912 an ever memorable year to us, space forbids any further words.

Much also might be said concerning the successful and inspiring "mela," with which these new buildings were inaugurated in October, and also concerning our short visit to Trinidad in February, and the ever memorable visit to us here of the Convener of the F.M.C. in March. The joy with which we, in September, welcomed a successor to Mr. MacKenzie in the person of Mr. Scrimgeour, and the departure of our brother Cropper on his well-merited furlough on October 27th, must also for lack of space be passed over with this mere mention.

Thanks.

To the many kind friends and mission bands, who have again been mindful of our needs, we tender our sincere and grateful thanks. We should like to assure them that their works of faith and labours of love are greatly appreciated by us all here, and that without their aid our difficulties would be much increased.

The Year's Statistics.

| | |
|--|----------|
| New communicants. | 18 |
| Communicants lost by removals, death, etc. | 24 |
| Baptisms, adults 22, children 40. . . | 62 |
| Marriages. | 7 |
| Sunday Schools. | 13 |
| Sunday School Scholars. | 834 |
| Sunday School Teachers. | 34 |
| Day schools, vernacular, 3; English, 6; total. | 9 |
| Day school scholars. | 592 |
| Night schools. | 8 |
| Night school scholars. | 113 |
| Day and night school teachers. . . . | 25 |
| Contributions of native church . . | \$512.96 |

IN TRINIDAD AND B. GUIANA.

BY REV. J. A. SCRIMGEOUR, B. GUIANA.

The first eight months of the year were spent in the ordinary routine of the educational work in Trinidad, in College and Training School. As this work will be fully reported by Dr. Coffin it only remains for me to repeat my high appreciation of the staff which has made possible the continued good results in both institutions. It was with deep regret in many ways that Mrs. Scrimgeour and myself severed our connection with the work and the friends in Trinidad but the need and call to British Guiana seemed imperative.

The last four months have been spent in an endeavour to supply the double or triple field which Mr. Cropper has, since Mr. Mackenzie's retirement, been compelled to administer, a field that extends from Georgetown to the Corentyne Coast, fully ninety miles long, not counting the additional thirty miles to Sheldon, where we are co-operating with Rev. J. Rae in school work, and two stations on the Demerara River, with a mission school on the west bank.

The field is far too large and scattered for any one man, even if he be as tireless and energetic as Mr. Cropper has been, combined with something of the restlessness and faith of the pioneer which has always compelled him to see and hear the call and appeal of "beyond," believing that the Church of Canada can and will respond to the call that comes from the very success of the work. Sometimes indeed the pioneer "Nelson like," puts the glass to the blind eye when reading the literal meaning of the Church's hesitation to advance, and responds to appeals that seem imperative if the opportunity of the hour is to be laid hold on.

Such advance, however, in the planting of posts throughout the country, inevitably raises the question of effective work and thorough administration, and such seems to me our present situation. The mission is established, as the leaven, in what appears wisely chosen points, but unless the Church can respond with workers, both Canadian and native, much of

the advantage of past success and strenuous effort will be lost, and we must either continue to waste much of our energy in hurried travel over too wide a call to retreat from the Church's work.

Demerara County, with neighbourhood, demands two Canadian men with an adequate staff, but the third missionary should be stationed in Berbice with its large Indian population, more of whom are living on their own land than in any other section of the colony and giving the same promise for the future as the cocoa districts of Trinidad. Like the same districts of Trinidad a more advanced type of native worker is demanded.

One thought must always be borne in mind when comparing the two missions: in Trinidad we grew as a mission with the growth of the East Indian in strength of numbers and influence; here we enter much later in the development of the people in business and social life. They do not yet occupy the position the East Indians do in Trinidad but they occupy a more influential position than they did in Trinidad at the same period of the mission's development.

During December competitive examinations have been held to select boys for the W.F.M.S. bursaries at San Fernando. This new advance will mean much to our school work which is weak here by necessity, it seems, of the peculiar conditions. A good staff of well trained East Indian teachers will wield a great influence.

The East Indian has a great future in this colony. The tone and spirit of that future must be inspired by the message of Jesus. Hinduism may be active, Mohammedanism may fight every inch of the ground, but the gravest danger is the spiritual and religious indifference which must be, and now is, the result of a mere outward veneering of the "western spirit and customs" coupled with the example and influence of much of the religious life of the West Indies, which certainly lacks vital moral and religious power. This is our most insidious counter influence. But when did the hardness of a task become a country or else curtail our work.

OUR KOREA MISSION.

WONSON STATION, KOREA 1912.

| Staff. | Appointed. |
|---------------------------------------|------------|
| Rev. W. R. Foote, M.A., B.D. | 1898 |
| Mrs. Foote | 1898 |
| Rev. A. F. Robb, B.A. | 1901 |
| Mrs. Robb, B.A. | 1901 |
| Miss J. B. Robb | 1903 |
| Population in field | 200,000 |
| Adults baptised during year | 136 |
| Catechumens enrolled during year . . | 166 |
| Total number of catechumens | 633 |
| Total number of communicants | 901 |
| Elders | 9 |
| Church buildings | 35 |
| Total places of worship | 56 |

The work of Wonsan Station has had to be carried on under serious disabilities. Two years ago the absence on furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Robb left a staff of only three missionary workers.

During the past year the unsatisfactory condition of Mr. Foote's health through out the whole year made it impossible for him to accomplish his usual quota of work, while Miss Robb's absence left the burden of all the work for women and girls to the two married ladies with all their other cares.

That the work in general proceeded as smoothly and successfully as it did is largely due to the faithful and efficient labors of the Korean pastor, Mr. Pak, and the earnest band of helpers and Bible women for whom we have daily cause to thank God.

Mr. Pak has been now for two years the co-pastor of the Wonsan congregation, and, as in previous years, his earnestness and zeal, combined with good judgment, tact, and genuine humility, have won him the respect and admiration of all who know him.

The Local Work.

Was carried on as formerly. In the Sunday School the whole congregation studied with much interest the History of Judah and Israel and God's dealings with them. There were ten classes of men and boys, and twelve of women and girls. Though each of the missionaries taught when not prevented by absence

from the town or ill-health, the great majority of the teachers were Korean, and they showed much faithfulness and improvement in teaching ability.

A training class for S.S. teachers was held on Friday nights by one of the pastors. Besides the regular Sunday and Wednesday night services there were classes for Bible study and night schools both for young men and young women, going on almost every night, largely taught by Koreans.

The four men who are studying for the ministry continued their course at the Theological College in Pyeng Yang, and the Korean pastor spent a month in post graduate work there.

Men's General Class.

Once during the year all those in the various congregations connected with the Station, who wish to study for a week or ten days, gather at Wonsan and are taught in different classes according to their attainments. Mr. McRae and Mr. Kim, a native pastor from Song Chin, were the visiting teachers, and by their helpful instruction and inspiring addresses gave a stimulus to the cause.

This central class is an important factor in our work. It is a time when problems connected with the churches are publicly discussed and the only time in the year when men from congregations far apart meet and renew friendships and make new acquaintances. A better understanding of God's Word, is gained, and an inspiration received which is felt throughout the whole year. The attendance this year was large.

Class for Helpers.

This Class was held in the latter half of June, and was attended by about forty, including helpers, teachers, colporteurs and leaders of country groups. Many who would like to come are kept away because of financial reasons. These men are good Bible students, and both teachers and taught enjoyed a stiff daily program of studies in John, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Thessa-lonians, and Revelation.

There was also a daily prayer meeting, singing lesson, and a conference on practical problems. The Station had the valued assistance of Mr. Young in the teaching. A five years' course of study is to be covered by these classes; examinations are given, and at the completion certificates will be awarded.

Women's Classes.

The General Class for Women was held during the last week of March, with an attendance of 140. We are grateful for Dr. Kate McMillan's help and inspiration at this time. The women were divided into three groups, and met for five hours daily. Besides the lady missionaries, Mr. Foote, the native pastor, and Elder Cha taught classes, and a number of the older school girls devoted the mornings to helping the women who wanted to learn to read, each girl taking two or more pupils.

Advanced Class.

The Class for the more advanced women throughout the congregations connected with the Station was in session about four weeks in the winter. These are the women who teach in the Sunday Schools and help with every church enterprise; some are Biblewomen and evangelists, but most of them have no salaries, and are women who love the church, and give what time they can to its work.

To encourage them certificates were given to those who took all the studies with the different teachers, and passed satisfactory examinations. Forty-five were successful. This would have been impossible a few years ago, and is an indication of progress.

Country Work.**Southern Circuit.**

Mr. Foote's illness made it impossible for him to attempt much country work. Two itinerating trips were made, but these short ones of about ten days each. Several churches were visited and 171 catechumens and new believers enrolled; and forty-four persons baptised.

Two weeks were given to Song Chin helping in the summer Class for leaders. The remainder of the year was spent in Wonsan in the local work,

One of Mr. Foote's helpers has developed tubercular trouble, and throughout the cold weather was unequal to the usual services required of one in his position. This, together with Mr. Foote's illness, made it necessary to secure an extra helper in order to hold the Bible Classes throughout his circuit.

These Classes make up a large part of our winter's work and are looked forward to with interest by the people.

Each congregation, however small, enjoyed the privilege of a Class, and sometimes, by the aid of volunteer workers, two and even three were going on at the same time.

Although these Classes were in the first instance for the men, in almost every congregation a number of women attended, and were able to follow the lessons. In some places they studied with the men, but often they had a separate teacher.

Northern Circuit.

Mr. Robb spent as much time as possible in country work, though appointments on the teaching staff of the other three stations and the time that had to be devoted to the Wonsan Academy prevented him from visiting all of the groups in the three counties assigned to him. He held Classes in seven of the largest country congregations, and the helpers held classes in most of others.

The Christians in the northern circuit, though very poor, have this year contributed towards the salaries of three colporteurs, though the chief support of these men comes from the Bible Society.

We again record our gratitude to the B. and F. Bible Society for the support of five Bible women, three colporteurs in part, and three entirely. It is largely upon these that the direct evangelistic work depends, and their importance can hardly be over-estimated.

Country Work for Women.

Neither of the lady missionaries were free to do any itinerating during the past year. They could only try to keep in touch with the country work through the daily meeting, for four or five weeks, with those from the country churches who at-

tended the classes held in Wonsan, and through the Biblewomen.

Mrs. Foote supervised four Biblewomen working in Wonsan and the Southern circuit.

Mrs. Robb had supervision of four Biblewomen, one working chiefly in the Northern part of Wonsan, and one each in Mun-chun, Kowon, and Yongheung counties.

The women of the Wonsan church supported one of their number during most of the year to do the work of a Biblewoman.

Boy's Academy.

The charge of the Academy this year devolved upon Mr. Robb, who gave to it what time could be spared from his large itinerating field and other duties, teaching daily while in Wonsan. Mrs. Robb also taught four days a week. It is still very difficult to secure a competent head teacher.

Seven young men graduated in June, all active church members, and several have already rendered much service in the church.

Boys' School.

The Boys' School continued to meet in a wing of the church. There are two teachers, one a teacher of Chinese after the old school, whose dignity of Christian character and good judgment commend him to the confidence of all, the other a bright and energetic young graduate of our own Academy. These two carried on the work so well that except for some lessons given by Mrs. Robb, it was unnecessary for the missionaries to do personal teaching, as in former years.

Girls' School.

Mrs. Foote's appointment gave her charge of the city Girls' School, which was her chief care, and where she taught as she was able. Besides her duties there, general work was done in the city in connection with the usual services and Sunday School; in connection with the classes for women, directing the Biblewomen, and in visiting in the homes of members of the congregation and others.

The Girls' School has the confidence of the whole church and many of the non-Christians. This must be owing largely

to the good character and ability of the teachers, as the buildings are small and not even equipped with seats and desks, to say nothing of apparatus. We record with thanks the gift of \$93.87, now on hand to aid in equipment.

At the time of closing, seventy-five girls were attending and something a little less than this was the average for the whole year, although the number enrolled was 104.

The students were diligent and the work of the year most satisfactory. By the close of another year, four or five girls will have sufficient education to teach in the lower grades, and each succeeding year, there will be a similar class. This year we had the services of a bright young woman graduate of the Presbyterian Academy in Seoul.

Country Schools.

In addition to the town schools, there are eight schools for boys and four for girls in the country congregations. These, while far from what we would wish, are improving to some extent. Particularly in the girls' schools, the teachers have had little training, but are working faithfully to the measure of their ability.

The poverty of the Koreans makes it very difficult for them to finance these schools, and it is only where we can give them some help that they can keep up schools for their girls, though there is everywhere a keen desire for them.

An item of encouragement might be mentioned. At Anpyon the interest in this branch of Christian activity continues, and the two schools, one for boys and one for girls, have had a prosperous year. Thirty pupils attend the former, and twenty the latter. These schools have a hopeful future, and are a source of strength to the church, and a blessing to the whole community.

It is of untold advantage that the children have the opportunity of attending these schools where the teachers are Christians and the Bible is daily taught and fetishes unknown. It is far different in schools where teachers opposed to Christianity instruct the children and mould their characters six days of every week, and the

church has the same privilege a few hours only on Sundays.

This year has again seen the shadow of death darken one of our homes.

On April 19th, after an illness of fifteen days, little Gordon Robb, whose bright presence blessed us for two brief years, was called away. We can only bow in submission. "The Lord gave and The Lord has taken away Blessed be The Name of The Lord."

Cheering Incidents.

In one case, where two or three brothers who attended church in another village, have believed for two or three years, a spiritual and true Christian movement has taken place. These brothers decided to hold services in their own village, where they have been joined by one after another until the congregation numbers fully seventy, and of this number, one-half are women and girls.

One of the men built an addition to his house, which would answer the purpose, and the congregation started a school for boys which it continues to support.

The women and girls on becoming

Christians immediately set to work to learn to read, and seven have accomplished the task.

The people have no church and no room large enough to contain half the congregation. The men and women meet separately as well as they can, and the two services are conducted at the same time. If the Koreans were as well-to-do, as they were a few years ago, a church would have already been provided, but they are poor and must wait.

Requests.

We renew our request for a Doctor. Dr. Ross, of the M. E. South, who is the only Christian M. D. in a territory with a population of about 400,000, urges that our mission supply a doctor to co-operate with him in this great work. Some friends of the Station having offered \$2,000 for a medical building which may be used as a hospital or dispensary. We urge that a doctor be speedily appointed and this offered gift accepted.

We also request the speedy appointment of another single lady, qualified for educational as well as evangelistic work.



OUR FORMOSA MISSION.

IMPRESSIONS OF FORMOSA.

By REV. J. MCP. SCOTT.

Steamship, Daigi Maru,

January 21, 1913.

Dear Record:—

North Formosa has for long held the affection of our Church in Canada. It is the scene of the life and labours of George Leslie Mackay. He founded the Mission and for more than thirty years was the outstanding human figure in its work. He was a unique personality, a great evangelist, and to the Formosans a great friend.

Before the Church at home, he was mighty in appeal. By his inspiring addresses and his intense devotion, he won the confidence of the Church, and secured her interest in his work. When a boy, in my home church, I heard him once. It was a stirring, thrilling address, based upon

Psalm CXXV. I remember well the impression that service made upon me. It was with unusual interest, therefore, that I set sail from Hong Kong to Formosa.

At Swatow and at Amoy, missionaries who had been his contemporaries spoke of him with affection, and also with admiration of the fine record of his successors and their splendid work. I have been at Formosa, and am now on my way back to Hong Kong again. My stay was altogether too short, but this could not be helped. It was long enough, however, to see much and learn more of the work of God in that land. With the leisure to think that comes to one on this short sea trip, certain impressions group in my mind:—

(1) A warm admiration for all these good missionaries, who succeeded Dr. Mackay—every one of them, men and women—and the wives of missionaries—mission-

aries all of them and all the time. They are a fine lot; they are well equipped; they love their work and they are hard at it.

I took time for a quiet visit to that sacred enclosure at the rear of the Tamsui mission compound, where lie the remains of Dr. Mackay, Mr. Jamieson, Mrs. Fraser, and where were seen the graves of little children, which speak of sorrow that has fallen to missionary homes and the price parents pay to serve God in a sub-tropical land. On Dr. Mackay's tomb, I saw engraved the text from which, as a boy, I heard him preach. In such surroundings ones spirit grows tender, and it is not hard to feel the burden of human need and to understand the task that faces our missionaries here in the East.

(2) The fine record of the past is being still well maintained. The work throughout the country districts, in quality, is as high as it ever was. Work is going forward; new and strong stations are being opened; but in the care of the older sections of our territory, a quiet plan of re-organization is being followed. Smaller and contiguous groups are formed into one congregation. A system of consolidation is being pursued and in every way a better and healthier condition is obtaining in the country work.

The mission is proceeding to give to educational work a place it never had hitherto. This is very necessary, and as a feature of mission policy, is recognized by all the great missionary organizations. Evangelism is the great factor in modern missions. Its importance cannot be overstated, but evangelism alone and unaided by those other great arms of the missionary propaganda, will fail in evangelizing any heathen land. I think loss, and loss greater than we know, has come to our Formosan work because so many years in the earlier period of the mission were barren of the type of education our missionaries are now seeking to give.

It should be gratifying to the Church to know that medical work has attained a most creditable status in our Mission. For nearly seven years, Dr. Ferguson has been doing his best, in quarters inadequate and

unsuitable, in Tamsui. He, with his assistants, are now at work in the new hospital in Taipeh. It was formally opened on December 26-27. It was made a great occasion. Some detailed account of it, I hope has been sent to the Record.

This is the finest mission Hospital I have yet seen in the East. One of the finest opportunities for evangelism I know is here. On one occasion, I counted nearly one hundred and fifty men and women and children in the hospital chapel, waiting their turn to see the doctor, and the waiting throng is always being told the Gospel story as they wait.

A famed institution on the East Coast of China is the hospital of the English Presbyterian mission in Swatow. Our Hospital in Taipeh has already more out patients daily than this older one under our sister mission.

This new building is called the Mackay Memorial Hospital. It was a happy feature in these opening ceremonies that the second day was made the occasion to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the founding of our Canadian Mission in North Formosa.

(3) That these missionaries need the particular interest of the home church in the tasks that face them. The work of evangelism must be pressed. The country work must be cared for. The missionaries unite in urging the opening of a station in the Gilan plain. The general scheme of educational work advocated by the missionaries should be encouraged.

Two other specific tasks, as yet untouched, face the mission. The evangelization of the Hakkas, and the taking of the Gospel to the aboriginal tribes in the mountains. The Hakkas are Chinese who speak the Cantonese dialect, and number between two and three hundred thousand. Our missionaries have learned the Amoy dialect which is of no service to them in work among the Hakkas. As in the English Presbyterian Mission, workers must be set apart to learn their speech if they are to reach them with the Gospel.

The preaching to the mountain savages is a serious problem. The English Pres-

byterians in South Formosa agree with our people in the North, that unitedly they must undertake this work. These people occupy one-half the area of the island. They are of Malay stock, fierce and warlike. Savage headhunters, as they are, they outdo in cruelty our own scalp-hunting aboriginal Indians in their worst days of savagery. The Japanese Government is trying to subdue them, but with indifferent success. Since their policy of subjugation has been instituted, I saw in a Government report, 4,341 persons had been massacred, and 1,556 wounded. This throws light on the seriousness of the task of giving them the Gospel.

The Church at home should pray. One longs to know of our people at home, entering upon a new experience in the ministry of intercession. Untold gain would come to Formosa, as to the work of God everywhere, when the life of prayer has its proper place with us all.

LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

BY REV. DUNCAN MCLEOD.

Tamsui, Formosa.

Japan, December 29th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Armstrong:—

Every trip is full of interest. To-day I shall confine myself to an account of my last trip, a fortnight ago.

A few weeks since, I received word that the preachers' conference was to be held at Tai-kah, our last established and most hopeful station in our whole field. It was opened over three years ago and we have now the largest church building in North Formosa erected in that town.

At these half-yearly conferences we examine the evangelists on work already prescribed. On this occasion I examined them on the Epistles of James and Jude, also on a book of church rules and discipline.

As the district is the most distant one in our field except the station on the far east coast, I took advantage of the event to visit an adjoining district where we were to open a new street chapel.

Two years ago I passed through this

section with a native pastor, and last year we spent a day or two street-preaching. However, the new station may really be termed an offspring of Taikah congregation, for those who have been seekers after the truth have been regularly attending the services there, though seven and eight miles away.

In rainy seasons, it is quite impossible to undertake this journey, as there are seven streams to cross, which at times become surging torrents, quite impassable by any means whatsoever.

On Saturday morning I left Tamsui and at 1.30 p.m. stepped off the tram at a station among the hills about twelve miles from my destination. The means of conveyance was the man-push car.

This car, as you know, is large enough to let two people sit in front and luggage behind. This new road led through a long stretch of barren mountains, which is somewhat unusual in Formosa.

It was an exciting trip all the way. There were enough steepes and curves to satisfy any one seeking after adventure. The driver of the three by four feet car stood in front with his right hand on the front brake, while the left held on to the brake behind. Thus we sped down the mountain sides for nine or ten miles until we came down to the level of the sea.

My baggage being strapped up so carefully in the car, I had not any food since 6.30 a.m. It was 5.30 p.m. when I reached the little town of Oan-nih.

Outside the town a few of the new converts and some of the Tai-kah Christians met me with the usual salutations. On reaching the newly built street-chapel, crowds of both Christians and heathen met me.

When my baggage arrived, I asked for hot water, to make some tea, but was told that I was invited with a few Christians to have supper at the home of a recent convert in an outside village.

About 6 p.m. we started for the house of our kind host. On reaching the courtyard, I could tell by the mingled odours of Chinese savouries that the pots and pans were doing good service. There were three or four women stirring up boilers of rice, chicken, pork, and all kinds of vege-

tables mixed up together in one pot, ready for hot serving.

If it had been a foreign preparation my empty inwards would have craved after them, seeing that over twelve hours had passed since my last meal. Seats were brought out into the small courtyard, and there we sat chatting away on the hopes and possibilities of our new station.

Supper was ready at last, and whilst we are getting ourselves in order, disputing about the lower and the higher places at the table, let me tell you the story of our host's conversion from heathenism.

A few months ago he with his elder brother and a neighbour made up their minds to go on a religious quest, on a pilgrimage to one of the famous idols of the mainland of China. He is about the most comfortable farmer in the district; and yet he desired to go and seek for more happiness.

Just as he and his brother were getting their passports ready, he happened to meet our evangelist in Tai Kah. He told him about his proposed trip and this led to a religious talk on the way to find true happiness. The evangelist advised him not to go so far afield after that which he could get nearer home. He listened and promised to come and hear about this new kind of blessedness to be found in the Taikah chapel.

He came next Sabbath a distance of nine miles. That day decided him. He gave up the trip, but his brother and a neighbor went to China. They returned unblessed after spending over one hundred dollars each, while he to-day is in possession of his money and of a firm faith in the power of the true and living God. This is the man at whose table we were now to feast.

There were about nine guests at the table. About thirty bowls were set before us. In fact the table was literally covered with bowls filled with different kinds of soups, meats, rice, vermicelli, vegetables and many other things, altogether wonderful to behold, and peculiar to my taste. They were so oily that they seemed to travel with considerable difficulty into my vacant compartments; but not so with my

friends, the guests of the evening. There was much gusto in their exercises, and it was surprising to one who did more watching than feasting how with those slippery chopsticks the bowls could be so perfectly licked.

The final expressions of table manners being said, we retire to a small side bedroom about eight feet square. I sat on the bed with two others, while behind me sat a dear old Chinese scholar as comfortable as if he had spent his life time in a tailor's shop.

Lamps were lit for the real work of the evening. We were to preach to the heathen of this village. In the meantime seats were borrowed from all round and placed in an open courtyard. A table and a few chairs were placed in the centre. The lamps were put on the table while a bright carbide lamp was tied up to a bamboo pole brightening the whole courtyard.

The host requested that I should stay behind to talk to his mother, wife and the whole household about the Gospel. Over ten adults were present. After a talk of over twenty minutes I followed the rest whom I found surrounded by a large group of heathen listening to the preacher.

With these few Christians in the new station already opened we trust that Oanh-nih may be yet a field where many shall enter the Kingdom.

On the same day and at the same time another man got quite angry. He seemed to think that the preaching was hitting him too. This same man is now the leading spirit in the district. He was a school-teacher, a man of forty-five years of age, and one whom we trust may prove of much value in leading others to a knowledge of Jesus Christ. There are about twenty regular attendants every sabbath and many heathen.

Thus the work is scattered, but the ingathering is largely through the instrumentality of the Christians themselves, under the leading of the Spirit of God. We need more earnest Christians, more native and foreign evangelists and much of the power of the Holy Spirit. Granting all these, Formosa would soon be evangelized.

Young People's Societies

APRIL MISSIONARY TOPIC.

"SUNNY ALBERTA."

BY REV. W. SHEARER, SUPT. OF MISSIONS.

I. Historical and Other Facts.

Alberta and Saskatchewan are the twin Provinces of the "Last Great West." They were born on the same day. Were it not for a big bite British Columbia has taken out of the south west corner of Alberta, they would be the same in shape. They lie side by side, like two inverted key stones, their bases resting on the American Boundary, and their full length extending to the sixtieth parallel, north latitude.

Alberta is eighty miles wider at the north end, but on account of the big chunk stolen by British Columbia, it does not cover much more territory than Saskatchewan. It has 253,540 square miles, being 5,296 more square miles than Great Britain and Ireland have, three times over. So if Great Britain and Ireland can support 50,000,000 people, why should not Alberta some day do the same?

Alberta, named in honour of Princess Louise Alberta, wife of the Duke of Argyle, has more variety of landscape than any other Province in the Dominion. Twenty years ago, Ralph Connor said:—

"There are valleys so wide that the farther side melts into the horizon, and uplands so vast as to suggest the unbroken prairie. Nearer the mountains, the valleys dip deep and ever deeper till they narrow into canyons through which mountain torrents pour their blue-grey waters from glaciers that lie glistening between the white peaks far away. Here are the great ranges on which feed herds of cattle and horses. Here are the homes of the ranchmen, in whose wild, free, lonely existence there mingles much of the tragedy and comedy, the humour and pathos, that go to make up the romance of life."

Great changes have taken place since then. Such a thing as a "wild, free, lonely

existence" is unknown. Cities, towns, villages and homesteads have taken the place of the lonely ranch, and it will not be long before every settler will be within convenient distance of a railway station. To-day the population is increasing at the rate of 75,000 a year, the new settlers coming from all parts of the world.

From 1870 to 1905, it formed part of Rupert's land and the North West Territory, which was surrendered by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion of Canada. At that time the white population consisted of a few missionaries and Hudson's Bay traders.

Alberta's official history began in 1882, when Rupert's land was organized into four provisional districts, viz.:—Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Athabasca.

In 1901, Alberta's population was 65,000, to-day it is 425,000. At this rate the population of Alberta, will be about one million in five years.

During the last two years, a new school house has been built for every working day in the year. And the city and country school houses of Alberta are second to none in the Dominion. Education is under the complete control of the State.

In five years, the grain production of the Province has increased from 20,000 bushels to 46,000,000. And were all the wheat fields combined, they would form a narrow strip running across the Province only eighteen miles wide.

Three transcontinental railways have been built across the province, one of which has long since reached the Pacific Coast, and the other two are racing to see which will get there next. Branch lines are running in every direction, making Alberta a great center of production and distribution. On December 30th, 1912, there were 3,020 miles of railroad in the Province.

The Government owns and operates nine thousand miles of telephone lines, which serve the needs of 17,000 subscribers. In

a few years, there will not be many farms, no matter how remote. without telephone communication with each other, and the outside world.

Calgary is the commercial capital of Alberta. In 1901, its population was 4,097, to-day, it is 60,000. It has eighteen banks, thirty-six churches, twenty-three schools and several colleges. It has forty-five industrial plants and one hundred and fifty wholesale firms. It is a divisional point of the C. P. R., with its car shops and an annual pay roll of one million dollars. The C. N. R. and G. T. P. will have entered the city before this gets into print. It has natural gas and water power. It owns forty miles of electric street railway. And yet it was incorporated only nineteen years ago.

Edmonton, situated on the Saskatchewan river, seventy miles south of the geographical center of the province, is the Capital. It has three transcontinental railways. The Government Buildings are the finest pile of building structure in the Province. It has eighteen banks, thirty-five industrial plants, forty-five wholesale houses, thirty coal mines, in and about the city, twenty schools, a university, and twenty-nine churches. Its municipally owned electric street railway, carries 600,000 passengers per month. The C. P. R. has about completed a high level bridge between Edmonton and Strathcona at a cost of \$1,500,000.

Space forbids saying anything about the coal city, Lethbridge,—the gas city, Medicine Hat,—the residential city, Red Deer,—about Wetaskiwin, Lacombe and many other places whose growth and development have been phenomenal, and which form important commercial and educational centers for the surrounding country.

One of the chief products of Alberta is coal. It has 16,218 square miles of coal lands, which are estimated to contain 89,330,000,000 tons. In some places the seams of coal which crop out along the river banks are twenty feet thick.

Northern Alberta has a net work of 4,000 miles of navigable waters. Vessels drawing nine feet of water could sail nine hundred miles in the Peace River.

The waterfalls of the north represent 775,000 horse power.

In the north there are millions of feet of pulp wood, and deposits of asphalt enough to pave all the streets of all the cities and towns in Western Canada.

Alberta is a sportsman's paradise. In different parts of the province, deer, antelope, moose, cariboo, elk, mountain goat and sheep, and bear are plentiful—whilst in places the waters swarm with ducks and geese and fish,—and prairie chicken, partridge, ptarmigan, snipe and plover rise in flocks at the approach of the traveller.

"The climate of Alberta is, in general, characterized by a dry and clear atmosphere, a comparatively small rainfall, and so much bright sunshine, even in the short days of winter, as to have earned for at least one part of the province the title of 'Sunny Southern Alberta'.... The rain is usually the most copious when most needed, ceasing just when the harvest is due. Records taken over a period of seven years show, for the southern half of the province, a mean annual precipitation of 15.4 inches.... The climate is at all times healthful and stimulating, and it may be said to be distinctly superior to its latitude."

II. Church Facts.

For two years, the Presbyterian and Methodist churches of Alberta have enjoyed a system of co-operation in the carrying on of their work. Alberta is the first province in the Dominion to have leading representatives of these churches meet and formulate definite rules and plans for co-operation, which have since been printed in pamphlet form and distributed broadcast.

According to agreement, the province has been divided into nine districts, known as the Vermillion, Red Deer, Medicine Hat, Wetaskiwin, Edmonton, Stettler, Macleod, Calgary and Wainwright districts. Each district has been again subdivided into smaller pieces of territory, which have been assigned as equitably as possible to the two churches. This plan has been a great saving in both men and money to both churches.

Concerning the present strength and progress of the Presbyterian church in

Alberta, Rev. W. D. Reid, says: "When the great veteran missionary, Dr. James Robertson, laid down his work, and Dr. Herdman took it up, in the year 1902, there were but two presbyteries in Alberta, viz., Edmonton and Calgary, with but twenty-five mission fields. To-day there are seven presbyteries—two more ought to be organized shortly—and 155 mission fields, comprising 475 preaching stations. Truly, the little one has become a thousand in this western work.

"In 1902, when Dr. Herdman took the reins in Alberta, there were but seven self-supporting charges; now there are thirty. Then, there were but two augmented charges, now there are thirty-three. Then, there were but 1,694 communicants, all told, on all the communion rolls; to-day, there are over 10,000 Presbyterian communicants in Alberta. The worth of the property of the Presbyterian church in Alberta has risen during that time from \$86,000 to over \$1,000,000.

"During the years 1910 and 1911, sixty new fields have been opened in Alberta. In those same two years seventeen mission charges have gone up to the augmented status, and almost as many have gone to self-support.

During the same two years, 1910 and 1911, forty-one new churches have been dedicated to the worship of God, and seventeen new manses have been erected to give the missionaries a home.

In the same two years, the Sunday Schools in Alberta have advanced eighty per cent. in attendance, and sixty per cent. in organizations, and over 5,000 people have united with the church. Surely this tremendous advance in the work of the Kingdom, should make every one rejoice, thank God and take courage."

Four years ago, there was one missionary superintendent for the provinces of British Columbia and Alberta. Three years ago, a missionary superintendent for each province was appointed. At the last meeting of the General Assembly, Alberta was divided into three districts for supervision purposes. The Presbyteries of Edmonton and Vermillion were assigned to Rev. W. Simons. The Presbyteries of Lacombe, Red Deer and Calgary were as-

signed to Rev. W. Shearer; and the Presbyteries of High River, MacLeod and Kootenay, B.C. were assigned to the Rev. Dr. Ferguson. The territory assigned to the writer covers over 60,000 square miles. and has over seventy mission fields and fifteen augmented charges, comprising about 250 preaching places.

It is the duty of a district superintendent to visit every field within the bounds of his territory, and to co-operate with the conveners of the various Home Mission Committees of his presbyteries, in seeing that the fields are suitably manned, that the sacraments are dispensed, the preaching stations properly arranged, the finances kept up, Sunday Schools, sessions, and boards of management organized, churches erected where needed, new fields opened up, etc.

The people ministered to are from almost every country in Europe and Asia, but the great majority are from the United States and Eastern Canada. Very many of these are indifferent to the Church. They would rather go visiting, work in the fields, or play ball on Sunday than attend a religious service. One missionary on his way to a service passed a group of 75 people watching a ball game, but not a soul was present at church save the members of his own family who accompanied him. Imagine the chagrin of the superintendent when on a Sunday morning he reached a place of worship to find some of the people driving by to attend a dance and not one came to the service. Yet, the rule is, that in every community, there are at least a few who are interested in the work of the Lord. It is due to the loyalty of these faithful few that eventually a fairly strong Christian church is built up in their midst.

The Presbyterian Church in Alberta has now its own Theological College, named after the late Dr. Jas. Robertson, and having as its principal Dr. Walter Dyde, a nephew of the venerable Dr. Thos. Wardrope. It has twenty-six students in residence, and sixteen on its correspondence roll, and it is not yet two years old. It is in great need of adequate buildings, private houses being at present requisitioned for college purposes.

The problem of giving the children of foreigners the advantage of Christian training has been at least partially solved, by the opening of boy's and girl's homes, two of which are at Vegerville, Alberta. These homes are supervised by Rev. Geo. Arthur, M.D., who at the same time has charge of our Home Mission Hospital in the same town.

Among the earliest settlers in Alberta were the Mormons. They came from Utah and established themselves first at Cardston in Southern Alberta. They have increased in numbers with marvelous rapidity. Several towns are made up almost completely of Mormons, or Latter Day Saints as they call themselves, and smaller colonies are to be found scattered over the province. They have a college of their own at Raymond, at which young men are trained to become Mormon missionaries. They have their own meeting houses, and are about to erect a great temple to cost over \$100,000. Our own people should be thoroughly trained in Evangelical truth, and instructed as to the blasphemous and

filthy doctrines held and taught by the Mormons. so as to stem the tide of this inflowing menace to national prosperity.

Alberta needs many missionaries to man its many and constantly increasing mission fields. They should be men of strong, wholesome character, full of zeal for the Lord's work, and with a clear, positive, evangelical message for its present and incoming population.

Alberta needs the sympathy and financial support of its friends down East! Some day perhaps the West will be able to help the East. But at present we need your money that every student, catechist and ordained missionary may have a living salary.

Alberta needs your prayers. Materialism, and commercialism, and worldliness are rampant. Only a baptism of the Holy Spirit can counteract this condition of things. Alberta has many devout earnest Christian people, but they feel their utter helplessness apart from Him who is "Mighty to Save."

MAY CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

OUR FLAG.

By REV. J. B. MULLAN, ELORA, ONT.

The History Of It.

Why is it called the Union Jack?

One answer is that when James 1st of England, 6th of Scotland, signed any document, he did it in French; "Jacques," which was shortened into Jac, and thus the new flag came to be called Jack.

The other story is that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when the Christian nations of Europe were combined to rescue the Holy Land and Jerusalem from Mohammedan rule, the warrior pilgrims wore crosses of different shapes and colours upon their surcoats, to show the nationalities to which they belonged. It was from that they gained their name of Crusaders, or Cross-bearers. A coat of white cotton with the Red Cross of St. George was the English Jack. On one occasion, when two ships were passing, the English ship not having a flag to wave, they tore asunder one of their surcoats and put it on a pole, and

waved it as a sign of their nationality, and ever after the flag was called a Jack.

The Union Jack is composed of three crosses. The Red Cross of St. George, on a white ground, the White Cross of St. Andrew, on a blue ground, and the Red Cross of St. Andrew, on a blue ground. The first is the English Jack, the second the Scotch, and the third the Irish.

From the time of Richard, the Lion-hearted, to the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne, the Red Cross of St. George was the national flag of England; but in that year it was enacted that "all subjects of this Isle and the Kingdom of Great Britain, shall bear in the main top of their flag, the Red Cross and the White Cross, commonly called St. Andrew Cross, joined together, according to the form made by our own heralds." This was the first union.

Then in 1801, during the forty-first year of the reign of George III, the Irish Parliament joined with the Union Parliament

of England and Scotland, and then was the Red Cross of St. Patrick blended with the other two national crosses. The result of these two unions was "the meteor flag of England."

Thus you see the Flag is the growth of centuries, and the strange thing is that at every stage of the growth, there was added a new cross, until there were three to represent the relative strength and importance of the three countries, and although nothing has been added to the flag for more than a century, yet, under God, the flag has helped to add to Great Britain and Ireland, well nigh one hundred colonies, so that now it waves proudly over nearly one quarter of the world's population.

Our Flag, The Glory Of It.

It is our "Old Glory." The Stars and Stripes is a beautiful flag, but ours is the real "Old Glory."

Our flag is glorious on account of its age. It has "braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

It is glorious on account of its religious sentiment. It is truly a religious emblem. The cross of Christ is its one feature, the three crosses of England, Scotland and Ireland, blended in the one flag.

It is glorious on account of the vast dominions over which it floats, and the victories which it has achieved, not only in war but in peace.

It is glorious on account of the liberty it gives to all under it, and on account of the loyalty and patriotism it inspires.

Where e'er the winds of heaven blow o'er
the human race,

There waves a mighty banner that has never
known disgrace.

Where e'er the trackless ocean is plowed
by British keel;

In the home of the whale and walrus, in
the bay of bounding seal;

In the region of endless summer, in the
land of cold and night.

Has been borne our glorious banner, with
the watchword, God and Right.

Look at it floating proudly under the starry
spheres,

While myriad throats re-echo the thunder
of British cheers.

Tattered and torn in battle, pierced with
the leaden hail;

There is never a despot sees it, but his
recreant lips grow pale;

For it flashes the proud word "freedom"
to the uttermost ends of the earth;

It dries the tears of the bondsman and
checks the tyrant's mirth.

'Tis only a flimsy fabric, only a coloured
rag,

But earth's guardian angels everywhere,
welcome the British flag.

"NEVERS" FOR GIRLS.

1. NEVER speak to strangers, either men or women, in the street, in shops, in stations, in trains, in lonely country roads, or in places of amusement.

2. NEVER ask the way of any but officials on duty, such as policemen, railway officials, or postmen.

3. NEVER loiter or stand about alone in the street, and if accosted by a stranger (whether man or woman) walk towards the nearest policeman.

4. NEVER consent to accompany a woman home who apparently faints in the street, but call a policeman, and leave the case to him.

5. NEVER accept a lift offered by a stranger in a motor, or taxi-cab, or vehicle of any description.

6. NEVER go to an address mentioned by a stranger, or enter any house, restaurant or place of amusement on the invitation of a stranger.

7. NEVER go with a stranger (however dressed) who brings a story of your friends having suffered from accident or being suddenly taken ill, as this is a common device to kidnap girls.

8. NEVER accept sweets, food, or drink offered by a stranger.

9. NEVER take a situation away from home, and especially abroad, without first making strict inquiries.

10. NEVER go to any town, for even one night, without knowing of some safe lodging.

11. NEVER emigrate without first applying for information and advice to some person whom you can trust, such as your own minister.

Leaflet of the National Vigilance Association, 8 Bank St., Edinburgh.

Life and Work

THE NEW MINISTER.

"Well, I must say I'm rather disappointed in Mr. Sheppard," remarked Deacon Brown to his three colleagues one Sunday morning, as they stood together in the vestry, after reckoning up the offertory. "I'm afraid he won't draw very well."

"He's certainly not up-to-date," said Deacon Hale. "During all these six weeks he's never said a single word about the questions of the day."

Deacon Ambrose, a meek-looking little grocer, laughed.

"For my part," he said, "I'm heartily glad he leaves politics alone. I'm sure we have enough of them in the daily papers."

"And as to theology," proceeded Deacon Hale, "he seems to have no particular views about anything. Who could possibly tell to what school of thought he belongs?"

Here old Deacon Worth opened his mouth for the first time, and answered in his usual serene manner:

"I can. Mr. Sheppard belongs to the School of Christ."

Deacon Brown smiled grimly, and Deacon Hale shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and went on with his criticisms.

"He seems to have a mania for children and young people. I really believe, if he can only get a congregation of boys and girls to listen to him, he doesn't care a rap about anybody else!"

Here Deacon Worth spoke again with an emphasis which astonished his colleagues, who regarded him as greatly behind the times and a little weak in intellect.

"Mr. Sheppard believes in restoring the little ones to their true position in the Church," he said.

Then, observing a scornful expression on Deacon Hale's face, he added:

"Where in the whole of the Gospels are we exhorted to become as middle-aged or old people?"

Deacon Ambrose smiled. He had four children at home and a sense of humour.

"You're right there, Mr. Worth," he said.

"Of course," cried Hale hastily, "nobody could object to the children having a certain amount of attention."

"A few crumbs each Sunday morning, as it were," agreed Deacon Brown.

Deacon Worth opened his mild eyes wide.

"In the Gospels," he said gravely, "it was the dogs that had the crumbs. The children sat at their father's table."

Deacon Brown sighed at the old man's obstinacy, and Deacon Hale sneered.

"One, might think, to listen to Mr. Sheppard's discourses," he continued, "that there was no such thing as the Higher Criticism!"

"Well, there wasn't in St. Paul's days," said Deacon Worth wormily, "thank goodness!"

At this outburst, all the others laughed heartily, and the conclave broke up.

John Ambrose, the little grocer, walked home with a smile on his careworn face and a twinkle in his eye.

"It's all very well for Brown and Hale to laugh at old Worth," he reflected, "but he's got more wisdom in his poor old head than dozens of conceited young fellows nowadays."

"You're late, John," said Mary Ambrose, a thin, weary-looking little woman, as her husband entered the shabby but comfortable dining-room over the little shop in Castle-street.

"Yes, we've been having a little talk about the new minister," said the grocer.

He stopped abruptly, as four pairs of bright eyes were turned eagerly towards him, and little Ruth, a golden-haired fairy of six summers, cried in a tone of rapture:

"Mr. Sheppard's just lovely! I am glad he's come to our church!"

"So am I," cried Martin, a sturdy boy of ten. "We've got to stay for the sermon now, father, like you."

"Or else we shall lose our marks," explained May.

"Yes," cried Ruth eagerly. "Mr. Sheppard says he's going to look up at us in the gallery, and smile, so as we shall know when our little bit is coming."

Their father laughed.

"Mind you bring word what your crumb is like, Ruth," he said. "Mother or I will ask you about it every Sunday at dinner-time."

"Mother," said Lucy, a pretty girl of sixteen, "I was going to ask you to let me leave Sunday School for the girls in our class are all younger than me, and so silly. But Mrs. Sheppard is starting a Bible-class for young women, so I'm joining that. She's awfully sweet!"

Ambrose looked well pleased, and glan-

ced across at his wife, who returned the look with rather a forced smile.

John and Mary Ambrose had a hard struggle to make both ends meet. Their small shop did not succeed over well, and they had rather a large share of bad debts, for times were hard.

Lately the grocer had noticed with anxiety that his wife seemed depressed and irritable, and that her manner to himself was curiously cold and constrained. He had, however, no clue to the cause of this alteration, and put it down vaguely to ill-health or domestic worries.

The truth was that Mary Ambrose had made a strange discovery. One Sunday morning in January, when all the rest of the family happened to be at church, she had had occasion to visit the attic, a veritable lumber room, and while searching in the drawers of an ancient bureau for some old lace, which she had promised to Lucy, she suddenly remembered a tiny cupboard concealed behind the bureau which, as she believed, had not been opened for years.

Impelled by some unaccountable instinct, she dragged the heavy piece of furniture away from the wall, and pulled open the paper-covered door.

To her amazement, she perceived a leather bag in the recess, and, on examining its contents, discovered twenty-eight golden sovereigns.

"What could it mean?" the wife asked herself in her perplexity. John alone, her husband, could have concealed this money here. He was keeping a secret from her. He was hoarding gold, like a miser, while she, poor drudge, weary and shabby, was slaving from morning till night for him and the children.

She tied up the bag again, and almost flung it back into its hiding-place. She restored the bureau to its usual position, and went downstairs as if nothing had happened. But a drop of poison, a root of bitterness, was henceforth in Mary Ambrose's heart, and all her life was spoiled by it.

One Sunday morning, a few weeks later, she was again left alone in the house, and some evil spirit whispered to her that she might safely look once more in the hidden cupboard. She had had a specially trying week. Martin and Ruth had both needed new shoes, and John had been mean about them, so that she had had to buy cheaper ones than usual. Remembering the secret hoard, Mary had felt angry and resentful.

These feelings were increased tenfold when, on counting the coins in the bag this Sunday, she discovered that there were now thirty pounds in all.

"How can he be so cruel and stingy to

me and the children?" she muttered. "It would serve him right if I took some of this money!"

Then a temptation seized her. Why not abstract one sovereign, and restore it to the bag next Saturday morning when she received her weekly housekeeping allowance? John would not be going to this treasure, surely, before he had balanced his accounts on Saturday night.

Just then Mary heard voices below, and she hurriedly pushed back the bureau, intending to absent herself from evening service in order to accomplish her purpose.

"I could get Mary that hat if I only had a little advance," she reflected.

"Well, what was your little bit of the sermon like to-day?" she inquired of the children at dinner.

"Oh, mother, it was splendid!" cried Martin, "It was all about Achan. He hid a wedge of gold in a hole, but he was found out. Mr. Sheppard said folks are sure to be found out when they do mean tricks. He says it never pays to do wrong."

Mary's thoughts involuntarily flew to her husband's secret hoard. Was he like Achan? But the boy's words had their effects, nevertheless. After all, she reflected, would it pay for her, John's wife, to play tricks on him, even if he richly deserved such punishment? With a sigh she relinquished her plan of abstracting the sovereign, and at the same time gave up her dream of securing a new hat for May.

On the following Wednesday afternoon, the Winterbury early-closing day, John Ambrose was away from home for some hours. When he returned he appeared unwontedly happy and even elated.

"Mary," he said, after the children had all gone to bed, "I've something to tell you. I wouldn't mention it before, dear, because you have worries enough of your own."

His wife looked at him inquiringly.

"Before I married you, dear," he continued, "I borrowed thirty pounds of a friend called Firth. He was well off then, and told me to take my own time for repaying the loan."

Three years ago, however, I heard that he was not prospering, and I decided that I would make a great effort to wipe off my debt. It has been a terrific struggle, but this afternoon I went by train to Melton, where Firth lives, and cleared it off, thank God! I never felt so lighthearted in my life.

Now, dear, we shall have an easier time, I trust. What were you saying last week about a hat for May? You shall get that next Saturday, and something for yourself besides, you dear, patient little woman!"

He stooped and kissed his wife tenderly; and Mary, overwhelmed by remorse at her misjudgment of him, burst into tears.

"What a mercy it was that I didn't take that sovereign!" she reflected. "I should undoubtedly have done so if Martin had not passed on to me his 'crumb' on Sunday morning."

St. Timothy's Church is crowded with boys and girls, and, though Deacon Hale still grumbles, not a few of the older people find themselves, like Mary Ambrose, picking up and enjoying some of the children's crumbs which the Rev. Ernest Sheppard lets fall Sunday by Sunday for the little ones. While he remains at Winterbury there is no fear of their drifting away from the Father's House.

A MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION FREE.

Some years ago, a lady went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, whose troubles—and she had many—had worried and excited her to such a pitch that the strain threatened her physical strength and even her reason.

She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered the questions, only to be astonished at this brief prescription at the end: "Madame, what you need is to read your Bible more."

"But, doctor," began the bewildered patient.

"Go home and read your Bible an hour a day," the great man repeated, with kindly authority. "Then come back to me a month from to-day." And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first his patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that, at least, the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been a long time since she had read the Bible regularly, she reflected with a pang of conscience. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the physician's remedy.

In one month she went back to his office.

"Well," he said, smiling as he looked at her face, "I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any other medicine now?"

"No, doctor, I don't," she said honestly. "I feel like a different person. But how did you know that was just what I needed?"

For answer, the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible.

"Madame," he said with deep earnest-

ness. If I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I should lose my greatest source of strength and life. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure."

"Yet I confess, doctor," said his patient, "that I came very near not taking it."

"Very few are willing to try it, I find," said the physician, smiling again. "But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they only would take it."

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. Will you not try it.—"Philadelphia Public Ledger."

FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Some Don'ts.

Don't apologize.—Don't shout.—Don't hesitate.—Don't attitudinize.—Don't be personal.—Don't be "funny."—Don't be sarcastic.—Don't declaim.—Don't speak in a high key.—Don't pace the platform.—Don't distort your words.—Don't exceed your time limit.—Don't emphasize everything.—Don't praise yourself.—Don't tell a long story.—Don't sway your body.—Don't fatigue your audience.—Don't speak through closed teeth.—Don't drink while speaking.—Don't fumble with your clothes.—Don't "hem" and "haw."—Don't stand like a statue.—Don't clear your throat.—Don't speak rapidly.—Don't antagonize.—Don't overgesticulate.—Don't wander from your subject.—Don't address the ceiling.—Don't be monotonous.—Don't put your hands on your hips.—Don't be violent.—Don't rise on your toes.—Don't forget to sit down when you have finished.

Some Things To Do.

Do be prepared.—Do begin slowly.—Do be modest.—Do speak distinctly.—Do address all your hearers.—Do be uniformly courteous.—Do prune your sentences.—Do cultivate mental alertness.—Do conceal your method.—Do be scrupulously clear.—Do feel sure of yourself.—Do look your audience in the eyes.—Do be direct.—Do favour your deep tones.—Do speak deliberately.—Do get to your facts.—Do be earnest.—Do suit the action to the word.—Do be yourself at your best.—Do speak fluently.—Do use your abdominal muscles.—Do make yourself interesting.—Do be conversational.—Do conciliate your opponent.—Do rouse yourself.—Do be logical.—Do have your wits about you.—Do be considerate.—Do open your mouth.—Do speak authoritatively.—Do cultivate brevity.—Do cultivate tact.—Do end swiftly.—Grenville Kleiser in Homiletic Review.

WHAT THE CITY CHURCH OWES THE CITY.

1. Personal invitation to the people to frequent "the House of God." Church bells are not heard above city din. Systematized, personal visitation to every home must supplant automatic invitations suitable to villages.

2. To secure housing for the people suitable to children of God. Lachrymal lament over Bethlehem's inhospitality to the Incarnate is Antinomian insincerity for Christians indifferent to the birth of babes in homes worse than Bethlehem's stable.

3. To secure a living wage for all workers, and to defend exploited youth, old age and sex from industrial injustice. The preparation of souls for post-mortem life is not the Church's whole task.

4. Leisure for workers whose soul and body are kept together to fill their souls with the richness of all other souls of present and past.

5. Welcome to worship; humane shelter; working welfare; leisure and life abundant.

WALTER LEIDLAND.

Our Saviour's Commission to "preach the gospel to every creature" rests upon the city church with increasing emphasis, as the city becomes more and more teeming with life. Christianity includes the whole man,—Paul prays that spirit, soul and body be satisfied and preserved blameless.

The city church cannot separate between religious and secular.—Christ claims the whole man. If one is not a Christian in his daily employment he is not Christ's man anywhere. The city church should emphasize this. The relation between employer and employee is as much a part of the Christian message as any doctrine of our creed. The message should be given with no uncertain sound. Jesus wants the whole man. Christianity must touch every part of life. It all belongs to God,—until we have the whole man we cannot have a holy man.

JESSE F. FORBES.

The Church of Christ is in the world to meet the need of human beings in the local community. The greatest need we face today is that of trained workers in the great realm of social and philanthropic activities. A church should be more than an institutional agency, it should train its members, young and old, to identify themselves with institutions for civic betterment everywhere, and to follow the example of Christ in ever doing for others.

JOHN MOTLYSTONE.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

A new life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has lately been published by her son and grandson. It tells how she had made up her mind to publish something which would make the whole American nation feel that slavery was an "accursed thing." Yet for a time she had no idea what she would write.

One Sunday, early in the year 1850, she was sitting in church with her children. Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture scroll, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom seemed to pass before her eyes. At the same time the words of Jesus kept sounding in her ears:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me"

She could scarcely keep from weeping aloud.

That Sunday afternoon she went to her room, locked the door, and wrote out, almost exactly as it appears in the completed book, the chapter called "The Death of Uncle Tom." As sufficient paper was not at hand she wrote in pencil on some brown paper in which groceries had been delivered. It seemed to her as if what she wrote was blown through her mind with the rushing of a mighty wind.

In the evening she gathered her family about her and read them what she had written. Her two little boys of ten and twelve burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh, mamma, slavery is the most cruel thing in the world!"

This was the beginning of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the story which more than any other opened people's eyes to the wickedness of slavery.

Before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published, in 1852, Mrs. Stowe feared that scarcely any one would read or attend to her appeal for sympathy with the negro. How great must have been her surprise when 10,000 copies were sold in a few days, and over 300,000 within the first year!

In the British dominions, first the slave-trade, and then slavery itself, had been abolished before this time. The anti-slavery crusade in England was led by certain men whom we also honour as founders of the Bible Society. Such were William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, James Stephen, and Zachary Macaulay, who all acted as members of the Bible Society's first committee.—Selected.

THE WORTH OF IT ALL.

A missionary once went out to India. He left a comfortable home and wealthy friends. He had to work hard and endure many trials. Some of his friends at home thought that perhaps he was sorry for having gone and would be glad to come back. So they wrote to know how he felt about it. Here is an extract from a letter which he wrote in reply:

"Our work is hard. It taxes both body and mind. What our reward will be hereafter, we know not. But one thing we do know. If we receive no other reward than what is given us here every day there is no other work on earth that pays so well. In all the pursuits of this world, even in my childhood hours, I never have found so much real pleasure as in preaching Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, to these perishing heathen. It is a work that perfectly satisfies the cravings of my soul."

The above, with variations, is the almost unanimous testimony of missionaries.

SIX REASONS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. BROWN, D.D.

(Sec. Presbyterian F. M. Board, U.S.A.)

First.—Because we have passed the Age of provincialism and entered the Age of cosmopolitanism. Steam and electricity have brought near the most distant nations. The inter-relations of Asia and America have become so close that we can no longer be independent of Asiatics, nor can they be independent of us. We must make them better or they will make us worse. To-day, as never before since Christ spoke, the field is the world.

Second.—Because a true Christian experience prompts us to seek the world. Ruskin quotes Southey as declaring that no man was ever yet convinced of any momentous truth without feeling in himself the power as well as the desire of communicating it.

Bishop Wilberforce said: "If my faith be false, I ought to change it; if it be true, I am bound to propagate it." We believe our faith to be true. That conviction prompts us to give it to all who do not possess it; and by one of the paradoxes of the Christian life the more religion we give away the more we have left at home.

Propagation is a law of the spiritual life. The genius of Christianity is expansive. A living organism must grow or die. The church that is not missionary will become atrophied. All virile faith prompts its possessor to seek others.

Christ commanded us to go, but we should have had to go any way. Our Lord did not add a new duty. He simply voiced the most inspiring and imperative conviction of the regenerated human heart in that categorical imperative: "Go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Third.—Because all men need the Gospel which we possess. Our God is not a national deity, but the Sovereign and Father of the race. His Son Jesus Christ is "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

We are told that non-Christian peoples have religions of their own; but if Confucianism and Buddhism are not good enough for us, they are not good enough for the Chinese and the Siamese.

Judaism was the best non-Christian faith that the world had seen, but the Son of God came to reveal something better. What right have we to regard as an Anglo-Saxon preserve a faith which was announced for all mankind? If we need Jesus Christ, we may be sure that Asiatics and Africans need Him, for they are our brother-men, made in the image of the same God as ourselves.

He who has knowledge that is essential to the welfare of his fellow-men is under solemn obligation to convey that knowledge to them. It makes no difference who those men are, or where they live, or whether they are conscious of their need, or how much inconvenience or expense he may incur in reaching them. The fact that he can help them is sufficient reason why he should help them.

We have the revelation of God which is potential of a civilization that benefits man, an education that fits him for higher usefulness, a scientific knowledge that enlarges his powers, a medical skill that alleviates his sufferings, and, above all, a relation to Jesus Christ that not only lends new dignity to this earthly life, but prepares him for eternal companionship with God.

"Neither is there salvation in any other." Therefore, we must convey this Gospel to the world. There is no worthy reason for being concerned about the salvation of the man next to us which is not equally applicable to the man far away.

Fourth.—Because Christ can do for all men what He has done for us. The experience of a hundred years has shown that additional chapters in the Book of Acts might be written. Already there are 2,346,086 communicants and a Christian community of 6,837,736 in non-Christian lands; 159,314 were added last year.

Transformed lives and great social reforms testify to the continued power of

the Gospel. It has been demonstrated that many non-Christian peoples needed only the regenerating touch of the Spirit of God to awaken to new life. The people of China, India and Japan are far higher in the scale of civilization than our ancestors were when the first foreign missionary found them. Why should we doubt that Christ can accomplish in them what He has accomplished in us?

Benjamin Kidd declares that there is no scientific ground for regarding one race as inherently superior to others, that the qualities which have given pre-eminence to the white man have been wrought into him by centuries of Christian teaching. Let the same Christian teaching operate upon the non-Christian world and even more remarkable results may be witnessed.

We are not sending missionaries to those peoples because they are our inferiors, but because they are our brethren, bearing the same burdens, meeting the same temptations, weeping under the same bereavements, and needing the same God as ourselves. We know that Christ can help them because He has helped us.

Fifth.—Because we want to face the whole modern problem of the Church. No Christian programme to-day is adequate which ignores the greater part of the world. No narrow provincial or sectarian undertaking will stir the modern layman. He is planning big things in politics and commerce, and he is ready to plan big things in religion.

It is a vast undertaking which confronts us; but we like it the better because it is vast, because it summons all the strongest and noblest within us to dare and to do for Christ and the world. This work calls for breadth of mind to comprehend, for statesmanship to plan, for volunteers to go, for money to equip, and for large-hearted men at home to sustain the majestic enterprise by sympathies and prayers as well as by gifts.

Sixth.—Because "He is able." My soul is stirred every time I think of those three words of our Lord. We are not dealing with an impotent Christ, but with the Lord and King of the whole race of men. His thought comprehends the world. His mission is for the world, and His command to us is to go to the world.

We need not undertake the task in our own strength. We are too weak for it; but "He is able," "able to save to the uttermost," "able to subdue all things unto Himself," "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." We face this stupendous undertaking in His name and in His might.

"And who knoweth whether thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?"

THE HOME VOICE,

Have you ever noticed the close relationship between the home voice and the home atmosphere? And as the atmosphere is the sensitive, tangible thing, it is affected by the voice, not the voice by the atmosphere.

If the head of the house, whether it be the husband or the wife, has a whining voice, the atmosphere of that home is apt to be depressed. Everything is limp, so to speak, and spineless. Even the draperies hang in dejected folds. Nothing ever is right or bright or cheery. The home is a center of complaints.

In the home where the dominant voice is gruff or surly, an atmosphere of antagonism seems to prevail. Nobody seems to want to do what he ought to do. His manner implies a protest, a sulky compliance.

Take again the home of the cheery-voiced mistress! Her voice rings with hope, with good nature. Energy, life, movement are expressed in it. You feel that the day's work in that house swings along merrily. You feel that it is done thoroughly, done systematically, done happily.

And all this is no mere fancy. The voice is expressive of the mental state; and the mental state of the dominant member of the family does affect the home atmosphere. A woman may wonder why her home does not seem bright and happy. She may be conscientiously trying to manage it right, and yet all the time she may be affecting it by this voice of her inner self.

Listen, sometime, to your voice as if it were the voice of a stranger, and criticize it just as impartially. You may be surprised at what it tells you. And if you discover that it is not all it might be, try the effect of making it cheery, hearty, alert. The family will come up under it like wilted flowers in summer shadows.—The Pacific.

RIGHT KIND OF CHRISTIANS.

Not everyone who bears the name of Christ sings psalms and hymns and spiritual songs in his daily life. There are Christians who are not always sweet and songful. Some are gloomy, unsympathetic, cynical. One man said to his neighbor, "I am sure he is a Christian, but he is a disagreeable one."

Of another man, in contrast with this one, a neighbor said that other people learned at his feet the kindliness, the gentleness, the sympathy, the considerateness of Christ himself. He lived psalms and hymns wherever he went.

SOME OF LOVE'S NEGATIVES.

Things Love Does Not Do.

There are beautiful things which love does. But love is quite as remarkable for things it does "not" do. Love envieth "not," vaunteth "not" itself, is "not" puffed up, doth "not" behave itself unseemly, seeketh "not" its own, is "not" provoked, taketh "not" account of evil.

"Not" to envy is as divine a mark in a life as to suffer long or to be kind. Envy is most undivine. It is excited by good things in others, not by things that are evil. The feeling of envy is demonic. It poisons the springs of affection in the heart. It perverts all the best things in the nature and leads to the most unnatural crimes. But love blots out envy and makes us rejoice in another's honor.

"Not," to vaunt itself or to be puffed up is a beautiful feature in life. Pride is always offensive to God and to man. Nobody admires a proud man. "Not" to be puffed up is to be lowly in thoughts of oneself. This is one of the finest expressions of love. It does "not" assert itself, boasting of its great gifts, going about wearing airs of superiority and despising others, but in meek and lowly spirit, without pretension, giving out its best of love and service to everyone under its influence. The ministry of humility is good beyond measure.

Love doth "not" behave itself unseemly. Its beneficence consists in the things it does "not" do, things that are not beautiful, not graceful, not gentle or kindly, things that would give displeasure and pain.

There are people who are always doing unseemly things. They are thoughtless. They speak of matters of which they should not speak. Evil is done by their heedless words through want of thought as well as want of heart. Many people carry burdens of sorrow, memories of unhappy experiences, the consciousness of wrong or shame in others close to them, and any allusion to these painful subjects causes distress. It is unseemly for anyone in conversation with another to make reference to matters which could cause hurt. Love avoids all such unseemly things.

It is one of the finest marks of a true gentleman that he never gives pain to another. That was one of the ways in which Jesus showed the perfect love of his heart—he never behaved himself unseemly. He never hurt another by any word he spoke. He revered life, every life, even the unworthiest, and never spoke a word of disrespect or contempt, nor did anything dishonoring or rude.

There can be no finer expression of love than this. The love in such a case is not shown in anything that is done—any kindness, any helpfulness, but in what is "not" done. The good is negative, but it is unspeakable in its blessing, and wonderfully promotes happy living with others.

Love seeketh "not" its own, says nothing of what it does for others—the services it renders, the help it gives, the distress it relieves, the benefits it confers, never thinks of itself, never chooses its own honor or ease. Self never comes as a determining influence in any feeling or act. That is, it ever puts you alongside itself in its thought and interest. It seeks your benefit, your comfort, your good, just as its own, even before its own.

Love is "not" provoked. To go through life, day after day, meeting all manner of provocations and trials of temper, and "not" be provoked, is a fine triumph of self-control. It is named here as one of the negative qualities of love.

When one is provoked there is no telling how much hurt one may do, how much pain one may give, how many hearts one may wound and grieve. The art of "not" being provoked enables one to endure all manner of slights and insults and give no sign of anger, show no resentment, keeping sweet in spirit in every experience, returning kindness for unkindness. It means that love has grown so strong that it dominates the life in all its moods and experiences, that no counter feeling or passion can disturb its sweetness or its quietness.

The love that is "not" provoked is master of all annoyance and irritation. It is not embittered by slights and insults. It does not mind being calumniated, having evil things said about it. They treated the Master thus, but he uttered not a word in rebuke, and there was not even a flush of anger on his face.

"Not" being provoked moves through all the thousand frictions, irritations, injustices, wrongs and hurts of life silently, quiet and undisturbed, giving out only sweetness of spirit. It may not feed an enemy's hunger. It may not give drink to one who is thirsty. But the ministry of such victorious love is greater than miracles of helpfulness. The quality of "not" being provoked gives one a marvelous power of doing good just by always being loving.

Love avenges "not" itself. It does not seek to settle its own wrongs, to look after its own rights, to repay its own injuries. There are some people who are resentful, unwilling to allow even the smallest hurt or insult to pass unavenged. They will never forgive, never forget.

This is not love's way. Love avenges not. They tell us this way of living is unmanly, that meekness lacks spirit. But Christ teaches us that really this is truest Christian manliness. The man who meets all manner of slights, offenses, injustices and wrongs, and complains not, but goes on with love, leaving judgment to God, though only negative in his ministry of good is showing the divinest love.

These are suggestions of some of love's negatives. They do not give money, nor perform marvels of kindness. They build no orphanages, they erect no refuges for the old, nor do they establish homes for the crippled or the blind. Yet they enrich the world by the influence of their beautiful and victorious life. Oftimes it is better just to "be" good than to "do" good.—The Westminster Teacher.

DR. JOWETT ON PRAYER.

Why should we pray? We must, first of all, pray in order that big considerations might possess the mind. We are prone to live amid small motives, tiny purposes, belittling prejudices, partial and lop-sided ambitions. And there is nothing kills little things like our prayers.

If we take our politics into the realm of prayer, it is impossible for us to remain wretched partisans. We may give a party vote, but our vision will reach beyond the bounds of party, and through a party triumph we shall seek the extension of the Kingdom of God.

When we pray we move into the realm of big things, big motives, big sympathies, big ideals. The biggest outlook comes to us when we are on our knees. And so, when we are making big decisions, let us find time to pray, in order that the matters may be greatly decided, and that all little and belittling intrusions may be effectually destroyed.—J. H. Jowett, D.D.

REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST.

I think very many times of the one I love best. When in the night I awake, my first thought is of her; and when early in the morning the sun comes stealing into my room, my first thought is of her, and constantly through the day my mind goes out to her. I think of all the sweet things she has done, and I do remember her.

I wish I might as often and as well remember Jesus Christ. Dear boys and girls, let us begin it now. To-night when you lie down to sleep, try to bring back some scene or word from Jesus' life, and think of Him; and if in the darkness you awake, remember Him, and to-morrow morning, when the sunrise softly comes, remember

Him. Let us begin now remembering Jesus Christ.—Robert E. Speer.

THE JAGGED TEACHER.

"Ye-es, she's nice. I like her. But she's such a jagged teacher!" exclaimed a small boy, after the rest had registered their flattering opinions of Miss Jessie.

"What's a jagged teacher?" asked an unimaginative classmate.

"O, pshaw! You know what I mean. Sometimes she comes and sometimes she doesn't. Some days she's on time and some she isn't. Some Sundays she asks us for our memory work; but sure as I know mine, she doesn't. She tells us to bring handwork next Sunday, and by that time she forgets all about it. Pretty near every Sunday she starts something new or some new way of doing things; but that's the last of it. So I'd like to know if that isn't being jagged and spoiling all her niceness?"

I give it to you just as it happened that Saturday when the Primary graduates had met for some special drill work.

Who says the eight-year-old American is not a free-thinker? Busy at the black-board and not supposed to hear the discussion of this self-appointed jury, I just glanced back into my own record, gave a sigh of penitence over it, and chalked myself down among the "jagged" teachers.—S. S. Council.

THE S. S. TEACHER'S ONE CHANCE.

If you are a Sabbath School or Bible Class teacher, have you ever thought of the single chance you have—of the one chance—with the boy or girl or man or woman who may be in your class only once in life?

Do you ever teach with the thought clearly in your mind that you are in the hearing of some one who may never hear the truth presented just as you have the chance of presenting it then?

How this thought of the one chance dignifies teaching and makes all and supremely important each message as it is given!

You may face again the man who is facing you. But you may not. He may never be there again. You may never be in your place again.

The one chance! How awful it is, how pregnant with possibilities, how important to seize it as it comes our way, and to make the most of it when it is ours!

How masterfully, again and again, the Master Teacher utilized what seemed to be the one chance in His earthly ministry! He never let the one chance pass Him by.

Do you?—Frank Yeigh in the Teacher's Monthly.

The Children's Record

THE STORY OF WU-P'AO.

Wu-p'ao, was a barber, in China, who had reduced himself by dissipation, until his face was so emaciated and blackened by opium, that the village children scarce dared to go near him to have their heads shaved.

Mao a native minister, was preaching at Tong Hill village, when first he met Wu-p'ao. It happened that he was telling the people how God loves men and saves them from sin, when he noticed the poor "opium-devil" hanging upon the outskirts of the crowd, with his shabby barber's boxes swung by a carrying pole from one shoulder.

At the close of his address, seeing the man as if about to leave, he called to him to wait for a moment, and, pointing to his forehead, said "I wish you to shave me."

In a moment, the burden was on the ground. A brass basin was produced from the dingy circular box, carried at one end of the pole, and a supply of hot water was obtained, apparently from nowhere, with astonishing celerity. A razor appeared from a drawer in the truncated red pyramid, carried at the other end of the pole; forthwith Mao was seated upon the flattened pyramid, beneath the barber's hands.

As Wu-p'ao worked, Mao told him the story of the Gospel. The barber himself was as dirty as his battered basin and greasy head cloth, and his person smelt of stale opium, but the preacher forgot all that in his anxiety to win his heart.

"What is your distinguished name?" asked Mao, as he counted out some cash to pay what he owed, "I may wish sometimes to send for you to shave me at the 'Worship Hall' in Upper Street."

"My unworthy name is Wu-p'ao; this is my native village. Whenever you send for me I shall be at your service."

After this the intimacy deepened, the barber hearing more and more of the Gospel at each visit to Upper Street.

At last, one day he went of his own accord to call upon the preacher.

"Our scholars tell men to live virtuous lives, but forget to do so themselves," said he. "I have come to ask if you are like them, or whether possibly you live according to what you say."

"I follow the truth I preach, so far as I am able," said Mao, "and so do all good Christians."

The barber was apparently able to satisfy himself by enquiries, made among the preachers' neighbours, for not long afterwards he began to attend the "Worship Hall." When Mao returned the visit, he realized more clearly than before the miserable poverty of Wu-p'ao's life.

"You must come and stay with me in Upper Street," he said. "There you will have plenty of custom. I will teach you to read, and it may please God to let me help you to give up this terrible opium, which is ruining you body and soul."

During the next ten days the poor fellow passed through an awful struggle. Mao nursed him night and day, rising at all hours to see him through the paroxysms which threatened to sweep him back into his sin. He gave his patient no medicine, but inspired him to trust that Saviour who alone could cast out the destroying devil.

Thus he prayed and wrestled, carrying him from one stage of recovery to another. Often the sufferer, when attacked by the opium craving, would go to a hillside near the village and plead with the unseen God in whom he had come to believe, for strength to conquer his weakness; and so at last the victory was won.

One of the first things Wu-p'ao did after becoming a Christian, was to pay off debts contracted during his opium-eating days. Such extraordinary behaviour attracted considerable attention in the district. A ferry man on the river, some miles away, said to one of the Christians:

"It is worth while to worship God. When you Wu-p'ao used to cross in my boat, to extort food and money from his married sister at Ta-u, not a cash could I wring from him to pay my fare. Now he never goes to beg from his sister, and if he takes the ferry, he always pays me my money."

The change was known far and near. Wu-p'ao's acquaintances saw the worn, black "opium face" change, the cheeks filling out and actually becoming ruddy as he grew strong and fit for work again.

On one occasion, a scholar said to the reclaimed opium devil:

"Your Jesus doctrine only touches the skin, the doctrine of Confucius enters the bones."

"If that is so," answered he, "those who

best know the teaching of Confucius will be most influenced by it."

"Certainly," said the scholar.

"Then the literate, who spend their days in studying the books, ought to be the best of men, but, as we all know, too often they are the very worst. Is not this a proof that the teachings of Confucius do not enter the bone?"

The scholar made no answer.

"Look at what Jesus has done for me," continued Wu-p'ao. "If His doctrine only touched the skin, could it have cured me of opium, filthy language, and like faults?"

As may be well imagined, the barber's altered life gave a stimulus to the preaching of the Gospel in the neighbourhood. How much it helped to certify the truth may be gathered from the following incident:

One day Mao took a young preacher from another station to call upon a literary man who lived not far away from the "Worship Hall." The scholar, a venerable personage with a white beard, received the visitors courteously, and when they referred to the Christian Church, said laconically:

"A holy church, a holy church."

The stranger, unaccustomed to hear such praise of the so-called "barbarian" sect, thought that the scholar must be referring to the Confucian cult, so ventured to remark:

"The Christian church also is holy, O venerable, elder-born."

"It is a holy church," said their host once more, in emphatic tones.

"Does the venerable elder-born speak of the Church as holy, because he has read the Bible?" queried the preacher.

"No."

"Has he been to hear the teaching at the 'Worship Hall'?"

"No."

"Does he speak flatteringly then?"

"No. Listen, and I will tell you why I speak of the Church as holy. The school of Confucius has over a hundred graduates within this district, but it has no power to change the lives of its disciples, who gamble, smoke opium and 'eat the people's money.'

It is not so with the Church of Jesus. Look at my nephew Wu-p'ao, who has just been here to shave me. What a wreck he was—an opium demon, a common rascal—but the church of Jesus has cast the devil out of him and made him a new man."—
Ex.

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"—
Jesus Christ.

MOTHER'S NEW GAME.

Mother tripped over Ted's coat, picked up Maisie's thimble, put Nell's latest letter to Alice in the desk, and sat down with a sigh. "Five o'clock in the afternoon, this room was as neat as a new pin. Children, we are going to have a new game."

"Hurrah!" cried the unsuspecting Ted. "What's its name?"

"The Pound," mother replied, solemnly. "Beginning to-morrow morning all articles found out of place will be confiscated and put in the pound." The children looked around the library in dismay. "And," continued mother, "it will cost the owner a half penny to redeem any article."

Ted and Maisie got together their various belongings in a desperate hurry, rather enjoying the novelty, and the next morning the three were very cautious.

But when Ted started for school in the afternoon the usual cry of "Where's my cap," was raised—for what boy ever knew where to find that troublesome article of headgear? "I am sure—nearly—that I left it on the bookcase—or else it's hanging on the knob of the dining-room door."

Willing little Maisie trotted from room to room, and Alice tossed the sofa cushions about in the search.

At his wail of "O dear! there goes the bell!" mother suggested, quietly, "Perhaps your cap is in the pound, Ted."

Ted's mouth puckered into a rueful whistle, and he rushed off to ask Nora, the trim maid, who had "cleared up" after the children for so long that she greeted the pound as a welcome relief.

"Yes, I found it on the library floor, and I put it in the pound—them's my orders," and Ted manfully produced a bright half-penny as ransom.

It was on the same day that Maisie announced dolefully, "Mamma, I've lost dolly's very bestest jacket—must have dropped it coming home from Clara's."

"It seems to me I remember a little red jacket hanging on the easel in the sitting room. Do you suppose?"

"Oh! the pound!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping both fat hands. "I'll have to open my bank."

There was a great laugh when papa had to pay for his overcoat left on the sofa, and one morning Alice leaned over the banisters and called in distressed tones, "Nora, have you seen my slippers? I can't find them anywhere."

"Yes, Miss Alice, they're in the pound. They was under the bed 'stid of on your boot-shelf."

Alice paid her half penny with a very pink face, to the accompaniment of Ted's

derisive hoots, for Alice had been fortunate in avoiding fines compared with the reckless lad.

And so it went, until Christmas time, with its fun and mystery, was drawing near, and mother said one evening with a satisfied smile, glancing about the orderly room, "Well, children, we have tried our game for three months, and I am delighted with its success. Now what shall we do with these?"

She emptied a little heap of half pennies upon the table.

"Buy chocolates," suggested Ted promptly.

"Books," corrected Alice, scornfully.

"I know, mother," whispered Maisie. "For the mission Christmas tree."

The little girl's plan was voted best, while Alice counted and commented, "All those half pennies the result of three little months."

"Not so, my dear," wise mother said, "These are the results—a neat, tidy room, and three children who have learned the beauty of order, and the selfishness of leaving, things about in the way of other people."—"Messenger for the Children."

WANTED—A BOY.

"Why, what a funny advertisement! Bobby, listen to this!" and Mrs. Johnson read from the paper as follows:

"Wanted—A good, smart, honest boy. Must be red-haired and freckled. None other need apply. Smith and Thompson."

Bobby laughed. "That's me, I'm sure," he said: "especially the red hair and freckles. I think I'll go round there."

"Well, it really sounds as though it were meant for you," continued his mother, so seriously that Bobby laid down the book he was reading and looked at her in surprise.

"You were just making it up about the red-hair and freckles, weren't you, mammy?" he asked.

"No, indeed; come and see for yourself."

"Whew—w—w!" whistled Bobby, looking at the paper; "I must try for that. But how queer for Smith and Thompson to put in an advertisement like that. It's the very office I've had my eye on for months; but I didn't know there was likely to be a vacancy so soon."

At nine o'clock next morning Bobby found himself one of a row of boys in the waiting room at Smith and Thompson's office. The youngsters all had hair of various degrees of redness, and freckles of all sizes and shades of brown. Some

were speckled as a turkey's egg, others could only boast of a few of these valuable marks.

The first boy to be admitted had a fiery red head and as many rust spots as any one could desire. Mr. Smith, the senior partner, opened the door himself to let him in, and swept an amused glance along the line of candidates.

In a few minutes that boy came out and another went in.

"Said my hair was too red, an' I had too many freckles," he intimated, with a grin which showed a front tooth missing.

"He's got his mother in there with him; a little old lady with white hair and dark-rimmed eyeglasses, an' she said I wasn't the right one at all, I was too cheeky lookin'," remarked another unsuccessful one on his way out.

"Next!" called a voice from the open door, and Bobby was admitted.

"That's him. I should have known him anywhere. Such a manly little fellow!" exclaimed the old lady sitting by the office window.

"Why didn't you wait a minute after helping me off the car last night?" she continued, motioning the surprised Bobby to come nearer to her.

"What—I beg your pardon. I don't know what you mean," stammered Bobby, knitting his sandy-coloured eyebrows. "Oh!" and his freckled face brightened into a smile. "I didn't want anything for just helping a lady. I wouldn't even if I were ever so poor," and he drew himself up with an air of sturdy pride.

"Would you like work, young man?" asked Mr. Smith with a smile, and Bobby replied promptly that he would.

"What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm just leaving school; but I'm willing to try anything, and I'll do my best.

"Well, a boy who is so good at looking out for helpless old ladies as I've been told by my mother you are, ought to do pretty well in any line," said Mr. Smith. "You may come here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The gentleman opened the door into the outer office and informed the red-headed brigade that they need not wait any longer, as he had found a boy to suit him. Then he turned to his desk, and Bobby, feeling himself dismissed, hurried home to tell his good news.

"Why, I really didn't do anything, mother," he said. "There was such a jam that the poor old lady had no chance to get off, for the conductor was so busy he didn't notice, so I just helped her, that was all."

"It was a little thing," said the mother, "but it had big results."—Sel.

GENERAL NOGI AS A BOY.

The boy of small means who, determined to get an education, grasps every opportunity to turn an honest penny to that end, is very like every other boy bent on the same thing, regardless of nationality. One of these ambitious youngsters was the great General Nogi, of Japan, the hero of the late Japo-Russian war and the greatest man in the Empire after his sovereign.

"My father," he says, "could not give me the education other boys in the clan were receiving. I had to stay at home. But one day I said to myself: 'Come what may, I must learn while I am young. Life without some sort of achievement is not worth the living.'"

"So I pleaded with my father, and at last prevailed upon him to send me to a dormitory known as the Shudoba, from which I was able to attend the clan school.

"My days at the dormitory were days of hardship. It was under the control of the clan government, and sheltered about sixty boys, all under eighteen years of age, for in those days a boy was supposed to reach manhood at eighteen, and what 'man' would live in a dormitory?"

"Things have changed much since that time. In those days, the boys brought their own unhulled rice to the dormitory, and pounded it for themselves in the mortar provided for their use; there was not a shop in the place where you could buy hulled rice. The boys, too, had to cook their own rice for themselves and to collect their own fuel from the neighboring woods.

"There was also a stable attached to the dormitory, and it was the duty of the boys to groom the horses. As the poorest lad in the dormitory, a great deal of this work fell upon my shoulders. I pounded rice for the others, I went into the woods to gather fuel, I cooked the meals, and I groomed the horses.

"There were no currycombs or clippers in those days. I had to singe the horses' coats with improvised torches made of dry twigs, and to chop the straw for their bran mash as well as I could; and all this, for want of labor-saving contrivances, entailed much expenditure of time and trouble.

"In addition to all this manual labor, I had the usual school lessons to attend. Never very strong, I found my double task a severe strain on my powers of endurance, and I began at times to doubt whether I should be able to go through with the task I had set myself. But I never allowed myself to lose heart.—Christian Advocate (New York).

A sad sequel to the above story, is that on the death of the Emperor of Japan, a few months ago, this same General Nogi, full of years and so full of honors, thought it a religious duty to take his own life to show his devotion to his master and friend. He and his wife both killed themselves.

Such is heathenism. We send missionaries to teach higher ideals of life, and you young people give your cents and dimes for this great work. Will not some of you go yourselves some day to teach them of Jesus and the Way of Life. Ed.

BOYS AND CIGARETTES.

(Written by a ten-year-old boy.)

No boy should smoke cigarettes, because it harms his mind and body.

Most cigarettes are flavored with drugs which often produce poisonous effects. Opium is sometimes found in cigarettes. This is very poisonous.

Nicotine is also found. This gives them most of their smell and taste. A few drops will kill a person. Cigarettes contain less nicotine than other forms of tobacco, but the smoke is easily drawn deep into the mouth and often into the lungs, and so more of the poison is apt to reach the cells of the body.

When a boy has become a user of cigarettes, he is listless and indifferent in school; he fails to hold a job or work because he has not sufficient strength to do the work that a boy of his age ought to do easily. All the vigor that is in the clean boy is gone. When a boy is in this condition he is easily led into offenses against the law. When a boy is guilty of misconduct, he is almost always found to be a user of cigarettes.

Cigarette-smoking stops a boy's growth, injures his heart and spoils his wind. This is why good athletic trainers and coaches forbid their men the use of tobacco.

In 1906, Mr. A. A. Stagg, of the University of Chicago, wrote:

"We have never had a really successful long-distance runner at the University of Chicago who was a smoker, and several of our men, who have been successful are most careful in their training, and do not smoke.

"The best sprinters and middle-distance runners we have had have also been men who were very particular about their training for several months of the year. In football there is no question at all in my mind that the man who smokes does not come up to the average of the general run of non-smokers."—In "The Comrade."

PLEASURE-SPOILERS.

A shabby little woman, with worn cotton gloves, was fingering the gingham remnants on the bargain table of a large department store. The prices were alluringly low, and the serviceable qualities commended themselves to her anxious eyes.

Some of them were very pretty, too. There was the little pink and white plaid that would make a lovely dress for her three-year-old at home—and there was just enough in the remnant if she cut the pattern with care. Such a flat, shabby little purse it was that she was holding! Customers on the way to other tables jostled her as she deliberated.

"Three and a half cents a yard, Madge! Let's buy a stock of this!" exclaimed one.

The shabby little woman looked up with quick interest. Here was someone else evidently appreciating the most unusual opportunity. But a glance at the handsome gown and hat of the girlish speaker choked the half smile on her lips. This was no prospective purchaser. An amused smile was on the girl's lips—derision in her eyes.

A flush mounted to the shabby woman's pale cheeks. She still grasped the pink and white remnant, and made careful calculations as to the possibilities of another piece in the way of blouses for a certain small boy at home, but a bit of the pleasure in her face had unmistakably faded.

The other girl, Madge, lingered a moment at the counter. She had taken in one swift sweet look the shabby little woman, the flat pocket-book, the flush.

"They are pretty, and a surprisingly good quality for the price," Madge said, and her friend turned back a moment in quick surprise, but perhaps a look in the other girl's eyes stopped her from further comment.

Several of the remnants passed through Madge's daintily gloved hands, and though she passed on with her impatient friend in a few moments, and without making a purchase, the shabby little woman counted out the nickels and pennies from her flat purse with a return of the warm satisfaction in her bargain.

"Why on earth were you so interested in those ridiculous gingham, Madge?" asked her girl friend.

"They weren't ridiculous," Madge said; "they were good quality and worth three times the price."

"Of course; but I don't see what that was to you."

"I'll tell you, Lou." Madge flushed a little. "You spoke rather slightly of them, and that poor, shabby little woman

overheard, and I knew by the way her face fell some of her pleasure was gone, and——"

"Oh, I never dreamed of such a thing." Lou's girlish voice was regretful.

"Don't I know that? Anyway, its all right now."

"Yes, thanks to you, Madge." Lou's face was quite thoughtful for a moment.

An hour later and the girls were going home in the trolley car. A tired-looking woman loaded with bundles occupied the seat just in front of them.

"Don't you get tired of seeing these rows of cheap little houses?" Lou asked her friend carelessly. "All just alike, and such absurd little balconies!"

"I imagine they are quite comfortable little houses," said Madge seriously, "and all their lawns seem so well kept."

The woman in front had risen to leave the car, and Lou's eyes met her friend's with almost comic distress.

"Don't tell me I've done it again!" she said.

There was a minute's delay at the crossing, and Lou's eyes followed the woman.

"Yes, I have! She's making straight for one of those little houses! Oh, dear! I say so many things without stopping to think!" she remarked. "Do you suppose I hurt people's feelings every day without knowing it?"—In "New York Observer."

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel; and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made out of good stuff."

"THE SOCIETY OF GOOD BOYS."

BY A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

One evening at dusk as I was returning home I turned into the church compound to see the orphan boys. The orphanage, however, was deserted, and no response was made to my loud calls.

I turned to go away, and on the way to the bungalow I came upon a dozen or so of boys sitting in a circle on the ground with their toes all together, each one hugging his knees. One boy was talking, and all the others were nodding assent to what was being said.

So intent were they on the matter in hand that they did not notice my approach until I said, "Well, boys?"

In a flash every boy was on his feet and every right hand salaamed me, after which one boy, evidently the one who had been talking when I arrived, volunteered the information: "This is a society, sahib."

"A society? What kind of society?" "The Society of Good Boys," was the ready answer.

On further inquiry I learned that they had banded themselves together with the object of helping one another to be good. Each member promised to speak the truth, to speak kindly to others, to use proper language on all occasions, to be obedient, and to learn his lessons. Any member not doing all this was to be excommunicated until he should repent and reform.

Although somewhat overpowered by the high ideals of the society, I joined it, and was elected president. Other officers were appointed, and rules, almost the same as those for Boy Scouts, were drawn up in Gujarati. In a few weeks the "leaders" passed a stiff examination on the rules, received a red, white and blue badge, provided by Miss Stuart, and were duly qualified to instruct the rank and file of the members of the society.

Like most societies in India, this one had to steer its frail bark on stormy waters, amid shoals and sunken rocks.

There were troubles from without. After a cricket ball had been put through several panes of glass, the orphanage master set his stern face against cricket, the favourite pastime of the boys.

But, worst of all, were the troubles from within. Jealousy and pride of place got the better of the leaders who contended to a vote for supremacy, and so the society split on the rocks of contention. The power of the keys too was too great a temptation for some, and it looked as if there would soon be nobody left to ex-

communicate, and as the excommunicated refused to repent, because forsooth "I am as good as you are," the society began to dwindle.

It took another form, however, and continued to exercise a good influence over the boys.

WHAT ARE GOOD MANNERS?

"Hasn't she the nicest manners? She always knows the proper thing to do and to say."

"Hm-m," mused the aunt. "My ideas of what's proper seem to be all wrong. I'm sure she was one of the group of girls I saw in the car to-day who were so disturbing the peace, that I wanted to shake every one of them."

"Why?"

"Well, to begin with, they talked in the sharp, high voices that go through my head like a knife, and are worst of all in a public place. They jostled each other and pushed against people, and were so noisy that no one else could talk or even think. I'm sure it was she who, when she finally got a seat, sat there and let an old lady stand."

"She's always very careful to get up when any older person comes in the room."

"That shows good training, yes. But I saw her at that concert with you, Ethel, and I'm sure no one within six seats of her could have heard the music, she was in such perpetual motion, and her bracelets jingled so. And wasn't she the girl in white furs who sat next you in Sunday school yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw her deliberately move the pile of books from one chair to another next her, when she saw that new Collins girl come in, so that she needn't have the stranger sit next to her."

"But, auntie, those things aren't manners."

"What are manners? Do you mean simply the question of the angle at which to shake hands, and such surface things?"

Or do you mean the real courtesy that lies beneath? For courtesy makes its owner just as polite to the poor as to the rich just as considerate of strangers as of friends, just as well-bred in public as among those who know us well.

And courtesy isn't just surface politeness. It's based entirely on consideration for the feelings of others. The girl who doesn't think how her little actions affect the comfort of others never can be said to have good manners."

You girls who read this—stop and think. What is your rule for good manners? Is it the desire to appear well? or is it the desire to contribute to the peace and comfort of all those whose lives touch yours in any least way?—In the Comrade.

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly,

Toronto, 1st Wednesday June, 1913.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 1st May, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Inverness, 18 Mar. 7.30 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 6 May, 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, Oxford, 6 May, 3 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Yarmouth, Sept.
8. St. John, St. John, 18 Mar., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Chatham, 11 Mar., 11 a.m.
10. P.E.I.

Synod of Montheal and Ottawa.

Prescott, 2nd Tuesday May, 1913.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, at Synod.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 6 May, 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 20 May.
16. Brockville, Cardinal, 18 March.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Picton, May, 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 11 Mar., 9.30.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 13 May, 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 15 Apl., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville, 11 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 2 Tues. Mar., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, July, at call.
25. Temiskaming, Haileybury, Sep.
26. Algoma.
27. Owen Sd. Owen Sd. 24 June, 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 1 July, 9.30 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 20 May, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Last Monday of April, 1913.

30. Hamilton, St. Cath., 6 May 10.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Woodstock, 11 March, 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 6 May, 10 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 11 Mar., 10.30.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 July, 11 a.m.
35. Stratford.
36. Huron, Clinton, 13 May 11 a.m.
37. Maitland.
38. Bruce.

Synod of Manitoba.

Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Fort William, March.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-month.
41. Rock Lake, Ninette, 6 May, 4 p.m.
42. Glenboro.
43. Portage la Prairie.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 2nd Mon. of May.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, 6 May.
48. Abernethy, Balcarres, 9 Sep., 4 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 6 May, 10 a.m.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sept., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sep., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 20 May, 3 p.m.
55. Prince Albert.
56. Battleford.
57. Swift Current, Swift Current, 2 Sept., 10 a.m.

Synod of Alberta.

Stratheona, Knox Ch., 22 Apr., 10 a.m.

58. Vermillion.
59. Edmonton.
60. Lacombe, Camrose, Sep.
61. Red Deer.
62. Calgary.
63. High River.
64. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

Vancouver, May, 1913.

65. Kootenay.
66. Kamloops.
67. Westminster.
68. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.**Calls from.**

St. Croix, N. S., to Mr. Wm. Girdwood of Prince William, N. B.

St. Andrew's Ch., Boston, to Mr. A. McKinnon of Waterville, N. S.

Bethune, Sask., to Mr. Percy A. Knott of Tugashe, Sask.

Belmont, Man., to Mr. Joseph Hunter of Sandford, Man. Accepted.

Assiniboia, Sask., to Mr. J. G. Stephens, of Souris, Man. Accepted.

Inductions Into.

Granum and Jumbo Valley, Alta., Feb. 13, Mr. A. S. Tod.

Liberty, Sask., March 4, Mr. Wm. W. McRae.

Kitslano, B. C., March 13, Dr. A. D. McKinnon.

Kindersley, Sask., March 14, Mr. H. D. Leitch.

Battleford, Sask., March 19, Mr. W. A. Cameron.

Resignations of.

Springfield, Man., Mr. D. Iverach.

Maymont and Ruddell, Sask., Mr. J. M. Fisher.

McLeod, Alta., Mr. R. Boyle.

Pincher Creek, Alta., Mr. W. W. Aitchison.

Bradwardine, Man., Mr. A. McTavish.

Elva, Man., Mr. Geo. Renwick.

Miami and Rosebank, Man., Mr. J. A. Beattie.

Morningside, Alta, Mr. A. H. Leslie.

Deaths in the Ministry.

At New Glasgow, N.S., 27 February, Rev. Alexander Cameron, aged eighty-seven years.

At Marshfield, P.E.I., 14 February, Rev. John Hawley, aged fifty-five years.

Many pastors assume that Christian people are familiar with the simple elements of personal salvation, and that an attempt to instruct them in the first principles of the doctrine of Christ is like teaching capable readers their alphabet. But in this they greatly err. Most of them who have no definite conception, either of its character or the process by which it was done. —Northwestern Christian Advocate.

The Presbyterian Record.

Published by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.
Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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The dividends which flow from the wealth of South America into the pockets of British investors in one month, exceed in amount the total expenditure on Evangelical Missions in that continent in a hundred years. . . . What has British Christianity done, what is it doing, in those great territories which yield such a return to British enterprise? Thus sadly asks a missionary periodical.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Feb. | Mar. 1 to Feb 28 |
|------------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| Home Missions..... | \$62,463.81 | \$131,059.76 |
| Augmentation..... | 11,713.02 | 20,741.64 |
| Foreign Missions.. | 44,793.34 | 102,719.99 |
| Widows & Orphans | 3,580.34 | 6,204.34 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 5,791.90 | 9,301.98 |
| Assembly Fund..... | 2,639.54 | 4,872.88 |
| French Evangeliztn. | 5,022.21 | 9,109.90 |
| Pic-aux-Trembles | 6,527.33 | 14,453.23 |
| Social Service, etc... | 8,934.59 | 18,426.14 |
| Jewish Mission..... | 1,417.50 | 4,917.78 |
| Deaconess Tg. Home | 463.30 | 723.50 |
| Knox College | 2,000.00 | 3,784.50 |
| Queen's College..... | 1,258.00 | 2,063.08 |
| Montreal College... | 568.00 | 1,463.08 |
| Manitoba College... | 2,444.00 | 3,165.63 |
| Westminster Hall... | 771.00 | 1,191.00 |
| Alberta College..... | 701.00 | 1,296.08 |
| Saskatchewan College | 232.00 | 299.00 |

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as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|--------|-------------------------|----------|
| Woodville, ss. . . . \$ | 30.00 | Mrs. John Homuth. | 10.00 |
| Crawford. | 106.00 | Hills Green, ss. . . . | 3.00 |
| Toronto, Cooke's. | 30.00 | Preston, yps. | 26.50 |
| Markham. | 63.00 | Preston, obo. | 13.37 |
| Melbourne. | 126.00 | Weston, ss. | 25.00 |
| Margaret Goldie. | 450.00 | Tor., St. Jas. Sq., ss. | 244.75 |
| Omeme. | 45.00 | Elmira. | 60.00 |
| Midhurst. | 89.00 | Theford, m and ls. | 95.00 |
| Rv. S. S. Burns. | 10.00 | Delaware. | 102.00 |
| Rv. C. McQuesten. | 12.48 | Schomberg. | 47.00 |
| Rv. R. M. Phalen. | 10.80 | Tor., Victoria. | 555.00 |
| Berkeley. | 11.00 | Tor., St. John's. | 2,969.25 |
| Berkeley, ss. | 2.00 | Barrie, ss. | 12.60 |
| Arnprior. | 20.00 | Heckstn. | 285.00 |
| Harrington. | 25.00 | Pleasant Valley. | 54.65 |
| Carlisle. | 98.00 | Whitby. | 357.00 |
| Carlisle, ss., yps. . . | 6.00 | Chippawa, yps. . . . | 4.00 |
| Otta, Betany. | 65.00 | Rv. D. L. Campbell. | 7.70 |
| Rv. A. W. Crow. | 5.80 | Rv. F. J. Maxwell. | 8.00 |
| Tor., College St. . . . | 85.00 | N. Mornington. | 259.99 |
| Wminston, St. And. | 4.00 | Georgetown. | 340.50 |
| Bear Creek. | 16.00 | Limehouse. | 83.20 |
| Weston, ss. | 50.00 | Indian Lands. | 79.00 |
| F. W. Moffatt. | 120.00 | Petrolia. | 210.00 |
| Atwood, ce. | 50.00 | Paisley, Knox. | 26.00 |
| Tor., Erskine as. . . . | 510.60 | Winchester. | 235.40 |
| Lanark. | 451.00 | Monk. | 10.75 |
| Niagara, St. And. ss | 16.00 | New Glasgow, yphms. | 50.00 |
| Ethel. | 50.00 | Friend. | 3.35 |
| Rv. H. S. Graham. | 8.00 | New Glasgow, ss. . . | 6.75 |
| Madoc. | 5.00 | Hornby. | 19.00 |
| Banks. | 24.00 | Omagh. | 19.00 |
| Tor., Davenpt. ss. mb. | 5.00 | Rv. W. W. Crow. | 5.60 |
| Napanee. | 28.00 | Woodbridge. | 83.00 |
| Leamington. | 509.50 | St. Missouri. | 5.10 |
| Harristn. Guthrie. | 12.70 | Est. Mrs. Charlotte | |
| Thamesfrd. | 14.00 | Munroe. | 50.00 |
| Havelock. | 79.33 | Tor., Wmster ss. | 135.00 |
| Hamln., St. Jas. . . . | 73.00 | Bluevale. | 35.00 |
| St. Cath., First. | 320.00 | Tor., Rosedale ss. | 175.00 |
| Tor., Erskine ss. . . . | 15.00 | Midland. | 297.41 |
| Friend. | 5.00 | Alton. | 52.00 |
| | | North Erin. | 20.00 |

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| Stewart Mem. | 60.00 | North Smith. | 8.60 |
| Renfrew, ss. | 64.00 | Avonton, yphms. . . . | 5.00 |
| Wroxeter. | 116.00 | Keene. | 395.00 |
| Kirkton, ss. | 47.00 | Westwood. | 267.00 |
| West Adelaide. | 7.00 | Tor., West. | 450.00 |
| Admaston, ss. | 9.14 | Rv. F. W. Anderson | 8.00 |
| Smiths Falls. | 369.05 | Rv. H. Carmichael. | 17.85 |
| Gravel Hill. | 10.00 | E. Zorra. | 121.40 |
| Queensboro', ss. . . . | 11.00 | Wyoming. | 83.00 |
| Bala. | 40.00 | Dracon. | 36.00 |
| Rv. A. H. Kippen. | 6.10 | Belmont. | 222.00 |
| Dr. Jno. McNair. | 6.95 | Belmont. | 80.00 |
| Bethany, ypg. | 5.00 | Belmont, yps. | 25.00 |
| Mt. Pleasant. | 27.40 | Yarmouth. | 81.00 |
| Mandaumin. | 10.00 | Yarmouth, ss. | 18.00 |
| Mandaumin, ypg. | 21.53 | Cobden. | 35.70 |
| Sydenham. | 77.40 | Bethel. | 14.00 |
| Rodney, ss. | 25.00 | E. Adelaide. | 72.00 |
| Chatham, 1st. | 114.00 | Tor., St. John's ss. | 145.00 |
| Rv. Wm. McKinley. | 7.00 | Tor., College St. ss. | 100.00 |
| Gobles, yps. | 1.00 | Nelson, ss. | 7.18 |
| Durham. | 121.98 | Alma. | 51.00 |
| Beav. J. H. Lemon. | 214.00 | Motherwell. | 5.75 |
| Mainsville. | 8.00 | Whiteside. | 12.00 |
| Gorrie, ss. | 1.00 | Brampton, ss. | 50.00 |
| Shakespeare. | 400.60 | Midland. | 5.00 |
| Oneida. | 19.00 | Orillia. | 1,500.00 |
| Rv. W. D. Bell. | 8.30 | St. Thomas, Kx. ss. | 100.00 |
| Winchester. | 50.00 | Ham., St. Paul's. | 90.00 |
| Guelph, St. And. | 1.15 | Wminston, St. And. | 15.54 |
| Paris. | 328.00 | Cranbrook. | 109.56 |
| Arthur. | 88.10 | Demorestville, etc. | 15.00 |
| Ham., St. Paul's. | 260.00 | Norwood, ss. | 45.00 |
| Woodville, ce. | 2.00 | Dunbar. | 41.50 |
| Queensboro'. | 28.00 | Kintyre. | 212.03 |
| Ham., Gospel Tab. | | Parkhill. | 132.00 |
| Chinese. | 15.00 | Tor., College. | 10.00 |
| English Settlmt. | 3.00 | Louth. | 2.80 |
| Rothwell. | 2.00 | North Bay. | 550.00 |
| Muncheff. | 85.00 | Caledonia. | 355.50 |
| Dunbarton, ss. | 28.00 | Dover. | 33.00 |
| Lynedoch. | 42.00 | Carltn Pl., Zion yps. | 1.25 |
| Hamilton, McNab. | 150.00 | Uptergrove. | 6.00 |
| Bookton. | 17.00 | Tottenham. | 123.15 |
| W. T. Noble. | 3.60 | Dundas, ypg. | 5.00 |
| Stratford, St. And. | 60.00 | Roy's. | 4.60 |
| Moore. | 5.00 | Rv. A. B. Dobson. | 6.25 |
| Madoc, yps. | 3.00 | Rv. A. B. McLeod. | 8.20 |
| Tor., Wychwood. | 560.00 | Rv. J. G. Stuart. | 6.65 |
| Rv. J. A. McConnell | 50.00 | Rv. Dr. Ratcliffe. | 6.30 |
| Stratford, Kx. | 13.00 | Ventnor. | 9.00 |
| Vernonvil., and ypm | 605.35 | Elora, Knox. | 634.02 |
| North Luther. | 184.82 | Elora, Knox be. | 7.36 |
| Leaskdale, St. Pa. . . | 176.00 | Tor., Chinese. | 81.61 |
| Ridgetown. | 22.00 | Middleville, Darling | 116.00 |
| Pefferlaw. | 280.00 | Victoria Mine. | 2.00 |
| Egypt. | 47.70 | Newton, ss. | 5.00 |
| Sutton. | 11.80 | Tor., Old St. And. | 152.95 |
| Sutton, bc. | 130.10 | Est. Walter Scott. | 400.00 |
| Est. K. Urquhart. | 13.00 | Verschoyle. | 100.00 |
| Rv. David Lang. | 5,702.06 | Komoka. | 242.00 |
| Stratford, St. A. ss. | 17.80 | Picton. | 126.00 |
| "W". | 2.00 | Drayton, guild. | 10.00 |
| Tor., St. Paul's. | 312.32 | Ripley, Kx ss. | 6.25 |
| Elmira. | 14.00 | Coldwater. | 54.37 |
| Orono, ce. | 6.00 | Ottawa, Knox. | 2,398.00 |
| Dist. Conv., wims. | 9.10 | Prescott. | 455.65 |
| Rv. D. Tait. | 6.95 | Annan. | 79.35 |
| Oxford Mills. | 78.25 | Seneca. | 23.00 |
| Gordonville. | 16.70 | Seneca, ss. | 12.00 |
| Fergus, Mel. | 271.23 | N. Luther. | 2.00 |
| Castelford, etc. . . . | 92.00 | Demorestvil., etc. | 5.00 |
| Janetville. | 15.00 | Coldsprings. | 282.50 |
| Tor., Knox. | 455.70 | Cornwall, Kx Chin. | 10.00 |
| Walton, ce. | 2.50 | Cardinal. | 336.00 |
| Kenora, Chinese. | 23.30 | Tamworth. | 31.50 |
| Rosedale, ss. | 6.00 | Camden VIII. | 24.40 |
| Guelph, Knox. | 883.00 | Galt, Central. | 1,514.00 |
| Englshes. | 56.00 | Galt, Central ss. | 56.00 |
| Gulids. | 66.67 | Pembroke. | 388.90 |
| Kingston, St. And. | 1,141.91 | Norwood. | 118.00 |
| Tait's Corners, ypg. | 88.00 | Grattan, yps. | 1.00 |
| Millbrook. | 100.00 | Inwood, ss. | 25.00 |
| Rv. J. F. Scott. | 7.70 | Palmerston, yps. | 25.00 |
| Friend of Missions. | 160.00 | Dresden. | 120.00 |
| Bradford, ss. | 5.00 | Mono Centre. | 5.00 |
| Stratford, ypg. | 4.00 | Galt, 1st. | 101.00 |
| Lakefield. | 108.00 | N. Derby. | 38.00 |
| Lakefield, ss. | 29.27 | Alvinston. | 86.00 |
| | | Raleigh. | 35.25 |
| | | Tor., Rhodes. | 240.75 |

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| Dewar's. | 18.00 | Rv. J. M. Goodwillie | 5.20 | Strangfield. | 12.00 | Dryden. | 100.00 |
| Windham Centre. | 53.25 | Ham. Central. | 207.20 | Kenyon. | 541.00 | Hartfell. | 20.00 |
| Cedar Grove. | 81.75 | Merivate. | 269.00 | Pleasant Valley. | 5.00 | N. Bruce and St. And | 198.25 |
| Mattawa. | 37.60 | Braaside. | 90.00 | S. Mountain. | 5.00 | Claremont | 34.00 |
| Tor. Davenport. | 10.00 | Lindsay. | 213.89 | Kemptville. | 68.75 | Harriston. Guth. | 8.90 |
| Pine River. | 213.00 | Crumlin | 140.00 | Martintown. | 660.00 | Richmond Hill. | 10.00 |
| Roxboro. | 327.00 | Cobalt. | 290.00 | Pakenham. | 68.00 | Richmond Hill, ss. | 35.00 |
| Winterbourne, guild. | 22.00 | London, Chalmers'. | 25.00 | Friend. | 10.00 | Thornhill. | 60.00 |
| Avonmore. | 300.00 | Dunedin. | 8.00 | Maidstone | 12.00 | Perth. St. And. | 230.00 |
| Victoria. | 36.00 | Kingston, Cooke's. | 616.62 | Dresden, ypg. | 10.00 | Annie St. Morton, schp | 50.00 |
| Cornwall, Kx yps. | 6.00 | Plum Creek, ss. | 13.40 | Havelock | 14.17 | Lynden, ss. | 30.56 |
| Bolsover. | 41.00 | Newmarket. | 3.00 | Tor., Parkdale. | 2,515.00 | Oakwood | 12.45 |
| Brantford, Zion. | 2,932.36 | Nelson. | 63.00 | Tor., Cowan, ss. | 88.00 | Hamilton, Pres. | 216.84 |
| Lansdowne. | 90.50 | E. Ashfield. | 19.09 | Blind River. | 20.00 | Scarboro', Mel. | 416.00 |
| Fairfax, ss. | 3.00 | Hampstead. | 1.50 | Magnetawan. | 21.57 | Pittsburg. | 23.00 |
| Sand Bay, ss. | 3.00 | Wellesley. | 1.00 | Gordon Lake, etc. | 30.30 | Rothsay. | 26.00 |
| Finch. | 233.00 | Fenelon Falls. | 62.00 | Mono Mills. | 100.00 | Newmarket. | 87.60 |
| Shelburne. | 157.40 | Leaskdale. | 16.95 | Mono East. | 35.77 | Grimsby. | 95.10 |
| Dundalk. | 8.60 | Geo. J. Dewar. | 100.00 | Sudbury. | 184.57 | Daywood. | 51.00 |
| Ventry. | 7.35 | Kenmore. | 136.00 | Tor., High Park. | 515.00 | Oro. | 10.00 |
| Thornbury. | 107.75 | Mrs. Jno. P. Moore | 30.00 | Cochrane, guild. | 8.37 | Goderich, Kx. | 47.40 |
| Gananoque. | 411.00 | Chesley. | 311.00 | Duntroon. | 32.00 | Ashfield. | 310.00 |
| Owen Sound, Kx. | 893.86 | Cobourg. | 349.28 | Duntroon, St. Pa. ss | 5.00 | Ashfield, ce. | 54.00 |
| Varna. | 41.50 | Tanworth. | 2.00 | Rv. D. Strachan. | 18.80 | Goderich, Un. | 25.00 |
| Gibraltar. | 7.00 | Norwich. | 116.00 | Dr. T. D. Meikle. | 50.00 | St. Cath., Haynes. | 42.00 |
| Culloden. | 32.70 | Thedford, ss. | 19.78 | Ripley. | 182.10 | St. John's. | 30.00 |
| Est. Geo. Bartlet. | 3,000.00 | Tor., Chinese. | 20.38 | Forest. | 50.52 | London, St. And. | 5,554.47 |
| St. Vincent. | 15.35 | Midway. | 129.50 | Scotland, Micksburg, | etc. | "L. P. R." | 7.00 |
| Botany. | 116.00 | Riverside. | 22.00 | Campbellville. | 100.00 | Forest. | 2.00 |
| Dunwich, yps. | 70.00 | Paisley, ss. | 5.00 | Keene. | 88.07 | Roslin. | 1.00 |
| Vars, Navan. | 66.00 | Eganville. | 110.00 | Lon., New St. Jas. | 319.10 | Thames Road, ss. | 60.00 |
| Apple Hill. | 75.00 | Avonton. | 8.00 | Moore Line. | 850.00 | Cobden. | 75.20 |
| Almonte. | 580.00 | Carp. | 80.50 | Hampstead. | 59.00 | Wiarion. | 167.98 |
| Rv. A. McVicar. | 17.00 | Fraser Ch. | 2.40 | Mr., Mrs. John Hunro. | 76.00 | Temple Hill. | 7.00 |
| M. Pleasant and ss. | 293.00 | Wolfstown | 54.75 | Primrose. | 10.00 | Heckston. | 6.00 |
| Ross. | 180.00 | Galt, Central yps. | 45.00 | Campbellford, ce. | 67.50 | Novar. | 36.30 |
| Sand Point. | 27.00 | Chesterfield. | 365.54 | Pelham. | 30.00 | Scotia. | 32.40 |
| Moonstone. | 31.03 | Sand Hill. | 90.00 | Fenwick. | 86.00 | Kearney. | 43.30 |
| Woodlands. | 140.65 | E. Nottawasaga. | 2.50 | Bolsover, ss. | 31.00 | Ham., Erskine. | 24.00 |
| Clayton. | 66.25 | Chippawa. | 15.00 | Tor., Bloor, ymbe. | 25.00 | Ham., Erskine, ss. | 148.00 |
| S. Nissouri, ss. | 4.80 | Rv. F. C. Harper. | 1.25 | Metcalfe. | 100.00 | Burk's Falls. | 25.00 |
| Korah. | 39.25 | Wales. | 75.28 | Edwards. | 114.00 | Temiskaming Pres. | 59.30 |
| Caledon East. | 6.00 | Williamsburg. | 43.00 | Sunbury. | 18.00 | Fingal. | 102.00 |
| Mount Albert. | 102.00 | Kingston, Chal. | 1,685.00 | Glenburnie. | 35.75 | Pleasant Valley. | 12.00 |
| Deer Park, ss. | 20.00 | Ophir. | 18.50 | Guthrie. | 17.00 | Farran's Point. | 25.20 |
| Tor., Runnymede ss. | 63.73 | Dunn's Valley. | 17.00 | Est. Ambroz. Flem- | 23.55 | Kinburn. | 69.00 |
| Louth. | 81.00 | Poplar Dale. | 4.50 | ing. | 8.30 | Kinburn, ss. | 71.43 |
| Innerkip. | 8.00 | Ripley. | 167.00 | Black's Corners. | 126.57 | Vernon. | 5.00 |
| Petrolia. | 20.00 | Alex's, Currie. | 75.00 | Laurel. | 133.50 | Spencerville. | 193.60 |
| Burgoyne. | 74.00 | Tor., Runnymede. | 116.32 | Aylmer West, yps. | 4.00 | Alberton, ss. | 17.50 |
| Oshawa. | 514.00 | Mt. Pleasant, ss. | 30.00 | Ottawa, Bank St. ss. | 104.54 | Leeburn. | 12.00 |
| Bradford. | 62.54 | Keene, ss. | 81.50 | Motherwell, ce. | 9.40 | Knollwood Park. | 25.00 |
| Rv. S. D. Jamieson. | 9.15 | Dunwich. | 157.00 | Inwood, abc. | 25.00 | Beaverton, St. And. | 518.00 |
| Claude. | 60.00 | Branchton, ss. | 26.30 | Mansfield. | 36.00 | Thamesville. | 200.00 |
| Peterboro, St. Pa. | 2,403.00 | Amherst Island. | 25.00 | Holland. | 22.75 | Oro. | 22.00 |
| Kintail, ss. | 5.00 | West Ch. | 21.06 | Kirkwall. | 335.00 | St. Thomas, Kx. | 234.52 |
| Tor., Kx B. Se. | 20.00 | Tweed | 24.15 | Kenyon. | 3.00 | Scarboro', Kx. | 320.00 |
| Rodney, abc. | 20.00 | Fergus, St. And. | 395.50 | Lunenburg. | 51.00 | Norval. | 100.85 |
| Blenheim. | 360.00 | Wick. | 195.32 | Williamsford. | 61.50 | Norval, ss. | 43.17 |
| Metz. | 53.00 | Wick, guild. | 16.02 | Ota., Bank | 843.36 | Orillia. | 921.00 |
| Ottawa, McKay. | 380.00 | Tor., Bloor ss. | 646.77 | Oro, St. And. | 5.00 | St. Mary's, Kx. | 360.00 |
| Roslin. | 36.00 | Aspdin. | 7.00 | Crosshill. | 162.35 | Harrow. | 45.00 |
| Wellesley. | 2.90 | Dungannon, ss. | 5.00 | Weston. | 40.00 | Copper Cliff. | 41.60 |
| Wm. Rennie. | 10.00 | Rv. H. and Mrs. Mc- | Lean. | Woodville, ce. | 10.00 | Bonfield. | 30.00 |
| Tor., Erskine. | 1,657.00 | Grand Orange Lodge | 200.00 | Brockville, 1st. | 507.00 | Tilbury. | 73.00 |
| Smith's Hill. | 79.50 | Tor., Dale. | 53.87 | Manotick. | 125.65 | Tilbury, ss. | 27.00 |
| Auburn. | 38.00 | E. Garafraxa. | 139.95 | Newington. | 94.00 | Wallacetown. | 51.00 |
| Woodbridge, abc. | 5.00 | Barwick. | 11.25 | Trenton. | 173.35 | Dawn Centre. | 36.00 |
| Stratford. | 70.00 | Leamington. | 74.09 | Port Hope, St. Pa. | 60.00 | Rosseau. | 30.00 |
| Thurlow. | 59.00 | Dover. | 87.00 | Latona. | 190.00 | Appin. | 2.00 |
| Fuller. | 12.00 | Southampton. | 56.00 | Westboro. | 109.00 | Catherine Scott. | 100.00 |
| Peterboro, Kx. | 133.00 | Ham., St. Giles'. | 255.00 | Pittsburg. | 27.00 | Dracem. | 2.00 |
| St. George. | 245.10 | St. Cath., Knox. | 692.04 | Oroville. | 5.00 | Fort Colborne. | 69.00 |
| St. David's. | 5.00 | Tor., Bloor ss. | 20.00 | Colborne. | 231.00 | St. Helen's. | 124.00 |
| St. David's ss. | 10.00 | Tor., Riverdale. | 79.65 | Oil City. | 119.00 | Centre Bruce. | 14.00 |
| Eversley. | 100.00 | Morrisburg. | 373.00 | Saltfleet. | 33.00 | Eglinton. | 352.75 |
| Adamston. | 90.00 | Milverton. | 9.50 | Bainbrook. | 135.00 | Rv. A. E. Armstrong | 9.25 |
| Springville. | 88.00 | Churchill. | 474.00 | Westmeath. | 33.00 | Dundalk. | 2.60 |
| Hamilton "K.E.A." | 90.00 | Craigvale. | 271.00 | Proffline. | 91.25 | Ventry. | 5.65 |
| Tor., Cooke's. | 1,006.58 | Lefroy. | 81.00 | Arnprior. | 23.00 | Ventry, ss. | 2.25 |
| Ota., St. Mark's. | 50.00 | Westwood. | 136.00 | Penetanguishene. | 100.00 | Ventry, yps. | 2.00 |
| Cannington. | 267.00 | Bridgeburg. | 50.00 | Glenagarry, ss. Ass. | 132.00 | Branchton. | 44.10 |
| Schreiber. | 10.00 | S. Delaware. | 120.00 | Dalhousie. | 180.63 | Caladenia. | 8.10 |
| Grafton. | 277.00 | North St. | 41.00 | Newbury. | 41.00 | Buxton. | 15.00 |
| McLaren Est. | 20.00 | Paynes Mills. | 20.00 | Fort W., 1st. | 82.00 | Tor., St. And. | 2,849.09 |
| North Brant. | 180.00 | Cayuga. | 99.00 | Bracebridge. | 167.00 | Avonmore yps. | 50.00 |
| Binbrook, Kx. | 163.00 | Cayuya, ss. | 5.00 | New Liskeard. | 5.00 | Ottawa, Knox ss. | 212.86 |
| Chalk River. | 54.00 | East Puslinch. | 26.00 | Blytheswood. | 185.00 | Renfrew. | 1,633.20 |
| Rv. D. I. Ellison. | 7.15 | Univille. | 13.42 | Goldsmith. | 17.00 | Brockville, family of | 700.00 |
| Moore, Burns' ss. | 94.00 | Braaside. | 109.00 | | 21.50 | | |
| Paris Pres. | 179.40 | | | | | | |

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| N. Nissouri. | 88.51 | Mon. E. H. Bronson | 900.00 | Windsor Mills. | 106.00 | Stonewall, Grassmere. | |
| Avonmore. | 60.00 | Elsinore. | 14.00 | Rv. W. D. Reid. | 19.40 | Brant. | 201.15 |
| Tottenham, ss. | 13.00 | Providence Bay. | 11.30 | Rv. A. G. MacKinnon. | 1.50 | Sinclair, ss. | 3.15 |
| Galt, Knox ss. | 100.00 | Alndemoya. | 17.60 | Dewittville. | 5.00 | Pet H. Spitzer. | 15.00 |
| N. Basthope. | 2.90 | Campbell. | 16.70 | Mont., Calvin. | 190.00 | Lenore. | 200.00 |
| Craighurst. | 45.00 | Carnarvon. | 9.55 | Mont., Calvin ss. | 425.00 | Gladstone. | 65.00 |
| Adjala. | 70.00 | Spring Bay. | 3.00 | Cote des Neiges. | 85.30 | Plumas. | 20.00 |
| Town Line. | 155.00 | Britainville. | 1.50 | La Croix. | 5.00 | Fairmount. | 130.00 |
| Baxter. | 105.00 | London, St. A. ss. | 290.00 | Elgin. | 115.91 | Fairmount, ss., yps. | 15.15 |
| Ivy. | 140.00 | Cremore. | 89.00 | Hamden. | 23.00 | Petrel. | 119.00 |
| Port Perry. | 113.00 | Peterboro, St. A. | 1,065.00 | Ditchfield. | 3.00 | Springfield, ss. | 20.00 |
| Ormiston. | 53.50 | Ball nafad. | 3.50 | Dequen. | 15.00 | J. H. Ross. | 1.00 |
| Peterboro Pres. | 203.00 | Sowerby. | 12.00 | Que., St. John's. | 1.50 | Crystal City, Clear- | |
| Dunedin. | 10.75 | Tor., Queen East. | 732.32 | Leeds Village. | 200.00 | water, Elton. | 258.00 |
| Rv. F. H. Larkin. | 10.00 | MacLennan. | 12.45 | Mont. Wmminster. | 5.00 | Scotia. | 11.00 |
| Tor., Royce. | 110.57 | Guelph, Knox. | 9.00 | Inverness. | 66.00 | Hamiota. | 2.00 |
| Hastings. | 51.00 | Guelph, wom meeting | 22.15 | Que., Chalmers'. | 10.00 | Elkhorn. | 49.00 |
| Nashville. | 142.85 | Hann., wom meeting. | 15.00 | Mont. West. | 130.00 | Woodville. | 10.00 |
| Dunbar. | 40.00 | Aultsville. | 5.80 | Mont., St. Paul's. | 3,202.50 | Oak Lake. | 4.00 |
| Lyn. | 164.00 | Aravenhurst. | 75.00 | Mont., Crescent. | 150.00 | Glenboro'. | 37.25 |
| Caintown. | 15.00 | Depot Harbor. | 45.73 | Quebec, St. And. | 500.00 | Simon McKinnon. | 60.00 |
| Mailorytown. | 69.80 | Carholme. | 37.30 | Rv. G. C. Heine. | 10.00 | Wpg., Wmster. | 3,620.20 |
| Esqueting tp. | 164.40 | Lynden. | 89.13 | Mont., MacVicar ce | 100.00 | Sanford. | 60.00 |
| Harrison, Kx. | 144.00 | | | Mont., MacVicar. | 770.00 | Wpg., St. And. ss. | 50.00 |
| Harrison, Knox guild | 50.00 | | | Mont., MacVicar Chi | 81.70 | Swan Lake. | 5.10 |
| Malta. | 15.00 | | | Leggett's Point. | 3.30 | High Bluff. | 7.65 |
| Lury's Green, St. Ju's | 15.43 | Mont. Erskine. | \$3,450.00 | Mont., MacVicar ss. | 155.48 | Wpg., Knox ss. | 16.00 |
| N. Kinloss. | 51.73 | Athelstan. | 20.00 | Mont., Chinese. | 40.00 | Minto. | 100.00 |
| Brantford, Alex. | 100.00 | Huntingdon, ss. | 30.00 | Inverness, ss. | 20.00 | Little Britain. | 50.00 |
| The Maple. | 15.00 | Dr. C. E. Amaon. | 16.11 | Mont., Victoria. | 107.00 | West Hall. | 60.00 |
| Hespeler. | 597.15 | Kennecbe Road. | 1.00 | Mont., Fairmount. | 5.37 | Oakner. | 24.00 |
| Campbellville, abc. | 194.60 | Pointe Claire, ss. | 20.00 | Mont., Taylor. | 160.00 | Bellafield. | 2.00 |
| Campbellville, ypcn. | 55.40 | Wakefield, Masham. | 94.00 | Norwood. | 200.00 | Brandon, St. A. | 35.00 |
| Hanover. | 74.63 | Huntngdon. | 263.00 | E. Templeton. | 43.00 | Souris, ces. | 18.25 |
| Corbetton. | 37.38 | Mont., American. | 3,400.00 | Mont., MacVicar. | 6.00 | Beq. Robt. Richards | 200.00 |
| Allenford. | 22.00 | Mont., American. | 100.00 | Ste. Therese, etc. | 120.00 | Griswold. | 56.25 |
| Rocky Saugeen. | 37.29 | Mont., St. Henry ss. | 24.25 | Mont., Ersk Chinese | 30.00 | Alexander. | 62.00 |
| Essex, St. And. | 22.53 | Hemmingford. | 23.30 | Mont., St. Mark Chin | 16.00 | Kemnay. | 40.50 |
| Vaughan, St. A., St. | | New Glasgow. | 18.00 | Mont., American Chin | 120.00 | Hamiota, ss. | 15.00 |
| Paul's. | 222.05 | Mont., Wmminster. | 164.40 | Quebec, St. And. | 175.00 | Aerden. | 27.00 |
| King. | 72.00 | Onslow, St. Pa., Eard- | | Lower Windsor. | 3.00 | Nepawa, Knox. | 157.00 |
| Laskay. | 43.00 | ley. | 22.00 | W'mount, St. And. | 2,550.00 | Shoal Lake | 72.00 |
| Embro. | 444.29 | Buckingham. | 169.30 | Quebec, St. And. | 75.00 | Reston. | 100.00 |
| Dixon Corners. | 50.00 | Mont., Erskine. | 2,335.05 | Mont., Livingstone. | 49.13 | Newdale. | 10.00 |
| Aultsville, ss. | 6.00 | Athelstan. | 40.00 | Georgetown. | 181.19 | Rathwell. | 98.90 |
| Orrville. | 18.50 | Mont., St. Paul's ss | 70.00 | Georgetown, ss. | 30.00 | Sperling | 11.20 |
| Maple Lake. | 5.00 | Prin. Scrimger. | 18.90 | Mont., Knox ss. | 120.00 | Treherne and Olive. | 141.25 |
| Turtle Lake. | 4.00 | Joliette. | 50.00 | Mont., St. Luke's ss | 10.00 | Binscarth. | 284.42 |
| Annan. | 7.10 | Que., Chalmers'. | 1,977.07 | Maisonneuve. | 5.00 | Belmont, Knox Ch. | 102.00 |
| Cache Bay. | 16.65 | Agnes Bennett. | 25.00 | J. T. Ross. | 250.00 | Belmont, Knox abc. | 20.00 |
| Oil Springs. | 50.15 | Rv. A. S. Ross. | 7.15 | Mont., St. Cuth. | 55.00 | Belmont, Knox ss. | 50.00 |
| Novar. | 60.43 | Chelsea. | 34.00 | Mont., Knox. | 1,540.00 | Holmfied. | 10.00 |
| Kent Bridge. | 60.43 | Mont., St. Matthews | 1,408.76 | | | Ogilvie. | 66.20 |
| Russell. | 698.00 | Mrs. A. MacDougall. | 150.00 | | | Boisvevain, ss. | 25.00 |
| Chatham, St. A. | 2,400.00 | Lower Windsor. | 25.00 | | | Selkirk. | 110.00 |
| Underwood. | 48.00 | Bryson. | 10.00 | | | Brownlee. | 20.00 |
| Horning's Mills. | 85.00 | Kinnear's Mills and | | Minnedosa. | \$ 270.00 | Wngp., St. Giles'. | 170.00 |
| Tor., Bonar. | 400.00 | Reid's. | 33.00 | Rv. Jno. Cormie. | 6.35 | Pips'one. | 240.00 |
| Tor., Southside. | 72.00 | Ormsdown. | 30.35 | Scotia. | 150.00 | Dauphin, St. James. | 360.00 |
| Tor., Southside ss. | 10.00 | Ormsdown, yps. | 20.00 | Scotia, ss. | 25.00 | Oak Lake. | 373.80 |
| Tor., N. Broadview. | 218.07 | Ormsdown, Vil. ss. | 12.81 | Cadureis. | 190.00 | La Riviere and Kings- | |
| Vaughan, St. A. ss. | 30.00 | Allan Corner ss. | 3.35 | Boisvevain. | 468.00 | ley. | 112.00 |
| Guelph, Pres yp un | 25.00 | Valleyfield. | 131.00 | Rv. Hector MacKay. | 10.00 | La Riviere. | 77.00 |
| Tillsonburg. | 295.00 | Aylmer. | 5.00 | Rv. J. S. Watson. | 15.14 | Dauphin, St. James. | 173.00 |
| Tor., Westminster. | 2,995.41 | Rockfield. | 5.00 | Newbridge. | 3.00 | Mr. Kenneth Mac- | |
| Binbrook. | 8.00 | Rockfield, ss. | 13.50 | Humesville. | 425.00 | Kenzie, Wngp. | 1,000.00 |
| Newmarket. | 10.00 | Montreal West. | 145.00 | Douglas. | 12.65 | Treherne and Olive. | 10.00 |
| Blenheim. | 34.00 | Avoca. | 10.00 | Orrowld. | 8.00 | Wngp., St. Paul's. | 985.00 |
| Windsor. | 2,040.00 | Harrison. | 7.00 | Rosburn. | 90.00 | Kildonan. | 890.00 |
| Guthrie. | 120.00 | Maisonneuve. | 2.00 | Wpg., Fort St. Chin. | 35.00 | Oakville. | 13.20 |
| Guthrie, ss. | 22.40 | Mont., Inspector. | 10.00 | Union Point, ss. | 3.45 | Rounthwaite. | 15.00 |
| Smith's Falls. | 15.00 | Rv. W. R. Cruikshank | 42.25 | Bradwardine. | 150.00 | Starbuck. | 60.00 |
| Princeton. | 135.00 | Dundee, ss. | 9.00 | Birdtail Ind. Miss. | 65.00 | Wngp., Riverview Ch | |
| Princeton, ss. | 7.00 | Rv. S. J. Taylor. | 5.80 | Brandon, Kx yps. | 25.00 | West Hall. | 25.00 |
| Chippawa. | 26.25 | Ormsdown. | 10.00 | Deloraine. | 350.00 | Wngp., Augustine. | 2,547.00 |
| Chippawa, ss. | 18.01 | St. And. East. | 212.00 | Vista. | 16.00 | Silverton. | 151.00 |
| Perth, St. And. | 365.00 | Namur. | 33.65 | Rounthwaite. | 125.00 | Miniska. | 217.00 |
| Caledon. | 12.00 | Rv. A. G. Rondeau. | 7.70 | Newdale, etc. | 245.00 | Portage la Prairie | |
| J. Gowanlock. | 100.00 | Lachine. | 634.45 | Emerson, ss. | 25.00 | Pres. | 119.00 |
| Otta., Wmster ss. | 10.00 | Bryson, ss. | 2.00 | Dr. Bryce. | 7.71 | Pipestone. | 174.00 |
| Niag. Falls, St. A. | 120.00 | Verdun. | 122.44 | Portage la Prairie, | | Dauphin, St. James' | 15.00 |
| Rv. J. A. Millar. | 40.80 | Montreal Pres. | 252.00 | Knox ss. | 9.15 | Gilbert Plains. | 125.15 |
| Granton. | 581.26 | Dal. Mills, Cote St. | | Killarney, Erskine. | 152.00 | Clearview. | 7.40 |
| Belleville, John. | 163.05 | George. | 171.25 | Breadalbane. | 60.00 | Mekiwln. | 100.00 |
| Milton. | 164.70 | Sherbrooke. | 1,132.29 | Cadureis. | 20.00 | Brandon, Knox. | 160.25 |
| Cookstown. | 10.00 | Winslow. | 38.25 | Snowflake. | 50.00 | Brandon, Kx. M. B. | 7.00 |
| Chelsea Green. | 164.70 | Albert McLaren. | 500.00 | Beulah. | 93.00 | Elgin and Millerway. | 303.00 |
| Burford. | 7.25 | Lachine, ce. | 115.00 | Wngp., St. John's. | 5.00 | Vista. | 10.00 |
| Gravel Hill, Monkld. | 5.00 | Rv. Thos. Bennett. | 10.00 | Shoal Lake B.C. | | Austin. | 51.00 |
| Oil Springs. | 20.00 | Montreal 1st ss | 32.00 | Lyleton and S. Antler | 18.00 | Verona, ss. | 15.00 |
| Riverview. | 10.00 | Mont., Crescent. | 6,775.00 | Portage la Prairie. | 1,950.00 | Waskada, ss. | 2.00 |
| Leith. | 3.25 | Scotstown. | 37.04 | Bradwardine. | 15.00 | St. David's ces. | 25.00 |

Quebec.

Manitoba.

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|----------------------|-----------|----------------------|----------|------------------------|----------|----------------------|----------|
| Strathclair.. | 195.00 | Regina, Knox.. | 481.71 | St. Albert.. | 27.00 | Creston.. | 25.75 |
| Miniota.. | 50.00 | Arcola.. | 333.70 | Edgerton.. | 5.00 | Creston, wom. aux. | 10.00 |
| Arrow River.. | 33.00 | Khedive.. | 27.00 | Pincher Creek, ss.. | 25.00 | Creston, ss.. | 8.75 |
| Elphinstone.. | 40.00 | Tantallon.. | 53.80 | Mrs. Annie McKenzie | 10.00 | Duncan.. | 16.90 |
| Macgregor and Beaver | 40.00 | Hazelcliffe.. | 30.00 | Magrath, Spring.. | 14.00 | Victoria, St. Pa.. | 60.00 |
| Blaris.. | 75.00 | Sas., Knox.. | 6,400.00 | Rose Lynn.. | 10.00 | Victoria, 1st.. | 70.00 |
| Swan River.. | 35.00 | Sutherland.. | 3.00 | Rv. N. D. Keith.. | 7.45 | Edgewood.. | 25.00 |
| Stony Mountain.. | 25.00 | Stoughton.. | 60.00 | Calgary, Grace.. | 1,253.00 | Vanc., St. And.. | 241.40 |
| Pipestone.. | 5.00 | Oakley.. | 17.00 | Calgary, Grace Ch.. | 337.00 | Greenwood.. | 67.00 |
| Hartney.. | 5.00 | Swift Current, ss.. | 35.00 | Edmonton, Wmstr.. | 742.84 | Phoenix.. | 75.00 |
| Nesbitt.. | 30.00 | Lumsden.. | 354.00 | Calgary, Hillhrst ss.. | 24.50 | Collingwood.. | 15.00 |
| Thorhill.. | 25.40 | Forrest.. | 152.00 | Blairmore.. | 61.00 | Vanc., Robertsn.. | 432.56 |
| Souris, Knox.. | 200.00 | Cupar.. | 50.00 | Wetaskiwin.. | 23.00 | W. Summerland.. | 106.35 |
| Pilot Mound.. | 189.00 | Gainsboro'.. | 58.00 | Pine Creek.. | 9.00 | St. Aidan's.. | 135.00 |
| Oakburn.. | 33.00 | Clinworth.. | 12.00 | Wetaskiwin, ss.. | 23.00 | Nanaimo, ss.. | 5.00 |
| Wpgr., St. And.. | 1,025.00 | Richlea.. | 25.00 | Rv. A. C. Wishart.. | 50 | Vernon.. | 185.00 |
| Birtle.. | 278.00 | Imp., Simpson, etc. | 70.00 | Three Hills.. | 14.00 | Sooke.. | 150.00 |
| Wallace.. | 50.00 | Lloydminster.. | 60.70 | Calgary, St. Paul's.. | 600.00 | Golden.. | 113.00 |
| Manitoba Synod.. | 55.00 | Taylorlton.. | 25.00 | Lacombe.. | 90.00 | New Wmstr., St. Step | 179.00 |
| Dauphin.. | 7.00 | Bienfait.. | 4.00 | Vulcan.. | 6.00 | Victoria, St. And.. | 1,185.00 |
| Wpg., Knox.. | 3,590.00 | Hillesden.. | 11.50 | Vulcan, ss.. | 10.00 | Burton City.. | 10.00 |
| Wpg., St. Stephen.. | 10,000.00 | Kipling.. | 237.00 | Olds.. | 27.50 | Roscdale.. | 50.15 |
| Carberry.. | 187.00 | Stony Beach.. | 3.00 | Rv. C. A. Myers.. | 6.95 | Port Moody.. | 96.00 |
| Ninga.. | 50.00 | Mistawasis.. | 15.00 | Edmontn, Wmstr ss.. | 200.00 | Enderby.. | 182.75 |
| Brandon, St. Pa.. | 150.00 | Abernethy.. | 331.80 | Calgary, Knox.. | 3,221.00 | Trail.. | 66.15 |
| Kenton.. | 290.00 | Moffat.. | 80.00 | Leduc.. | 93.75 | Crabbrook.. | 142.00 |
| Dominion City.. | 13.50 | Tuxford.. | 8.00 | Leduc, ss.. | 100.00 | Vanc., Kitsilano.. | 298.80 |
| Wpg., P. Douglas.. | 499.20 | Strassburg.. | 51.00 | Clearwater.. | 7.75 | Vanc., St. David's.. | 55.70 |
| Guntun.. | 4.00 | Grenfell.. | 92.00 | Wainwright.. | 39.00 | Hosmer.. | 40.00 |
| Oakland.. | 28.15 | Broadview, Pop.. | 92.00 | Lethbridge, ce.. | 5.00 | Elko.. | 30.00 |
| Carman.. | 297.85 | Indian Head.. | 114.25 | Med. Hat, St. John's | 50.00 | Bridgesville.. | 5.00 |
| Boyne, ss.. | 10.50 | N. Battleford.. | 125.00 | Bassano.. | 11.30 | Benvoulin.. | 85.00 |
| Wpg., Home St.. | 500.00 | Regina, Cal.. | 80.00 | Little Red Deer.. | 44.00 | Saperton, Kx.. | 174.00 |
| Grandview.. | 18.50 | Yellow Grass.. | 51.00 | High River Pres.. | 55.00 | Kas.o.. | 50.00 |
| Gladstone,ss.. | 80.00 | Moosomin.. | 390.00 | Rv. Gavin Hamilton | 25.00 | New Wminster, St. A | 247.50 |
| | | Fleming.. | 45.00 | Three Hills.. | 1.00 | Revelstoke.. | 100.72 |
| | | Martin.. | 30.00 | Rv. Peter McNabb.. | 25.00 | Telegraph Creek.. | 62.00 |
| | | Carnduff.. | 141.00 | Clareholm.. | 101.20 | | |
| | | Moose Jaw, St. A.. | 2,104.00 | Clareholm, ss.. | 50.00 | | |
| | | Moose Jaw, St. A. ss | 250.00 | Coleman.. | 236.95 | | |

Saskatchewan.

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|----------------------|----------|
| Conquest.. | \$ 15.00 |
| Radisson.. | 60.00 |
| Regina, Kx ylg.. | 125.00 |
| Rv. H. R. Read.. | 8.00 |
| Earl Grey.. | 25.00 |
| Condie.. | 5.00 |
| Redvers.. | 22.00 |
| Buffalo Lake.. | 197.05 |
| Hurricane Hills.. | 10.00 |
| Arcola.. | 150.00 |
| Maymont.. | 44.20 |
| Ruddell.. | 53.25 |
| Elbow.. | 13.20 |
| Rv. R. H. Gilmour.. | 6.35 |
| Moose Jaw, St. Pa.. | 19.75 |
| Rv. W. P. Adam.. | 25.70 |
| Pleasant View.. | 150.00 |
| Esterhazy.. | 75.00 |
| Sask., St. Thomas | 500.00 |
| Carlyle, ss.. | 6.25 |
| James Balfour.. | 250.00 |
| S. Kindersley.. | 25.00 |
| Vonda.. | 65.00 |
| Tessier.. | 65.00 |
| Pile Hills, Ind ss.. | 3.00 |
| Floral.. | 2.00 |
| Whitewood, ss.. | 3.00 |
| Ft. Qu'Appelle.. | 87.25 |
| Heward.. | 17.55 |
| Maple Creek.. | 7.90 |
| Mervin.. | 5.00 |
| Outlook.. | 50.00 |
| Moosomin, bc.. | 30.00 |
| Ellisboro'.. | 10.00 |
| Milestone.. | 24.15 |
| A. F. Angus.. | 75.00 |
| Tregarva.. | 72.50 |
| Regina, Knox mb.. | 69.00 |
| Melfort.. | 195.00 |
| Hoodoo.. | 25.00 |
| Lost River.. | 6.00 |
| Wood River.. | 25.00 |
| Smithville.. | 50.00 |
| Kisbey.. | 60.00 |
| Morrisview.. | 30.00 |
| Warmley.. | 20.30 |
| Maitland.. | 10.00 |
| Earlswood.. | 17.50 |
| Cottonwood, Pense | 731.50 |
| Geo. A. Laird.. | 15.00 |
| Mrs. G. A. Laird.. | 5.00 |
| Strasburg, etc.. | 436.85 |
| Rocanville.. | 195.50 |
| Golden Plain.. | 16.00 |

Alberte.

| | |
|---------------------|----------|
| Noble.. | \$ 10.00 |
| Noble, ss.. | 13.00 |
| Raymond, Dayton | 70.00 |
| Rv. A. D. Archibald | 7.15 |
| Rv. J. Rev. Brown.. | 8.00 |
| Rv. Wm. McNichol. | 6.65 |
| Clareholm.. | 70.00 |
| Lethbridge.. | 624.85 |
| "Friend".. | 20.00 |
| Rv. J. G. McIvor.. | 14.60 |
| Strathcona.. | 100.00 |
| Handhills.. | 13.00 |
| Rv. Wm. Miller.. | 9.15 |
| Rv. Alex. Stewart.. | 21.60 |
| Rv. A. C. Wishart.. | 16.30 |
| Fort Sask., mb.. | 50.00 |

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|----------|------------------------|----------|----------------------|----------|
| 481.71 | St. Albert.. | 27.00 | Creston.. | 25.75 |
| 333.70 | Edgerton.. | 5.00 | Creston, wom. aux. | 10.00 |
| 27.00 | Pincher Creek, ss.. | 25.00 | Creston, ss.. | 8.75 |
| 53.80 | Mrs. Annie McKenzie | 10.00 | Duncan.. | 16.90 |
| 30.00 | Magrath, Spring.. | 14.00 | Victoria, St. Pa.. | 60.00 |
| 6,400.00 | Rose Lynn.. | 10.00 | Victoria, 1st.. | 70.00 |
| 3.00 | Rv. N. D. Keith.. | 7.45 | Edgewood.. | 25.00 |
| 60.00 | Calgary, Grace.. | 1,253.00 | Vanc., St. And.. | 241.40 |
| 17.00 | Calgary, Grace Ch.. | 337.00 | Greenwood.. | 67.00 |
| 35.00 | Edmonton, Wmstr.. | 742.84 | Phoenix.. | 75.00 |
| 354.00 | Calgary, Hillhrst ss.. | 24.50 | Collingwood.. | 15.00 |
| 152.00 | Blairmore.. | 61.00 | Vanc., Robertsn.. | 432.56 |
| 50.00 | Wetaskiwin.. | 23.00 | W. Summerland.. | 106.35 |
| 58.00 | Pine Creek.. | 9.00 | St. Aidan's.. | 135.00 |
| 12.00 | Wetaskiwin, ss.. | 23.00 | Nanaimo, ss.. | 5.00 |
| 25.00 | Rv. A. C. Wishart.. | 50 | Vernon.. | 185.00 |
| 70.00 | Three Hills.. | 14.00 | Sooke.. | 150.00 |
| 60.70 | Calgary, St. Paul's.. | 600.00 | Golden.. | 113.00 |
| 25.00 | Lacombe.. | 90.00 | New Wmstr., St. Step | 179.00 |
| 4.00 | Vulcan.. | 6.00 | Victoria, St. And.. | 1,185.00 |
| 11.50 | Vulcan, ss.. | 10.00 | Burton City.. | 10.00 |
| 237.00 | Olds.. | 27.50 | Roscdale.. | 50.15 |
| 3.00 | Rv. C. A. Myers.. | 6.95 | Port Moody.. | 96.00 |
| 15.00 | Edmontn, Wmstr ss.. | 200.00 | Enderby.. | 182.75 |
| 331.80 | Calgary, Knox.. | 3,221.00 | Trail.. | 66.15 |
| 80.00 | Leduc.. | 93.75 | Crabbrook.. | 142.00 |
| 8.00 | Leduc, ss.. | 100.00 | Vanc., Kitsilano.. | 298.80 |
| 51.00 | Clearwater.. | 7.75 | Vanc., St. David's.. | 55.70 |
| 92.00 | Wainwright.. | 39.00 | Hosmer.. | 40.00 |
| 114.25 | Lethbridge, ce.. | 5.00 | Elko.. | 30.00 |
| 125.00 | Med. Hat, St. John's | 50.00 | Bridgesville.. | 5.00 |
| 80.00 | Bassano.. | 11.30 | Benvoulin.. | 85.00 |
| 51.00 | Little Red Deer.. | 44.00 | Saperton, Kx.. | 174.00 |
| 390.00 | High River Pres.. | 55.00 | Kas.o.. | 50.00 |
| 45.00 | Rv. Gavin Hamilton | 25.00 | New Wminster, St. A | 247.50 |
| 30.00 | Three Hills.. | 1.00 | Revelstoke.. | 100.72 |
| 141.00 | Rv. Peter McNabb.. | 25.00 | Telegraph Creek.. | 62.00 |
| 2,104.00 | Clareholm.. | 101.20 | | |
| 250.00 | Clareholm, ss.. | 50.00 | | |
| 5.00 | Coleman.. | 236.95 | | |
| 21.00 | Strathcona.. | 50.00 | Noel Shore, ss.. | \$ 2.00 |
| 7.50 | Calgary, Knox ss.. | 170.00 | Rv. John MacKinnon | 15.45 |
| 27.00 | Cayley.. | 51.85 | Rv. Rv. Dr. McCurdy | 2,454.67 |
| 40.00 | Meadowbank.. | 25.45 | Rv. J. F. Polley.. | 9.15 |
| 687.10 | Strathcona.. | 50.00 | Rv. E. H. Ramsay.. | 8.00 |
| 225.00 | Didsbury.. | 55.00 | W. H. Chase.. | 500.00 |
| 20.00 | Battle River.. | 20.00 | Rv. A. L. Fraser.. | 6.10 |
| 155.50 | Clareholm.. | 10.00 | Rv. J. D. McFarlane | 9.15 |
| 250.00 | Calgary, Grace.. | 37.00 | Marion Bridge, ce.. | 5.00 |
| 11.20 | Macleod.. | 85.00 | HanSPORT.. | 1.00 |
| 1,500.00 | Red Deer, Knox.. | 433.00 | Rv. A. D. Stirling.. | 6.33 |
| 8.60 | Willowdale, ss.. | 9.00 | Rv. J. A. McKenzie.. | 14.15 |
| 102.00 | Edmonton, Robertson | 230.00 | Rv. D. C. Ross.. | 17.80 |
| 45.00 | Edmonton.. | 1,254.40 | Meagher's Grant ss.. | 1.15 |
| 12.00 | Red Deer.. | 60.00 | Fr Rv. Dr. McCurdy | 6,748.33 |
| 60.00 | Calgary, St. And.. | 294.00 | | |
| 17.00 | Calgary, St. And. ss | 50.00 | | |
| 8.60 | Tongue Creek.. | 24.30 | | |
| 2.50 | Stavely.. | 15.00 | | |
| 50.00 | Strome.. | 2.35 | Rv. W. J. Macpherson | \$ 6.95 |
| 41.00 | Orville.. | 5.00 | Rv. G. Dickie.. | 9.80 |
| 73.00 | Verdant Valley.. | 5.00 | Campbellton, ss.. | 25.00 |
| 25.00 | Taber.. | 10.25 | Rv. D. MacOdum.. | 8.50 |
| 125.00 | Milk River | 23.00 | Black River, ce.. | 2.25 |
| 75.00 | | | Blackville.. | 5.00 |

British Columbia.

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| Vanc., Robertsn.. | \$ 337.00 |
| Rv. J. W. Woodside.. | 7.30 |
| Greenwood, ss.. | 8.00 |
| Vanc., Mt. Pleas, ss. | 125.00 |
| Burnaby.. | 29.00 |
| Coquitlam.. | 17.00 |
| Archie Brown.. | 10.00 |
| Rv. J. L. Campbell.. | 7.15 |
| Ladner.. | 115.85 |
| Kelowna.. | 255.00 |
| Victoria, St. Col.. | 400.00 |
| Chilliwack, bc.. | 17.00 |
| Rs. Carter.. | 5.20 |
| Langley.. | 25.00 |
| Murrayville.. | 40.00 |
| Abbotsford.. | 75.00 |
| Prince Rupert.. | 170.00 |
| Prince Rupert, ss.. | 5.00 |
| Salmon Arm.. | 100.00 |
| Vanc., Dundas.. | 27.75 |
| Benvoulin, l. aid.. | 5.00 |
| Ahousaht.. | 34.85 |
| Rossland.. | 100.00 |
| Pender Island.. | 13.00 |
| Comox.. | 155.00 |

Prince Edward Island.

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| Georgetown.. | \$ 5.00 |
| Rv. D. Wright.. | 7.70 |
| Fortune Bridge.. | 4.00 |

Miscellaneous.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Rv. John Rose.. | \$ 8.30 |
| Ch. of Scotland, Col. | 404.01 |
| Com.. | 6.95 |
| Rv. E. Smith, D.D.. | 4,000.00 |
| Woman's Miss. Soc. | 973.33 |
| Ch. of Ireland.. | 10,000.00 |
| W. F. M. S.. | 4,989.50 |
| Pr. Rv. S. B. Rohold | 9.00 |
| Friend.. | 20.00 |
| W. F. Ch., Scotland | 973.63 |
| U. H. M. S.. | 3,650.93 |
| Nat. Bible Soc., Scot- | 145.66 |
| land.. | 4.00 |
| Mrs. Janet Walker.. | 2,927.30 |
| W. H. M. S.. | 414.05 |
| Rv. Rv. Dr. Bryce.. | 48.61 |
| Lady in Scotland.. | |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During Feb. | Mar. 1 to Feb. 28 |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$25,804.97 | \$68,260.31 |
| Home Missions.... | 8,583.09 | 15,822.70 |
| Augmentation..... | 7,310.25 | 10,478.47 |
| College..... | 11,226.56 | 17,618.03 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 1,876.00 | 4,453.50 |
| French Evangelizatn. | 1,056.00 | 2,109.95 |
| Pte-aux-Trembls.. | 821.83 | 1,459.50 |
| For North West.... | 2,218.00 | 5,948.67 |
| Children's Day Col. | 352.00 | 2,424.70 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 521.26 | 894.57 |
| Bursary Fund | 1,785.30 | 4,090.84 |
| Library Fund | 219.19 | 501.13 |
| Manitoba College.. | | 6.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' | 231.00 | 706.50 |
| Social Service and Evangelism..... | 2,056.00 | 2,908.00 |
| Total..... | \$64,061.45 | \$137,682.87 |

RECEIVED DURING FEBRUARY At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax, by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D. and divided among the Funds as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|------------------------|----------|
| Acknowledged . . . | \$73,621.42 | J. W. Haggart. . . | 50.00 |
| Meadowville, ce. . . | 10.00 | Interest. . . | 85.00 |
| Lunenburg, ss. . . | 18.00 | Linden, Northport. . . | 80.00 |
| Pictou, St. And. . . | 450.00 | Scotch Hill, ss. . . | 10.00 |
| Inverness | 188.00 | Georgetown. | 48.00 |
| Grand River. | 224.00 | Blue Mt., Garden of | |
| St. Esprit, ss. | 1.00 | Eden. | 230.00 |
| Fergusons Lake, ss. | 1.00 | Coldstream. | 150.00 |
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Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do them beautifully.—Phillips Brooks.

He who is careful in doing little things will soon find big things coming to him to be done.

Keep your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will always fall behind you.

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.—Chinese.

The measure of a man's real character is what he should do if he knew it would never be found out.

"If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak."

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

If my religion be false, I ought to change it; if it be true, I am bound to propagate it.—Archbishop Whateley.

No one but yourself can make your life beautiful, no one can be pure, honorable and loving for you.—J. R. Miller.

Beautiful hands are those that do work that in earnest and brave and true, moment by moment the long day through.

Every contradiction of our will, every petty disappointment, will, if we take it patiently, become a blessing.—E. B. Pusey.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—Macdonald.

Those who are closest to God show the least strain in their lives. The only real strain in life is the tug of pulling away from God.

If we are not responsible for the thoughts that pass our doors, we are at least responsible for those we admit and entertain.—Charles B. Newcomb.

The virtue of an act is not measured by amount, but by motive. Not hands, but hearts, determine what shall be God's estimate of our performance.

The first untruth, the first profane word, the first evil of any kind, makes a pathway for others to follow. Be careful to guard against the first sin.

You can help your fellow-men—you must help your fellow-men; but the best way to help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.

Courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small sorrows, and then, when you have accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

Real knowledge, like everything else of value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked for, studied for, thought for, and, more than all, must be prayed for.—Thomas Arnold.

"A friend is a being who will bear with us in all our faults and failings." Many of us may say: "How I wish I could have such a friend!" Suppose we say instead: "How I wish I could be such a friend!"

The Lord loves to use "the weak things," and "things that are despised." He loves to put the treasure of His grace into the feeble, that the world may be compelled to ask, "Whence hath this man power?"—Jowett.

If ever you get light it will be in this way: Christ must be a great light to you. Nobody ever found light by raking in his own inward darkness—that is, indeed, seeking the living among the dead.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Negligence is enough to condemn a man. In order to go down to the nethermost depths, you do not need to do anything; you have simply not to do something, and down you will go by gravitation.—Alex. Maclaren, D.D.

A sceptic once asked the late Dr. Nettleton, "How came I by my wicked heart?" "That is the question which does not concern you so much as another—namely, How shall I get rid of it? You have a wicked heart, which renders you entirely unfit for the kingdom of God; and you must have a new heart or you cannot be saved."

No human being has ever attained to such high standards of living that there was nothing higher to work for. What a blessing this is! For there is no such joy in life as the reaching out after high standards and working toward them. Those who are content to live by any lower standard than the highest they can conceive of know nothing of the real joy of life.

The Presbyterian Record



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A holy life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent.

Silence is often as complete a test of courage as is action.

One good purpose achieved is better than a hundred dreams.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sidney.

The weight of a man's word is always in proportion to the weight of his character.

It is easy to smile when things go well, but it takes a man to smile when all goes wrong.

If one wishes to abstain from eating forbidden fruit he must keep away from the orchard.

Any man's fall in mature years can be traced to some fault he has always allowed in himself.

There is but one test of everything, and that is, is it right? If it is not, turn right away from it.

The presence of religion in politics is good. The presence of politics in religion is the opposite.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—Fielding.

Before you are five and twenty you must establish a character that will serve you all your life.—Lord Collingwood.

There are many who would die for Christ, but in these times he calls for men willing to live for Him.—Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.

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People who make mistakes are those who quarrel with one another before their children, or who allow the latter to grow up in idleness; those who talk about their troubles before strangers; the father who tells his children to go the way he does not go himself, and the young woman who does not make a confidant of her mother.—Lutheran Observer.

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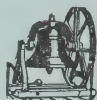
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The Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXVIII.

MAY, 1913.

No. 5

THE PRE-ASSEMBLY CONGRESS.

The Church Event of the Year.

The greatest event of the year, in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and that which may be made the greatest event in all her history up to the present, is the Pre-Assembly Congress, which meets in Toronto for three days before the General Assembly,—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, June 2-4. This Congress will be followed up by the Assembly, for the seven or eight days following. In the Assembly, beginning on the evening of 4th June, and continuing for a week or more, all who are not members can be present as visitors.

The Congress will consist of all the ministers of our Church, from Ocean to Ocean, who can and will come,—and their wives—who can and will come,—and an elder from each congregation—as many of them as can and will come.

The cost of travel to this Congress is being defrayed by a few generous Presbyterians, who see in this a way of doing good that appeals to them. But doubtless there are some who will prefer to bear their own expense of travel, and if they can, and wish to do so, there will not be the slightest hindrance to their carrying out their wishes.

Massey Hall, holding five thousand people, has been engaged for the occasion, and doubtless the Assembly, which is appointed to meet in Knox Church, will immediately adjourn, to meet thereafter in Massey Hall, so that all who may come to the Congress, may have the privilege of attending the meetings of Assembly.

The good people of Toronto, with their wonted generosity,—have kindly undertaken to provide accommodation for this great gathering, for the ten or twelve days of the Congress and Assembly.

The object of the Congress is not to make plans, nor to frame policies, nor to discuss

measures or questions, but to get a vision of the work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and of the responsibility of the Church for that work; and to seek inspiration that will send each one home, not only with a purpose and consecration to take up with new hope and energy his or her share of that great task, but to become a centre of new life among the men and women of their respective congregations, that the whole Church may profit, not merely as recipients of good but as doers thereof.

To this end, while led by men, it will be a waiting upon God. To this end no debatable questions will have a place, but, like the hundred and twenty gathered at the beginning of the Christian Church, they will wait for the promise of the Holy Spirit.

But the success of the meeting will depend upon the attitude of those who make it up. It is only into the waiting, receptive heart that the Spirit can come.

The most essential preparation, therefore, for the journey, is the preparation of the heart. With every one who plans attendance, the time from now till the Congress should be a time of prayer.

But prayer must not be limited to those who expect to attend. It should be a time of prayer by the whole Church. Let it be a petition, in every pulpit and pew, at every family altar, in every place of secret prayer, by every one who has learned to pray, that this gathering may be so guided by the Head of the Church, so pervaded by His presence, so filled with His Spirit that the best possibilities of the Congress may be realized.

And let the time of meeting be a time of prayer by the whole Church. While some are "waiting" at the Congress, let the Church wait expectant at home, for it is there that the good is to be finally realized.

THE MINISTER'S WORK.

What he Should Expect to do.

What he Should be Expected to do.

A few weeks ago two students, doubtless thinking of their winter's studies in the "Social Service" department of Theology, asked the writer whether a minister should take part in municipal affairs.

The question is a wide one, and no definite answer can be given. There are two things to remember:

(1) That the "civil" and "religious" are closely allied. Many things that have to do with the public weal are both civil and religious.

(2) One minister may serve where there are many men who know more about civic matters and their management than he does. Another may serve where there are very few such men, and his more or less active participation may be helpful and even necessary. What might be fitting in one place might not be so in another place.

But there are general principles that should govern the life and work of every pastor, and each one must make particular application of these principles to his own case.

Jesus Christ defined His own mission as a coming to seek and to save that which was lost. And when one came and begged Him,—“Master, bid my brother that he divide the inheritance with me,”—the answer was,—“Who made me a judge or a divider over you?”

The claim seems to have been just and right, but Christ does not even enter into the merits of it. It is outside the sphere of His work, so far as His own personal participation in it is concerned.

After His departure, when the twelve were still preaching in Jerusalem, and the Christians, in the joy of their new-found hope, had their possessions in common,—“there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration”—the serving out of the daily ration of supplies.

The twelve called the multitude of the disciples together, the whole body of believers, and said,—“It is not reason that we should leave the Word of God and serve ta-

bles. Wherefore look you out from among yourselves seven men of honest report, whom we may set over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word.”

These instances shew the conception of the Christian ministry held by Christ and His apostles. It was necessary that there should be fair play between brothers in dividing the property, but others could see to that. Christ's work was more important.

It was right that the poor fund of the early church should be fairly distributed, but not that the twelve should do it. Their work was greater, and it was “not reason” that their time should be taken from the greater and given to the lesser. The latter should be done but it should be done by others.

The work of the ministry, for which men are called by God, and trained, and solemnly set apart, is not municipal, nor civic, nor political, but spiritual. It is to save men from sin to holiness, to God; and those who are thus saved will, in their turn, bring about better civic conditions.

What the world most needs for betterment is not new homes but new hearts. When there are new hearts, new lives and new homes will follow.

The only thing that will regenerate the world is the Gospel, and the bringing of that Gospel to bear on the hearts of men is the minister's work. The practical application of these new hearts in their new life is the work of each man and woman receiving that Gospel.

The work of the minister is to make prominent the spiritual, to lead men to see what is really greatest in life and to choose that greatest, and the men who thus choose will work out the details of that greatest in their own lives.

The world needs righteous government; the work of the ministry is to win men to righteousness, and they will live out their righteousness in their self-government.

The world needs fairness and harmony between capital and labor; the minister's work is to win the capitalist and the laborer to “a new heart and a right spirit,” and they will settle details between themselves.

The world needs care for the poor and

the helpless; the minister's work is to win rich and poor to Jesus Christ, and then there will be the true brotherhood of man.

The pastor's work is to make better men and women, to be the instrument in God's hand of making them new creatures in Christ-Jesus; and pastors who allow themselves to be diverted from the great mission which is specially their own, and give their time and strength to the social and economic, important as the latter may be, are not making the best of themselves for their fellow-men and for God.

The tendency of both ministers and people is to drift from the spiritual to the material, to drift down stream. The minister's work is especially to get and to keep so near to God that the spiritual will be dominant in his own life; and in that strength and from that vantage point he will help those whose daily life, dealing with the material, tends to draw them away from it. In proportion as he succeeds in doing this will all wrongs in civil and commercial and political life right themselves.

The strongest, most useful, most helpful minister, who will bring the greatest good to the world along all lines of life, social, commercial, political, religious, is the one who follows the example of the twelve, and gives himself to prayer and to the ministry of the Word, and raises up men and women who will run the world aright.

All ministers who realize the greatness of their work must feel their own unworthiness of it, but there are none others to do it, and they are called to it, and, though unworthy, the strength is His, and He can work through the weakest instrument that is yielded unreservedly to His will.

Our Home Mission men, West, have been gladdened by the large numbers of students, of an excellent type, that have offered for work this summer; over fifty from Britain and a number from the American colleges.

Work has been begun among the six thousand Ruthenians in Montreal. Rev. Mr. Bodrug, of their own nationality, trained for the ministry in Canada, has been appointed missionary.

NOTES.

Please read carefully the two articles in this issue by Dr. R. P. Mackay;—on the Pre-Assembly Congress, and on "Spiritual Emphasis." Then, while all who can help in other ways are doing what they can to make it a success, let every one, young and old, rich and poor, with greater influence or less, put a petition for it in every prayer till it is over, and then follow it up in the same way.

"The Passing of a Pioneer," on page 196, is a beautiful and touching story. It shows the abiding influence of a godly home and mother. It is a sample of what the West owes to such homes and mothers, for there is many a Peter Maclean in the West. It shows what mothers can do for the life of a nation.

The May Topic for Y. P. S.,—Mackay of Formosa; also the letters from the foreign field in this issue will yield much to the careful reader, and should deepen interest in the work.

THE TENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Women's Home Missionary Society.

Will be held in St. Andrew's Church, King Street, Toronto. This is the church in which the first meeting was called, in 1898, to consider the sending of two nurses to the Klondyke, and in which was organized the Atlin Nurse Committee.

This Committee, five years later, became the Women's Home Missionary Society. It is fitting, therefore, that the tenth annual meeting of the Society should be held in St. Andrew's Church. The dates are the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth of June.

As the General Assembly is meeting in Toronto at the same time there will be special railway rates from all parts of the Dominion. It is expected that a large number of delegates and visitors will be present, and a number of missionaries and nurses from their respective fields in the Western provinces.

Let all make continuous petition to our Heavenly Father that not only may wisdom be given, but that much stimulus and inspiration may be granted to all the workers in this great field, our Home Land.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON,

Press Secretary

THE PRE-ASSEMBLY CONGRESS.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

Everybody is coming. The indications are that with few exceptions, all who are entitled to come as members of the Congress are coming, as well as many others who wish to come at their own expense. Can Toronto provide for their entertainment?

The Entertainment Committee is working earnestly with the determination that the best possible must be done, and the best possible will be good enough for a matter of ten days. People coming to such a gathering as this will expect, and not be disturbed by a measure of unavoidable inconvenience.

The programme is well underway, but not yet so far completed as to be ready for publication. It is expected that both subjects and speakers will be worthy of so great an occasion. Massey Hall is engaged for the Congress, and even it will not be large enough. Overflow meetings must be arranged for in some of the neighbouring churches.

But as a large number of ministers, who rarely enjoy the privilege, will remain for the Assembly, although not commissioners, the further question arises as to where the Assembly should meet. It has been called to meet in Knox Church, a beautiful and suitable building, with all desirable equipment for Assembly and Committee work. But it is not large enough to hold one-half the multitude that will be in Massey Hall.

What then? Those who have the responsibility of arranging for the Assembly rightly wish to carry out the Assembly's instructions in every particular. Yet the Assembly is wise and will justify any departure that may be deemed necessary to make the most of an exceptional occasion like this.

But the most pressing problem of all is the spiritual pulse of the Congress. Will it beat strong and true? Will the Church renew her strength and go forth as an army, terrible, against whom the gates of Hell cannot prevail? Will she? We cannot get away from that question. It haunts us.

At one time, long ago, a decree went forth that all the Jews in the Persian Empire should be slain. Mordecai appealed to Esther the Queen, and said, "Who knoweth whether thou are not come to the Kingdom for such a time as this." She sent word back to Mordecai and said "Go gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink for three days, night nor day. I also and my maidens will fast in like manner, and so will I go in to the King." The result we know—the Lord wrought deliverance.

Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a dream and forgot or pretended to forget it, and required of his wise men that they reveal to him both the dream and its interpretation. If not, they were all to be slain. Daniel and his three companions were involved in this test of condemnation. When Daniel heard of it he asked "for time" and then sought out his three godly companions that they should co-operate with him in prayer that God might intervene. They did. The secret was disclosed, and the slaughter averted.

To-day we have another time of crisis,—more far-reaching than either of these, and with possibilities infinitely greater for good or ill. It affects the future of this Dominion and it affects the whole non-Christian world,—perhaps China more acutely than any other.

What is the remedy? Can the Church be girded for the battle? There is only one way and that is the way in which Esther and Daniel did it, as well as all others who prevailed.

In this last number of the Record before the Congress, may I venture this last appeal in the name of the Convener charged with the responsibilities of preparation. Let us take it seriously, "Who knoweth whether thou are not come to the Kingdom for such a time as this."

Watchfulness and prayer are inseparable. The one discerns dangers, the other arms against them. Watchfulness keeps us prayerful and prayerfulness keeps us watchful.—Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

Of Bible Society Work in Pictou Co., N.S.

The first contribution received for the British and Foreign Bible Society, from any place outside England, was from Pictou Co., Nova Scotia. This was in 1807, three years after the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London in 1804.

Money was a rare commodity in those days, but in 1807, Rev. Dr. MacGregor, one of Canada's earliest missionaries, collected and sent \$256, and the following year \$320.

A little later, April 16th, 1813, just a century ago, he organized an Auxiliary Bible Society at Durham, Pictou Co., N.S., and now they are celebrating their centenary of Bible Society work in different parts of what was then Dr. MacGregor's wide spread congregation. It is a worthy centenary. Who can measure the good done?

This same place, Durham, was the site of the first Theological College of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, now located at Pine Hill, Halifax, and in its ninety-third session.

A century has passed, but the Word of God is still the same, and the human heart is still the same. That same heart in its need finds comfort and help and guidance in the Word, just as did the hearts of a century ago. The individuals or the peoples that take that Word as their guide, will ever be blessed and a blessing.

As we read the story of the founding of this Society, and the list of names of men and women, good and true, who have borne their part in the Society and have passed to their rest and reward, one finds, in some measure, the explanation of the influence that little county has had on Canada and beyond.

If our country is to be in the future what Pictou County has been in the past, it will be through the spread and the teaching of the Word of God. The fathers and mothers of those days stamped their own lives and those of their children by the precepts of that Word, and if the fathers and mothers of to-day would impress the world in like manner for good they must "go and do likewise."

THE PASSING OF A PIONEER.

BY ARCHIBALD McILROY, EDMONTON.

Dear Record:—

Another "old timer" has "hit the trail," leaving a blank not easy to fill; for while wealth or learning or power may count for much, there is nothing on earth comparable to the influence of a true servant of God, living his unobtrusive life.

Such was Peter Maclean; he is not, for God has taken him, but what blessed memories are left behind.

His ranch was but a few miles west of the city. I used to walk out to see him, and never did I come away without feeling better of the visit.

The old man had come out from Scotland sixty-five years ago, and had thrilling tales to tell of those far off pioneer days. He engaged with the Hudson Bay Co. for the first five years at a salary of twenty pounds a year "all found;" but as he quaintly remarked, "We had mostly to 'find the all' for ourselves, or go hungry. A laddie soon learned to handle his gun and rod when his belt was beginning to get slack."

The great West was then a trackless waste. Where now stand cities of two hundred thousand people there was then only the lonely post house, stockaded around to guard against the attacks of wild animals or wandering Indian tribes.

"I presume you had your share of risks and adventures?" I would remark.

"Why, yes," he replied, "for months we would be camping in the woods or on the prairies, hundreds of miles from a human habitation. We could only commit ourselves to our Heavenly Father's care, and go to sleep, our guns tied to our wrists.

"At the same time," he added, "we were not often disturbed. An Indian is your friend so long as you use him fair. Your life and property are safe in their hands, and they will share with you their last morsel.

"Once I sprained my ankle, in jumping a fence, and a poor squaw walked twenty miles for a doctor—yes, twenty miles, and over bad trails." He made no mention of

what he had done for her and her tribe, on sundry occasions, but others told me, so I did not wonder at the love and gratitude which met him wherever he went.

One morning I was talking to him on his verandah, when a cowboy rode up on a fine high-spirited broncho. Maclean eyed the animal critically, and the spirit of other days was aroused.

"Come off Martin," he said, "I would like to try your animal; its a long time since I've seen one so much to my liking."

"I'm afraid it would be risky sir," the boy answered. "The colt is a bit fractious, and only partly broken."

"Get down, Martin, and give me a leg up."

The boy looked at me appealingly, but I motioned him to let Maclean have his way; so we assisted him into the stock-saddle, and he and the broncho began to get acquainted.

At first the animal bucked wildly, doing its best to unseat its rider, but soon finding itself under a master's hand, set off at a brisk gallop across the paddock, the old hunter and trapper riding with all the gracefulness of youth, his long white hair and beard floating in the breeze. It was a fine achievement for a man of eighty-three.

I had the good fortune to see Maclean frequently during his last days, and blessed days they were. Many things he revealed to me concerning his inner life which I should hardly feel at liberty to set down, even did space permit. The God whom he had served throughout a long life, and amid surroundings in which to serve Him was no easy task, did not forsake him at the end. His passing was as peaceful and calm as if he were merely going to sleep, and, indeed, that was all, for in the morning he would wake up to the glory revealed.

In his wanderings his thoughts would often revert to the early days, and his homely dialect which had been abandoned for over sixty years came back fresh as a breath from the heather.

"We'll mak' for the burn, Davy," he

murmured one night, "an' may be we'll guddle a troot or an eel..... the Sabbath is't? Oh, then, nae fishin' on the Sabbath.....God's holy day."

"What bonnie wee flooers! They're but daisies, but hoo pure they are.. . . pure an' spotless, comin' frae the hand o' God."

"Is your mind at peace, Mr. Maclean?" I asked, trying to recall his thoughts to the present.

"Perfect peace," he whispered. "Perfect peace; the peace that passeth all understanding. . . I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Then his mind reverted again to his childhood's days, and I felt it would be a pity to distract him.

"Its been a lang nicht, mither . . . a lang nicht . . . an' I was a wee bit fear't at times, but I ken't ye wad come . . . Oh, ay, ye said ye wad come for me, an' I ken't fine ye wad keep ye'r word."

"Oh, mither, but I'm gled tae see ye; tak' me in ye'r airms as ye used tae dae . . . I promised ye I'd be a guid lad-die, an' I hae tried tae keep my word . . . Oh, mither, I hae tried tae keep my word . . . an' oh, I'm sae glad tae see ye'r bonnie face again."

Yes, he had tried to keep his word, and was going to meet her, as pure in heart and in life as when he lay in her arms a helpless babe; and this—after roughing it for sixty-five years in a wild western land, and amongst Godless people. Surely they are blessed that early seek His face.

I took my leave quietly, the last words I heard him utter were: Oh, mither . . . Oh, God." I felt that in such a combination he was safe.

A traveller in China asked a native if he had ever read the Gospel. "No," was the answer, "but I have seen it. I have seen a man who was the terror of his neighbourhood with his curses and his violent temper. He was an opium-smoker, a criminal, and as dangerous as a wild beast. But the religion of Jesus made him gentle and good, and he has left off opium. No, I have not read the Gospel, but I have seen it and it is good."

SPIRITUAL EMPHASIS.

By REV. R. P. MCKAY, D.D., F. M. SEC.

For the Record:—

The spiritual side of Christian activity requires careful and constant attention, and the following suggestions are submitted for consideration.

1. There exists amongst the churches at the present time, a deepening sense of insufficiency and need. In conferences, public and private, no sentiment finds more frequent expression than this, that the Church with her present spiritual equipment is not equal to the requirements of the day.

Notwithstanding greatly increased knowledge of conditions on mission fields, and highly devoted organization, the Church does not measure up to the opportunities and responsibilities of the hour and cannot do so without a large accession of spiritual power.

2. In addition to many promises and assurances in God's Word there have been given at intervals down through the centuries times of refreshing fitted to inspire confidence and arouse expectations. These extraordinary spiritual awakenings have been uniformly preceded by extraordinary prayer.

Recall for example one of the most remarkable of these movements, begun in New York city in the year 1857. It was remarkable in many ways, but especially in this that it originated solely in prayer. There were no evangelists and but little preaching. It was interdenominational in character, conducted almost entirely by laymen, without excitement or sensational methods. There was nothing but men coming together under a great sense of need and beseeching the Throne of Grace for an outpouring of His Spirit upon a lost world. Prayer was answered and the outpouring came with results beyond all computation. Eternity alone can reveal how great the results were and what they meant to the world.

Are the needs not as great to-day as they were in 1857? And, with the need, a new urgency in doors open in all lands as they were not open then! They may not be open long, and, if closed, decades of disappointment may come

to the Church of Christ. If times and seasons mean anything in the administration of Providence and Grace is this not the time of times when the Church should awake, should 'take no rest and give Him no rest until He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth'?

We cannot force the Divine Hand but we can and ought to fulfil the conditions and God is not unfaithful who promised—"When the poor and the needy seek water and there is none and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them. I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and springs in the midst of the valleys. I will make the wilderness a pool of water and the dry land springs of water."

Such promises are good for all time. We have with us the wilderness and the parched land and the weary heritage. Are we not all agreed that what yet lacketh is "the seeking" the opportunity that will not let go until the blessing comes?

3. How can the prayer life be cultivated and a much larger number be led to share in this blessed ministry? All recognize the difficulty and delicacy of the problem. One naturally shrinks from the introduction of machinery in a realm so purely spiritual. Machinery is suggestive of practices such as the rosary or prayer wheel, that command neither approval nor respect.

"If there is any phase of the missionary enterprise"—writes one—"in which it is possible to make serious mistakes by unwise over-emphasis and artificial plans it is in the matter of missionary intercession." That is true; but, it is also true that organized effort has been tried to good purpose. What is begun and stimulated by organization may grow into the liberty and freedom of the Spirit.

The following methods are in common use:—

(1) Specified seasons, such as the "Week of Prayer" at the beginning of the New Year; days or weeks of prayer for young men, for colleges, or, in times of crisis, for some particular mission or country.

(2) Prayer Cycles—so arranged as to suggest the material of prayer, giving in-

telligence and directness to the exercise of this gift.

(3) Prayer Circles—companies of Christians pledging themselves to prayer in behalf of some department of Christian work in which they are specially interested.

(4) A register kept at the Mission Offices in which are enrolled the names of special intercessors who have definitely enlisted in this ministry. The maintenance of such a roll implies labour, but if wisely cultivated might bring abundant reward.

(5) The monthly missionary meeting. One reports "I have been doing all I could to make the monthly missionary meeting a real nerve-centre in the life of the churches, especially in the way of giving point to intercession by means of fresh information, selected with a view to the promotion of the prayer spirit as the burning heart of the Church." The monthly concert of prayer for missions has been in the past a source of great power, but it is a cause of regret that it has in some churches largely fallen into disuse.

(6) Monthly magazines are used to this end. One writes "In our Monthly Magazine, programmes for the monthly missionary meeting are published, laying emphasis on prayer for the special objects suggested."

Another writes "Through the department known as the sanctuary of missions in our Monthly Magazine, we endeavour to secure regular definite and intelligent prayer."

In addition the same Church issues a quarterly leaflet issued by the Church Prayer League which works in close communication with the Board of Missions and seeks similar ends.

(7) An hour set apart for daily united intercession in behalf of missions.

Such are some of the methods in common use. Is anything further that can be to awaken the Church to a sense of responsibility and need?

When Jesus was on earth, He did not give Himself to literature or organization, but to the building up of men, and into the hands of these men He put one weapon for the conquest of the world. They should be men of prayer. "If ye ask anything in my name I will give it."

Answered prayers in the Old Testament and New have been an inspiration to the Church in all the ages. Might not greater use be made of similar answers in Modern Missions? A well selected collection of incidents would be of historic value, as well as prove a stimulus to the faith of believers. Prayer life is quickened by anything that creates a sense of the reality of the presence of Him who is in the midst of the golden candlesticks.

Again let it be said that the delicacy and danger of what may seem mechanical methods is recognized, but because of difficulties we may not stand still. There is danger in the pulpit, but the pulpit cannot on that account be abandoned. It is to be expected that a method that commends itself to one mind and heart will not appeal to another.

There can, however, be no difference of opinion as to the statement that this problem is fundamental—that if the best results are to be attained, we must daily return to foundation principles and plant ourselves upon the solid rock of the eternal promise. God uses many instrumentalities but the first and greatest of these is prayer. "Ye have not because ye ask not"—"Ask and receive that your joy may be full."

DO YOU WONDER.

That the apostles "turned the world upside down?" that the early disciples "went everywhere preaching the Word?" that St. Paul spent himself and was spent, became all things to all men that by all means he might save some?

The first converts felt themselves to be new-born men. They had been delivered, and they had been delivered in order to deliver others. "Every Christian told his neighbour, the labourer to his fellow-labourer, the slave to his fellow-slave, the servant to his master and mistress, the story of his conversion, as a mariner tells the story of his rescue from shipwreck."—Rev. John Y. Ewart D.D

He that abideth in Me and I in Him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.—Jesus Christ.

Our Foreign Missions

A VISIT TO OUR SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

By REV. J. MC P. SCOTT.

This mission of our Church is in the Province of Kwangtung, the central station, Kongmoon, being about mid-way between Canton and Hong Kong. The field includes the three districts of Heung Shaan, San-ui, and Hok Shaan. The capital cities of these districts are respectively Sheki, population 200,000—San-Ui, 200,000—and Hok Shaan 50,000.

The districts of Heung Shaan and San-Ui lie in the Canton delta, a remarkable net of waterways which make it possible to reach many different points by a steam launch or boat. The districts of Hok Shaan lies to the West, and is somewhat mountainous. The estimated population of these three districts is 3,000,000. Our Church is not alone in serving this part of China, but is alone in having its mission headquarters central to the work.

In 1902 work was begun in Macao. This is a decadent city of 75,000, under Portuguese rule. It is one of the beauty spots of South China, about thirty-five miles from Hong Kong. We visited it on a mid-winter day and found delicious summer weather. The approach from the sea is most attractive. The crescent shaped bay lined by fine looking buildings, with a background of green hills, was a touch of beauty one seldom sees in the East.

The mark of Rome is here however. Against the sky line we saw the facade of the ruined Cathedral of San Paulo. Churches and monasteries spoke of the place that Rome still has in this pioneer settlement of the East.

The spots of sacred interest to us were the grave of Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, and the spring where he baptized his first convert.

In 1907 our mission headquarters were removed to the port of Kongmoon on the great West river. Here a fine start has been made in mission plant.

The Marian Barclay Hospital, facing the

water front, with four residences adjacent, substantial and attractive, catch the eye as you approach the port. The hospital has a fine appearance. The West river is a very busy thoroughfare and to all who pass, this building will stand as a witness of the unselfish ministry of the Christian Church. It has accommodation for fifty beds—one-half for men and one-half for women. Here is the only place among these three million people where modern scientific medical treatment can be given. Dispensary work is carried on in Kongmoon city near at hand every Monday and Friday. Before the dispensary opens an evangelistic service is held for all patients who come.

The main emphasis, here as elsewhere, is placed upon evangelistic work—and properly so. There are chapels with a native preacher in each of fourteen centres.

The recent revolution disturbed mission work in South China more than in the North. For a short time there was real occasion for anxiety. There was a temporary set back to the work. This period of unrest and uncertainty as to the outcome of the great national upheaval has passed away, and now there are really very few obstacles in the way of the preacher of the Gospel in these parts.

The year 1912, notwithstanding the disturbances, showed good results in 149 additions to the membership of the Church.

The revolutionary movement in South China is issuing in gain to the women's work. Woman's true place has more open recognition now than ever. Women go about the streets without suspicion, and visit and attend services with more freedom, and are very open to the approach of our lady missionaries.

The mission has been greatly encouraged by the conversion some months ago of a young Chinese woman who had been married, years before, to a ancestral tablet; that is she was brought into the home to worship the spirit of a dead son.

Upon her first hearing the Gospel message she accepted the Saviour and resolutely entered into covenant with God to serve Him all her days. The change in her life has been very genuine. She is now an earnest and fearless missionary, and has been instrumental in the conversion of nine members of her family. She is to enter the Bible Training School for women in Canton with a view to serving in the work of our mission.

While there are throughout the field a number of day schools for boys and day schools for girls, there has as yet been no boarding school for girls. A boarding school for boys has been opened at Kongmoon port. It is meanwhile under the handicap of poor rented quarters and poor equipment. Our Church would do well, at as early a date as possible, to provide buildings for a boys' boarding school and for a girls' boarding school at Kongmoon port. No progressive mission is equipped without a school to train its workers.

Sheki is to be opened as a new station in this field. I had the privilege of addressing the fine congregation that meets in the church erected in 1905, largely through the generosity of Knox Church, Toronto. At this service too, I assisted in ordaining to the eldership one of their fine strong men, a product of our mission's work at that place. My interpreter for the first part of this service was John Lei, a young man who had spent twelve years in Canada, and who has returned as a missionary to his own people.

Sheki is a large city, and through its people who have returned from abroad, has been more in touch with the Western world than any other part of China that I have seen. This will yet be one of the interesting centres for our Church's work.

With a good deal of sadness I said goodbye to our missionaries of this field. They are a fine lot—every one of them, but this is true of all our missionaries.

When I left this field, I left China. What a wonderful country it is. It is rapidly changing. What it will yet be—Christian or non-Christian—turns upon how the Christian Church meets the opportunity that now faces her.

A TRIP THROUGH KANDO, KOREA.

By OUR MISSIONARY, REV. A. H. BARKER.

We left Hoi Ryung on December 4th, and returned on the 20th, just before Xmas. During that time, we travelled 360 li (about 100 miles); visited thirteen groups and stayed some time at ten of these examining the people for "won eep," "hak soop," and baptismal grades.

These are two grades of catechumens, the won eeps, or first grade, and the hak soops or second grade.

Six months after a man, say, has started to come to church, and to profess to believe, he is examined for the won eep grade. After six months more he is examined for the second catechumate grade, or hak soop, and after six months more, for baptism.

You see that eighteen months must elapse from the time of profession until one is admitted to full membership. And often much longer elapses.

During our trip, we examined 269 men, women and children. Through lack of workers and consequent lack of proper teaching, we found great ignorance.

Of the 269 examined, we passed eighty-five for the won eep grade, five for the hak soop, and none for baptism. But when you consider that these people have had little instruction, it is not a bad showing.

After the examinations were over in each place, a service was held, and the weaknesses of the group pointed out, the people urged to study their Bibles faithfully and prayerfully, and the results of the examinations announced. Then the missionaries passed on to another group to examine and exhort.

Since coming back home we have had examinations in Hoi Ryung. Next week is the week of prayer. After it is over Kim Moksa and I plan to go again to Kando to finish up the examinations there. We will be gone about three weeks, returning to a week's class here in Hoi Ryung.

Almost immediately afterwards we leave for a visit, first to Eastern Kando, then to Kyung Hung in Korea for a class of one week, after which we go to Chong Chin for another class of one week. Then returning to Hoi Ryung a class for helpers, colporteurs, officers, etc., will be held here. You see there is a busy time ahead.

SNAPSHOTS OF A MISSION TOUR.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MR. J. B. HATTIE, B.Sc.

Tao Ko'u, Honan, China,

February 17, 1913.

Dear Record:—

The following are notes of a short tour with Rev. A. Thomson, from our station at Tao K'ou, to the eastward across the Yellow River, a distance of about fifty miles.

On the Road.

Here we are, starting off on Friday morning, five in number—the missionary, the writer, a native preacher, our servant boy and the “barrow man.”

We are not comfortably seated in a motor car nor even in a springless waggon; neither are we mounted on horseback nor yet on donkeys. These luxuries we do without. We are practising the “noble art of walking,” and enjoying the pleasure of stretching our limbs and expanding our lungs in the fresh crisp air as we cross the plain.

Behind comes the barrow man with our “outfit,” including bedding, books, tracts, lantern and kerosene oil, a few dishes and a little foreign food.

These Chinese barrows are convenient for small loads. They differ from Canadian barrows, in that the wheel, which is large, is mounted solidly on a wooden axle, and placed near the “centre of gravity” of the machine, and the top of the barrow is like the floor of a mono-rail car, with a protecting framework over the top of the wheel, and a space on each side of it to receive the baggage. When strongly made, they will carry eight hundred to a thousand pounds on good roads.

You see our man swaying to and fro to keep the balance of the barrow. He has a broad strap over his shoulders, the ends of which are fastened to the barrow handles to help him steady his load, which is not an easy task. One unaccustomed finds it very hard to manage a barrow.

We come to a bad piece of road. The country for some distance consists of hills of very fine sand blown up by the wind, and growing nothing but a few trees planted by the neighbouring farmers. Here,

all four of us have to pull on the “tow line” of the barrow, and it is only after hard labour and a few “rests” that we pass this difficult section of the way.

After travelling hard all day, we are still a good many “li” from our objective point (a li is one-third of a mile). It is half past five and the sun nears the horizon. The country is largely unknown to us all, and there are so many roads and paths across the plain that we have to make frequent inquiries of passers-by.

It is just dark. We get instructions from a traveller, and set off. The missionary takes off his coat and seizes the “barrow tow line;” two more of us join in the pull, and the native preacher, who is inclined to corpulency, is left panting far in the rear.

Again sandy roads and four men are required on the “tow line.” Through the darkness we see a walled village, and make inquiries. Our destination is still some distance off. Guided by the stars we press on, then turn aside into a by-path, as directed. We soon find ourselves in the midst of a peanut field, with the sandy soil piled in heaps in preparation for the peanut crop. We stumble and flounder along, turning to right and left to avoid the sand piles, and shortly emerge on a path leading in the desired direction.

In a few minutes we see something dark ahead, looking like a village wall, but find it only a clump of trees. We look, but see nothing; we listen but hear no sound. We start again following our road, careful to keep the barrow from striking the trees.

After a few minutes, almost despairing in our search, we are close to the high mud wall. The gate is still open and we enter the village without difficulty. With a few enquiries, we find the house of Mr. Wang, the wealthy man of the village, an earnest Christian, and are most hospitably received. Weary, hungry and thirsty, we are glad to sit; and soon some steaming bowls of millet gruel, with plenty of good native bread, make us forget the trials of the day.

Preaching the Word.

We have recovered from our journey of yesterday, and to-day the missionary and

the evangelist have been holding forth the "Word of Life."

Our arrival has been heralded abroad, and many have come to see and hear. This afternoon a goodly number, men, women and children, have gathered to hear the Truth. An old Christian from a neighbouring village has heard of us, and has come that he might listen once more to the Gospel. The members of Mr. Wang's household are present, including his aged mother.

Many others are here; some of whom have, no doubt, already heard the truth from these Christians; and some who perhaps have never heard the message of Salvation. We sing some hymns, and then the missionary tells them of the Christ of Galilee.

It is good to see the satisfaction and gladness on the faces of these old Christians, as the "Old Old Story" is again proclaimed. Many others in the crowd are interested, and give good heed to the message; and after we sing a hymn and join in the "Lord's Prayer," some come forward to buy books.

The majority of the listeners, still remain, to hear more of "The Doctrine." The native preacher now presents the Truth at some considerable length, in another of its phases, and still a live interest is manifest.

Questions are asked and answered, and again the missionary rises. He tells them the story of the "Raising of Lazarus." Some are skeptical but some appear to believe. Other stories from "The Book" are given, and still they listen. Darkness has long since fallen, and the hour for supper has passed, but these who are hungry for "The Truth" must first be fed.

At length they go their several ways, thinking no doubt of the strange things which they to-day have heard. The "seed" has been sown. May it spring up bearing fruit, an hundredfold unto Everlasting Life.

Crossing the Yellow River.

On our journey eastward, we are obliged to cross the Yellow River, famous as "China's Sorrow."

Monday at 1 p.m. we stand on its

banks. Looking across we see a narrow channel of water, then wide, low mud flats, and a broad stream at the farther side. It must be over a mile in width.

It is truly the "Yellow River." The waters are laden with silt even in such a dry season, and have a very muddy appearance.

We pass down the bank to the ferry station, where lie a number of small, flat-bottomed boats, twenty to thirty feet long ready to transport passengers.

At a little distance out is a small brick tower, four or five stories high. It had been built on the river bank, but now it stands about one hundred feet out from the shore, in the river. Its days will soon be numbered.

A little farther along men are tearing down a small house, right on the river's brink, to prevent it falling into the water.

Still farther down the stream has taken an eccentric curve in against the shore, and is fast carrying away the banks. Immediately below is a village, and it looks as if the river were consistently carrying out a malicious purpose in regard to it also.

But we must away. Our barrow is lifted aboard, and we follow. As there is no wind, the old sail is useless. Three or four men with long poles push the boat along through the shallow water up the river, in the "lee" of the shore. It is hard work, and although a cold day, one of the men is stripped to the waist and his face covered with perspiration.

At length we push out into the stream. The current is strong and rapid. The men pole with all their might while in the shallows, and then seize two large oars and bend to them with a will. We are borne rapidly down stream, but reach the farther shore almost opposite the starting point. This little bit of river navigation gives a tingle of excitement, and brings back to the writer memories of "lumber jack" days in the woods of Eastern Nova Scotia.

The "Yellow River" presents a great problem to China. In times of heavy rainfall along the upper part of its course, the water rushes down off the bare mountain sides, swelling it to the top of its banks.

Then when it reaches the plains of Honan it breaks out and wanders at will over the country. The "loess soil" is so easily eroded that the river may form a new bed in almost any direction. There is room for some great engineering works here, that this mighty giant may be kept within bounds.

A Chinese Meal.

We have been on the road since early morning, and now, nearing noon, there are cravings that must, if possible, be satisfied. We see a goodly looking village ahead. On entering we soon find a food shop. It is not an imposing place,—a "shed" built aside the street, with a square courtyard behind.

We go in and sit down and give our orders. Porterhouse steak for two," did you say? Oh, no, it is only two or three bowls of "ao mien," and some native bread. "Ao mien" is a kind of vermicelli, boiled with vegetables and bean curd into a thick stew. The native bread, or "moa moa" is made from wheaten flour by steaming.

The proprietor has just been making "flap-jacks," fine big ones, a foot in diameter. The boy waiter catches up a bunch of them in his hand and throws them aside into a wooden pail for future use.

The proprietor now gets to work to fill our order. He sets a low pot on the "stove"—(his stove is mud built up like a blacksmith's forge, with a place to set the pot, and a hollow underneath for the fire)—and adds a little water. Then he takes a piece of dough, flattens it out on an old board, slices it up, and empties into the pot. Then a little sliced cabbage or other vegetable, and some "bean curd," is added to the mixture and the whole is ready for cooking.

He is quick at the process, but some of his methods would hardly be taught in a cooking school. His dish towel would certainly not pass inspection.

Here we shall leave him, as there are a good many things into which we must not pry too closely, lest appetite should fail. We go out into the courtyard in the rear and enjoy the warmth and sunshine. A

small table and seats are brought, and we sit down to await our food.

Meanwhile, our "fame" has gone forth throughout all the village, and the citizens throng to see the foreigners. First come boys and girls off the street (there are always lots of them to be found there). Then their elder brothers, then their fathers and uncles, some of whom are carrying babies. They all come through into the courtyard, and soon we are surrounded by the crowd, which is graded from the children on the inner circle to the fathers with their babies on their shoulders on the outside.

On the house tops surrounding the courtyard appears another class of spectators—the women. We are the centre of a little thronged amphitheatre.

The missionary asks some questions and then talks to them. There are no Christians here, and they have evidently never heard the Gospel. They have no school, and the boys and girls are growing up in ignorance and superstition. What they learn is gleaned on the street—where they run by the score—and we fear that is not very elevating.

Oh, what an opportunity going to waste, of impressing young lives before being hardened in sin and steeped in iniquity! This village is only one of many thousands throughout this land, in the same condition. Truly, the harvest is great, and the labourers, oh—so few! The Lord grant that here, "the day may soon dawn and the darkness flee away."

Our food has arrived, and we turn to it. The crowd presses closer to see how the foreigners eat. We have some forks and spoons for our own use, and these prove a source of wonder. They are surprised that we eat so quietly, as they themselves may be heard some distance off, when at a meal.

The food tastes good to a hungry man, especially with the addition of a little salt, which we have brought with us. The sale of salt in China being a Government monopoly, it is very sparingly used by the common people. At length we bid adieu to our host, and once more take the road. But the other "host" is not to be left be-

hind. They swarm from the "inn," as a congregation "skails" after service, and escort us to the outskirts of the village. Here a hare starts up from a covert, diverts their attention and we go our way.

A Night at a Chinese Inn.

It is getting dusk and we see, a short distance ahead, our stopping place for the night. It is the little market town of "Ting Luan Chi."

We pass through the gate in the old mud wall, and down some of the streets, where we find an inn. The proprietor says he will have a place ready for us in a short time, so we sit down and wait for the rest of our party. We foreigners seem to outstrip the natives when it comes to a good day's walk. We have come about twenty-five miles to-day and appreciate a seat.

Soon our wheel-barrow arrives and our "room" being ready we put our beds in order. The place is about ten feet by twelve, and with a very low roof. It is close on the street, from which it is separated by a board partition with many large cracks. The floor is mud, and the only furniture is a little old table and a small bench. There are two or three reed mats on the floor, on which to spread our beds.

There is no fire in these inn rooms, and in this cold weather they are most uncomfortable. We are wearing our long sheepskin lined coats and yet we are chilly enough. The walls are covered with cobwebs and dust, and during the warm weather with moving multitudes. We are thankful that although the cold subtracts from our comfort in one direction it adds to it in another.

To-night, as a special luxury, we are having our boy make some real Scotch oatmeal porridge. His stove is stones piled up out in the yard, and his fuel is corn or kao'liang stalks, but when he brings the finished product it tastes none the worse for that.

Supper ended, our beds spread on the floor, the missionary takes his Bible and we have Chinese prayers, and "turn in."

It is—oh—so cold, getting under the blankets, but we are soon enjoying the sleep that comes to the weary. We forget

the cobwebs and dust and the long journey and know nothing until the voice of the missionary is heard in the watches of the night;—"It is four o'clock, boys; time to "turn out."

As the first streaks of dawn are lighting the East, we pass out through the northwest gate of the town on our way homeward. It is Thursday morning, and we have taken almost a week for our trip.

We are bringing back with us, I trust, a greater sense of responsibility for these people who are yet in the darkness, and to some of whom we have tried to tell a little of the Light of Life.

A KOREAN WOMAN'S GIFT.

REV. A. H. BARKER.

Korea, 4th February, 1913.

Dear Mr. Armstrong:—

I am sending you by this mail a rather unique trinket in the shape of a coil of hair. This was grown by a real Korean woman, and is the genuine article. It is a fine jet black now, but may possibly fade.

Here is the story to go with it. Yong Am, in Kando, where our largest school is, about two years ago, asked the missionaries for a loan of a couple of hundred yen to build a church. It was refused because the spirit in which the request was made was not thought commendable. Since then, for that and other reasons, there have been rather strained relations between that place and the missionaries.

A short time ago, however, we heard that the people were showing a better spirit, and had tackled the church building proposition in earnest. Mr. Barker and I returned the other day from a trip through part of Kando, and among other places, we called at Yong Am. We got the particulars of the church building campaign. I forget how much was raised but it was a large amount.

Several of the women gave their rings, and three of them cut off their hair, which represents quite a sacrifice to a Korean woman, as they don't wear hats and their hair is their adornment. I am sending you one of these three.

A VISIT TO NANKING.

BY REV. D. MCGILLIVRAY, D.D.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

The Nanking Bible School invited me to come up and lecture to the students for ten or twelve days. I was not able to stay that long, but leaving Shanghai in the smallest hours of Monday morning, I reached Nanking in the early forenoon. Commencing work that afternoon and ending Friday night, I delivered some seventeen addresses. These included a lantern exhibition of the Christian Literature Society work, and a short address to the students of the language school.

The Bible School is now extended so as to take in many more students who are not specially preparing to be pastors. This extension of their work was brought about by the visit of Dr. W. W. White, of the New York Bible School, to our various summer resorts.

He persuaded the missionaries that his principles and methods ought to be adopted in China, and the Theological School in Nanking offered to extend its course accordingly. Hence there are some ninety students now in attendance, and women students are admitted to some of the lectures. It was a great delight to meet with the students and teachers, and my visit formed a very interesting change from the work in Shanghai.

The Language School is now one of the Faculties of the Nanking Union University. Several tentative schools had been held at Shanghai, Kuling, etc., but these depended on private initiative and were not permanent. Now that the University has adopted this school, there will be permanency and efficiency.

It was very interesting to see some forty youthful missionaries studying in classes, writing on the blackboard, etc. Of course, I had to tell them some of my own experiences. Mandarin is the standard of the school, and the students are derived from a wide area. Perhaps some day the Presbytery of Honan will consider the advisability of their new students spending at least six months at this school before coming into Honan.

The Union University seems to be expanding in all directions. American laymen have taken such an interest that they have advanced ahead of the missionaries and insisted that they should plan larger things than they originally proposed.

I saw no sign of the Revolution as I did not go to the places where fighting was carried on, but I was quite close to a temple where the Viceroy had taken refuge, until a shell from a distant battery penetrated into his fortress and caused a general scatteration.

One sees plenty of Republican flags and proclamations. Externally, everything seems much the same, but of course, it is not really so. I believe there are profound changes in many ways. The task of reconstituting such a vast Empire cannot be accomplished in a year or even a decade.

The last time I visited Nanking, the cigarette companies had posted up their glaring coloured advertisements on city gates, temples, and so forth. but I was delighted to see that everything of the kind has utterly disappeared, the Republican Government not permitting these companies to exercise their impudence at the expense of decency as they were wont to do in the old *laissez-faire* China.

I paid a visit to the Confucius temple and found a modern school occupying one part of the building. Over one great arch appeared the text: "He (Confucius) is worthy to rank with heaven and earth." I believe new China will not give the Sage such a title.

Huddling up close to the walls were a great many mat sheds occupied by beggars, refugees, etc. Certainly Confucius had never done anything for them. But in this very city, the University of Nanking is now, by Government sanction, conducting a large colonization scheme on waste lands for the benefit of famine refugees. It is only Christianity that can love and serve like this.

Everybody here reports that the Christmas rejoicings were better than for years. It must be the change in the climate of China—optimism has expelled pessimism among the Chinese people and we all feel the reflex influence. Our environment has changed!

PEN PICTURES OF JAPAN.

By OUR MISSIONARY, MRS. J. R. SANDERSON.

Mrs. Sanderson, who was one of our latest missionary party to Honan not many weeks ago, sent to friends in Aylmer some sketches of their journey through Japan, with which the Record has been favored.

I wish I could make a sort of kodak and gramophone combination of my pen, and give the sights and sounds of the past twenty-four hours. We have spent our first day in Japan and should be able to write a book.

There is only one way to get any idea of what this country is like, and that is to visit it. The East is all so different from what we are accustomed to at home that it is hard to get the right impression from hearing about it; for we usually think in terms of what we have seen and known. However, I shall try to get my thoughts of yesterday sufficiently unravelled to give some account of it.

Yesterday morning we arose about half past five, and found that the "Iuaba Maru" was anchored in the harbor at Yokohama. All about us were other vessels, sailing ships, ocean liners, not to speak of a British and German man-of-war. During yesterday and to-day we have seen from fifteen to twenty liners and war ships passing in and out or lying at anchor. Yokohama has a magnificent harbor with fine docks built of concrete.

A large crowd had gathered waiting for the ship. It was a picturesque sight. There were women and little children in gay colored kimonas, men in every variety of costume, full Japanese, full western and half and half. There were rickshaw men and hotel runners, in their coats of black or navy blue covered on the back with large patterns of Japanese characters done in white; officials in western uniforms and so on.

We were on the look out for rickshaws, and there they were sure enough, standing in a line ready for passengers, and presently one came whirling round the corner to our dock. The coolie stopped, laid down the shafts, and the passenger jumped out; all done so quickly.

When we left the boat, we made for the rickshaws. Only one grown person can ride in each, so it was a few minutes before we were all accommodated, and the first to get in were out of sight before the last got started. It makes one feel foolish at first as though a child again, drawn about in little cart, but they are really most comfortable. It is like rolling down street in an easy chair.

When we reached the station where we were to take the train for Tokyo to see the chrysanthemum fair the fun began. The men had agreed at the start to take us for twenty sen (ten cents Canadian), but according to custom they disputed that at the end of the ride. Mr. Mowatt was quite unconcerned, being used to it, and while they were all talking and gesticulating at once, he paid the whole amount to one of the rickshaw men at the rate of twenty sen (ten cents) per passenger, and we left them to fight it out among themselves.

I wish I could make you see the men and women in their Japanese costumes, or funny mixtures of Japanese and European. The women do not copy our dress, their own is so much more becoming to them. They don't wear hats, and some of them dress their hair in the most elaborate way, oiling it to make it stay in place. They are very fond of hair ornaments too, and in the stores you see so many varieties of these. You never see fair hair except the gray hair of the old people.

Another thing we find very strange at first is the footwear of both men and women. Sometimes they have socks and sometimes none, but nearly all wear sandals. We saw very few barefoot.

The socks they wear are made of cloth, sometimes white, sometimes navy blue or black, with very thick soles, and they have a separate compartment for the big toe. The rickshaw coolies and others wear them at work without sandals. They are quite short, just coming to the ankles.

The sandals are of many kinds, but the oddest are the wooden clogs, the wet weather shoes of the Japanese. They slip their toes under the straps and shuffle along, clickety clack. You'd marvel at

the ease with which they get about in them.

The trains in Japan are small, little engines and narrow tracks. We were about an hour making the journey to Tokyo. We tried to watch both sides at once and carried away an impression of rice fields, cut and uncut, neat gardens, with rows and rows of onions and other vegetables, green hillsides and lovely winding roads, little towns with their toy houses packed so closely together, but not too much so for some trees and flowers; then more country and rice-fields and trees, orange trees with the ripe fruit gleaming yellow against the dark foliage, bamboo trees, here and there some palms, and so on.

One interesting thing was to see trees and poles covered round and round with the shocks of rice, left hanging there to dry. The rice when cut looks much like our wheat.

We had taken an early breakfast so the first thing we did in Tokyo was to have lunch in a restaurant above the station. After lunch we set out for the University, and as Tokyo is a large city of two millions, we had to make repeated inquiries before finding it. It is a vast institution, with many buildings, covering a large area, a most delightful place, with beautiful trees and walks and wonderful flowers. One flowering maple was especially lovely. There were roses too, like trees, with flowers of the most delicate shades and perfumes.

One of the students met us and we were taken first to see the tennis courts, where a number of students were playing vigorous games. They seemed to be enjoying them to the full.

We were shown through a number of buildings, all very fine, but I will not attempt to describe them.

One building, however, the school of mining, deserves special mention. In one room they have a collection of minerals and ores and implements and costumes,—everything indeed in connection with mining. They have many models of mines, the completest models imaginable.

Another interesting place is the museum and art room. Evidently there had been

a class in drawing just before we came, for the materials were still lying about and one student was still busy with his pencil, copying a child's head. They had a great many models of sculpture and conventional ornamentation.

From the University we went in search of the chrysanthemum show, again taking the street car. One thing peculiar about the street cars there was the double trolley, two wires with a trolley attached to each. The cars are much like our own at home.

I don't know how to describe that chrysanthemum show. What astonished us was the size of the plants and the way they were trained. The first on view in entering the tent was an arch grown from three roots on which one of our party counted three hundred and sixty blooms. It was trained over an iron frame so that the flowers came at exact intervals, and the stems were the exact length required to keep the symmetry of the arch.

In the same way other plants had been trained to represent a rickshaw, an auto, a bicycle going over a bridge, and so on, some from one root, some from two or three. Of course it was artificial and we thought the simple plants on exhibition prettier, but the skill shown in training them was wonderful.

From the tent a passage led into the main building, up several flights of stairs, round and round, till it ended in a gallery from which we looked out on a reproduction of the great temple at Nikko. The temple was in the background and between us and it was flowing a real live river, with the red bridge leading across, just as at Nikko. There were trees, and flowers, and grass, and the air was delightfully cool. On the steps leading up to the temple were wax figures of men and women in different attitudes. The light was given from many lanterns hung in the dome, a fine blending of colors which gave a soft light over everything. They use electricity but hang their Japanese lanterns round the bulbs.

All through this building they had spectacular effects representing historical events which would be familiar to the Ja-

panese though of course they were enigmas to us. Still we could enjoy the effects and appreciate the art which produced them.

There were wonderful combinations of the real and artificial. For instance, one was a mountain scene, with a stream running down between two banks covered with real flowers. The dresses in which the wax figures were clothed in many cases were made entirely of flowers, small chrysanthemums of different colors, and leaves. This whole building was a maze of winding ways, with a fresh wonder at every turn, and one kept asking what could be round the next corner.

One delightful surprise was to come upon an avenue of cherry trees, so perfectly made that I had to reach up and touch a blossom to be sure it was not real. The trees were real and the branches, but each separate flower—and there were thousands of them—had been pinned on. The cherry blossom here is partly like a rose, partly like a carnation, and they are a bright pink color. Their season of course is the spring.

In one place a large stage was set up, in the centre was a recess and in this a bright image, presumably one of the gods. A Japanese gentleman was lecturing and had a large crowd gathered in front of him. We could not understand what he was saying, but presently a bell rang and the image changed into that of a beautiful Japanese lady. It was not a quick change done with a jerk, but the form of the one just melted into that of the other, without any perceptible movement. The speaker continued and when the bell rang again, the lady gave way to the idol once more. We watched closely, but could not see any movement, only the mysterious change.

On the last stage were two Japanese gentlemen in well made frock coats and with chrysanthemums in their button holes. Both spoke in Japanese, and then there were some comical moving pictures after the western method, and next a series of scenic changes that sent everyone out saying "wonderful!"

On the way out we stopped to see the booths and made some small purchases,

and of course a crowd gathered. They close in on you from all sides, peer into your face and watch all you do. In reading of such crowds I used to think I would be afraid, but one doesn't feel that way at all. The people are just curious and they are so good natured one does not mind. Sometimes they join in the bargaining too and it is great fun. If they can do anything for you, they will even put themselves out to do so and we found them most courteous. Curiosity is not rudeness in their eyes though to us it seemed very strange and very comical to be followed down street by a crowd.

We left Yokohama about ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, and reached Kobe on Thursday afternoon. That evening dinner was served at half past five, and we made an early start up town. There are no early closing laws in Japan. Each storekeeper is a law to himself. So the evening is as busy as the day, and rather more fascinating, the lights adding so much.

Everybody in the cities seems to keep store. Even in the back streets there is something for sale in every house. The stores are open to the street, except some that copy western ideas. They have sliding walls, which are drawn close at night. The houses are built on this principle too, so that they can be opened up in warm weather and admit plenty of air.

Kobe shows more of the Western influence than Tokyo and Yokohama, and the crowds were not so curious, being more used to foreigners. They have many stores which look just like our stores at home. We stayed up town till about ten o'clock, and then took rickshaws to the dock. They took us down side streets, getting narrower and narrower, till two rickshaws could hardly have passed.

It was a great experience. There were thirteen of us and I happened to be the third to the last. That gave a view of the whole line ahead, and it was weird to see this long line of tiny carriages, with the Japanese lantern at the side of each, and the men in the shafts with their fantastic costumes.

I must tell you about the Japanese lunch

we had next day. Miss Dunwoodie and Miss Sykes had taken the overland trip to Kobe and had had a real Japanese meal, and Roy and I happening to meet them about noon, just as we were wondering where we could get something to eat, they suggested that we try a Japanese lunch. The four of us made enquiries, and finally were led by a rickshaw man down a side street to a little house where he said we could get lunch. From the look of the street you would not have thought anything good could be found in it, but just wait till I tell you.

We went in through a gate into a tiny garden, where a narrow stone path led up to the door of the house. A woman was standing on the steps and soon understood what we wanted, as she could speak English. She said she could serve lunch to us, and asked us to take off our shoes. So there on the steps the four of us took off our shoes and went into the house without them.

Such a cute little house, and so clean! We were led upstairs to a little room with a tiny table in the centre, about a foot and a half high, and with cushions and arm rests on the floor. At one end was a stationery chest built in the centre of the wall, leaving a recess in each corner, and in these were several plants in pots. The floor was covered with thick matting and this completed the furniture.

When we saw the little padded arm-rests we thought they were to sit on, if preferred to the cushions, but a dear little Japanese girl who came upstairs with us, sat down and showed us how to do it. You kneel first, and then sit back on your heels; or if you prefer to sit sideways, you can rest your arm on these padded arm rests. A man can sit tailor fashion, but that will not do for a lady. Well, we all sat down and our pretty girl talked to us, while the meal was being prepared in the kitchen.

After a while another girl came in, with a little charcoal stove, and another brought some plates containing raw beef cut into small pieces; next a tray with a pot or jar of rice, which they had cooked after we came, four tiny bowls and a number of chop sticks.

Then, we all brought our cushions close, and sat round the stove, while one of the girls did the cooking. A little shallow pan with water was set on the stove, and the bits of beef were put in with some salt, sugar and a dark sauce. The girl who was cooking handled everything with chop-sticks, stirring and turning the bits of meat. Then she put in some onions and mushrooms.

When there was enough cooked to start on, the bowls were handed to us with rice in them, and with a little china ladle some gravy lifted from the pan and poured over the rice, then some meat and onions on top, and then...the chopsticks.

My, but that was a good meal! The food was really delicious, and we had such fun in the eating. We had to use the chopsticks for there was nothing else to eat with and we really managed to get our whole meal with them. There was just the one course. Our bowls were refilled as often as we wanted, but according to Japanese custom there was no variety of dishes. When we had eaten the rice, etc., we were served with tea, in cups without handles.

We were at Kobe until about seven o'clock on Friday, so we had a good chance to see that place. We reached Moji at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Moji is the coaling port and they set to work right away. Boats loaded with coal, bearing men and women, some with children on their backs, came out to where we anchored in the harbor. They shovel the coal into round flat baskets, which are passed from one to another over the ship's side and emptied. Men and women work alike, and go so fast it would make you dizzy. In eight hours the 800 tons of coal were loaded. Moji is a fortified place and photograph taking is forbidden. Moji is beautifully situated in among the mountains.

The day which brings the privilege of instruction in high spiritual principles also affords manifold opportunities for their expression in life and action to the helping and betterment of our fellowmen. Thus spiritual character is developed and matured.

Young People's Societies

MAY MISSIONARY TOPIC

DR. GEORGE LESLIE MACKAY.

"The Black Bearded Barbarian."

BY MISS CLARIBEL PLATT.

George Leslie Mackay, called by the people of Formosa, "The Black Bearded Barbarian," was born in Oxford County, Ontario, on March 21st, 1844. His parents had come, only a few years before, from Sutherlandshire, in the Highlands of Scotland; and were among those who were driven from their crofts to make way for sheep farms and deer parks. They were people of simple piety, and trained their children in the same faith in God and in the Bible as the Word of God.

As a boy, Mackay was educated in the "old school house" near his home, passing thence to the Woodstock Grammar School, and later to Knox College. After a theological course at Princeton Seminary, New Jersey, he visited Edinburgh, where he attended a course of lectures on missions by the famous Dr. Alexander Duff.

Before leaving for Scotland, he had offered himself for the foreign field, the first foreign missionary of the Western section of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He was appointed, and designated to China, the Assembly leaving him free to choose his particular field of labor.

During the weeks and months before his departure, he visited many churches in Ontario, seeking with all the intensity of his nature to rouse the church at home to a deeper interest in the foreign missionary work.

The Personality of Mackay.

He is described as a man of "medium height, compactly built, deep chested and of swarthy complexion. His eagle eye was mild and benevolent except when kindled with righteous indignation, as when, for example, discussing the treatment accorded to the Chinese by so-called Christians in America. Then his intens-

ity was unrestrained. He inherited a hardy, healthy constitution which was never weakened by irregular habits, and which proved capable of extraordinary endurance."

As for his social qualities, "he was reserved, even among his friends, while among strangers he was often silent. He could scarcely be induced to take part in mission or other conferences, even where his influence might have been widely felt."

Mackay had an affectionate nature. He was intensely patriotic, yet he married a Chinese wife, and identified himself with the people among whom he labored, loving them as if they were of his own race. This doubtless accounts for the loyalty of his Formosa friends, some of whom would have laid down their lives for him.

Mackay Leaves for China.

He left home in October, 1871, sailing from San Francisco for Hongkong. An interesting incident on his journey was the demand on the part of the railroad agent at Omaha for his credentials as a minister or missionary, when he asked for the reduced fare accorded to such. For a moment Mackay was perplexed, but almost at once he thought of the Bible presented to him before his departure, by the Foreign Mission Committee, and bearing an inscription which convinced the agent that he was what he claimed to be.

On reaching China, he visited several mission stations before deciding upon a field for his life work. But on hearing that the northern part of Formosa was virgin soil, where no man had made any effort to preach Jesus Christ, he quickly decided that this was to be his parish. Throughout his whole life there, the beauty of the scenery never ceased to charm him.

Beginning Work.

Mackay had as residence in Tamsui, for which he paid \$15.00 a month, a stable

built into the hill side, with the river in front. His furniture consisted of a chair and bed, loaned by the British Consul, a pewter lamp presented by some friendly Chinese, and the contents of two pine boxes, which he had brought with him from Canada. His walls were papered with newspapers.

We could easily picture him sitting down on the first evening and giving way to homesickness as he looked about the wretched place and realized that he was alone in a foreign land! Instead we read in his Journal:—

"Here am I in this house, having been led all the way from the old homestead in Zorra by Jesus, as direct as though my boxes were labelled Tamsui, Formosa, China. Oh, the glorious privilege, to lay the foundation of Christ's Church in unbroken heathenism! God help me to do this with the open Bible! Again I swear allegiance to Thee, O King Jesus, my Captain, so help me God."

Preparing for the Seige.

Mackay's first work was to gain a thorough knowledge of the Chinese language. He was prepared to attack it with the enthusiasm with which he approached everything, but no teacher was to be found, except the coolie who waited on him.

After enduring for several weeks an almost uninterrupted fire of questions, becoming alarmed lest his master had lost his reason, the poor servant fled, and Mackay was obliged to seek the help of a group of herd boys, watching their water buffaloes on the outskirts of the town.

With the greatest caution he approached these boys and it was only after repeated efforts that he was able to overcome their fears of the "barbarian," and engage them in conversation. Such progress was made that at the end of five months he was able to preach his first sermon. One of the herd boys afterwards became a student in the Mission College and entered the ministry.

After studying the Chinese language, Mackay set himself to study the religion of the Chinese, in order to be able to meet the arguments of the literati who came to his stable home in order to challenge him

to debate. So thoroughly did he master the subject, that before long the literati found themselves worsted, and the young man who had brought them to Mackay declared himself convinced of the truth of the Christian doctrine, and determined to follow Jesus Christ even if it cost him his life.

Mackay had prayed that the first convert might be a young man of education, of whom he could make a companion. In this young man, Giam Cheng-hoa, his prayer was answered, for A Hoa became his constant companion and language teacher and his faithful friend.

The Church at Go-Ko-Khi.

This first out-station was started by a widow named Thah-So, who heard the Gospel message while on a visit to Tamsui. Returning to the village, like the woman of Samaria she told her neighbors of this wonderful news, and on her next visit she brought others with her to hear for themselves. Mackay and A Hoa visited the village, and thus a church was founded, in spite of the protests of the enemies of the Gospel. When the church was ready for use, there were about 50 villages ready to throw away their idols and to join in the worship of the true God. A Hoa was the first preacher, and Thah-so his chief helper.

The Taking of Bang-Kah.

There is no more thrilling chapter in the life-story of Mackay than that which deals with the capture of this stronghold of heathenism where the "foreign devil" was not tolerated, even as a trader. For a long time Mackay had had his eye on Bang-Kah, for he could not bear that this important centre should remain heathen. One day he proposed to A Hoa that they should go together to "storm the citadel of heathenism," and A Hoa answered promptly and bravely "Let us go." The story is given as follows by "Marian Keith" in the "Black Bearded Barbarian."

"One day early in December, these two marched across the plain, and into Bang-Kah. By keeping quiet, and avoiding the main thoroughfare, they managed to rent a house. It was a low, mean hovel in a

dirty narrow street, but it was inside the forbidden city, and that was something.

"The two daring young men then procured a large sheet of paper, printed on it in Chinese characters 'Jesus Temple,' and pasted it on the door.

"This announced what they had come for, and they awaited results.

"Presently there came the heavy tramp, tramp of feet on the stone pavement. Mackay and A Hoa looked out. A party of soldiers, armed with spears and swords, were returning from camp. They stopped before the hut and read the inscription. They shouted aloud threats and tramped away to report the affair to headquarters."

They soon returned with orders for Mackay to vacate immediately, as the house belonged to the military authorities and Mackay was compelled to obey.

"I respect your law," said Mackay after he had examined the deed, "and my companion and I will vacate. But I have paid rent for this place, therefore I am entitled to remain for the night. I will not go out until morning."

But though the dauntless missionary gained his point, he spent a sleepless night, for the angry soldiers paraded the street, and made frequent attempts to batter down the frail door of the little hut.

When morning came, Mackay and his companion left the house and, followed by curses and showers of missiles, went calmly down to the river. They took a boat for a point a few miles distant, where they had left the rest of their party, and here Mackay gathered his companions around him and, kneeling, laid the whole matter before the great Captain whose orders he was seeking to follow.

When they rose from their knees, he turned to A Hoa, and said: "Come, we are going back to Bank-Kah" and A Hoa replied with a smile: "It is well."

They accosted one of the first men they met, asking whether he could tell them of a house they might rent; and to their gratitude and amazement he replied: "Yes, I can rent you my place, come with me." It was a wretched hovel to which he led them, damp, and infested with

vermin, but the missionary was filled with gratitude, and set to work at once to prepare the legal papers, so that there might be no danger of their being turned out a second time.

When the people of Bank-Kah awakened in the morning they saw the sign "Jesus Temple" on the door, and within an hour the street was thronged with a shouting crowd. Rapidly the news spread, and by the next afternoon, the poor little house was besieged by an angry mob, that tore the tiles off the roof and the doors from their hinges in their mad desire to reach the hated foreigner.

In the midst of the excitement, Mackay and his companion slipped from the house by the side door, and hurried across the street to an inn. But their movements were soon known to their enemies, who turned their attention to the inn, and threatened to demolish it altogether if the foreigners were not given up to them.

The landlord ordered them to leave the house, and while they paused a moment praying that in some way they might be saved the horrible death awaiting them outside, there came a sudden lull. "The yells ceased, the crashing of tiles stopped. The door opened, and there in his sedan chair of State surrounded by his body guard, appeared the Chinese Mandarin, and right behind him—blessed sight to the eyes of Kai Bok-su—Mr. Scott, the British Consul of Tamsui."

When the mandarin urged the consul to send the missionary away the latter replied: "I have no authority to give such an order; on the other hand, you must protect him while he is here. He is a British subject."

How Mackay thanked his God for this deliverance, and with what joy he returned to the inn, after escorting the consul to the city gate. Henceforth, no one dared interfere with his work in Bang-Kah; the people soon grew accustomed to seeing him as he went about the streets, pulling teeth, giving medicines and directing men to the Saviour of whom they had never heard.

And months after, on the site of the old house which had been demolished that awful night, a little stone church was

erected. Thus the stronghold of heathenism fell, "taken by an army of two, a Canadian missionary and a Chinese soldier of the King, for behind them stood all the Army of the Lord of Hosts, and He led them to victory."

It is interesting to read that ten years later, when Dr. Mackay was about to return to Canada, the people of Bang-Kah begged permission to show their esteem by carrying him through the streets of the city in a sedan chair. Such a demonstration was foreign to the spirit of the missionary, but mindful of the past, he thought it well to permit them to have their way, seeing in their changed attitude towards him the change wrought by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Oxford College.

While in Canada on his first furlough, Mackay obtained from friends in his own county, funds for the erection of a college at Tamsui. This was called Oxford College and provided accommodation for fifty students and two teachers and their families.

Up to this time the students trained by Mackay had accompanied him on his tours, receiving instruction as they walked along, or as they rested by the way. This method had its advantages, but as the numbers grew, it was no longer practicable.

Mackay made an especial effort to beautify the college grounds by planting trees, shrubs and flowers, because he had found the Chinese deficient in appreciation of the beauties of nature, and he very naturally felt this to be a necessary part of their education.

Mackay is described as an enthusiastic teacher who demanded a similar interest on the part of the students. He took an especial delight in teaching geology and botany, encouraging the students to collect specimens, which were preserved in his museum, one of the finest in the East.

His Marriage.

Mackay married one of his own converts, a Chinese lady. He was strongly of the opinion that Formosa was no place for a foreign woman and he felt that a

devoted Christian woman familiar with the language and the ways of the people could be of inestimable value as an assistant to the missionary. Such a woman Mrs. Mackay proved to be; he never had occasion to regret his choice.

French Invasion.

In 1884, Formosa was invaded by the French, during a war between China and France. This caused great suffering and loss to the Mission. At the time Tamsui was besieged, Mackay was invited to take refuge on a British man of war, with his family and valuables. Pointing to the students and native Christians who surrounded him, he said: "These are my valuables and I cannot leave them."

When the war was over, he claimed indemnity for the damage done to the mission property. The money was paid without protest, and he proceeded to erect new churches in the place of those destroyed. Much of this work he did with his own hands, working day and night as many could not do.

"Busy from daylight to dark with patients, converts from the country, correspondence from the stations, mandarin cases, and a thousand and one other things," and with his students in the evening, time for preparation of his addresses was stolen from the hours that, for most men, would have been given to sleep.

For a vacation, he would take a trip to one of the mission stations, and there his soul would be refreshed by the sight of heathen men and women by the hundred giving up their idols and joining in Christian hymns.

After one such experience, he wrote: "In a village of two hundred, every soul wants to be a Christian. Every house is cleansed of idols. Another village of three hundred came out in a body. They sang sweet hymns late into the night."

On another occasion during a tour of ten days on the Eastern coast, he baptized 1,138 converts, ordained thirty-eight elders and forty-two deacons.

Japanese War.

During the greater part of these years, 1895-1896, Dr. Mackay was in Canada, on

his second furlough. It was a great grief to him to be away from his people. During that time, which was one of great suffering and loss, about 700 members were lost to the Christian Church of Formosa through death and removal.

For a time, under Japanese rule, both the schools and the hospital of the Mission were closed, but it was believed that later conditions would be more favorable to Christian work.

The End—The Last Message.

In September, 1900, Dr. Mackay, at the urgent request of his friends, went to Hong Kong to consult an English physician regarding his throat trouble, which was causing him great distress.

For a time it seemed as if the treatment prescribed would be successful, but the respite was brief. Later the malady developed very rapidly and in June, 1901 the end came. At the last, in his delirium, his mind was continually upon his beloved work, which he was reluctant to lay down.

His last message to the Church of Canada was "Will Formosa be won for Christ? No matter what may come in the way, the final victory is as sure as the existence of God. With that thought firmly fixed there will be but one shout 'And blessed be His glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory—Amen and Amen'."

Books of reference:—"Life of George Leslie Mackay," by R. P. Mackay, D.D. (a reprint will be ready in April, price 10c. post-paid); "The Black Bearded Barbarian" Marian Keith, price, cloth, postpaid, 59c., paper, postpaid, 43c.; "From Far Formosa" G. L. Mackay, D.D., price \$1.25, postage 10c.

KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.

From time to time we read that some of the swamies (teachers) from India are exerting considerable influence over some women in Christian lands, e.g., America.

Would that these ladies would come to India and judge of the fruits of Hinduism, such as the necessity for child marriage, the zenana, and keeping of women in

ignorance. Do we want these fruits in our home lands?

Whatever Hinduism possesses, it needs Christ who came to save the people from their sins.—Ex.

THE COST OF IT.

"What DID it cost?"

Asked one Christian lady of another, after admiring a handsome new gown.

"Seventy-five dollars; was it not cheap?"

This suggested some figuring, and this is the way the figures ran: Seventy-five dollars would keep a missionary in China two months. In two months he could speak to 30,000 souls. If only one, in every 15,000 who heard, accepted the truth, two souls would have been saved.

These two would have in turn become centers of religious influence, streams of living water would flow first in rivulets, then in ever-growing currents, sweeping on, forever, gaining power and usefulness, until the two would become the many, saved through the price of one gown, added to an already over-flowing wardrobe.

A billion souls that have not heard of Christ, and our Christian country spending that many dollars in utterly needless luxuries! When shall we awake? (From "That Little Pongee Gown.")

HOW TO QUIT SMOKING.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," replied a bank president, quoted by a Chicago paper, as his host at luncheon tendered him a cigar. "Yes, I used to," he continued, "but I quit it because I wouldn't be annoyed by the craving for tobacco at times when it wasn't proper for me to smoke.

"I made a rule in the bank, you see, that none of the clerks should smoke during business hours. And, of course, I had to keep the rule myself. And I would all the while be wanting a cigar so bad, and be so anxious for business hours to be over so I could get at my cigar, that I was miserably uncomfortable all the time. I could hardly hold my mind down to my work.

"So one day I got completely disgusted at the everlasting annoyance of it, and I said to myself: 'Here's where this nuisance quits,' and I have't smoked since. I stopped with half a boxful of cigars in my desk, and they are there yet.

"No, it wasn't as much of a hardship as I expected. When once I made up my mind that there wasn't any more smoking for me, the wish for it didn't last long. In just a few days I was working along without any bother whatever."—Ex.

Life and Work

THE LIVINGSTONE CENTENARY.

A Memorial Sermon.

BY REV. GEO. HANSON, D.D., MONTREAL.

(The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. Ps. 112: 6.)

On March 19th, 1813, David Livingstone was born; to-day the Christian world is observing his centenary. We too would join in grateful remembrance of his name and work.

Let me place before you two pictures. The first is of the year 1823; a little Scotch lad, ten years old, the child of humble parents, living in the village of Blantyre, is earning a small pittance as a factory hand, working from six o'clock in the morning till late at night.

Those were the "good old days" before anything was heard of an "eight-hour day" for the toiling masses, or anything had been done to mitigate the conditions of child labor.

With his first earnings the boy had bought a Latin Grammar and after his day's work would read by candle-light until his mother drove him to bed.

His quenchless thirst for knowledge was equalled by his indefatigable perseverance in seeking it, and after some years of study and economy, David Livingstone was able to enter college in Glasgow as a student for medicine.

After diligent search he secured a lodging, considered suitable, at two shillings per week—all he could afford. That is one picture.

Here is another. Pass over forty-one years from the time the factory-hand entered college. The scene is in London. A vast funeral procession is wending its way to Westminster Abbey. The greatest dignitaries of Church and State are following the bier. Representatives from every important British and Continental scientific association are present. The greater towns and universities send their delegates to do honor to the dead. The common people, who loved him with sincere affection, line the route, weeping as the remains are borne past.

Behold him laid to rest in the centre of the nave of England's national cathedral, among the most illustrious of Britain's dead!

What had the factory-hand done between 1823 and 1873 to win such sig-

nal honor; to call forth this spontaneous national tribute of reverence and affection?

In one of the world's darkest and saddest, most inaccessible and needy and heathen regions he had proved himself one of the most daring of Britain's explorers, one of the most fearless champions of human rights, one of the truest of Africa's friends, one of the noblest missionaries of the cross, one of the greatest benefactors of mankind that the world has ever seen; by services unequalled in their range, far-sightedness, diversity, devotion, utility and ever-increasing fruitfulness, containing in themselves the promise and potency of perpetual harvests of good.

Let us briefly trace Africa's and the world's obligations to him:—

1. Livingstone The Explorer.

As an explorer and scientific observer he had no superior, indeed no equal.

Sir Bartle Frere declares:—"I believe him to be quite unequalled as a scientific traveller in the care and accuracy with which he observed."

Sir Thomas Maclear, the astronomer royal at Capetown, says that Livingstone's observations on the course of the Zambesi were "the finest specimen of sound geographical observation I ever met with"... "I say what that man has done is unprecedented... you could go to any point across the entire Continent, along Livingstone's route, and feel certain of your position."

Think what he accomplished! Before his time, Central Africa was, for the most part, an unknown land. He was the first to penetrate its secrets, solve some of its greatest mysteries, and went far—if he had lived he would have succeeded—to establish the great pivotal fact that the centre of Africa is a great table-land, with huge reservoirs of lakes, vast chains of inland seas, from which flow three great waterways leading from the interior to the coast—the Nile flowing north, the Congo flowing west, and the Zambesi flowing east.

The Zambesi he traced fully from its mouth; the Congo partially, and when he died he was on his way to search out thoroughly the sources of the Nile. His travels covered one-third of the African Continent, extending from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and from the Cape to near the equator. He discovered several of the greatest lakes, the famous Victoria

Falls, and the upper part of the Congo, but died before he was able to demonstrate its ultimate destination.

Nor was this all. He made the most exact contributions on the physical geography, the fauna and flora of Central Africa. Scientists like Murchison, Owen, Sedgwick, acknowledged ungrudgingly his invaluable contributions to science.

He proved to the British public that Central Africa was a rich and productive land, teeming with life, and only waiting for commercial enterprise to develop its boundless resources, thereby paving the way for colonization and commerce.

He drew after him, when his story was published, a host of explorers and missionaries eager to carry on and complete his work.

Stanley, who went out to search for Livingstone—who had been reported dead—was converted by his intercourse with him, both to Christianity and to African exploration. He started forth, he tells us, to seek for the lost explorer, an unbelieving journalist; "not a greater sceptic in New York." His few months of close intercourse with the Scotch hero convinced him of the reality of the supernatural, and moved him when he heard of Livingstone's death, to say that he hoped God would permit him to be Livingstone's successor.

What Stanley did you know. He completed what Livingstone began, the tracing of the Congo. He crossed Africa from west to east, from the mouth of the Congo, tracing it to its source right through to the Zambesi, and by his urgent representations induced the Church of England to start work in Uganda, where the success of the Gospel has been phenomenal, and a great Christian State has been established right in the heart of the Dark Continent.

But it was Livingstone who created Stanley, and, through Stanley, indirectly founded the Uganda Mission.

Prior to the establishment of the Uganda Mission, Livingstone's own burning appeals at Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Glasgow and elsewhere, moved university men to start the universities' mission in the Shire Valley, the Church of Scotland to begin work at Blantyre, the Free Church to commence the now famous Livingstonia Mission—where my own son hopes one day to serve—and the London Missionary Society to plant a mission at Linyanti on the banks of the Zambesi. All this, and much beside, is the fruit of Livingstone's sacrifice unto death.

2. Livingstone The Missionary.

But what made Livingstone an explorer? Did he cease to be a missionary

when he became a geographer? No, he was first and last a missionary of Christ. He became an explorer in order to be a missionary pioneer. He was first driven by circumstance and then moved by choice to become a traveller, searching out Africa's secrets and seeking Africa's good.

Three times he settled down with his family to do direct mission work in a settled locality, and three times his home and work were broken up and he was compelled to go in quest of another sphere of ministry.

In his search for a new home he came upon appalling, ever-increasing evidence of the prevalence of the slave trade, carried on by Arab slavers—with the awful suffering and death that it brought in its wake—on the helpless and down-trodden natives. (Stanley says a million lives were sacrificed to secure a few thousand slaves.)

Livingstone's whole soul was filled with determination to end this iniquity which was desolating Central Africa, and would, in time, make a huge charnel-house of a fruitful and smiling land.

He came to see that the best way to deal with this nefarious traffic, which was inflicting such cruel wrong on a defenceless race, draining Africa of its people's blood, and making missionary operations futile, was to go where the slave trader was carrying on his deadly work, see with his own eyes and report what was being done, and rouse the heart and conscience of civilized humanity to take action.

He designed also to explore the country thoroughly, discover ways of access to the coast from the interior, along which legitimate commerce might be invited to flow, driving the slave-trader before it from his haunts, and by which Christian missions might more easily reach centres of usefulness and be located in safe and healthy situations, where Europeans could live and work comparatively immune from fever and other disorders.

That was the supreme motive that actuated Livingstone; to end the reign of Arab tyranny and murder, and secure an open way for the Word of God.

His journal and letters are full of such entries as these:—

"The end of the geographical part is the beginning of the missionary enterprise."

"It is a great venture.~ Fever may cut us off. . . . but who will go if we don't? Not one. I would venture everything for Christ. Pity I have so little to give."

"I place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ."

"I hope I may be permitted to open this dark land to the blessed Gospel. . . . O Lord, I am Thine, truly I am Thine—take

me, do what seemeth good in Thy sight with me, and give me complete resignation to Thy will in all things."

To Stanley (Autobiography pp. 277-8) he said one day:—"I feel sometimes as if I were the beginner in the attack on Central Africa, and that others will shortly come.... It is very dark and dreary, but the promise is—'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' I may fall by the way, being unworthy to see the dawning.... It is as if I had been born to exile; but it is God's doing.... But when my children and home are not in my mind, I feel as though appointed to this work and no other. Then I seem to understand why I was led away, here and there, and crossed and baffled, over and over again, to wear out my years and strength. Why was it but to be a witness of the fell horror of this slave-trade, which is sending these pitiless half castes

'Like blood-hounds from the ship
With woe and murder o'er the land.'

"My business is to publish what I see, to rouse up those who have power to stop it once and for all. That is the beginning; but, in the end, they will also send proper teachers of the Gospel, some here and some there, and in the end, what you think might be done, will be done in the Lord's good time."

Such was his aim. Even when his plans miscarried, he would say, "I will not swerve a hair's breadth from my task."

After parting from Stanley this entry occurs in his diary:—

"My birthday! My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All! I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant O Gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my work. In Jesus' name I ask. Amen."

Such is the spirit of the man. He was not an explorer for exploration's sake, or in the interests only of scientific research, and for the purpose specially of colonial and commercial expansion, but in the name and for the Kingdom of Christ. To him to live was Christ.

3. Livingstone The Man, Hero, Saint.

In the prosecution of his great enterprise what a man. and Christian and hero and saint he proved himself! What sacrifices! What courage! What faith!

What could be more moving than this entry in his journal, after his wife died at Shubanga and he was left alone!

"I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. God pity the poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her, and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. I hope it may, by Divine Grace, lead me to realize

heaven as my home, and that she has but preceded me in the journey. Oh, my Mary, my Mary; how often have we longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng! Surely the removal, by a kind Father, who knoweth our frame, means that He has rewarded you by taking you to the best home, the eternal one in the heavens."

But these feelings of natural affection never moved him for one instant to cease his efforts to bring deliverance to the captives. In his dreams he saw the manacled slave, appealing for sympathy and help, and he set his face steadfastly towards the execution of the task given him—he felt assured—by God.

He knew more of Africa than any other living man. He had been brought into closer contact with the native than any other man of his time. He had learned to love and pity the negro as no one else had done, and his love and confidence had won the affection and trust of the fiercest tribes, so that—except where the traffickers in human flesh, the conscienceless, heartless, brutal slave-traders succeeded in poisoning the minds of the savages against him—wherever he went he was welcomed, sheltered, fed and secure against attack or molestation.

He had done much to arouse England and Europe to deal sternly with the slave-trade. He had gone a certain length towards securing access into the interior and bringing Central Africa into contact with the civilized world. He had succeeded in securing a number of healthy sites for missionary occupation. He had influenced the churches to make at least a beginning in aggressive enterprise in the interior.

But he was only at the beginning of the work to be done, and how could he at such a crisis desert Africa? He would have been a traitor—he was persuaded—to his sacred trust, if he had not remained at his post whatever the cost.

Hence we find him struggling on against obstacles thrown in his way by the Arab slave-drivers and their negro confederates and the conspiracies organized to compass his defeat or death; struggling on against the disappointments of hope of relief, promised but never sent; struggling on against the dishonesty of carriers entrusted with goods for him, who stole the supplies consigned to him and left him at times wholly destitute and all but despairing, robbing him of the medicine on which his very life depended; struggling on against sickness and fever and failing strength; struggling on with indomitable courage and hope, his unconquerable will bearing him through difficulties almost insuperable, his invincible faith sustaining him in the darkest and most trying hour.

Hence we find him when Stanley besought him to return with him to England and recuperate his shattered health, refusing to entertain the proposal, for Africa's sake, though the temptation to embrace the opportunity of seeing his children and his father's house again was well nigh irresistible.

I wonder is there any more pathetic passage in all history than that describing the lonely man bidding a last farewell to his rescuers (Stanley and his party) and starting once more on his weary march to the southern part of Lake Tanganyika.

When he began his last journey, which ended eight and a half months later, he was to all intents and purposes a dying man. Soon he had to be carried, but his spirit of hope never gives way. "If the Good Lord gives me favor and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless Him though it costs me untold toil, pain and travail."

On March 31st, 1873, his last critical illness began; an artery bled profusely. On April 10th he notes how pale and bloodless he is. On April 21st he records that he "tried to ride but was forced to lie down." On April 27th he makes his last entry in his diary. "Knocked up quite," etc.

The story is then told by his devoted followers, Susi and Chama. We need not dwell on the details, the struggle to reach Chitambo's village, Illala, the building of the hut in which the emaciated sufferer, his face distorted with spasms of agony, might rest, the last 'good-night' the lion-hearted chief spoke to his faithful Susi on April 30th, the still, bowed, death-cold figure found next morning lying across the bed in the attitude of prayer, his head buried in his hands.

If ever a man was faithful, faithful, faithful unto death, it was David Livingstone.

I do not wonder at the influence of such a life on Stanley. "He preached no sermon by word of mouth while I was in company with him; but each day of my companionship with him witnessed a sermon acted. The Divine Instructions, given of old on the Sacred Mount, were closely followed, day by day, whether he rested in the jungle camp, or bided in the trader's town or savage hamlet. Lowly of spirit, meek in speech, merciful in heart, pure in mind and peaceful in act, reputed by the Arabs to be an informer and, therefore, calumniated—often offended at evils committed by his own servants, but ever forgiving—often robbed and thwarted yet bearing no ill will, cursed by the marauders yet physicking their infirmities, most despitely used yet praying daily for all manner and conditions of men. Narrow indeed was the way of

eternal life he elected to follow and few are those who choose it."

4. Lessons From Livingstone's Life.

What shall be the effect of that noble example on you and me? Does it not make us ashamed of our mean self-seeking, and sometimes luxurious lives? What have we done for Christ's sake in the way of service or suffering that men may be blessed? What obstacles have we faced in the interests of our Lord's Kingdom? Of what have we denied ourselves that Christ may be honored?

Does not such heroism as Livingstone's appeal to every instinct of chivalry in our manhood; and shall we not resolve, by Divine Grace, to do something for Christ more worthy of the name of Christian; more truly serviceable to mankind?

There is no other way to do good in the world. The price of every achievement of permanent worth, is the sacrifice, the blood-shedding of some one who counted not his life dear unto him.

No one ever did anything without putting his soul into his work, blood-red earnestness, unselfish devotion, steady repression of one's too natural tendency to self-preservation and self-indulgence, and laying of one's best at the feet of those whom we would benefit; that is the condition of the highest achievement for the uplifting of men.

If you and I would grave our mark deep on the story of human emancipation and betterment, we must make the choice that Livingstone made, and take the way, not of selfish ambition or pleasure and comfort-seeking, but of self surrender.

What was the secret spring of all Livingstone's life? I cannot do better than quote from his journal in a time of great danger.

"Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But Jesus said:

'All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. . . . and lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

"It is the word of a Gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor, and there's an end on't."

What was his secret? The assurance of Christ's comradeship, and confidence in His promises and keeping. It was love to Christ and trust in Him that up-bore him through all his tribulation, kept him calm in the midst of menace and peril, and fortified him to face sickness, weariness, disappointment, treachery, disaster, loneliness, homelessness and death. Christ and Christ alone is the explanation of his life, the source of his peace and endurance and self-sacrifice.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let the Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour,
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power,
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him that is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings!
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing.
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way,
Marked by Him who loves thee best!
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.
—Francis Ridley Havergal.

A "STIDDY GROWTH."

"Does your class grow very fast?"

When I asked this question of an old man who is a member of an organized Bible class, he said:

"No, not to say real fast, but it has a good stiddy growth. It's bigger now than a class here in the village that shot up like a mushroom two years ago and was four times as big as ours for a time, but now we are ahead of it in size and a good deal ahead of it in our work. The way I look at it a stiddy growth is about the best in the long run."

Much is to be said in favor of the class that has a "stiddy growth." It is a kind of growth that has the good element of permanency in it. It has also the element of strength. The child who shoots up too rapidly rarely has the strength of the child who grows normally.

The large class is not at all essential to the best success in organized class work. Possibly there is some truth in the words of the leader of a small class who said:

"Sometimes I think that there is an advantage in the smaller class because each member is more likely to feel his responsibility when there are but few members. When a class has four or five hundred members some of them are apt to have the 'let-the-other-fellow-do-it' idea. Of one thing I feel sure, and that is that the small class never lacks the opportunity

for service, no matter how small it may be."

This is true. The small class need never be discouraged because it is small and is never likely to attain any great size. If well organized it will always find work of some kind awaiting it. And it may have the "stiddy growth" that may slowly but surely increase its size and influence. A class with a dozen members, each standing loyally by the pastor and the Sunday-school superintendent, may be the strongest ally of the church and Sunday school. It is service and not size that gives the class its true value.

There is room in the world of Christian effort for both the large and the small class. Both are sorely needed to combat the forces of evil that are everywhere rampant.—Westminster Adult Bible Class.

HANGING UP PICTURES.

A lady who occasionally used the elevator in a building devoted to business offices noticed that the walls of the little compartment were decorated with pictures. One day, when she chanced to be the only passenger, she spoke of them to the elevator boy.

"You like pictures, don't you?"

"Yes. You see I have to stay here so much of the time that I like to have something to look at," he explained.

He was not complaining of his place—it was the best he could have for the time—he had simply sought a way to lessen its monotony and give himself something pleasant to look at and think about. His car must move up and down all day with only the outlook of dark spaces and bare walls, but there was no reason why his eyes should not rest upon pictured mountains and ships at sea, or beautiful views of forest and lake. There is no need for a soul to be shut in that wills to be free. Our place may seem to be a narrow place, our daily work monotonous, but it is always possible to hang up beautiful pictures of imagination and memory, to have thoughts that open wide windows over the earth and toward the sky.

PURITY IN MIND.

Purity in mind will produce purity in character, and a pure character will reflect itself among men until everyone coming in contact with it will be so influenced that good will always result. A lad who discards all mean thoughts and looks for the pure and good, even in his boyhood life, will build for himself a character that will be difficult to tear down, and his life will remain a model long after the owner has ceased his worldly labours.—Youth's World.

THE WESTINGHOUSE BRAKE.

A railroad accident, that wrecked the train on which rode George Westinghouse, then an alert young fellow with the inventor's brain and large powers of observation, set him to thinking how such accidents could be averted.

As he watched the train-crews struggling with the inefficient hand-brakes, the idea flashed into his mind:

"If there were only some way by which the engineer could brake the train!"

For months he thought of little else except this question, but the solution seemed as far away as ever. One hot day, as he was sitting at his desk, a little girl timidly approached him with a request that he subscribe to a magazine. Young Westinghouse, busy and absorbed, but incapable of speaking roughly to a child, purchased a copy, and turned back to his work.

But the end of the task was at hand, for in the magazine at his elbow lay the phrase that was to solve the problem of the air-brake. His model for the brake had been completed, but the operating power was unsatisfactory. In idly turning over the pages of the magazine, Westinghouse saw an account of tunnel-building in which the work was done by compressed air. In a flash he had found the solution of his problem.

Chance, accident, fate—what you will—had sent a child into his life to point out the way to a great name and still greater wealth.

Although young Westinghouse realized his indebtedness to the little magazine agent, and tried hard to find her, he never saw her again. Her work was done.—New York Sun.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

In one of our city hospitals recently, the physicians were getting ready to perform an operation. The patient, an old man, was stretched upon the operating table, and when, at length, all was in readiness, one of the physicians approached with chloroform. The old man raised his head and said:

"Wait a moment." Then folding his hands and closing his eyes, he began repeating the prayer which he used to say at his mother's knee:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

The doctors bowed their heads reverently and waited; and when he had finished he looked up calmly, and said: "I am ready."—Sel.

HOW SHE WAS CURED.

She was not an attractive girl in any way, and she knew it. She was restless and cross and unhappy, and growing more unattractive in looks and manner as she became older.

Then an aunt, visiting at her home after a long residence in a distant city, sized up the situation, and out of pity for both the girl and everybody with whom she came in contact, undertook to prescribe the sure cure.

"Madeline, do you want to be a torment to yourself and everybody about you all your life?" was the blunt and astounding question she put to her niece one day.

"No, of course not," was the prompt and half-frightened reply from the astonished girl.

"You'd rather be sweet and lovely and happy?" came the next question; and it brought a sincere affirmative this time. The aunt handed her a folded paper, and smiled as she said, very kindly now: "Follow this magic prescription, and you will be what you want to be"—and she was gone.

Madeline read: "Every time you want to frown, smile. Every time a cross thought comes, think a pleasant one. Every time something nice is done for you, do something nicer for some one else."

For a few minutes she was crosser than ever. Then common sense saved the day. She tried the cure—honestly, sincerely, prayerfully; and to her own lifelong joy—to say nothing of everybody else—there was soon no happier, more attractive, more lovable girl in the place than she.—Ex.

A BELATED KISS.

She kissed the old man; she showered upon him kisses and tears. She told all the people how good he was.

I thought if she had only given two of those kisses per quarter for the last ten years how the tender-hearted old gentleman would have smiled through his tears. But now he took it all very coolly. He was dead.

He was old and poor and she was young and rich. She had ten rooms, but no room for father. Yet he made room for her when he had only two. The old man wasn't educated. She was—at his expense. He had fed and clothed her for twenty years at home and at college until she had risen into more refined and cultured society, and married among them. The old people's dress and dialect were too coarse. She kissed him and buried him in a beautiful coffin. Dear father is to have a costly marble monument. A warm kiss while living is better than cold marble when dead.—Sel.

HOW A DANCER MET DESPONDENCY.

A man in Cambridge, Mass., shot himself because he was too old to dance.

He was only thirty-two, but he evidently had danced so long and so hard as to dance himself out while still young. At any rate, on returning from a dance he complained that he was too old to enjoy that pleasure, and in the resulting fit of despondency he gave himself a dangerous revolver wound near the heart.

The account says that he has a chance to live, and as he has a wife and four children one must wish his recovery.

No one likes to part with the sprightliness of youth, the spring of the muscles, the bounding of blood through eager veins, the ready song and laugh, the unwrinkled face and plump hands, the darning and beauty and sunshine of youth. It is all glorious, and it is not pleasant or easy to say good-by to it.

Yet, after all, how pitifully trivial it all seems to the earnest Christian!

Dance? Why, with all his heart, through all his days, that Christian has been dancing before the Lord, even as David danced exultantly when the ark was brought to Jerusalem.

The burst and swell of the sweetest sounds, the breath of the most fragrant odors, visions of all beauty and grace, of all benignancy and affection, surround his pathway from earliest dawn to deepest midnight. The world, in every corner and at every time, is a paradise to the soul that walks with God.

That this is no rhetorical exaggeration but the most sober truth all Christians know. Christ came that we might have joy, His joy; peace, His peace, which the world cannot give or destroy.

Too old to dance? Why happy Christians are all the more buoyant the older they grow! Eyes dance. Voices leap. Hearts exult. Spirit ears hear a sweeter music. Spirit eyes see lovelier visions. Souls know more blessed companionships.

Shoot ourselves at thirty-two because we are too old to dance? Why, at that age the Christian realizes that he is only learning the first steps in the springtime measures of eternal youth. He is only learning how to throw off the old man, and put on the new man, which is renewed thereafter daily.

Soon, very early, the worlding grows too old to dance. His dancing is like the brief whirl of the ephemera upon the breezes of the day; and when it is over, his spirit dies within him. But the joy of the Lord is strength, and even in the midst of trials those who are Christ's shall rejoice and leap for joy.—Selected.

HOW CHRIST MET DISCOURAGEMENTS.

(1.) He was sure of himself. He recognized that the key to the situation was in him and not in the obstacles that opposed him. Discouragement is a condition of soul, and not of the outside world. Circumstances are discouraging only when a discourageable soul handles them. The Master did not have such a soul, consequently he was not discouraged.

Keeping in good heart is not a question of whether circumstances are for us or against us, but a question of what we are within. The Master had meat to eat the world knew naught of, therefore, the world could neither elate nor depress him.

The best antidote to discouragement is a healthy, vigorous soul, as the best protection against disease is a healthy, vigorous body. Keep your spirituality up to par. The Master had no quarrel with events, however untoward, because he had a sound soul. When a man has that, reverses do not discourage him.

(2.) He took the wider view, which is the view of faith. The higher up you are the farther you can see. The Master looked at life from the altitude of God. When he met discouragement it did not affect him because he looked down on it from the throne where he could see the other side of it.

So he could pray for those who stood in his way all through his life and nailed him to the cross at last, because he took the wider view of that awful hour. He saw the Godward side of things, and that side is never discouraging. He was working with God, "my Father worketh even until now, and I work," and no matter what happened at the time things had to come out right in the end.

(3.) He worked on. He never regarded his hands as tied. When he was blocked in one direction he patiently and serenely turned in another. When he was blocked in all directions and nothing was left to him but to die, he did it as sweetly and confidently as he fed the multitude by the sea. He had something to do, and did it up to the last moment. Such a one is good deal more likely to discourage the world than the world is to discourage him.

(4.) Of course he prayed. In every great crisis of his life we find him alone with the Father at the first opportunity. After one of the severest and most depressing days of ministry in Capernaum, when he was misrepresented and badgered and obstructed from daylight to dark, instead of going to bed he slipped out into the mountain in the evening and spent the night in prayer. The next morning there was no trace of discouragement in his face or in his heart.—The Westminster Teacher.

THE GRACE OF GRATITUDE.

"I think I have the best father and mother and the nicest home in all the world," said a child, and that enthusiastic judgment repaid those who had tried to make the home what it ought to be, for all their toil. What would have pleased them more?

To see a son preferring his own home to other boys' homes, counting his father's company a greater privilege and more fun than the company of anyone else, to hear him answer invitations over the telephone from his own playfellows with the cheerful word: "No, I can't to-day. Father's home. I'm going with him."

To see a daughter linger where her mother is, watch her mother's ways and imitate them, ask what service she can do for her, and to see father and mother responsive to all this love and returning it, and proud to be counted in as their children's nearest cronies and friends—all this is gratitude, love answering love, a debtor of affection discharging his debt in joy.

Just as such warm and grateful flow of love is one of the most beautiful things in the world, so ingratitude and forgetfulness give us a feeling of sickness and degradation. We try to allow for this by taking into consideration the coarseness of fiber or unrefinement of those who are guilty of the ingratitude, but this really does not excuse it. Even dumb brutes are grateful, some of them with long and joyful memories, and at least as much ought to be possible for the poorest human soul among us as is possible for the best dumb creatures.

One reason why many people do not show gratitude, and probably also do not feel it is that what begins as a favor or a matter of grace is so soon regarded by them as a matter of right. A man willing to show appreciation of service rendered to him adds something one week or one month, perhaps at Christmas time, to what he has been accustomed to pay or give. But human nature is such a weak and desiring thing that what it has once received in this way it looks forward to receiving again as a thing to which it is entitled, and when it does not get it, feels not only disappointed, but even aggrieved. This easy error into which all of us are prone to fall is the death of gratitude.

Undoubtedly our utter failure to realize our dependence upon God and to appreciate the wealth of his goodness to us schools us into a negligence of gratitude toward our fellow men. All that we have comes from God. Every day we receive a million blessings at his hand.

It is not poetry or theology merely, it is literal fact that "in him we live and move

and have our being." We could not draw breath without him. And yet we take all this as a matter of course without seeing the hand that gives, and we go through the day without once looking up and saying from the heart, "Father, I thank thee." If we thus use God, we are not likely to use our fellow men better.

We ought to cultivate the habit of thanking God for everything, and in order to do this, we ought to live by a philosophy of God's government which would enable us to conceive of him as the constant fountain of life and joy and strength.

We need very much a kindlier tone in life, more good will and considerateness, more gratitude for what others do for us, even when perhaps they ought to do more.

"Dear love, that was fine," said a mother to a child. "You did it splendidly. You are mother's best helper." Whereupon the child undertook yet more and without knowing it spoke to her sister just as her mother had spoken to her. This is influence. Every one of us could make the world a far choicer place to live in by exerting some of this kind of influence after just this method.—The Westminster Teacher.

FINDING HAPPINESS.

Lift up your eyes unto the hills when you think of your own circumstances. They may not seem bright or hopeful. You hear people talk about the sore troubles they have. There are always difficulties, discouragements, disappointments, and we can easily find them when we look for them.

But can you not train yourself instead to find something good, something beautiful, something cheering and inspiring? There always is at least a gleam of light in even the darkest night.

When the little dog, lying in the parlor upon a chill day, saw a spot of sunshine on the floor, he was wise to leave his chill corner and go and lie down in it. His was good philosophy for a dog, and good also for a man. If there is only one spot of happiness in all your little world, find it and set your chair in it.—Sel.

GOING IN AND GETTING OUT.

"Is there anything to prevent me going down with a white dress on?" asked a young lady in white who was one of a party descending a mine. "Nothing to prevent you going down, but a good deal to prevent you coming up with a white dress on," answered the old miner. A good answer for anything that is questionable, in the choice of company, work, business or amusement; "there is nothing to prevent you going into it clean, but will you come out of it clean?"

The Children's Record

HOW CARL WON "DADDY TOBY."

"You mind your own business!" The words were simple enough, but they fell like a blow on Carl Austin's ears. He had meant to do his duty—meant to be kind—then to think of getting a rebuff like this! Surely, he had offered the white card in a very courteous manner.

It had been given him the previous evening by the evangelist who was holding revival meetings in the big tent down near the edge of the town. And when Carl looked up into the strong, kind face, and listened to the clear, earnest voice, he felt that he, too, would like to do his part toward the great awakening that seemed about to stir the community.

So, when the white cards of invitation to the meetings were handed out for distribution, he took one. "Give it to your neighbour," the evangelist had said, adding, "and remember that neighbour means one who is 'nigh by.'"

Now Carl was what might be considered alone in the world; his parents were dead, and his only remaining relatives lived far away; he boarded in a humble little home, whose inmates, however, were true Christians, and had been regular attendants at the revival meetings; they needed no cards of invitation.

"Well, as near as I can make out, the person who is 'nigh by' me down at the gun factory is old Daddy Toby; his bench is close to my machine," Carl said to himself. Then he added with a rueful grin, "But my; he's the grumpiest fellow in the whole concern!"

It so happened that on this particular morning, Daddy Toby, as everybody called him, was grumpier than usual. His grizzled brows were ridged in a deep frown, and he muttered and grumbled to himself as he bent over his bench at his daily task of sandpapering the black walnut gun-stocks.

Carl was in the corner near him. It was the lad's duty to tend the slug-machine. Into a little trough at one end, he kept pouring bagfuls of shot, small and round, which were forced like an endless string of shining beads along a narrow groove, until they dropped into a steel shaft, where

jagged teeth caught them and clamps pressed them, and out at the small end they tumbled—small, pointed ammunition for rifles.

It wasn't hard work to tend the slug-machine, but Carl had to keep steadily at it. There was never a let-up; only occasionally, when the bags of shot gave out, and Carl had to wait for a workman to bring him some more. It was during one of these brief intervals that he had leaned over and offered the card to Daddy Toby; and "Mind your own business!" was the old man's only recognition of the well-meant courtesy.

Carl felt more than hurt—he was indignant. "Humph! Catch me ever trying to do anything again for that old fellow!" he spluttered to himself.

By and by, a shrill whistle blew, and all down the long room, shafts and pulleys and leather belts ceased their revolution. It was the noon hour, and the workmen dropped their tools, drew off their blue overalls, and hurried away to their dinner.

A few of the employees, however, lived too far away to go home to the noon-day meal. Tom Applethorpe, the elevator boy, and Billy Atkins, who helped in the engine-room, generally brought tin pails filled with generous slices of bread and cold meat, huge wedges of pie and cheese and sundry doughnuts. Carl, too, sometimes stayed. It gave him a chance to do some studying. He was taking a course at a correspondence school, and was eager to seize every extra minute for his books.

To-day, however, he could not do much studying. Tom and Bill were making a great commotion near him. In the midst of their gleeful exclamations and shouts of laughter, Carl thought he heard a doleful feline wail, and, on looking up from the curious dots, curves and pothooks of his stenographic exercises, he caught sight of a furry, white object being thrust into the locker under Daddy Toby's bench.

"Say, you fellows, what are you trying to do there?"

Oh, we're going to give the old man a cotton flannel fit," Tom replied with a chuckle. "Didn't you know that Daddy has a morbid hatred and terror of cats? He fairly froths at the mouth even if he

sees one perched on a wood-pile or prowling across the road! Tell you what, there'll be high jinks when he opens this drawer!"

The two lads went back to their dinner pails, their wedges of pie and cheese, and Carl took up his pencil again. But it moved rather listlessly in its making of the shorthand characters. To tell the truth, he wasn't thinking very much of what he was doing. He was recalling something that Auntie Smith, the woman with whom he boarded, had told him some weeks ago.

"Old Daddy Toby has had a deal of trouble," she had said: "Folks around here don't know much about it. He used to live down at Sandwich, where my cousin did. His wife died, leaving him one child—a daughter he thought lots of; she grew up and married, then one day, when she and her husband were out in a sailboat, a terrible storm came up, and both of 'em were drowned.

They left a nice, little girl-baby eight months old, and no mother could take better care of that child than old Daddy did. It got to be two years old, and was the comfort of his life, then something awful happened. One day, a neighbour's cat was in the yard; it was acting kind o' strange; folks thought afterwards that it had been bitten by a mad dog that had been prowling around the neighbourhood a week or so before this.

Anyhow, before it could be prevented, Daddy's little Elsie, as she was called, toddled after the cat; it turned and sprang at her like a wild creature; bit and clawed her terribly. The wounds must have poisoned the child, for she was taken sick, and, in spite of all that the doctors could do—and Daddy sent for a noted one from Boston—the poor, little one died in dreadful agony. Since then, so I've heard, old Daddy Toby is frantic at the sight of a cat—and I don't wonder!"

Carl pondered over the story. The remembrance of it made him feel uncomfortable. But, pshaw! it wasn't his business if the grumpy old man had a spite against cats. "Anybody'd think he hated boys, too, by the way he snapped me up," Carl muttered, thinking of his rebuff when presenting the card of invitation. "Maybe it'd be a sight worth seeing if Daddy was worked up a little!"

Then better thoughts tugged at his heart-strings; he laid down his pencil and paper, and walked over to where Tom and Bill were just wiping away the stains of huckleberry pie from their lips. "Look here, fellows, you'd better take that cat out of Daddy's locker," he began quietly. Then

he proceeded to tell them the story of the poor, little tortured child. The faces of his listeners grew sober; then they nodded their heads in acquiescence to the suggestion.

"All right! Guess we'd better let puss skip," they said, and the squirming, squawling, white fur lady was soon skurrying away. Then Tom and Bill strolled down to the lower hall, to have a chat with some of the men who were returning, and Carl went back to his stenographic exercises. His conscience being easier now, it was not long before he was absorbed in his work.

Presently he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and, glancing up, he beheld the face of Daddy Toby. But the latter's countenance was no longer sullen, nor was his manner surly and disagreeable. A softened look was in his faded blue eyes, and there was, too, the mist of unshed tears. His tone was strangely gentle as he spoke.

"My lad, a minute's speech with ye. D'ye know that ye've touched my heart as it's not been touched in a long time? Ye've made me believe that I have a friend. I did not dream that there was anybody who cared a stiver for me. I've been a cross, old curmudgeon! Oh, I'm ashamed of treating ye in such a surly fashion this morning! I was feeling out of sorts, but that's no excuse.

"However, ye've proved that ye could be forgiving, be Christian-like. I heard what ye told those young rogues when they would have played that trick on me. I did not know that anybody knew of my trouble, my great loss. Oh, it's all true, that sad, sad tale! It broke my heart.

"But, let's say no more about it. I want ye to know that I am grateful to ye, for trying to spare me from getting into a fit of rage; the sight of a cat affects me strangely. I heard ye talking to Tom and Bill. I was lying down on the chest in yonder stock-room, and the door was a-jar. As I said, I felt out of sorts, and, not being hungry, did not go home to dinner.

"Yes, yes, I want to thank you most heartily for doing me a kindness," and, here the old man's eyes looked wistfully into Carl's, "and what was that card you were after giving me this morning? Was it to some religious meeting that you were inviting me? Eh? Yes, yes! Well, it'll be thanking you kindly you'll hear me if you'll give me the invitation again."

And that evening, when Carl Austin took his seat again in the big white tent, old Daddy Toby was at his side, an eager, interested and comforted listener, and henceforth the two—the lonely man and the lonely lad—were like unto loving father and son.—Máry E. Q. Brush, in the *Intelligencer*.

MISSIONARY POCKETS.

"What are you going to do with my coat, mamma?" asked Robert, watching his mother as she laid out a pile of little garments.

"It is for the missionary box, dear," she Mrs. Vincent. "It is too small for you, and being almost new, will fit some smaller boy nicely. My boy is getting so big he hardly has a chance to wear out anything."

"Please wait a minute, mamma. There are some things in the pockets I want."

"And, mamma, if you are going to send my little white apron, there are some things in the pockets that I want," said Amy, putting aside her doll to hurry to the pile of garments. "I couldn't think of giving away this lovely blue hair-ribbon."

"And my jackknife, and three of my best marbles are in the pockets of these trousers. Mamma, would you have given these clothes without examining them?" he asked, turning over everything in the heap, as he looked through other clothes for treasures.

"You have so many playthings, Robert, that I thought you wouldn't miss a few of them. If I were a little boy 'way off in a lonely little home out West, I think I should like to find a few pretty things in the pockets of the clothes that came in the missionary box; don't you?"

"Missionary boys are different," muttered Robert; "they don't expect playthings."

"No, I suppose not," said his mother; "but do you not think they would enjoy them?"

"Maybe they would, but I can't spare these."

Mrs. Vincent went off to the meeting with the little clothes and her own gifts, but not until every pocket had been searched. Robert and Amy carried the treasures to the play-room, and put them in their proper places, but somehow neither was easy. They tried playing, but the game broke up in a quarrel, and both wished it were a school day, so there would be something going on.

"I'm going down to Mrs. Upton's and put some of my things in those pockets," said Robert, suddenly. "It isn't fair that we should have so much and those children nothing."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Amy. "Let's fill every pocket full."

When the ladies saw the children coming with their hands full of gifts, they said, "Let's not send the box to-day, but give all the children a chance to fill the pockets of their garments, too."

And when that box was opened in that lonely little home out West, I wish you could have heard the squeals of delight from the four little children. The oldest was only eight and the baby three, but every one had been remembered, and the floor was just covered with marbles and little toys and trinkets. They liked the clothes very much, but the pockets filled to overflow with nice things they liked best of all.

When the letter came, telling about their great joy, Amy said, "Let's always see that the missionary pockets are full instead of empty." And ever since then the boys and girls save up all the year, so there will be no pockets empty when the big box goes on its long journey.—Wide World.

TWO WOOD PILES.

"Ho, hum!" sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. "That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an older brother." And he shrugged his shoulders as he started toward the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighbourhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed, he noticed that Luke Stafford and James Bent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them.

James was busy piling wood that he had already sawed and split, and it made an even, regular pile that any boy might have been proud of.

"That's the way Jim always works," Roy thought, with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labours.

Just then the minister passed by the Bent's front gate. "All done but sandpapering, James?" he inquired with a smile.

James blushed at the implied compliment, and answered, "Pretty near, sir."

"You remember that splitting and sawing logs was part of Lincoln's work when he was a boy," added the minister.

Just then Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stafford across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled; and only a few sticks, lying in a heap beside him, had been sawed. Now he called out in drawling tones, "Maw; how many sticks do you need to-day?"

The sharp contrast between the two boys that he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his own load of wood and laughed. Then

he picked up the saw, and went to work with a will.

"I may not be able to rival Jim," he said to himself, as he sawed; "but I am bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw nights!"

When Mrs. Miller came out to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order.

"Why, Roy, how much you have done!" she said. "I am glad to see you take hold of your task so well."

"O," replied Roy, "I didn't relish the undertaking when I began; but I had an object-lesson which did me good."

"What was that?" asked his mother, looking interested.

"It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood," replied Roy, pointing as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys well, looked and laughed; and then she said:

"I like the choice you made of patterns."

And the pattern proved to be one which lasted Roy all his life. If he was tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones as he asked. "How many sticks do you need to-day?"—Julia Barrow Cowes, in *Young People's Weekly*.

BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS.

When the conductor came to collect the young lady's fare she discovered that she had left her pocket-book at the office where she worked as stenographer. It is a predicament not common with city dwellers, but the rest of the story as told takes a new and agreeable turn.

"Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," she said, looking very much embarrassed.

The conductor said nothing, but stood there and waited.

"I guess I'll have to get off," said the girl. "I have left my pocket-book at the office."

"Here, lady," said a boyish voice from across the aisle. "I got a nickel I'll lend you."

She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name."

"Don't worry 'bout that," he replied. "I'm the kid you give the half-dollar to las' Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I ain't forgot you. I'm sellin' papers there yet."

She smiled at him when he left the car, and he was about the proudest boy in town.—Ex.

WHO IS SHE?

Perhaps you know the little girl
Who's always losing things;
Her head is in a constant whirl—
Her property has wings.

She's very sure she puts away
Each article in place,
But when she wants them they're astray
And thus begins the chase:

"Oh, mother, have you seen my hat?
Its nearly half-past eight.
I thought 'twas earlier than that—
I'm sure I shall be late!

"And where's my coat? I hung it there
Upon that hook last night.
Well, yes, perhaps 'twas on the chair,
Or under it—you're right.

"Some brownie hid my books there. No,
I'm sure it wasn't I.
Hat, coat, gloves, books—a kiss! And so
I'm ready now. Good-bye!"

What work and worry she could spare
Herself, and others too,
By just a little thought and care.
Now, can this girl be you? Sel.

A TEST FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

It is one thing to be tested once a week or once a month, by examinations in public-school work; but it is a different thing to be tested every day or every hour in a living test.

There are several ways to test a boy or girl.

First, by the company one keeps

Second, by the way one acts in public when parents are not around.

Third, by the way one treats the parents and brothers and sisters in the home when the public does not see.

Fourth, by the way the boys and girls act on the playground when the teacher does not see them.

Fifth, by the way we put into practice what we learn in the Sunday school.

Sixth, by the way we respect older people. Seventh, by the way we try to help the unfortunate.

Eighth, by the way we spend our money.

Ninth, by the good words we try to say instead of gossiping.

Tenth, by the way we pray and read our Bibles daily.

Let us try to-morrow to have a living test. To-morrow night take an inventory and see what kind of test you made.—Ex.

RENA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"I wish I could have a different kind of party this birthday, mother."

"Very well. We'll see what we can do."

"How about the invitations to my Leave it to me!"

"party?" asked Rena of her mother, several days later. "Don't you want me to take them around as I have always done?"

"Not this time. You know this is going to be a different kind of party, and the invitations are to be different too. I will see to them."

Rena was more mystified than ever, and could only wait until the day arrived, and wonder, in the meantime, what kind of party it was going to be.

At last the long-looked-for day came. Rena was dressed in her best, and sitting by the window, watching for the guests.

Coming down the street, she saw the two little children of the woman who did washing for her mother. She knew Bennie and Katie well, for they usually brought home the clean clothes in the big basket.

They were always neat, clean children, but to-day they fairly shone. Rena scarcely recognized them as the same children; they looked so radiant.

"They must have come on some errand for their mother," Rena said to herself, as she went to let them in.

As she opened the door, she saw some one else coming—a man pushing a wheel chair in which sat the little crippled boy whom Rena had noticed at the window of one of the little houses in the alley back of her home. She did not know him, but she had often smiled at him as he sat by the window, propped up in his wheel chair. The little cripple, too, was dressed in his best, and his face was shining just as did those of the washerwoman's children.

Mother hurried to the door, and helped the man bring in the wheel chair and take it into the living room. She also greeted the washerwoman's children very cordially, and brought them in, too.

Rena began to open her eyes, but she sat still and said nothing, while mother tried to make the little strangers welcome and at home.

Again the bell rang. This time, when Rena opened the door, she saw four smiling, shy little girls—strangers to her—but whom mother greeted warmly and introduced to Rena as girls she knew from the Home for Orphan Children, of which she was a manager. They too, were neat and had clean, shining faces.

Just then, in came Uncle Frank with his magic lantern and his merry laugh. No one ever was stiff and strange when Uncle Frank was around.

Rena helped her mother darken the room, and all sat in delighted wonder before the sheet on which Uncle Frank showed his pictures, making them laugh with his funny, interesting stories.

After that, mother set the graphophone going. Rena was used to hearing it, but she enjoyed it as she had never done before when she saw the wide-open eyes and the delighted expressions of her little guests as they listened to the fine music and the sweet songs.

Supper was the crowning feature of the party. How those children's eyes sparkled when they saw the table. Rena's everyday friends were used to all this, but none of them ever enjoyed it as these children did.

After supper there were games, and when they bade good-bye to Rena and her mother, the faces of the guests showed that they had had, as they said, "the grandest time" they ever had had in their whole lives.

"It certainly was a different kind of party," said Rena, after the last one had gone.

"Did you like it, dear?"

"O, mother! I never had such a happy party! I never shall forget those children's faces.—In The Comrade.

"I HAPPIED HIM UP."

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's two or three doors away.

Her eyes were bright, her lips so smiling that her mother smiled, too.

"Do you want me, mother?"

"No, dear, not for anything important. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns.' And, O mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was going to happy her up when you called me."

"Why, what a happying time you have had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and your face will shine with smiles.—Selected.

SOME HEROES.

Dr. Sherwood Eddy tells the story of a Mr. Green and his wife, missionaries in Shansi, China, who, when the Boxer rebellion broke out, were marked for death by the mob. They were hidden in caves and fed almost as Elijah was fed; they were hunted like wild beasts; captured, they were subjected to terrible torture. One of the children died before help came.

Broken in health the family returned to England, but after a year's rest they bravely returned to their post, to the very spot where they had been betrayed and tortured, and to the people that had sought their life. Since that time the church in this district has increased tenfold, for the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church.

During the Boxer troubles two boys of thirteen or fourteen were making their escape from a certain city. They were seized at the gate and questioned. They said boldly, "We are of the Jesus church." When about to be bound they said: "You need not bind us. We will not try to get away. Every step we take to your altar is one step nearer heaven." In a short time they sealed their testimony with their blood.—Nameless heroes!

When the atrocities perpetrated by Belgian officials on the Congo were at their worst, it was missionaries that protested and finally aroused the conscience of Europe. It took some bravery to do that, Arrayed against them were powerful officials and the power of a European nation, but against these odds they spoke, confident of the triumph of truth. Whatever amelioration has come to these oppressed peoples of the Congo has come because of missionary boldness.

One day a native of the Congo entered his village, having travelled more than 350 miles to reach it. He put up a little building and began to teach. In some far out-station he had learned to read. The only book he possessed was a Christian catechism, and the truths of Christianity as he had heard them, and as they were written in his books, he commenced to teach to his people.

A Roman Catholic priest, hearing of his work, tore down the pictures from the wall and confiscated the catechism, forbidding the people to listen to the heretic. The native, however, undaunted, undertook a month's journey to get another catechism that he might continue his work.

For nearly twenty years' Dr. Theodore L. Pennell, who died in March in India, worked among the fierce hill tribes, attending those wounded in tribal fighting, or restoring sight to thousands blinded by

cataract. Dr. W. H. Barnett, his fellow worker, died two years previously from blood-poisoning contracted after operating on a native. In every missionary field there are such men who face death daily in their effort to elevate mankind.

In Jashpur, in India, where converts to Christianity are subjected to very serious persecution from Hindus, more than 2,500 have been converted and another 3,000 have become earnest inquirers. In some instances converts have been forced to eat rice upon which has been dropped the blood of sacrifices, in the belief that blood thus eaten puts a person in the power of demons. It takes boldness to confess Christ under conditions like these.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

West Hammond is a small town near Chicago, which had fifty-five saloons and seven hundred and fifty voters. The population is mostly Polish.

Miss Brooks and her mother owned a few vacant lots in the place, and about two years ago they received an assessment bill for \$2,000. This was an outrageous figure for the property, and Miss Brooks grew suspicious and began to inquire into matters generally. She found that the officials were dishonest, and that the town was being run wide open, with the officials getting large benefit from the dens of vice.

Then Miss Brooks made up her mind that she would take a hand in the game. She knew nothing of Polish, but she studied it until she could address the voters in their own tongue.

Then things began to happen. She went to mass meetings where she was the only woman present; she pointed out the abuses which existed; she read out the names of the property owners whose property was being rented for purposes of vice; she got a newspaper started, which made it hot for the grafting officials; and finally she got large red posters printed and pasted on the front of every dive in the community, which bore these words: "Warning to Dive. Thirty Days to Vacate. Virginia Brooks."

The dive keepers were furious and threatened all manner of retaliation, but Miss Brooks kept on. She tried to get the prosecuting attorney and the courts to act, but they were immovable. Finally, however, the citizens were thoroughly aroused, and the corrupt ring which had dominated the public life of the town was hopelessly defeated.

Now the dives have disappeared, the Poles have been saved \$21,000 in reduction on overcharged assessments, and Miss Brooks is president of the new School Board, and is planning better things for the children of the town.—Ex.

A FIGHT AND A VICTORY.

Philip Worden, the new purchasing agent of Noyes & Co., looked frankly at the friend with whom he had been spending the evening, and said—"what do you mean by the peculiar temptations of my new position?"

"It won't be long till you learn my meaning. Every man with power like yours is confronted by the temptation to petty graft. You will be offered bribes by those who wish you to make purchases from them. Of course they will be called evidences of appreciation, or tokens of friendship. But beware of them. You can't afford to be a grafter."

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Temple. I despise such pitiful attempts to make me forget my duty to the firm and my pledge as a Christian. One house has tried me already. A beautiful gold mounted fountain pen was sent me by registered mail. I was asked to accept this as an evidence of the esteem of the Towle Pen Company. How could they think that they could succeed in putting me under obligations? The pen was returned, and with it went a plainly worded note."

"That was like you, Philip. Yet you must not think there is no danger. Look out for more insidious temptations. Don't be too sure of yourself."

As Worden said good-night, he tried to keep from his voice the resentment he felt. Why should Mr. Temple doubt him? Surely he had proved his integrity. At any rate, his employers were sure of him. It was too bad if mere business acquaintances had more confidence in him than a friend of years' standing!

As weeks and months passed, the new purchasing agent felt even more confident. Two or three offers of valuable presents were made by men who sought his favour, but all were returned.

Then came the temptation Mr. Temple had dreaded. The illness of Worden's mother had led him to incur bills for two hundred dollars which he knew he would not be able to meet for a long time.

For a month he had been worrying about these, when he had a call from the sales agent for a house that dealt in goods of which the Noyes Co. bought largely. The agent explained that—because of a misunderstanding with the former purchasing agent—this valuable trade had been diverted to another house.

Worden listened carefully to his explanation and solicitations, but assured the agent he had no thought of making any change, as the goods then being received were most satisfactory.

In vain the agent tried to move him

from his position. At last he rose to go, and said, as he shook hands:

"To-morrow I want to send you an argument in favour of our goods that I think will get us your order."

The purchasing agent wondered what further argument there could be.

The morning mail brought the answer. It was a cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars. Accompanying it was the note:

"We have discovered that an overcharge was made on the last shipment to you. As no claim has been made, this transaction need not be known to any one but yourself. You must feel free to apply the cheque as you think best."

The letter was so transparent that Worden was disgusted. He was about to return the check when he remembered the money he owed.

"Why return it?" he thought. "I know it is not just the thing. But who would know? And what harm would it do? I rob no one. And I do need the money."

For three days he kept the cheque in his pocket. On Saturday he was about to deposit it to his credit at the bank, when the sight of Mr. Temple made him think of the warning spoken three months before and his own assurance that he was in no danger.

"I'll just carry it till Monday," he decided.

Before evening he was sorry he had wavered. He assured himself it was nonsense to be so weak-kneed. On Monday morning he would make an end of indecision, and cash the cheque for his own use as he had been asked to do.

Somehow, he did not feel like going to church on Sunday morning. He did not plan to go in the evening, but a friend called for him and would not listen to the excuses made for remaining away from the meeting of the young people.

All through the opening exercises he was impatient. He was not specially interested in the topic—"Common Mistakes"—until a young woman said that one of the commonest mistakes made is to feel that it is possible to do evil and not be the worse for it. That made him uncomfortable.

But the next speaker made him still more uncomfortable by quoting the proverb, "Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity than he that is perverse."

From that moment he was conscious of nothing but the battle in his own soul. Should he use the cheque as he had planned, or not? If not, why not? It would be so easy! Yet, would it pay? Could he ever respect himself again? What would Mr. Temple say? What would his mother say? What would God say, of his act?

For half an hour, the contest continued. Then there was the light of victory in his face as he took the cheque from his pocket and endorsed it:

"Pay to the order of the Noyes Manufacturing Co."

"The agent said it was a rebate for an overcharge; 'I am only taking him at his word.'"

That night he went home with a lighter heart than he had known for a month.

"I'm my own master once more," he thought thankfully. "And may God keep me when the next temptation comes."—In the Pathfinder.

FRANK STARR, BAD AND GOOD.

He was born in New York, seventy years ago. Till well past middle age he knew only the life of the underworld, and was known as a crook of the worst kind.

While serving a term in Sing Sing he met Frances Willard, the founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She passed through the prison, speaking to this man and that, saying a word here and offering encouragement there until she came to Starr. Something about her personality, something of the holiness and the high purpose of her life struck the man, who had never before thought that goodness could wear an attractive mien.

The miracle was wrought. The spirit which has been a pillar of fire to thousands of criminals was enkindled at that meeting. Frank Starr, the crook, died, and in his place was born Frank Starr, the saviour of criminals, the man who has wrestled with society for a place in its ranks for those who have been self-ousted, but who have made good their old delinquencies.

Starr's work for the reformation of ex-prisoners began twenty-three years ago, when he joined a band of enthusiasts who were working on the plan that he has since perfected. At Twenty-fourth and Market Streets the work for discharged criminals was started, and shortly the home was moved to its present quarters in Paschal Avenue.

As one of the leaders of the organization, Starr devised the idea of putting the men to work making brooms and teaching them some simple trade while they were in the home. His main object has been to make them self-supporting as soon as possible after they recover from the first strangeness of existence outside of their prison cells. He never kept a man longer than was necessary, but always gave them shelter until they seemed morally strong and able to obtain a good job.

His advice to his men was for them to

go back to their old occupations, back to the jobs they quit when they first went wrong, if possible. He insisted that the manly thing to do was to face it out, to make their employers and their neighbors believe in the sincerity of their conversion, and to stay and endure the test.

After the home had been running for ten years or more, Starr was appointed superintendent, and in that capacity he made a record for himself and a name for his institution that has given impetus to similar work all over the country.

He built slowly but steadily the mental and moral fiber of his men, but at the same time he tore down, wherever he could, the prejudices of society, and waged war against the ironclad injustice which refuses a fallen man another chance.

He got his men by going after them to prisons and penitentiaries. He visited in their cells and talked to them after this fashion:—"I know that you feel sore and bitter at the world, that you hate everyone in it, that you feel the law is unjust, that you are its victim, and that you have been kept here in a spirit of revenge.

"This is all wrong. You brought your punishment on yourself. You have taken your dose like a man. Now forget it and make everyone else do likewise. Come with me and I will give you food and shelter. I'll see that you have work, and I'll pay you for doing it until you can get on your feet."

The invitation was accepted in at least twenty-five hundred cases, as the records of the home show, and at least ninety per cent. of those who accepted are to-day able to look the world and their fellow man squarely in the face.

Starr always found his men jobs that were suitable. He placed hundreds in car works and in steel works. He won the confidence of employers, and when he recommended a workman no question was asked, for he stood sponsor, and that man gained from him something of his ruggedness and determination to do the decent thing.

He followed his ex-convicts through thick and thin, and fought their battles for recognition as fiercely as they did themselves. It was on that account that he won their hearts and confidence.

Frank Starr was buried with the secrets of twenty-five hundred criminals locked safely behind his speechless lips. When he wrung his men's hands on parting with them and bade them Godspeed as they went out into the world to make their own way, he told them that their past was safe with him, and they knew that his lips were sealed.

World Wide Work

THE GOSPEL IN KOREA.

Cause of its Wonderful Progress.

The story of Korea's response to the Gospel in the last quarter of a century is one of the most wonderful pages in all Christian history. Christians everywhere may learn lessons from Korean Christians on the following points,—

1. The Korean church is a Bible studying church.

In one year 600,000 copies of Mark's Gospel were circulated among the Koreans. They study the Bible as they study no other book. In a brief period of missionary activity it is coming to be the best known book in the country and is quoted as authority.

The people are hungry for the Word of God. Hundreds of people meet in classes for Bible study. The classes last ten days and then the people go home to teach what they have learned. The Bible is the Korean Christian's daily bread.

2. The Korean church is a praying church.

In an age of doubt when men are too busy to pray, it is of untold value to Christendom to have a church somewhere that believes in God with an unwavering faith, and where eleven hundred people will meet together in one place for a Wednesday night prayer meeting.

One who has attended a Korean prayer meeting, heard them pray and caught the spirit of those prayers, can never forget them. They take everything to God in prayer. They are not troubled with many of the doubts that trouble Christians of the West; but with the simplicity of children they ask our Heavenly Father for what they need, and God has wonderfully honoured their faith.

Whole nights of prayer marked the beginnings of the "great revival." Alone in the mountains, at home with the family, and in the church with the congregation and in the sunrise meetings, they pray.

3. The Korean church is a witnessing church.

The Korean Christian overcomes by the word of testimony. He has the witness of the Spirit and does not hesitate to tell it. The outstanding fact of his life is his conversion. He speaks of Christ and his own Christian experience everywhere he goes.

This fact explains the rapidity in the growth of the church which now numbers nearly 300,000 souls.

Many Koreans give three months of the year to evangelistic campaign at their own expense. The visiting of every home and the preaching of the Gospel to every creature in a large city like Pyeng Yang proves that a whole city can be evangelized.

Wherever Koreans have gone to colonize, their missionaries have followed them and the church has been established. They are also endeavouring to give the gospel to Japanese and Chinese within their reach.

4. The Korean church is a liberal and self-denying church.

In the midst of luxury and selfishness in the world it is refreshing to find a church to whom Paul's description of the churches of Macedonia may be applied: "In a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality."

It has been schooled in the principle of self-support from the beginning. The churches are built by the Koreans, native pastors are paid by the local churches and primary schools are supported by local money.

The Church comes first with the Korean Christians and in their poverty they often deny themselves of food and clothing that the gospel may be preached. They will mortgage their own homes to lift the mortgage from the church. This principle would soon carry the Gospel to the whole world if adopted by Christians of all lands.

5. The Korean church is a church of high moral standards.

Mr. William T. Ellis, the noted journalist, witnessed the examination of a class of Koreans who had applied for membership in the church. The standard set by that church was so high that Mr. Ellis said, "It is harder to get into the Korean Church than to enter the church at home."

Often this question is asked the applicant for church membership, "Have you led a soul to Christ?" If this test were put to Christians in Christian lands how many would be able to stand? Out of wicked surroundings, by repentance and faith, with deep contrition of heart and confession of sin a righteous church is raised up in Korea through which God is working mightily.

6. Division of territory and the occupation of the whole field.

No single fact connected with the proposed plan of world evangelization is more popular than the division of the fields among denominations so that there shall be no waste of forces. The Christians in Korea have done this in such a way as to commend the field to cool-headed business men. The economy of the plan makes its appeal to men who give the money.

We have the example in Korea of how all Christians may so co-operate as to occupy the whole field with Christian forces, and how united Christendom may stand against the mighty opposition of the non-Christian world.

Korea as a mission field is popular. "Korea in Transition" is one of the most popular mission study books before the public to-day. Churches are contributing money to missions in Korea because they see satisfactory results. Student volunteers are asking to be sent to Korea because the great opportunity for life investment in Korea is attractive to strong men and women.

In her national dejection and hopelessness Korea has found a friend in Jesus who alone can meet her needs and whose voice is calling: "Come unto me and I will give you rest."—In the Korea Mission Field.

AN OCEAN OF LIQUOR.

Canadians should ponder the following, because Canada is always affected by conditions in the U. S. A.—The Christian Worker and Evangelist says:—

Figures just given out by the U. S. A. Commissioner of Internal Revenue show that 8,000,000,000 glasses of whiskey were drunk in the United States last year. This is 326 glasses for every able-bodied man.

According to the official record of the Commissioner the liquor traffic cost the country \$1,645,000,000 last year and the people are drinking three times as much as they did fifty years ago.

These figures show that U. S. Americans passed over the bar last year enough money to dig three Panama Canals, if three were necessary, and that every five years, at the present rate, the people of the United States of America drink up the entire wealth production of all our farms. Furthermore, the corn crop this year, the biggest in the nation's history, falls short by \$100,000,000 of the value of the liquor consumed.

Commenting on the figures of the Commissioner the Associated Prohibition Press says:—

"As we face these huge totals how foolish and ridiculous it must seem for any man, however optimistic, to attempt to read any measure of encouragement in comparisons with previous years. The mere fluctuations caused by the exigencies of trade, which may seem to show an occasional decrease in production or consumption once or twice in a decade, fade in significance to the vanishing point when the relentless, steadily rising flood of liquor or output for the past ten, twenty-five and fifty years is recognized and understood."

A WARNING TO CANADIAN CITIES.

Of a recent fortnight of New York's underworld, the Alliance Weekly, says:—

"We have had a dark chapter of crime in New York City during the past two weeks. Some of the most inhuman outrages and tragedies have run their course of murder, violence and suicide, and the whole police system of the city has been involved in a series of exposures of the gambling houses of the East side and tenderloin, accompanied by grave charges of complicity by the police in these houses.

"These charges were finally backed up by the testimony of one of the most notorious gamblers in the city; and within twenty-four hours the climax of crime was reached in the open and brutal murder of this man by a gang of ruffians under the blazing lights of the most public square of New York City, with more than half a dozen policeman on their beats within a few feet of the spot.

"One of the causes of these dark social conditions of our great metropolis is the vast and rapidly increasing foreign population of our city. There are half a million Russians in New York with hundreds of thousands from Central Europe, and still vaster multitudes from Italy. The foreign born population of the city of New York to-day numbers two millions, an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. since the year 1900.

"The majority of these people are without religion of any kind. Many of them are socialists and anarchists at heart. Our Protestant churches do not touch them. Our city missions reach a few of them. They are largely under the control of politicians of the worst type and the problem of municipal and national government is growing more and more complicated by these dangerous forces."

It is inconsistent to close our eyes to what God commands us, and beseech him to open his ears to our petitions. If we would have him hear our prayers, we should heed his commands.

PROTESTANT LIBERTY IN PERU.

BY A PERUVIAN MISSIONARY.

For 400 years Peru has been one of the most Roman Catholic countries in the world. For 400 years the Andes have been ringing with the misdeeds of the clergy, and to-day the bulk of thinking men have become rationalists.

Let those who doubt these facts study the question on the ground, or such books as "A Secret Expedition to Peru," by the learned and conscientious Spaniards, Jorge Juan and Antonio Ullva, devout Catholics, who were amazed at the cruelties inflicted on the Indians.

Even such an authority as Father Vaughan (brother of Cardinal Vaughan), after an extended tour through South America, was convinced that a moral reformation in South America was impossible without the Word of God. On his return to England he issued an edition of the Spanish New Testament and sent the same to Lima, La Paz, and other cities in South America.

Our own conviction is that a Protestant Mission to the Putumayo would be most acceptable to all educated people who have the welfare of the country at heart. Let the following illustrate:—

In 1900 when we left Trujillo, an important university city on the coast of Peru, a public demonstration took place, attended by over 2,000 of its citizens, including the mayor, the judges of the Superior Court, students, and others. At this public demonstration "Diplomas of Honour and Gratitude" were presented to the writer and his colleagues.

The Editor of "La Razon," the leading journal in Northern Peru, referring to this display, said "it was well-merited, as Mr. S. and his colleagues had done more for the moral well-being of the youth of Trujillo during their residence in the city than three centuries of Romanism."

In 1894 when the writer was a teacher in the Naval School of Peru, the "padre" made appeal to the Director of the School to have him expelled on the ground that he was Protestant, supplying the cadets with Bibles; to which the Director replied that a good teacher was of more importance to him than a Roman Catholic priest.

In 1895 when the fanatical Catholics of Cuzco secured the expulsion of the Protestant missionaries from that city, the Government refused to recognise the action, the Prefect of Cuzco was removed, the missionaries indemnified for their losses and given liberty to return.

It is well-known fact that during recent years the Roman hierarchy of Lima has tried every stratagem within its power to suppress Protestant missions in Peru; by

banning the Bible, by the illegal expulsion of the missionaries from Cuzco, by the persecution and imprisonment of Bible-sellers, etc., and if there had been any law in the statutes of the country that could have been applied to Protestant missionaries they would have been banished from the shores of Peru years ago.

Peru recognizes three authorities:—1. The Executive—The President and Cabinet. 2. The Legislative—The Congress. 3. The Judicial—The Law Courts.

And that the country is beginning to recognize the progressive influence of Protestant missionaries is witnessed by the fact that their rights have been vindicated and upheld by these three powers when occasion has arisen through priestly persecution.

The work is widely recognized. Bibles have been sold everywhere in the country. In Callao there is no hall large enough to accommodate the crowds that attend the annual festivities of the Callao Protestant Sunday School and the Callao High School of the American Meth. Episcopal Mission.

A few months ago permission was granted by the Prefect (the local government authority) of Callao to hold an open air meeting on "the Bible and its Influence," in the most popular square of the town.

The Press has repeatedly put its columns at the disposal of Protestant Missions and commended their work, and the day has gone forever when the priests, playing upon the ignorance of the people, can hinder the work of the Protestant missionary whose message is now recognized by all classes to be a veritable message of life and light.—Ex.

WHAT MISSIONARIES HAVE DONE.

It is only natural that the Koreans should think well of missionaries. Around Pyeng-yang, for instance, the American missionaries, led by Dr. Moffett, have transformed the community.

They have brought to the women a new life, and changed their outlook from that of domestic drudges into that of help-meets and companions of the men. "My husband is treating me just like the moksa (teacher) treats his wife," is now the boast of more than one Korean woman.

They have stimulated a desire in the people for education. Where formerly the sick rotted away from neglected ailments they can now procure modern surgical treatment of the best kind. Further, the missionaries have lifted from the souls of the people the old haunting and terrifying fear of demons. The Koreans see what has been done, and they are grateful for it.—Spirit of Missions.

WHERE HE FOUND HELP.

My baggage was ready—bedding, skin trunk, cooking outfit—all on board. A hurried dinner, then a quick walk to the East Gate to catch the little steam launch that was to tow my boat, the "Evangel."

All the way down alone on the boat I pondered over the problems which confront us in the work. I was physically weary and fear that I was growing a bit faint-hearted. Discouragements loomed up large before me. I prayed for wisdom, tact, courage, faith. I appreciated the weight of the Apostle's words, when he said that to his other burdens must be added "that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." I little thought that my help was to come that evening at the first out-station.

The night was cold, the wind blowing hard and it was raining. We sat, the young Chinese preacher and I, in his sitting room with its straight backed chairs, small tea tables and a shelf of books all carefully labeled and neatly arranged; its walls decorated with scrolls and a picture or two.

The baby played on the cold brick floor for a while and then was taken off to bed. The small ten year-old brother sat and listened to the conversation until he nodded and followed the baby. The wife was sick upstairs.

My attention was attracted to large sheets of paper hanging over the table with Chinese characters written so large as to be read across the room. After reading them I asked if they were for use in the chapel. The preacher, who was once a farm hand and hated the Gospel so that he planned to burn down the chapel, said no, that he used them every night at family prayers as a reminder of certain things that they must all never fail to remember.

The force is somewhat lost by translation, but I give you a fairly literal rendering of what was in these sheets, preserving the idiom:

1. Oh Lord bless the church.
2. Oh Lord, resurrect the hearts of the church members.
3. Oh Lord, bless the people of this district and give them to believe in the Gospel.
4. Oh Lord, bless the preaching of the Word and the distribution of books.
5. Oh Lord, bless China; now there is danger for her; bring other countries to be at peace with her; help us to a true love of country.
6. Oh Lord, take away the bitterness of the persecuted Korean Christians.

Before we separated for the night we knelt on the cold floor and prayed. This

plain ex-labourer carried me upward with him. Not one petition was overlooked, many others were added. I had found my help, my strength was renewed; it was communion of soul with soul and of man with God.

Is there not great hope for the Chinese Church with such praying men? "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."—Rev. J. Mercer Blain in "The Missionary Survey."

MODERN HEROISM.

Mr. Robert Cheviot was a hero-worshipper. He read everything he could find about the great hunters, explorers and adventurers of the world.

He was fond of talking about heroism and commending it to others. He was often heard to say, "There are no heroes nowadays to compare with those of the older times. The dying out of war is a calamity. We need a war now and then to revive the courage of the race."

Mr. Cheviot's pastor used to argue good-naturedly with him on this matter, and finally challenged him to do a certain number of things that would call for as much real courage as any soldier or adventurer had ever shown.

Mr. Cheviot accepted the challenge somewhat scornfully, and the minister who knew him well, sent him the following list of tasks to perform, and left it to his parishioner to be the judge of the heroism required to do any one of them:

1. Adopt the Biblical tithing system, and give one-tenth of your income to religious work. That will be about ten times what you are giving now.
2. Give up tobacco. It is a habit that does you no good, and is a bad example to your own boy.
3. Never lose your temper when discussing matters of dress with your wife, or talking politics with your neighbour.
4. Share the morning paper with your wife, or let her read it first.
5. Begin and maintain regular family worship.
6. Pay the men you employ living wages—a thing you are not doing at present.

When Mr. Robert Cheviot read this list, his first impulse was to write his pastor an angry letter, but on reflection, his anger vanished.

"Your list," he finally wrote, "convicted me of cowardice. I have been worshipping the wrong kind of heroism. If I did the six things you mentioned I should be braver than Peary or Amundsen. I begin to see that Christian virtues call for the very greatest heroism."—The Youth's Companion.

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to, the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Toronto, 1st Wednesday June, 1913.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces, Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 1st May, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 13 May, 7 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 6 May, 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, Oxford, 6 May, 3 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Yarmouth, Sept.
8. St. John.
9. Miramichi.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 16 May, 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Prescott, 2nd Tuesday May, 1913.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, at Synod.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 6 May, 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 20 May.
16. Brockville.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 1 May, 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 July, 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 13 May, 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Bowmanville, 15 Apl., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville, 13 May, 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 2 Tues. May, 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, July, at call.
25. Temiskaming, Haileybury, Sept.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sept.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 24 June, 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 1 July, 9.30 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 20 May, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, Hamilton, Last Monday of April, 1913.

30. Hamilton, St. Cath., 6 May, 10.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Paris, 8 July, 10.30 a.m.
32. London, London, 6 May, 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 24 June, 10.30
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 July, 11 a.m.
35. Stratford.
36. Huron, Clinton, 13 May, 11 a.m.
37. Maitland, Bluevale, 20 May, 10 a.m.
38. Bruce.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Fort William, March.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Ninette, 6 May, 4 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Carmen, 9 Sept.
43. Portage la Prairie.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 2nd Mon. of May

Synod of Saskatchewan, 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, 6 May.
48. Abernethy, Balcarras, 9 Sep., 4 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 6 May, 10 a.m.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sep., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sep., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 20 May, 3 p.m.
55. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
56. Battleford, Battleford, 9 July, 10 a.m.
57. Swift Current, S. Current, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.

Synod of Alberta, Stratheona, Knox Ch., 22 Apr., 10 a.m.

58. Vermillion.
59. Edmonton.
60. Lacombe, Camrose, Sep.
61. Red Deer.
62. Calgary.
63. High River.
64. Macleod.

**Synod of British Columbia,
Vancouver, May, 1913.**

- 65. Kootenay.
- 66. Kamloops.
- 67. Westminster.
- 68. Victoria.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from

- Holland, Man., to Mr. G. R. Irwin, of Ninga, Man.
- Ripley, Ont., to Mr. Geo. Gilmore, of Fingal, Ont.
- Cranbrook, etc., Ont., to Mr. J. L. McCulloch, Owen Sound, Ont.
- Brussels, Ont., to Mr. A. J. Mann, of Woodville, Ont.
- Whitechurch, Ont., to Mr. J. W. Stewart, of Napier, Ont.
- Pickering & Brougham, Ont., to Mr. G. L. Johnston, Horning's Mills, Ont.
- Flesherton, etc., Ont., to Mr. Archibald McVicar, of Jarratt, Ont.
- St. Paul's, Bowmanville, Ont., to Mr. A. H. Drumm, of Belleville, Ont.
- Knox Ch., Guelph, Ont., to Dr. A. J. McGillivray, Toronto.
- New Liskeard, Ont., to Mr. J. Urquhart, of Merivale, Ont.

Inductions into

- Belmont, Man., April 19, Mr. Jos. Hunter
- Lamont, Alta., March 20, Mr. P. K. McRae.
- Tofield, Alta., March 18, Mr. A. Stewart.
- Colborne, Ont., Mr. Lindsay.
- Abbotsford, Huntingdon, B.C., March 18, Mr. J. L. Campbell.
- Austin, Man., March 30, Mr. Joseph Campbell.
- St. Paul's, Owen Sd., April 1st, Mr. R. McEachern, ordained missionary.

Resignations of

- St. Paul's Ch., Victoria, Dr. D. McRae.
- Franklin, Glendale, Man., Mr. D. McVicar.
- Glamis, Ont., Mr. J. C. Tibb.
- Mather, Man., Mr. C. Moore.
- Cartwright, Man., Mr. R. A. Clackson.
- Amherstburg, Ont., Mr. Thos. Nattress.

Deaths in the Ministry.

- At Streetsville, Ont., 11 March, Rev. Alexander Stewart, aged seventy years.
- At Montreal, 6 April, Rev. W. M. Mackerrachar, aged forty-one years.
- At Peachland, B.C., 12 March, Rev. C. W. Whyte.

DEACONESS TRAINING HOME.

The annual meeting and sessional closing of the Deaconess Training Home, in Toronto, took place on Thursday evening, 3rd April.

There has been an attendance of twenty-seven students, eleven in the first year and sixteen in the second year.

They were designated to various fields of work for the summer, in different cities from Amherst to Vancouver, and two or three to the foreign field.

The trend of population is city-ward. The world's food is produced in the country. It is being produced in increasing measure by machinery, and the number of people engaged will always be limited.

The world's manufactured goods, both necessities and luxuries, are produced in the city, and there is no limit to these except the lack of means to purchase them. So that the cities will steadily increase.

This will mean an increasing field of usefulness for women. The work of the Deaconess in the Church is but beginning. For young women who wish to live to help their fellows, to make the world happier and better, the work of the Deaconess offers unlimited opportunity.

KNOX COLLEGE.

Closed its sixty-sixth annual session on the evening of 8th April. Thirteen students graduated for the work of the ministry, three of whom received B.D.; while the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on Rev. James Murray, of Toronto, Rev. A. Blair, of Nessagaweya, and Rev. G. H. Bondfield, of Shanghai, China.

The new Knox College is well under way, but the increased cost of building, since it was first planned, makes necessary a larger building fund. But the wealth of the Church has increased in still greater ratio, and the constituency of Knox will loyally respond.

The buildings for the new Presbyterian residential college at Moose Jaw, for young men, are nearing completion, and also the boys' boarding school in connection with it. These institutions are under the care of the Synod of Saskatchewan, and to be definitely Christian in their management and influence.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Mar. | Mar. 1 to Mar. 31 |
|-----------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$3,517.31 | \$3,517.31 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 3,022.60 | 3,022.60 |
| Widows & Orphans | 91.00 | 91.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 94.00 | 94.00 |
| Assembly Fund. | 146.64 | 146.64 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 840.00 | 840.00 |
| S.S. & Evangelism.... | 308.00 | 308.00 |
| S.S. & Y. P. S..... | 100.00 | 100.00 |
| Deaconess Tg. Home | 108.00 | 108.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 7.00 | 7.00 |
| Queen's College..... | 64.00 | 64.00 |
| Knox College..... | 64.00 | 64.00 |
| Manitoba College.... | 37.00 | 37.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | |
| Robertson College.... | 40.00 | 40.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 18.00 | 18.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING FEBRUARY

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------|------------------------|----------|
| Ham., Erskine. . . \$ | 30.00 | Rev. F. H. Larkin. . . | 30 |
| Brown's Corners.. . | 7.00 | Norwood, ymbe. . . | 10.00 |
| Collingwood. . . . | 146.00 | Sturgeon Falls. . . | 25.00 |
| Paisley. | 18.34 | Huntsville. . . . | 67.89 |
| Seaforth. | 29.60 | Stratford, St. And. . | 52.30 |
| Tor., Dovercourt.. . | 300.00 | Victoria Mine. . . | 9.75 |
| Brucefield, Un. . . | 45.80 | Mt. Forest, yps. . . | 13.00 |
| Barrie. | 63.00 | Collingwood. . . . | 159.00 |
| Tor., St. John's. . | 57.57 | Thames Road. . . | 128.00 |
| Aylmer, Knox. . . | 19.20 | Bobcaygeon. . . . | 87.00 |
| Galt, 1st Ch. . . . | 169.00 | Brighton, yps. . . | 2.00 |
| Toronto, Knox. . . | 10.00 | Smith's Falls, St. Pa. | 50.00 |
| Richard's Landing ss. | 6.25 | London Jct, St. Geo. | 93.76 |
| Seaforth. | 55.27 | Essa, 1st Ch. . . . | 72.70 |
| Pembroke. | 108.00 | Port Arthur, St. Pa. | 435.00 |
| Perth, Knox. . . . | 10.00 | Tor., St. John's. . | 101.93 |
| St. Cath. First. . . | 17.00 | Tavistock. | 3.12 |
| Brown's Corners. . | 10.00 | Cowal, yphms. . . | 67.00 |
| Rev. C. A. Malcolm. . | 8.15 | Bethany. | 8.00 |
| Berlin, 4 friends. . | 40.00 | Brussels. | 972.96 |
| Strang Memorial. . | 250.00 | Brussels, ce. . . . | 50.00 |
| N. Easthope. . . . | 2.90 | Esquesing. . . . | 123.00 |
| Hartfell. | 20.00 | Moore. | 2.00 |
| Brantford, Balf. ss. | 23.00 | Hagersville. . . . | 96.50 |
| Smith's Falls, St. A. | 60.00 | Dutton. | 28.00 |
| Brucefield, Un. . . | 28.50 | Ottawa, St. And. . . | 5,139.00 |
| Cookstown. . . . | 4.00 | Angus, etc, Mary Kirk | 42.00 |
| Paisley. | 27.34 | Oxford Mills. . . . | 2.00 |
| Mt. Pleasant, guild. | 1.00 | Greenbank. | 10.00 |
| Rev. W. D. Turner. . | 1.20 | Carnarvon. | 2.00 |
| Ottawa, St. And. . . | 93.56 | Tor. Esc., Robt. Dale | 250.00 |
| Woodstock, Chal. ss. | 21.65 | Waterloo. | 68.75 |
| London, Knox. . . | 508.42 | Wyevale. | 26.00 |
| Tor., Dovercourt. . | 225.00 | Ott., Stewrt'n bc. . | 15.75 |
| Newmarket. . . . | 2.00 | Farewell. | 37.00 |
| Depot Harbor. . . . | 9.20 | Brampton. | 29.00 |
| Barrie. | 78.00 | Craigleith. . . . | 2.00 |
| London, King ypg. . | 2.00 | St. Andrew's. . . | 12.00 |
| Hanover. | 2.00 | W. Collingwood. . | 5.00 |
| Belwood. | 25.00 | Callander. | 23.00 |
| Chatham, 1st. . . . | 100.00 | Wingham. | 50.00 |
| | | Mrs. J. G. Murray. . | 5.00 |
| | | Springfield. . . . | 8.70 |

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| Action. | 143.00 |
| E. and E. | 10.00 |
| Kingstn, Queen's uma | 78.00 |
| Rev. W. T. Pearcy. . | 6.55 |
| Sunderland. | 61.00 |
| Inwood. | 3.40 |
| Pembroke, ss. . . . | 50.00 |
| Waterdown. | 24.35 |
| Brussels, ss. . . . | 85.00 |
| Brougham. | 37.00 |
| Stratford, Knox. . . | 400.00 |
| Belgrave. | 86.00 |
| Ottawa, St. And. . . | 162.00 |
| Rev. J. R. Mann. . . | 28.90 |
| Massey. | 42.00 |
| Thessalon. | 33.00 |
| Ahmie Harbor. . . . | 13.00 |
| Wallaceburg, yps. . | 5.00 |
| E. Wawanosh. . . . | 50.00 |
| F. William, St. A. . . | 20.00 |
| Millbank. | 6.30 |
| Brockville, 1st. . . | 50.28 |
| Baden. | 67.00 |
| Grand Bend, Corbett. | 8.42 |
| Rev. J. Argo. . . . | 14.65 |
| Lynch Lake. | 9.25 |
| St. Mary's, Knox. . . | 25.00 |
| Dunbar. | 13.00 |
| Welland, ss. | 18.00 |
| Rev. D. Kelso. . . . | 6.35 |
| Tor., Old St. And. . | 500.00 |
| Rev. I. H. Macdonald | 10.80 |
| Camden East. . . . | 15.00 |
| R. W. Reid. | 20.00 |
| Tor., Bonar yps. . . | 10.00 |
| Port Albert. | 20.00 |
| S. Porcupine. . . . | 20.00 |
| A Friend. | 7.50 |
| Brucefield, Un. . . | 20.65 |
| Wingham, B.C. . . . | 35.00 |
| N. Bay Presby. . . . | 25.00 |
| Rv. T. J. Jewitt. . . | 8.57 |
| Pt. Arthur, St. Pa. ce | 100.00 |
| Niag-on-Lake, St. A. | 2.00 |
| Tor., Chinese. . . . | 15.35 |
| Tor., Cowan yps. . . | 3.00 |
| Maple Valley. . . . | 50.00 |
| Essa. | 9.94 |
| Prescott, ss. | 35.40 |
| Stirling. | 22.00 |
| A Friend. | 600.00 |
| Clinton. | 35.05 |
| Peterboro Pres. . . | 31.03 |
| Rv. J. R. McCrimmon | 9.73 |
| Inwood, ce. | 3.00 |
| Livingston Crk. . . | 9.75 |
| Ottawa, St. And. . . | 42.85 |
| Auburn. | 7.00 |
| Little Rapids. . . . | 10.00 |
| Kintyre. | 70.00 |
| Carlisle, ypg. . . . | 2.00 |
| Lucan. | 2.55 |
| M. M. A. | 10.00 |
| Rv. J. L. Gourlay. . | 29.50 |
| Gorrie, ypg. | 24.00 |
| Burk's Falls. . . . | 75.00 |
| Aurora, ss. | 13.00 |
| Dorchester. | 13.05 |
| Amherstburg. . . . | 4.60 |
| Motherwell. | 25.00 |
| Hastings. | 6.40 |
| Silverwater. | 19.00 |
| Tor., Knox, bs. . . | 122.35 |
| Mt. Hamilton. . . . | 16.00 |
| Arnprior. | 20.00 |
| Peterboro, St. Pa. . | 37.15 |
| Parry Sound, ss. . . | 30.00 |
| Parry Sound, yps. . | 30.00 |
| Moore, Burns. . . . | 54.00 |
| S. Ste. Marie, St. A. ss | 50.00 |
| Tor., Merton St. . . | 5.00 |
| Zephyr. | 30.00 |
| Rv. P. F. Gardiner. . | 10.45 |
| Galt, ss. Inst. . . . | 2.00 |
| Friend. | 10.00 |
| N. Nissouri. | 7.00 |
| Tor., St. Jas. Sq. . . | 300.00 |
| Rockwood. | 193.00 |
| Rockwood Vol, mb. . | 7.00 |
| Wellandport. . . . | 13.42 |
| Comarty. | 106.00 |

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|---|--------|
| St. Mary's, Kx., yps. | 25.00 |
| St. Mary's, Kx., bc. | 25.00 |
| Quebec. | |
| Masham, etc. . . . \$ | 20.00 |
| Bristol Corners. . . | 56.00 |
| Mont., Cres., Chin. ss | 42.00 |
| Quebec, St. And. . . | 40.00 |
| Lingwick. | 7.70 |
| Lachute. | 100.00 |
| E. Templeton. . . . | 10.00 |
| Jas. N. Laing. . . . | 500.00 |
| Beloeil. | 40.00 |
| Mr., Mrs. H. Young. | 62.50 |
| Montreal, Stanley. . | 20.00 |
| Three Rivers. . . . | 89.60 |
| Mont., Erskine. . . . | 35.00 |
| Mont., St. Jean (Ita- lian). | 10.00 |
| Pt.-aux-Trembles, Ass'n. | 400.00 |
| Old and New Pupils | 400.00 |

Manitoba.

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|-------------------------|----------|
| Cadouris. \$ | 2.00 |
| Springfield. | 55.00 |
| Wpg., Carter Ave. ss | 3.00 |
| Reston. | 25.00 |
| Wpg., Elmwood. . . | 155.85 |
| Binscarth, inf. cl. . | 4.00 |
| Morden, ss. | 45.85 |
| Elphinstone. | 6.00 |
| Lauder. | 52.00 |
| Napinka. | 110.00 |
| Clanwilliam. . . . | 59.00 |
| Minnedosa Pres. . . | 142.00 |
| Bernie. | 70.00 |
| Pilot Mound. . . . | 130.00 |
| Oak River. | 140.00 |
| Ochre River. . . . | 30.00 |
| S. Antler, ss. | 5.00 |
| McDonald. | 31.00 |
| Oakland. | 2.00 |
| Golden Stream. . . | 49.60 |
| Kelwood. | 10.00 |
| Wpg., Robertson. . | 52.00 |
| Wpg., Augustine. . . | 1,700.00 |
| Brandon, St. Pa., Chin. | 28.00 |
| Southwyn. | 12.00 |
| A Friend. | 1.00 |
| Griswold. | 20.00 |
| Birtle. | 5.00 |
| Rv. J. N. Brunton. . | 16.60 |

Saskatchewan.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Brycetown, Helper. . \$ | 30.00 |
| Regina, St. And. . . | 200.00 |
| Kinistino. | 70.00 |
| Wapella. | 360.00 |
| H. McLean. | 25.00 |
| Lipton. | 39.00 |
| Winlaw, wma. . . . | 35.00 |
| Grand Coulee. . . . | 404.50 |
| Rev. Chas. MacKay. . | 15.75 |
| Ilwaco. | 40.00 |
| Maple Creek. . . . | 53.50 |
| Willoughby. | 25.00 |
| Davidson, bc. . . . | 11.75 |
| Carlyle. | 107.00 |
| Battleford. | 405.00 |
| Rv. Wm. Dewar. . . | 8.10 |
| Rv. G. B. McLennan. | 8.00 |
| Albany. | 13.50 |
| Netherhill. | 35.00 |
| Welwyn. | 38.00 |
| Carlyle. | 5.00 |
| Dalesboro. | 25.00 |
| Rv. Wm. Meikle. . . | 55.50 |

Alberta.

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|-------------------------|-------|
| Medicine Hat, yps. . \$ | 3.00 |
| Jumbo Valley. . . . | 15.00 |
| Granum. | 28.50 |
| Killam. | 28.00 |
| Killam, ss. | 11.60 |
| Macleod. | 10.00 |
| Okotoks. | 40.00 |

| | | | | | | | |
|------------------------|--------|---------------------------|--------|------------------------|-------|------------------------|-------------|
| Lethbridge. | 14.30 | De Winton. | 27.70 | Mud Bay. | 12.00 | Rv. Hugh Miller. . . | 8.50 |
| Calgary, St. A., ss. . | 13.00 | Wetaskiwin. | 24.00 | Gordon Head. | 15.00 | New Brunswick. | |
| St. Albert. | 16.00 | British Columbia. | | Fort Steele. | 9.00 | Rv. J. A. MacKenzie. . | \$9.25 |
| Olds. | 26.00 | Victoria, St. And. \$ | 75.00 | Sooke, ss. | 5.00 | Rv. Frank Baird. . . | 8.60 |
| Grande Prairie. . . . | 101.00 | Langley. | 33.50 | Barnet, ss. | 5.00 | Miscellaneous. | |
| Grande Prairie, ss. . | 5.00 | Penticton. | 110.00 | Agassiz. | 20.50 | W. F. M. S. | \$10,000.00 |
| Rv. Alex. Forbes. . . | 45.65 | Wilmer. | 29.00 | Vernon, St. A., yps. . | 5.00 | Edinburg. | 242.91 |
| Prairie Park. | 40.00 | Victoria, St. Pa., yps. | 3.00 | Victoria, St. Pa. . . | 14.00 | H. M. Board, East . . | 100.00 |
| Bergen. | 35.00 | Fort Steele. | 43.25 | Nova Scotia. | | Rv. T. Hunter Boyd . . | 8.03 |
| Beaver Lake. | 8.00 | Vancouver, Mt. Pleas, yps | 400.00 | Rev. A. A. McLeod \$ | 7.75 | | |
| Calgary, Hillhurst. . | 66.15 | Cranbrook. | 20.00 | Hx., Grove yps. . . . | 5.10 | | |
| Jennet McLennan. . . | 10.00 | Newport. | 10.00 | Rv. Thos. Irving. . . | 11.25 | | |
| Rv. C. A. Myers. . . . | .20 | | | | | | |
| Vermillion Presby. . . | 66.00 | | | | | | |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During Mar. | Mar. 1 to Mar. 31 |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$921.00 | \$921.00 |
| Home Missions.... | 219.25 | 219.25 |
| Augmentation..... | 179.00 | 179.00 |
| College..... | 130.00 | 130.00 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 55.00 | 55.00 |
| French Evangelizatr | 30.00 | 30.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 57.00 | 57.00 |
| For North West.... | 300.00 | 300.00 |
| Children's Day Col. | 6.00 | 6.00 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 9.21 | 9.21 |
| Bursary Fund | 358.00 | 358.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' | 250.00 | 250.00 |
| Social Service and Evangelism..... | 52.00 | 52.00 |
| Total..... | \$2,566.46 | \$2,566.43 |

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| | | | |
|------------------------|--------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Hx., St. Matthews. \$ | 100.00 | Refund. | 31.25 |
| Charlottetn, Zion. . | 75.00 | W. C. Lawson. . . . | 50.00 |
| Cavendish, Stanley. . | 5.00 | Harvey & Acton. . . | 2.00 |
| Dartmouth. | 3.21 | Pugwash. | 27.00 |
| Brule, C. E. | 5.00 | Family, late J. H. Mc- | |
| South Bar, ss. | 5.00 | Lean. | 30.00 |
| Charlottetn, Zion. . | 640.00 | Hampton, Tryon, etc. | 30.00 |
| Shelburne. | 33.00 | Hymnal Committee.. | 250.00 |
| North River. | 6.00 | Orwell. | 5.00 |
| New Annan, wfms. . | 8.00 | McAdam, Union. . . | 10.00 |
| Mrs. J. Margison. . . | 5.00 | Presby Miramichi. . | 60.00 |
| Thankoffering. . . . | 50.00 | Presby. Sem. Yar- | |
| Metapedia. | 60.00 | mouth. | 25.00 |
| D. Sutherland. . . . | 50.00 | Pres. Col. stud. ymca | 80.00 |
| Clyde Riv. P.E.I. . . | 80.00 | Picton Presby. . . . | 50.00 |
| Chatham, St. And. . | 304.00 | Lakeville. | 5.00 |
| Truro, St. And, wfms | 250.00 | The Misses Clarke. . | 50.00 |
| Mary A. Matheson. . | 4.00 | Rev. W. M. Fraser. . | 35.00 |
| River Dennis, 2 ss. . | 5.00 | | |
| Sydney Presby. . . . | 78.00 | Total. | \$2,566.46 |
| Arch. McKenzie. . . . | 60.00 | | |

Correction.—In March Record, Upper Canard, N.S.
Mrs. Ell's Class, should be \$18.00.

The Presbyterian Record.

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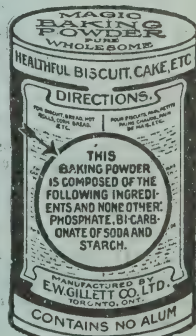
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To be humble is a grace on the inside; to be humbled is a mortification on the outside.

"Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us."—Humboldt.

As he is the best Christian who is most humble, so is he the truest gentleman that is the most courteous.—Trapp.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars.—E. H. Chapin.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense, and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration!

Spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, for they are as gaps through which temptation finds easiest access.

Every time we delay answering when conscience knocks at the door of our hearts, we defraud ourselves of a grand opportunity.

The world is but a vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of our life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.

He who has learned to see what is lovely in field and forest and landscape has found an exhaustless resource of gladness.—Rev. J. Miller.

The difference between a Christian and a heathen is that one fashions himself after his God while the other fashions his god after himself.

It is wrong to ridicule even a false religion. One doesn't laugh at sight of a rotten plank that broke in the hands of a drowning man.

Happiness is nothing but that inward, sweet delight that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our will and God's will.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

As a general rule, in proportion as a man gets well off in this world, he gets poorly off in the next. He loses his share of dependence on God.

There are two freedoms—the false, where the man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Charles Kingsley.

Charity is never lost. It may be of no service to those it is bestowed on, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

Wherever we go we should take our religion with us, in act, in sympathy, in kindly deeds. He that leaves his religion at home has no true religion.

Carrying the spirit of Christ into our everyday life and manifesting it in all we say and do is the great duty and the high privilege of every professed Christian.

To do wrong is to inflict the surest injury on our own peace. No enemy can do us equal harm with what we do ourselves when we violate any moral obligation.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Malice, hate, evil-speaking, and covetousness eat into the character until a skeleton remains, the semblance of a man, whom only the grace of God can make to live again.

No one can do a man harm but himself. The injuries that others would do him may be turned to blessings. The injuries that he does himself may destroy his very soul.

"When one has come to seek the honor that comes from God only, he will take the withholding of the honor that comes from men very quietly indeed."—George MacDonald.

Religion is doing secular acts from sacred motives. "An anvil may be consecrated and a pulpit desecrated." A religion that is not fitted to week day work never had a Sabbath day origin.

The consciousness of being in right relations with God is in itself strength to a man; and even those who observe him can feel that he has more than mere human strength to support him.

Let us not forget that life is brief; that time hurries; and that what we do to make our memories of earth beautiful in heaven, and heaven itself more populous for ever, must be done at once.

The Presbyterian Record



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Don't speak of what you are going to do.
Do it.

Art thou little? Do thy little well.—
Goethe.

The only way to have a friend is to be
one.—Emerson.

The wrong way grows less beautiful
the farther you travel it

Look at, think of, do, memorize, some-
thing beautiful each day.

Do naught to others which, if done to
thee, would cause thee pain.

What do we live for if it is not to make
life less difficult to each other?—George
Elliot.

No one is useless in this world who
lightens the burden of it to anyone else.—
Dickens.

The happiness of your life depends upon
the quality of your thoughts.—Marcus
Aurelius.

Own, if you can, one of those welcome
faces that bring the sunshine to life's
shadowed places.

Right living and the right kind of work
have changed many a stunted boy into a
well-developed man.

Disappointment should always be taken
as a stimulant, and never viewed as a dis-
couragement.—Charlotte Bronte.

To thine own self be true and it must
follow, as the night the day, thou canst
not then be false to any man.—Hamlet.

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The human mind is sensitive beyond all that we know of sensitiveness in material things. The passage of one single evil thought through the mind leaves an indelible impression upon it. For this reason we should be careful to think no evil, but should think continually on the things that are noble, pure and good.

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MAKING BETTER MEN.

It is quite possible to improve the conditions and outward surroundings of life without in any marked way improving life itself. The man who has come up from a three-roomed cottage to live in a hundred-thousand dollar mansion may be a better man or a worse man than he was; the house he lives in will never help us to decide the question of his morality or of his real worth.

Clean streets and improved social conditions are good, and we must strive for them with persistent determination; but if in getting them we do not at the same time improve the quality of life that is lived in the midst of them, we will not be making any progress that is worth while.—Christian Guardian.

The Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXVIII.

JUNE, 1913.

No. 6

THE PRE-ASSEMBLY CONGRESS.

Meets Saturday, 31 May, at 3 p.m.

"Spiritual Power" is not merely a pious phrase. It is a reality, just as certainly as faith or hope or love is a reality. These things cannot be seen but they are real. Their effects, their results, are seen every day. They are mighty. They move the world.

So with spiritual power. It cannot be seen with the bodily eye but it can be felt by the spirits of others. It enables men to influence others spiritually, just as surely as bodily power enables them to influence others physically.

Some men and women speak, and their words take hold of others with awakening power, leading them to think of things that pertain to their spirits, things eternal, and to listen to the call of the Great Spirit for surrender and obedience to Him, while the same words from other men and women are heard unheeded. Whence this difference? Some have spiritual power in larger measure than others.

There are other things which sometimes attempt to do duty for spiritual power, viz., physical energy and animal magnetism and learning, eloquence, etc., but while they may impress for a time there is no real power and the "imitation" beats the air in vain.

What is the source of spiritual power? The Great Spirit—"infinite in His being, wisdom, power"—is the only source and those receive of His power who keep in touch with Him.

Anything receives heat from the sun by lying "in the sun." Just as simply and certainly does the human spirit receive spiritual power by opening itself fully and freely to the Great Spirit, lying "in the Sun"—with nothing between of self and sin is hide our spirits from Him.

One chief result, sought and hoped and looked for, from the Pre-Assembly Congress,

is spiritual power. It is true that men can find God at their homes, anywhere, and receive power there. But one object in coming together is to be shown—by men who see it—a vision of the greatness of the task to which our Church is called; so that, inspired by that vision and endued with power, men may go home to do their work better than before.

But all need that power as much as the few who meet together, and those at home may receive it, and in the same way, in touch with the Great Spirit.

Let the constant prayer of all who have learned to pray, be, that the whole church, pulpit and pew, those at the Congress and those not there, may receive power, and undertake our great work at home and abroad, stronger than ever to accomplish it.

OUR IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

A Fact to Remember.

In 1800, the U. S. A. had a population of 5,300,000. Just a century later, in 1900, Canada had about the same, for in 1901, our population was 5,370,000.

But here comes the arresting—almost alarming—fact; the average yearly immigration to the U. S. A. for the first decade of the nineteenth century, 1800-1810, was 7,000, much of it from Britain, a kindred people and tongue, with like ideals of home and nation, and easily assimilated. In fact there was no assimilating to do. They were already one with the people to whom they came.

But what of Canada? The yearly immigration at the end the first decade of the twentieth century, is 350,000. That is, with the same population that the U. S. A. had a century ago, our immigration is fifty times as great as theirs then was.

But the fact that is fitted to cause the greatest apprehension is yet to come, name-

ly, that a very large part of this immigration is from other countries than Britain, much of it from the Continent of Europe, with different ideals of citizenship and government, of home and church and nation, from those who have pioneered in Canada.

Many of them, have had little opportunity for education, secular or religious, and are very ignorant along both lines. Many of them, from their experience of what passed for law and religion, are embittered against both.

These incoming hosts, with their present knowledge and ideals, can be little else than a peril to our country. After three years residence they get the franchise, and are entitled to vote, for which many of them are not fitted.

The only possible thing to do with this element that is pouring in is to give them education, both secular and religious. The former would be useless without the latter, so far as our national safety is concerned.

Our work as a Church is to give them that religious education. It rests wholly with the Christian churches of Canada to do this. It is pressing as duty never pressed upon us before. From a national point of view our safety depends upon it.

But apart from the national aspect of it, there is that which Christ especially sees, the great hungry multitude that know not the Bread of Life, and His command to every disciple is "Give ye them to eat."

We may have little, but He can use even the five loaves and two fishes, given in faith and love, to do a great work.

THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA.

Never before in the world's history has such a thing taken place, as the action of the Chinese Government a few weeks ago, making an appeal to all the Christian Churches in China to set aside April 27th as a day for prayer that China may be guided to a wise solution of the critical problems besetting her. This is the first time in the history of the world that such a request has been made by a non-Christian nation.

The appeal was distributed broadcast by telegraph to all the governors and high officials within whose jurisdiction Christian communities are to be found.

It was also sent to the leaders of the various missions. Prayer was requested in the appeal, for the National Assembly, for the new Government, for the President of the Republic, who is yet to be elected, for the Constitution of the Republic, for the recognition of the Republic by the powers, for the maintenance of peace and for the election of strong and virtuous men to office.

The representatives of the provincial authorities were instructed to attend the services.

Never before has the world seen a parallel to the past year in China; the world's greatest people, practically one-fourth of the human race, dethroning and pensioning off its despotic rulers of centuries, and setting up a republic, and, though a heathen people, asking the prayers of the recently despised Christians.

The greatest human factor in all the change that has come to China during the past dozen years has been Christian missions. Here we see, on a large scale, what our own mission work has helped to do.

Never before in its history has the Church of Christ had such an opportunity as it has to-day. The great results that have followed mission work in China are only a call to greater service. China's millions are open to the Gospel. The powers that be are favorable. Dr. Sun Yat Sen and four other members of the government are baptized Christians. All China is awaking to a new life, and the one thing necessary to fill that life and develop it aright is the Gospel.

Never again in all her history will the Church have such an opportunity. China will not wait. If the Gospel does not give its impress to the new China other things will. What is done must be done now. It remains for the Church to-day to say whether the coming civilization of China shall bear the stamp of Christianity or materialism.

In our mission field in North Honan there are 350,000 people to every man whom we have sent to give them the Gospel.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

Our Colleges have closed their winter sessions. The students are hard at work in the mission fields from C. B. to B. C. Some closings were noted in last Record. Others have since been published in full in the daily and weekly press.

Presbyterian College, Halifax.

The closing exercises, 24 April, of the ninety-second session of this, our oldest college, were held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, as has been the case for many a year past.

Eight students completed their course and received diplomas:—Messrs. Chester A. M. Earle, B.A.; Emmanuel Lockhart, B.A.; Alexander T. Macdonald; Francis M. Millgian, B.A.; Alexander W. Robertson, B.A.; Wilmer B. Rosborough, B.A.; Henry A. Rudin, B.A.; Thomas A. Wilson, B.Sc.

The degree of D.D. of conferred on Rev. Thomas F. Fullerton, of Charlottetown, Rev. Prof. Charles Bieler, B.D., of Montreal, and Rev. David Christie, M.A., of Winnipeg.

Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The annual convocation was on Thursday, 17th April. Eight students completed their course and were licensed by the Presbytery of Montreal;—Messrs. J. E. Boucher, J. T. Gordon, B.A., R. McCord, W. R. Morison, G. Gallou, D. E. Hattie, R. W. McVey, S. J. Proctor.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. Dugald Currie, B.A., B.D., of Perth, Ont.; and upon Rev. Wm. Leslie Clay, B.A., Victoria, B.C., both worthy graduates of the College.

Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

Closed its session the first week in April. Five students completed the regular course in Theology and received their diplomas:—Messrs. John G. Bompas, B.A., Lester E. Berry, B.A., John B. Clyde, B.A., James D. McLeod, B.A., Percy N. Murray, B.A.

In addition to these five in the regular course, eight completed the Minister Evangelist Course and received their diplomas:—Messrs. L. A. Bygrave, P. M.

Colquhoun, Alex. Grant, Wm. Scott, Edward Inglis, Robert H. Lowry, J. W. McKillop, C. K. Nicoll.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. Robert Haddow, of Toronto, and Rev. Charles H. Stewart, of Winnipeg, now of Newark, New Jersey.

Robertson College, Edmonton.

Closed its second session, 8th April. Twenty-eight students were in attendance, six of whom have completed their first full year in theology. Forty students, in all, are expected next year. The young men from these newer western colleges and universities will soon be quite a factor in the supply of the western mission fields.

Westminster Hall.

Westminster Hall, Vancouver, opened its Session, 3rd April. This is the only one of our theological colleges that has its session in the Summer, in order to allow its students to supply mission fields during the Winter.

THE WORLD'S PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE AT ABERDEEN.

The date of meeting at Aberdeen, Scotland, has been changed from the 17th to the 18th of June. Ships sailing from Montreal, Quebec or New York for Bristol, Liverpool or Southampton, will probably reach port easily before the end of the previous week, and passengers by them can get to Aberdeen amply early for the opening meeting of the council, which is to take place in St. Machar's Church, Old Aberdeen, at 2.30 p.m., Wednesday, June 18th.

Vessels from Montreal to Glasgow usually reach Greenock on Sunday, or at latest on Monday. If passengers by them leave Glasgow on Tuesday morning, they will get to Aberdeen by 2 p.m. of the same day, so that they will have nearly twenty-four hours to familiarize themselves with the Granite City and find their quarters.

Having reached Aberdeen station, delegates should deposit their luggage in the "left luggage" room and walk a couple of hundreds yards to the Y. M. C. A. Building, and on handing in their cards, receive the names and addresses of their hosts, with letters of introduction.

SYNOD MEETINGS.

There are eight synods in our Church. Four of them meet in the Spring—two in April and two in May, viz.: the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, that of Hamilton and London,—Alberta,—British Columbia. The other four meet in the Autumn, two in October and two in November, viz.: the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, that of Toronto and Kingston, Manitoba, Saskatchewan. See "Our Church Register" in the latter pages of the Record.

The Synods this Spring have the usual crop of "overtures" to the Assembly, for change in some rule or custom or practice of the Church, which some one thinks should be improved. The splendid freedom—and safety—of the Presbyterian Church, is well seen in the fact, that on the one hand, any member can bring forward an "overture" or proposal, embodying his opinion, to any church court, to be passed on to the Assembly for adoption, if it be presented in proper order.

On the other hand, every court through which it passes on its way to the Assembly, can discuss its merits or demerits and it has to stand a thorough sifting before it can hope to receive the sanction of the Church.

In this way the law and practice of the Church can never become stale and out of date, for there are always overtures for change, and laws and usages have to make good their reason to be or give way to something else.

On the other hand safety is assured for nothing can gain acceptance without giving a good reason why.

Of these overtures, however, not many reach the desired goal and become law. The "use and wont" of the Presbyterian Church has been so tested by many generations, that while not perfect, it is, on the whole, better than most of the proposals that would displace it.

The Synod of Alberta.

The earliest of the four Spring Synods this year was Alberta, which met in Knox Church, Strathcona, or, as it is called, South Edmonton, 22-24 April.

Rev. A. C. Bryan, retiring moderator, preached the opening sermon, after which

Rev. James J. Shortt was elected to the chair.

The opening day of Synod was devoted to a conference, with papers on some of the live themes of to-day, e.g. "The Evolution of Social Responsibility"—"Christianity and Socialism," etc.

Then taking up its more definite work, Social Service, Rescue Work, The Lord's Day, Temperance, Evangelism, Religious Education, Home and Foreign Missions, Robertson College and The Ladies' College. The Church's Giving, French Evangelization, The Mormons, etc., were subjects that occupied the best attention of the Synod till the close.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Met a week later than Alberta, in St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, April 29-30, and was opened with sermon by Rev. W. J. Dey, D.D., retiring moderator. Rev. Robert Pettigrew was chosen moderator for the current year.

The main departments of Church work in the Synod, Sabbath Schools, Social Service, Systematic Giving, Home and Foreign Missions, were considered.

Dr. A. S. Grant, our General Superintendent, was present and addressed the Synod on the great work before our Church, and the necessity for personal service, both in giving and in work, if our land is to be what it should be in its ideals of national righteousness and civil and religious liberty.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Met at Prescott, 13th May, and was opened with sermon by the retiring moderator Rev. W. J. Clark, D.D., after which Rev. Arpad Govan was elected moderator for the current year.

Education in the Province of Quebec, Sabbath Schools in the Synod, Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, French Missions Schools and other lines of work within the bounds filled the busy sessions, and the Synod adjourned to meet next year at Westmount.

Synod of British Columbia.

At the date of this writing no word has been received of the meeting of the Synod of B.C., which has just been held in Vancouver.

TWO HOME MISSION PICTURES.

REV. C. L. COWAN, WALDO, B.C.

I. On The Scrap Heap.

His appearance was not prepossessing. His clothes were worn and rent. A ragged beard adorned his chin. His eyes were bleared, and a ruby nose and florid cheek alike bespoke indulgence in the cup which always more or less imbrutes the victim to its spell.

And yet, despite all unfavourable externals, there was an undefinable something that told of better days. As he spoke it was easy to picture a devoted mother, a bright home, a careful training. He was different from others with whom he had come to the service, a quieter mien, modulated voice, absence of vulgarity in language, were half-marks of a refinement not wholly lost.

The service in the little school-house had ended, and as the student was preparing to go home, this man came forward to shake hands. There were tears in his eyes, and while they stood with hands clasped the erring one told his story:

"For years I have not been to a service. Now I am a total wreck, physically, morally and spiritually. But," drawing himself up, "I was not always thus, I had a good home and godly parents. They sought to lead me right and I did go straight for a time. I was trained for the ministry! I fell—I—I disgraced myself, my profession! I am now (tears were blinding him) a wreck."

Satan apparently had done his work thoroughly; because hope seemed to have wholly died out. The poor battered wreck was told of a tender Saviour, whose love reached forth to redeem all; but, ah! and this is the tragedy, there was no sign of comprehension, no answering light in his eye!

Three years have come and gone since then, and as I sit in the little British Columbian manse and listen to the roll of the river as the sun quietly sinks like a golden ball behind the snow-capped hills, his image is before my mind; and I like to think that God will yet answer the prayers so earnestly uttered by fond parents

over the cradle of their innocent babe in the long ago. Jehovah is "the God that doeth wonders," and His "footsteps are not known."

II. Ye Shall Overcome.

The missionary is adding the final touches to Sunday's sermon when a timid tap at the shack door arrests his attention. "Come in"—and across the threshold there steps a typical Western riverman, adorned with the customary "docked" trousers and other apparel to match.

The friendship between these two was deep and true; on the riverman's part, it was born of weakness, trying to conquer an appetite that ever clamoured for strong drink; with the missionary it was born of a fight for a soul.

The acquaintance began on this wise. A good woman, an adherent of the little "place where prayer was wont to be made," had for some time been keeping her eye on this blue-eyed, sturdy man from the East. The one hotel in the town was rapidly spelling his ruin, and, pained and perplexed, the woman confided her fears to the missionary. He sought out the man and the struggle began.

"We are interested in you and wish to help you."

Stolidly he listened and refused to believe.

"Come and see me in my shack," continued the missionary, "and we will fight it out together." But no answer was given.

They had several talks together. The keen struggle going on within the man was confided to his friend. But he was making no progress. His sin held him as fast as ever. It looked as if custom had become a necessity, but through it all the friendship deepened on both sides.

The missionary did not despair, yet, when the riverman entered the shack that night, he was surprised. "Mr.—— I want you to pray with me," were the man's first words. I can't keep away from the drink, though I've tried hard. I am sick of it all, and I want to see my wife again and to kiss my little girl. I can't go back East as I am. Help me!"

They kneel down together. The struggling man is asked to pray, but he cannot. Tears and sobs choke his utterance.

After a few moments of silence two voices blend in the one prayer that joins heart with heart, spirit with spirit—"Our Father which art in heaven..... deliver us from evil." God hears all broken cries; He heard that one.

* * * *

The shadows are quickly gathering around this mellow April evening, "Birds, beasts, and flowers soon will be asleep." I find it difficult to write; but a gladness beyond expression comes on my soul, for I see the happy smile of a woman whose husband has found strength to overcome. I see a child climb confidently upon a father's knee, a happy home once more.

"Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

THE PRAIRIE STORM.

By ARCHIBALD McILROY, EDMONTON.

The sun is dipping low in the western horizon, but not amid his usual splendour of crimson and gold. There is an ominous halo around his disc, sure token of the approaching storm. The sparse prairie dwellers know full well that before midnight the blizzard will be on.

Travellers on the lonely trails whip up their teams, making all possible haste to reach shelter, while on the ranches all hands are busy laying in provender and fuel, because for two nights and a day the storm will be so fierce that it would be at the risk of life to venture outside the door, even as far as the farm buildings.

Darker and more lowering grows the sky, and already the angry gusts are carrying the feathery flakes through the air. Mothers and wives whose men folks have not yet returned are in a state of the most intense anxiety, trying to peer through the blackness of the lonely waste for any indications of an approaching team.

In a far-off homestead, miles distant from any neighbor, a God-fearing family are gathered beneath the shelter of their roof-tree. Thankful they are to the giver

of every good that their circle is complete on this terrible night. Father, mother, children are all safe, and the stock is securely sheltered, with plenty to eat.

The mother trims a lamp, and sets it in the window, her invariable custom on such a night. Who can tell but some poor perishing wanderer, lost and ready to sink with fatigue and that stupor which knows no awakening, may on seeing the glimmer of light, pluck up courage for one more effort; for life, after all, is sweet, and the thought of loved ones gives new strength to the fainting heart.

The storm has now burst in all its fury. The house shakes to its very foundations, and so blinding is the drift outside that it is impossible to see a yard ahead. The air is one seething, whirling mass of powdery snow, a veritable dance of death. God pity man or beast, abroad on such a night.

All is cheerfulness within, cheerfulness begotten of trust in Him who walked upon the waves, and who alone can say, at the appointed time "Peace be still."

The stove is filled with wood, and preparations are being made for the evening meal. While these are going on the father thinks he would like one last look at the stock, to see that they are perfectly secure against the cold.

Fastening a clothes line around his waist one end of which is held by his devoted wife, he makes a dash for the barn, only ten yards distant, but comes back almost suffocated, and holding by the rope. Thrice he makes the attempt, and as often fails, so is persuaded to take no further risk, and the door is securely barred against the storm and the black night.

Supper over, the family are gathered around the Throne of Grace, before which their wants are spread, thanks offered, and fervent prayer put up for all abroad in that awful storm. The father takes "the Book," reverently, and reads.

"He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

"He casteth forth his ice like morsels who can stand before his cold?

"He sendeth out his word, and melteth

them; he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow."

"Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,

In all the pomp of method and of art;
When men display to congregations
wides

Devotion's every grace, except the
heart."

Through the whole night the wind raves and roars, the cottage becoming fast banked with snow; but the family sleep peacefully, the sleep produced by honest toil and simple faith in the goodness of God.

True to precedent the storm continues all next day and the following night, but the family, so isolated in that dreary region, have that within themselves which makes them independent of outside. Love is the keynote, and life is harmony.

On the morning following the second night all is calm and still. The wind having spent its fury has gone to rest. The sun rises, red and glorious, in a clear sky, and the "shut-ins" dig themselves out to the great, white world again, and prepare to go forth in quest of the lost and the dead.

Sad to say, such searches are seldom without result; horses, cattle, hogs are to be found, stark and stiff, in some cases standing on their feet, just as they met their death.

Human bodies are also discovered, sometimes within a few yards of shelter which they were not able to make.

Let not people talk of hardships, and the rigours of winter, till they have experienced a blizzard on the prairie wilds.

The occupants of that isolated homestead are scattered long ago, as is the common lot. The father and mother have gone where storms are unknown, the land of eternal day, which needs not the light of the sun, for God's presence is the light thereof.

Their earthly struggle was not in vain, nor were their earnest prayers unanswered. Of the sons, brought up under such hard conditions, two are ministering to-day to large and important city congregations.

As the mother trimmed her lamp, and set it in the window to be a beacon to benighted travellers, so do they, following in her footsteps, hold up the Light of the world to those who are in darkness.

The story of the mother's devotion is sometimes told by them from the pulpit, from which place the writer heard it, and passes it on to the world.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

At a recent meeting of the Foreign Mission Board in Toronto, 16th April, five young women, who had just graduated from the Deaconess Training Home, and had offered for service in the foreign field, were present for a little time.

They were asked to mention, in a few words, their reasons for choosing the mission field.

One after another they rose and made a brief, simple statement of the way they had been led to this service. The deep quiet earnestness, the simple faith, the devotion of life to Christ and humanity, were all most impressive.

One thing especially was noticeable, the early age at which they had practically chosen missions as their life work, most of them when children.

Another thing was that a sermon or missionary address had been in most cases the starting point where the seed thought was implanted in the childish mind and heart.

The members of the Board gathered there learned two great lessons that some of them will not soon forget.

One of these lessons is the importance and value of childhood's years; that the time of decision for Christ and for great heroic lives of service is often very early; that the child-mind oftentimes hears and heeds God's call when it is supposed to be occupied only with the little things of childhood. How often the child-mind is thinking great thoughts and the adult-mind filled with trifles!

Another lesson learned was one of encouragement. A missionary sermon or address may seem to bear little fruit, but a word lodged in a child's heart may mean a life devoted to the world's redemption.

THE LOGGERS' MISSION IN B.C.

By WM. BURGESS, MISSIONARY.

Beginning one hundred miles North of Vancouver, the second hundred miles or so of coast has thirty-five logging camps, with say two thousand men, besides scattered settlers, cared for by the "Loggers' Mission."

The missionary and his assistant have a gasoline launch, and are travelling continually from camp to camp, distributing good reading matter, holding religious services and doing medical work when necessary. Services have to be held in hotels, bunk houses or in the open.

The majority of the loggers claim to be atheists, infidels or sceptics. Most of them are Socialists. Some of them have at one time been wealthy. Most of them have travelled widely.

In the camps the men are cut off from all social and religious life. They have no home life, with the refining influences of womankind. Life grows very monotonous and lonely, and it is little wonder that having made a stake of several hundred dollars they come down town to blow it in.

The saloons and sporting houses soon get the logger's money, and in a few weeks or days, he is back in the woods again, weak from dissipation and hopeless of living a better, purer life.

It is these trips to town on the part of the men that makes the work of the missionary hard and discouraging. Again and again he sees his work and influence undone.

I wish I could tell you the stories of the lives of a score of men I met there—tragedies of the deepest dye.

I would also like to tell you of a Sunday evening service, following a day of gambling at the hotel—how half the men were drunk, and yet dead in earnest because they were sick of sin, for they had tasted it to the dregs and knew its gall and poison.

I would like to tell of following services in which some of the above-mentioned men were deeply touched, proving the positions taken by Harold Begbie in his book "Twice-Born Men."

I would also like to tell you of the first communion service held up the coast in the little upper sitting room of that rough hotel on New Year's night, when nineteen were present and twelve partook of the sacred emblems.

The magic lantern and gramophone purchased last fall have been of untold value to me in my work. Whenever I announce an illustrated service the people all attend.

I use the gramophone in the camps and hotels where I am staying and it helps to pass a pleasant evening for the men, and often keeps them from drinking. In fact, sometimes the bartender has had to close the bar when the gramophone was playing, as no one cared to drink.—Abridged from West-Land.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.**Knight of the Cross.****A Centenary Ode.**

By J. PORTEOUS ARNOLD, MONTREAL.

In youth I met him, grasped his hand, and heard,

Though silent now, the voice of Livingstone,

A Christian knight, one of God's pioneers
Who gave to Africa the Gospel light.

Braver by far than heroes of romance
He stormed the realm of Satan and prevailed.

His was no crusade for an empty tomb,
Nor vain ambition for the world's applause.
No crested helm he wore nor sword nor shield,

No trump of herald blazoned his approach,
But humble as his Lord, a faithful liege,
On deeds of love and mercy, he went forth
Accoutred in the panoply of Heaven.

For years he met the enemy of man
And from the fierce encounter came unscathed,

Then died a hero on the battle field.
The cross he raised in that far distant land

This faithful knight, this champion of the truth.

Westminster Abbey holds his sacred dust
But he has gone to join his Sovereign Lord.

Money may always be a beautiful thing.
It is we who make it grimy.—J. M. Barrie.

A VISIT TO INDIA.

BY REV. J. MCP. SCOTT, TORONTO.

Steamship Mantua, Indian Ocean,
26 March, 1913.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

After nearly five weeks in India I now find myself at sea again, having just left behind the shores of this great land. View it as you may, India is really a great land. Like Canada it is a country of vast distances, but unlike our home land it is a land of vast multitudes, with innumerable social and political problems, yet withal a land, for the most part, unlighted still by the beneficent messages of the Christian faith.

Our mission in Central India was what I came to see and, with the time at my disposal, I saw something of the work at each of the stations of this field.

It was a hurried visit. I followed the programme made for me, and in four weeks visited thirteen stations with a few outstations thrown in. It almost made me dizzy. It is, however, a privilege I shall always look back upon with pleasure. I don't know all about India—indeed, I know really very little, but I know now much more than I ever knew before.

It was a great pleasure to meet, at their different stations, and afterwards at the annual mela at Rutlam, our splendid staff of men and women in India.

An impression that has grown upon me during these months in the far east, as I have come into touch with missions and missionaries of other churches, is that our missionaries, measure them as you may, take high place in comparison with those of other churches. In Christian character, in all round culture, in devotion to their work, they are a superior lot, and the wives of missionaries, sometimes not reckoned in the counting, are, as missionaries, equal to our best, and should be counted as among the finest assets in our missionary work.

I am thankful to have seen at first hand the evangelistic, medical, industrial, and educational work our men and women are doing. It would be easy to write at length about each and to refer to the results that have come as encouragements to different missionaries. I may, however, have other opportunities of doing this.

A few things, in the missionary situation in India, stand out in my mind:

1. Our missionaries in India, it seems to me, have a more difficult situation to face than have the workers in our other fields. They have, if I may be forgiven an inelegant expression, a harder job on their hands. The colossal system of caste is the huge obstruction in the way of all their work. It ramifies in every direction through the whole social system of India. It is the great moral obstacle to the Christianization of the land.

For centuries the country has been the prey of this tyrant. Caste rules rest upon the people as religious mandates, and only those who are up against the enslaving features of this system, as are our missionaries, can understand the particular difficulties in the way of evangelization.

It looks, however, and this for the encouragement of all, as if a process of disintegration is setting in. The messages of the Christian faith and conditions of modern civilization, as these become known, are antagonistic to caste and many of the educated and progressive Indians are beginning to resent its domination. Meanwhile, as a hindrance to mission work, let us, at home, not underestimate its seriousness.

On the other hand let us be warned against supposing for a moment that missions in India are not successful. They are, notwithstanding difficulties in the way. Apart from movements among the depressed, or low caste people, our mission has as fine a record as any. There is a Protestant Christian community in India of over 1,600,000. In the Madras Presidency there are 700,000 Christians, and a recent census shows that the rate of growth is far greater than that of the Hindu community, and, it may be added, the rate of growth in the Protestant greater than that of the R. C. Church.

I have changed my mind on some things since visiting India. For one thing, I am more sympathetic with the missionaries. I shall temper the spirit of my inquiry as to why there are not more converts.

Few at home understand what it means for a person to accept the Christian faith in India. It is not a question of religious conviction; it is a question of giving up everything which seems to make life worth living. If it is known that one is intending to con-

fess the Christian faith, then pressure, such as would deter any but the most heroic, is brought to bear upon him or her.

To lose property, parents, children, to be absolutely repudiated and outcast, to become an alien in one's own country, a stranger to one's own people—is a high price to pay for being numbered with the Christians.

Here is a case I saw referred to in a recent issue of the "Indian Witness" of a young girl in Benares:—

A Mohammedan girl in the Woman's Hospital had been converted. She had accepted Christ and trusted him fully. Her relatives tried to dissuade her. Failing, they brought an action in Allahabad to recover her. They failed in their action, and the distinguished counsel employed expressed his conviction that they would get hold of her and make away with her. They have tried to do so. An uncle tried to abduct her from a carriage in the street, but was beaten off by her companion. Later he tried to seize her when she was alone in the compound; and she fled, leaving her garment in his hand. She is now sure that God, having saved her twice, will save her right through. Her persecutors still follow her, bent on her destruction.

If such facts as these were better understood, there would be no complaint about the paucity of converts from the castes and from Islam. Our eyes would be opened to the fact that not only the best, but the only possible means are being systematically and heroically employed to save India from the degradation of Hinduism and the stagnation of Islam.

Another handicap that should be kept in mind by our people at home is the disposition of the authorities of certain native States in which our Church is operating to withhold permission for use of land to erect buildings. The native authorities are stiffening into an attitude of unfriendliness which makes impossible, meanwhile, advance into certain needy districts. It sounds strange that in India there are areas in which full religious liberty is not given nor mission work allowed.

(2) Notwithstanding any and all difficulties there are many grounds for encouragement. It was no small satisfaction to meet the native congregations at the different sta-

tions. These congregations did not and do not, by any means, represent all the fruits of our mission's labor, but if they did it would be worth all the life and money our Church has given.

An earnest and sustained propaganda of evangelism, in which every arm of the mission is co-operating, is being carried on, which should be a comfort and an inspiration to the Church at home. I had the pleasure of a seventy mile drive with Mr. Harcourt through the Karhua district. In this field a gracious work of God is going on. We visited a number of villages. In one village, in the quiet of an Indian summer evening, twenty-six men sat around in a group while Mr. Harcourt told again the story of the Cross. A number of these have accepted the Saviour and have given their names as confessed disciples.

The same interest is evident in villages throughout a large area of that field. Seekers are coming thirty and forty miles to inquire more fully about the wonderful Saviour. Over seventy heads of families have enrolled their names as inquirers.

Reports, bearing much encouragement, come from other fields, so that in common with missionaries in other lands, India's servants have stories to tell for the encouragement of God's remembrancers at home.

The work among the Bhils has a charm of its own. These are the aborigines of India, and are not as yet involved in the caste system of the Hindus. They are open to the message of the missionaries and have given a wonderful response to Christian effort on their behalf.

(3) That there is need of bringing our mission work and workers in India, and the work and workers in each of our other fields into closer and more sympathetic touch with the Church at home. I think some of these brave souls feel themselves sometimes forgotten. They do not complain. Confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Gospel in India possesses and inspires every one of them. There is no discouragement, no shrinking from any difficulty. It is my suggestion, in their interests, as in the interests of our missionaries, equally brave and equally needy, in each of our other fields, that the Church at home and their representatives abroad should in some way be brought closer together.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY DR. A. G. MCPHEDRAN.

Barwaha, 1st February, 1913.

Dear Mr. Munro:—

Our reputation is evidently spreading in this new district. To-day we treated five patients from nearly all quarters of the compass and from seven to twelve miles distant.

One came from the Southwest, across the Narbudda, one from the West, two from the Northwest—a father and little daughter,—and a woman from the Northeast.

Pray for me that I may treat wisely, and in treating, adorn the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and that the treatment may effect good results and so increase the influence of our work. Such prayer is always in order.

Two lads came in last evening, asking for English books. They are Marathi Brahmins, and as such, perhaps more bigoted and unfriendly than most other Indians.

I told them I had none, but some New Testaments; and I offered to read with them half an hour each day. Each took a copy, which by the kindness of a lady at home, we are able to present to them.

One lad did not return to-day; I doubt if he wishes to come. The other came and brought a chum. I think these two will come regularly.

The ordinary Canadian knows as much about Hinduism as these boys know about Christianity. I was amazed that people could be found among the educated classes who know so little of Christ and our religion when India has so many missionaries and their literature is so widely spread.

We are reading the Gospel of Matthew and I hope and pray that their minds may be enlightened as they read.

Good reports continue to come from our new dispensary, and we hope it may become a fruitful outstation.

The Bible should not only be read, but studied also. To merely read it is to skim the surface of its vast and deep waters; but to study it is to dive into its still and mysterious depths, and bring up the Pearl of great price.—R. T. Edwards.

SOME REVIVAL EXPERIENCES.

In Honan, 1912.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. J. GOFORTH.

Changte, Honan, March 1st, 1913.

Dear Record:—

As soon as it became evident that the Revolution was going to change the old order of things in China, I was very deeply impressed with the clamant need for a mighty quickening of the Church's spiritual life, that she might cope with the new opportunity. I proposed to hold revival meetings in all the out-stations, and all our Chinese leaders heartily welcomed the idea.

Since the revival in 1908, a spirit of commercialism, and the political unrest, along with the confusion caused by the broadcast scattering of tracts by that mischievous sect, the Seventh Day Adventists, among our people, has caused the love of many to grow cold.

The first place in January was an outstation which had split up over the building of their church. By their own admission, they had not preached in even one neighbouring village during the year just past, and had done very little to save those of their own families.

The Almighty Spirit searched their hearts through and through; but there was one day especially when His searchings were terrible and men and women were literally falling in the dust before Him. One man, notorious for gambling and every imaginable sin, was so broken that he has since taken the title of "born again."

All quarrels were made up. A man bitterly persecuted by his own family, as soon as he was mightily broken and got right with God had the joy of seeing his mother, his wife and his brother, all come to the Saviour.

At another place toward the end of March, there was a time of very manifest Divine power. The devil seemed to have had control of many in the church. Some even of the leaders were selling opium. Card playing, gambling and theatre going had recaptured the young. There was not a little enmity and division and alas grosser sins.

It was glorious to see how the Holy One cleansed His temple. No one escaped, not even the young. Every hidden thing seemed to come to the light. It was a cleansing as by judgment and fire. The anguish at times was awful, but deliverance from sin brought joy always. That place has since called its first native pastor, and souls are being saved. The future is bright with promise.

In two centres where there is no organized church, and the believers few, we combined the evangelistic with the revival. My wife used the organ, with gospel hymns written on large sheets. The heathen, male and female, would crowd in. The boys readily got up the hymns. Never before had we done work for the heathen which seemed so fruitful.

Early in September we rented places for men's and women's work in a small market town. Being the busiest time of the autumn, harvest, it was thought we would get no hearers, but there was scarcely an evening when we had less than a hundred, and in the day time we sometimes had as many. On some occasions my wife and her evangelists had as many as one hundred women and girls listening in the yard, where they preached.

There was only one Christian in the district, but he was a good one. We spent about forty days there, and at the end of that time, the old evangelist estimated that there were forty or fifty men and boys who gave evidence of conversion. Since then, we have recorded twenty-four men and boys as catechumens, and fully as many others are getting up the prescribed course. There must be a good many among the women who also believe.

Our next work was done at a very small outstation where there are less than twenty believers. They were very cold and had not led one to Christ during the year. Some had fallen back into sin, without pretense of Christianity; others again continued to profess Christianity while continuing to sin.

We gave two talks daily to the Christians and devoted the evenings to the unsaved.

The elder was among the first to break up. He confessed to having robbed a heath-

en temple and lest the idolators might come and seize the stolen stuff he had stowed it away in the Roman Catholic compound for safe keeping. That same day he went off and restored it.

It was not, however, until the eighth day, when the evangelist, a native of the village, was broken up mightily, that God seemed to have triumphant power. That very evening about twenty of the heathen seemed to be under conviction. We have since then accepted fourteen of them as catechumens and fully as many more seem to be convinced of the truth of Christianity and are learning the "doctrine."

A notorious gambler, who back slid a few months after being accepted as a catechumen, five years ago, has been reclaimed. He is now working for the Lord with an intense zeal. The village has about seven hundred inhabitants. The most prominent people are among those who have accepted Christ. All the people are friendly.

There are many villages surrounding. We see visions of many in that region coming to our Saviour.

In October and November of 1912, eight centres in North Honan, undertook full self support, and called their pastors, our first native ministers. It was decided that I should first help them with special meetings.

I went to the weakest one first. They were not much alive. During the year they had only saved two souls. Only one family observed family worship. They had ceased the aggressive evangelism of a few years ago. The Sabbath was not being kept except when it did not interfere with any thing important. As for Bible study and prayer, one faithful elder was the only one who showed any zeal.

For the first four days of our meetings scarcely a sign of revival was to be seen. My confidence was in God who promised that His Word would not return unto him void. The leaders said without revival they could not carry the burden of self support and they began to earnestly cry unto God.

On the fifth morning, before the address, the conscious sense of God's presence was so great that almost every man was down on the floor in an agony of weeping and confession. At each succeeding service,

there were evidences of the Holy Spirit's power.

But on the eighth day, the Divine Pressure was resistless, and terrible was the agony of many and the confessions of who were appalling.

On the last day promises to help evangelize the unsaved, to contribute for the support of their own church, to keep the Sabbath, to hold family worship and to study the Scriptures poured in. They were cheered by the seeing a movement among the unsaved during the last few evenings.

The next place where we held special meetings was at the oldest outstation in our mission. It, along with two other outstations, had just called their first pastor. The three churches had evidently lost their first love, for they had not led even one to Christ during the year. The Romanists were getting some and the devil was entangling others.

The pastor was the first to break down. He is a native of the place with a family not well governed and large, consisting of brothers' wives, nephews and nephews' wives, etc. As soon as the pastor got revived he went out to bring in the backsliders.

At each service we saw signs of the Holy Spirit's power. But it was on the sixth day, in the forenoon, that we realized the presence of God most mightily. The pastor told of the Spirit's power in his home that morning. He spoke in substance as follows:

"I awoke about five a.m., and tried to go to sleep again, but a mighty pressure from God, as a voice, said 'Get up and pray for your family.'

"I knelt on my bed, I prayed, I wept, I saw I had never loved my family with the love of God. So overwhelmed did I become that I cried aloud, and all the family awoke and came into the room.

"I explained a portion of Scripture, never before realizing such power. Then we all knelt in prayer, as I prayed the very fullness of God was upon me. One after another burst out weeping, confessing their sins and promising to obey God and trust in the Lord their Saviour.

"Hours passed in agony of soul before the Almighty, and no one had thought of getting breakfast."

As soon as the pastor finished his wonderful story, I told the people they might pray. Elders, deacons, members, one by one, poured out their heart's deepest feelings. Some were so agonized they could not go on. All seemed to see how far short they had come of the Master's ideal.

About two months later, while passing through that place, the pastor, just brimming over with joy and hopefulness, said that in all three churches the attendance since the revival has increased three or four fold. Several families have already cast away their idols. The children are coming and listen in a way never known before.

A church building in one place is now crowded to overflowing and they have decided to build a larger one. A man just beginning to inquire was moved at the revival and now gives the site for the new church.

Towards the close of December, we held a mission in another place which had recently called its pastor. The outlook, though brighter than in some other places, left much to be desired. The devil and Seventh Day Adventism had played havoc with some, among whom were two evangelists.

From the first meeting, there were evidences of Divine power. It was on the sixth day, however, that the Holy One in very deed was in the midst, refining. Both forenoon and afternoon nearly all who attempted to pray broke down with pitiful crying, and confessed the hindering sins.

Again on the eighth day, forenoon and afternoon, the Refiner, the Holy One, just melted them. Some backsliders who only came that day for the first time were broken and restored.

The two evangelists seem to have been brought back, one of them after a terrific struggle. Those who were tainted with Adventism came to realize that God the Holy Spirit is with us and have returned to fellowship. On the whole, I have rarely, if ever, seen the power of God more mightily manifested.

A DAY WITH A MISSIONARY.

By REV. J. ROY SANDERSON.

Hwaikingfu, Honan, March 10, 1913.

Dear Dr. Scott:—

To one who has been on the field only a few months nearly everything in China is new. The writer is in just such a position, and here attempts to give, from that standpoint, a sketch of a short tour.

Accepting the invitation of Mr. J. A. Slimmon, our senior missionary at Hwaikingfu station, I went out to spend a Sunday with him at a village thirty li (ten miles) distant, in order to get a glimpse of the method of carrying on evangelistic work among the Chinese.

On Saturday about two p.m., the "coolie" and I set out on foot. My bedding, provisions, etc. had been packed in two bundles, and these the coolie carried by means of the customary carrying-pole balanced on one shoulder.

I thought at first that our walk was going to be too slow, the coolie took such ridiculously short steps; but I soon found that his style was a sort of dog trot, and that he travelled at a very good rate.

From time to time as we jogged on, my companion, manifestly feeling talkative, would burst out in a very eloquent flow of language, and then look to me for a reply, but I usually had to disappoint him by simply saying "bu dung deh" (I do not understand). Then he would give a grunt and keep silent awhile. I felt sorry for him because it is pretty hard to walk ten miles with a fellow-traveller and not be able to talk to him.

On our way we passed through many villages, almost one to every mile. These villages vary in size from what we, as ordinary Canadians, would call a village, to what some enthusiastic Canadian westerner would call a city. For example, the village we were journeying to has a population of about three thousand six hundred.

When we had covered about eighteen li (six miles), we halted in front of a little inn just outside of a large village, a very pretty spot, surrounded by bamboo groves. Our stop was at the coolie's suggestion; he wanted to fill his pipe and have a little smoke before proceeding.

He led me over to a nice large stone, and indicated by a gesture that he would like me to sit down for a few minutes.

I complied, thinking it would be well to rest for a short time, but very soon a group of villagers gathered around me bent on examining my clothes. They stooped down to look at my boots, felt my coat, and were especially interested in my gloves.

In regard to the latter, before they could be satisfied, I was obliged to take off the gloves to show them that my hands were not very different from their own. Instead of gloves, the Chinese have their coat-sleeves made very long, so that they can easily draw their hands under cover.

About five o'clock we neared San Hwang Chwang—our destination. We were met by Mr. Slimmon's servant and escorted to our headquarters in the village. We walked through several very narrow streets, flanked on either side by low mud huts—the almost universal style of Chinese architecture.

Soon we saw a crowd around a doorway. This was the inn to which we were going. Our guide led us in here through a large door, or rather gateway, something like the freight entrance to a Canadian wholesale house.

Just inside the entrance were two low dark rooms, one on either side, constituting the dwelling-place of the proprietor.

Beyond these we found ourselves in an open court about fifteen feet wide, on both sides of which were low mangers. Behind these mangers the animals are quartered, the donkeys, small horses, and oxen.

The open court beyond these stables led up three steps to the "human" quarters. These consisted of two rooms, each about thirty feet long and ten feet wide, one on either side of the court. Mr. Slimmon and I occupied one of these rooms, and two native preachers and Mr. Slimmon's servant the other.

"There was a considerable crowd in the court, and as I looked forward through the sea of curious-looking heads I was just able to discern Mr. Slimmon seated at a table outside of the room mentioned above, and I managed, by a little effort, to push my way through the crowd to him. I had

walked ten miles through real dust, and felt a little weary, and would have given a good deal to be able to rest as one is able to do at home, in more or less private quarters; but there was no such rest or privacy.

So I sat down on a chair beside Mr. Slimmon, right in the heart of the "multitude." Mr. Slimmon had some light refreshment brought, and it too, we had to take in the centre of the crowd.

How curious those Chinese were! As usual, in a crowd, the small boy was greatly in evidence. So was the dirt on his person. They all crowded closely around—rubbing shoulders in fact—and as I looked at them at such close range, and thought of the danger of small-pox, it seemed well-nigh hopeless to think of attempting to evade it and at the same time do evangelistic work. One simply has to forget such things and go ahead with his work.

Mr. Slimmon had just begun to entertain this crowd with his gramophone. One cannot preach all the time, so when not preaching, the order of service was either singing or the gramophone.

Not long after I had reached the scene of action, Mr. Slimmon told me that he was going to give them "The Laughing Song," saying that the crowd had asked for it. As one might well suppose, the effect was marvellous. I did not understand the Chinese language; the Chinese did not understand me; but when "The Laughing Song" got under way, each of us understood the other perfectly. Those fellows, both old and young, simply went into fits of laughter every time the man in the song began to laugh.

It was a good-natured crowd. There were all kinds of Chinese present: some big burly fellows, some old men, some young school boys and coolies.

One young fellow, about nineteen or twenty, was particularly interesting. He was quite clean-looking, as compared with the rest, even having his hair combed and brushed. He is one of the modern young men and does not wear a queue.

Mr. Slimmon told me that he is a student at the Government high-school in Hwaikingfu, and that San Hwang Chwang was his home village, but that he was going

up to Hwaikingfu in a few days for the re-opening of the school. He was a very attentive listener to the preaching which followed the gramophone.

After a very long time, as it seemed to me, the meeting came to a close, and in order to get a little privacy for eating our evening meal, we had to go for a walk—not for the meal, but to get rid of the crowd.

They did not come back in the evening, so, after evening worship with the native helpers, we retired.

There were raised platforms at each end of the room for sleeping purposes, but, as already indicated, our sleeping outfit was of our own furnishing.

The room was very cold—just the mud floor, the mud walls, and the tiled roof; and I was exceptionally glad to get between as many blankets as I could muster from my bundle. One is quite willing, however, I am told, to put up with the cold, because the absence of the cold means the presence of "China's millions."

It was not until the light found its way through the two little paper windows in the wall, in the morning, that I awakened and remembered that it was Sunday. How different to any Sunday awakening I had ever experienced before!

Before the morning service, we called at the house of a Mr. Wang—a "Recorded Christian." Mr. Wang has not yet been baptized, but will be in a year's time if he proves satisfactory.

His occupation in life is to make and rent chairs; not the house chair, but the sedan chair which here fills the place to some extent of our cab.

Mr. Wang is a very enthusiastic, though as yet unbaptized, Christian, and it was through him that the visit was made to San Hwang Chwang.

In view of our coming he had placarded twelve villages round about, advertising the meetings that were to be held.

He had counted on having us quartered in the village temple, but it just happened that a religious fair was booked for this temple during the time of our visit.

The service on Sunday morning was very impressive, even to me who did not under-

stand the language. Mr. Slimmon chose, as the subject of his discourse, Immortality, and with his thorough knowledge of the Chinese language and people, and his clear-cut method of statement, apparently carried his hearers with him right through.

There were four or five middle-aged men near to where I was sitting, whose heads, as each point was made, would go a-nodding just as all of us have seen heads do at home under similar circumstances.

Our friend, the student, of whom I have spoken above, was also there and was keenly interested.

During a walk afterwards I asked Mr. Slimmon what he thought about this student; would he, when he thought him to be sufficiently interested, tackle him direct?

"That would not do," was the reply; "the only way is to angle for such people. A little straight talk might frighten him away very quickly."

To anticipate a little—during a general conversation before our afternoon service, one man seemed to think that the books which were being sold returned a sufficient profit to us to justify him in saying that we were in this for the money there was to be made out of selling books. Each book, I might say, 'sells for about a cent of our money, or even less.

The student here saved Mr. Slimmon from entering into an argument by taking up the case himself, telling the man that if he were in earnest he would not worry about the few cash involved at all.

The next morning this same student came to say good-bye, and seemed very pleased to get an invitation from Mr. Slimmon to come to visit him when he went back to school at Hwaikingfu a few days later, and promised that he would.

Before the afternoon service, Mr. Wang took us to see the temple in which he had hoped to entertain us. It was a very old temple, built about five centuries ago. In it we found a small lecture hall, about twelve feet by twenty. The rest of the temple was made up mostly of open courts surrounded by rooms in which the various gods were worshipped.

These gods, of whom we saw about a dozen, were marvellous in the extreme—

about twice the size of a man, very fierce-looking and hideous, and gorgeously painted. Some were supplied with extra heads on different parts of their bodies.

The god of the temple was Buddha (female), but we had not the pleasure of seeing her. In a special room by herself she was concealed behind a huge curtain, and with the crowd of Chinese following us about wherever we went, I thought it best not to pull aside the curtain.

Just as we were leaving this temple I noticed three rooms which had been recently renovated, and asked if that indicated a revival of the religious spirit of these people, but was told that these rooms constituted the new Government school of this village—another indication of the changes which are beginning in China.

From the temple we took a walk outside the village. We saw a number of very interesting things which I cannot take time to narrate here.

One incident, however, is worthy of mention. A man called out to us from a path a short distance away, asking Mr. Slimmon if he could tell him how he could be cured of the opium habit. Mr. Slimmon told him that if he would spend ten days at the mission hospital the doctor there would be able to cure him.

About three o'clock we began our afternoon service at the inn, which lasted till about five o'clock. Mr. Slimmon led off the singing, using his concertina with great effect. The Chinese are not good singers, and it is not easy to have a successful song service, so a musical instrument fills a very important place.

This singing was followed by a sermon by one of the native evangelists; then some selections from the gramophone; and finally an address from the other evangelist.

Sunday evening was spent quietly with a few of the Chinese who had come in to have a talk, and then after the evening worship we got to bed once more.

In the morning we made an early start for home, a number of those who had been interested in the preaching being at the inn, or along the way, to say good-bye as we left the village; and a three hours' journey brought us once again to the mission compound.

APPEAL FROM THE HONAN STAFF.**For Additional Workers.**

Weihwei, Honan, 6 March, 1913.

With a view to inducing Christian men and women possessed of the necessary qualifications to consider Honan as a field of labor we mention the various departments of work open at the present time, and the nature of the work expected of those who would devote their lives to this service.

1.—Evangelistic and Pastoral.

Honan affords a special opportunity to the evangelistic worker. Its dense population resides entirely in villages, towns and cities.

Further there are held at regular intervals, market-days, religious festivals, theatricals, etc., at which the people assemble in large numbers. Thus the itinerating missionary finds the people gathered together into convenient groups for evangelizing.

The climate for eight months of the year is suited for conducting out-of-doors evangelizing tours. Wherever the itinerating missionary goes he finds an audience to listen respectfully to what he has to say.

The past twenty-five years have proven, if proof were necessary, that preaching is an effective agency in winning men for Christ. In spite of the difficulty of speaking in a foreign tongue to a people whose habits of thought are different from ours, the Canadian worker can reach the mind and heart of these people with a message of the Gospel.

But further, as individuals are gathered into the Church they require to be trained in Christian character and service. They must be regularly instructed in Christian truth and inspired to labor in faith and love on behalf of their fellow-countrymen.

Then again the training of students for the ministry is an urgent necessity of our Mission. There are now eight ordained Chinese pastors in self-supporting congregations. As time goes on, this number will increase. A humble beginning in theological training has already been made, but what we already have will not be sufficient for the needs of the future.

To sum up the need of men for evangel-

istic and pastoral work.—There are twenty-four counties in North Honan, and two in adjoining provinces which belong to our field, twenty-six in all, each of which should have one ordained worker.

The three prefectural cities should each have one. Three men should be set apart for theological education. This makes a total of thirty-two workers, or fourteen more than the present staff.

2.—Medical Work.

Medical work is now carried on in the three prefectural cities and in Wu An. In the prefectural centres the work has attained such dimensions that two medical men are required in each. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the field for medical service further than to say that among eight millions in North Honan our doctors alone know anything of the scientific treatment of disease.

There are five doctors on the field at present. In order to man the four hospitals already established and to allow two men to tide over furloughs and meet the demands that are constantly coming from without for assistance we require nine doctors, four more than we now have.

3.—Women's Work.

Women's work embraces the three departments, evangelistic, medical and educational.

(a.) Evangelistic.—As in India so in China there is a special field among the women and girls in Honan which is closed against men, but accessible to lady workers. The ladies of the upper classes are now much more friendly than formerly, many are interested, and some are engaged in active work in the service of the Church.

Our ladies receive frequent invitations to visit homes and teach the women, and girls there. Sometimes the visit extends over two or three weeks, regular classes are held and daily instruction given.

We have now nine single ladies including some who are still studying the language engaged in this kind of work, all located in the three prefectural centres. The three smaller centres should each have two, that is an addition of six.

(b.) Medical.—At present there is only one hospital for women under charge of a

lady doctor. This is located at Changtefu. Women patients are treated at Weihwei and Hwaiking as well as men, but the social conditions of China create a barrier that seriously limits such work and it is advisable that women patients be treated by lady doctors. Weihwei and Hwaiking ought each to have a lady doctor.

(c.) Educational.—There are now three Boarding Schools for girls in operation. These are entirely in charge of ladies. We require one more lady for this work.

THE ANNUAL "MELA"

Of Our Central India Mission.

BY REV. J. T. TAYLOR.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

Our Annual Convention, or Mela, was held last week and was altogether a most profitable and stimulating one. Such gatherings are according to the genius of the country, and bid fair to be a permanent feature of Church life in India.

For solid work, deep interest, and spiritual power in the addresses given, this year's meetings marked a record in our annual gatherings. The attendance was good—from 550 to 600 being present. The arrangements for housing the people and for food were more satisfactory than formerly and now we are facing the problem of a larger audience hall.

Rev. John Forman of the American Presbyterian mission, and Rev. Labhu Mull, an Indian minister, each gave a series of addresses full of the Word and with the power of the Holy Spirit. Christ in us, Christ for us, Christ our Hope, Christ coming; these were the themes. Morning, noon, and night, the church was filled with earnest worshippers.

Three Welcome Visitors.

We were greatly favored this year by the presence of some visitors from afar. Dr. and Mrs. Annand of the New Hebrides, after forty years of fruitful service there, came to visit the Central India mission en route to Canada.

Their addresses were intensely interesting to our people. Conditions in the Central

India field are so different that the story of the New Hebrides Islands was like the opening of a new world of Church life and experience to many of our people.

An intimate personal touch was added to the addresses by the fact that during the stress of famine in Central India, the Christians of the New Hebrides once and again sent money here to relieve distress.

The story of the Martyrs of Erromanga the sufferings of the native teachers in the propagation of the Gospel, the indomitable perseverance of the missionaries, made a deep impression. Living under the protection of a Christian nation we forget what the Great Commission has meant to others.

Then we had Rev. J. McP. Scott, of Toronto, a foreign missionary from the home base. His all too hurried visit to the various stations was most heartening, and has just strengthened the conviction that deputations from home must be prepared to spend weeks instead of days when visiting the field.

It was fortunate that after the hurried visit to the stations, it was possible for the whole staff to meet with Mr. Scott in Rutlam for a conference, which was followed by the Annual Convention of our Indian Churches.

On three successive afternoons Mr. Scott gave addresses at the English meetings, and his words will not soon be forgotten. In the stress and strain of work, so vast that we feel we can never overtake it, and with the constant temptation to feel that success will be in proportion to the intensity of application, we needed such a message as Mr. Scott had for us.

One fruitful result of his visit is the fostering of a feeling of "oneness" among all the foreign mission fields of the Church and the strengthening of the ties binding them to the Home Church. To have received the greetings of the Christians of Honan, of the suffering Koreans, and of the Formosan and the South China Churches, meant a widening of the horizon of the Indian Christians, and that is all for their good. We hope that such deputations will not be so rare as in the past.

Look at, think of, do, memorize, something beautiful each day.

A LOUD CALL FROM KANDO.

(Note.—Kando lies just north of Korea, in Manchuria, China. It is a fine, level farming country, like Alberta. The Tuman river is the boundary. The Koreans, since the Japanese took possession of their country, are pouring across the line in multitudes to make their home in Manchuria. It is the most urgent, most promising opening in connection with our Korean missions. The following letter urges the opening of a station there at Yong Jung. It is a pleasure to be able to add that since the above was written, the F. M. Board, West, at its meeting in Toronto, 16 April ult., granted the money to build at Yong Jung, and to open a new station there. It is a rare opportunity. If the people of our Church could realize it there would be no lack in the Foreign Mission Fund.—Ed.)

LETTER FROM REV. D. A. McDONALD .

Kainei, Korea,
4th March, 1913.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work in Kando. The work in our whole field is ready and waiting but that in Kando is not waiting. It is going on by itself. There is no marking time there.

In Kando the question is not whether the work will grow or not, but whether it will grow in the right direction or the wrong direction, and we feel that it is not possible to direct the work as well from here as from Yong Jung.

Ordinarily it may be well not to open up a new station until a sufficient staff is ready, but we feel that this is an extraordinary situation and that the presence of even one family there at this juncture may mean much to the future of the whole work.

Take one example of the urgency and difficulty.—In our whole Korean field—outside of Hoiryung—there is not a single school. In Kando there are probably from twenty to thirty, most of which have sprung up unaided by us, and already there is a well defined estrangement between the school and the church, caused largely by the present political situation.

If this and other difficulties would wait

till we were better able to handle them it would be well, but unfortunately they only become greater the longer we wait, and little can be accomplished by an occasional flying visit.

We would be very sorry to have you think that we want the opening of the new station conditional upon the building of two houses or even one house. In my opinion, and I think the others would agree, we want to open Yong Jung, houses or no houses.

It would probably be rather difficult to get suitable native quarters in so small a place as Yong Jung, but we don't want the main question of opening up the new station obscured by the secondary one of houses. We would like to build one house there this summer, two would mean practically the same time and an ultimate saving of money, but our chief desire and request is for permission to open the station.

You remember that last spring the three of us made a hurried trip over the field before deciding to locate at Hoiryung as there was difference of opinion as to whether Hoiryung or Yong Jung should have first attention. We all agreed on Hoiryung, not because the work was more important than the other, but because it was the geographical centre of the whole field, and the largest city and the people had been practically promised it beforehand.

I doubt if that decision would have been arrived at if we had not felt practically assured between ourselves that a start could be made in Yong Jung this Spring. It is difficult to compare the relative importance of two works, but as far as comparisons can be made, the Kando work is tremendously more important than that in our Korean field.

"It is very difficult in making estimates to distinguish between the immediate needs and the total equipment required as it is really all required at once.

In some mission fields a man has to develop his own work to a certain extent after he comes—to go out and find his work. That is not the case here. The work is all ready and waiting for the men.

If we could imagine our full equipment for the three stations on the field to-mor-

row, with the missionaries all provided with the language, every man and woman of them could start the same day right into full work without any marking time for an instant.

Consequently, it is hard to say what we need "now." We need the full equipment "now," need it just as much as we will one year or five years hence, as the work is already waiting and the question is not so much "what do we need now" as "how much of the total can you give us now?"

Of course we are apt to look at things from a purely Korean point of view, but the longer we are here the more strongly we feel that, unless it involves actual injustice to the other fields, our Korean field should have its full equipment of workers at the earliest possible moment.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

By DR. MARGARET MACKELLAR.

Dear Dr. Scott:—

I wish to acknowledge the valuable help rendered by the "Record" in making known the needs of our foreign work.

In Oct., 1908, there appeared in the "Record" an extract from a letter written by me to the F. M. C., and W. F. M. S., presenting the urgent need of a hospital for women in Neemuch, Central India.

A copy of that issue found its way into the hands of Mr. Howard A. MacKenzie, formerly of Montreal, superintending dredging in the mountain fastnesses of far-off Kashmir. Up to that time I had not met Mr. MacKenzie, but had had some correspondence with him, as a result of some reading matter which I had sent to Kashmir.

The appeal made for a hospital in Neemuch found a ready response in Mr. MacKenzie's heart and forthwith he sent a substantial donation and followed it up by others for two succeeding Christmas seasons.

With his gifts, three tablets were embedded in the front wall of the hospital. One, a white marble slab above the porch, contains in letters of gold,—“We wash the wounds and God heals them,” in four languages, English, Persian, Urdu and Hindi. We want our Indian people to know that in our work of healing, we feel ourselves to be only co-workers with God and that we desire Him to be acknowledged the Divine Healer.

On the smaller stone slabs, on either side of the entrance, are the words “Jesus went about doing good and healing all manner of disease” and “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

While Mr. MacKenzie is attending to his work in Kashmir the words on the tablets preach for him, day by day, from morning till night, in Neemuch, many hundreds of miles away.

Besides this he is a real missionary in his being loyal to the keeping of the Sabbath day. While at first he was allowed his Sabbaths, he was later deprived of them for a time, and felt keenly the position as a Christian.

Prayer was made to God. “The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord as the rivers of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will.” So while Mr. MacKenzie deepened the bed of the river for the Kashmir king, the King of kings turned the Maharaja's heart.

When Mr. MacKenzie was told by his superior officer, another Canadian, Lieutenant Colonel A. J. de Lotbiniere, C.S.I., C.I.E., R.E., that he had been working hard and needed a holiday, Mr. MacKenzie answered: “The only holiday that I want is my Sabbaths.”

After the superior officer had consulted with his highness the king, it was found that the Lord had turned the king's heart, and the Sabbath rest was restored to Mr. MacKenzie and his army of men.

It pays to be “a Daniel.” The non-Christian king thought none the less of Mr. MacKenzie for being true to his Christian faith. When the Coronation Durbar medals were being conferred, Mr. MacKenzie was selected as a recipient of one, and when it was sent to him it was accompanied by the following statement: “In consideration of the zealous and efficient work you have continually rendered to the Government of His Highness the Maharaja of Jumma and Kashmir.”

How true to experience are the Bible words, “Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings.”

Be such a man, live such a life that if every man were such as you and every life a life such as yours, this earth would be a paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

Young People's Societies

JUNE CITIZENSHIP TOPIC

SOME GREAT CANADIANS.

By FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO.

There are a few hazardous tasks in life; to suggest the Hundred Best Books, to lay out a programme of life, or offer advice to, another, and to make a list of "Great Canadians."

And yet the last of the three, the Guild Topic for June, is made possible only by the modifying word—"Some"—Great Canadians.

Much depends on what true greatness is, on the differing conceptions of greatness; whether the native born only should be included, or whether, as the writer takes the liberty of doing, it will be justifiable to give place to some whom we claim as Canadians for the service they rendered a land not their own by birth.

Selection will first be made of representative men according to our chief historic periods, viz.:—

THE ERA OF FRENCH RULE:—

Champlain.

THE BRITISH CONQUEST:—

Wolfe.

LEGISLATIVE BEGINNINGS IN 1792:—

John Graves Simcoe.

THE WAR OF 1812:—

Brock.

DeSalaberry.

THE REBELLION OF 1837-1838:—

Papineau.

William Lyon MacKenzie.

CONFEDERATION: THE BIRTH OF THE DOMINION:—

Joseph Howe.

John A. MacDonald.

George Brown.

An additional list may be suggested of representative men in certain departments of Canadian life, viz.:

A GREAT SCIENTIST:—

Sir William Dawson.

A GREAT EXPLORER:—

Alexander MacKenzie.

GREAT PARLIAMENTARIANS:—

Hon. Edward Blake.

Sir John Thompson.

GREAT EDUCATIONISTS:—

Egerton Ryerson.

George Munroe Grant.

GREAT MISSIONARIES:—

John Geddie,

John Black,

George Leslie MacKay,

James Robertson.

A series of brief biographical paragraphs may be given of each one included in this National Hall of Fame.

Champlain.

Samuel de Champlain won his place as the Father of New France. As Parkman has said:—"In him were embodied her religious zeal and romantic spirit of adventure. His life, full of significance, is the true beginning of her eventful history."

Kingsford pays no less a tribute to the great explorer:—"No name in French or British Canada is more pre-eminent, and from no single influence have sprung such lasting memorials as those attributable to his policy and his life."

During the thirty-two years of Champlain's life, after the founding of Quebec in 1603, he made no less than ten voyages to Canada, and explored much of the then unsettled areas of New France, from Acadia on the East to Lake Huron on the West.

Exploration and war chiefly made up his nation-building career, which was marked by as keen a religious as a national zeal. On Christmas Day of 1635, a life—harassing and laborious—came to an end as the first great Canadian passed away in the old fortress stronghold of Quebec.

Wolfe.

Among England's good gifts to Canada, those of men have been of more value than

those of money, and among the gifts of men, James Wolfe stands pre-eminent. The crowning achievement of his short but brilliant military career was that of the capture of Quebec from Montcalm, when France lost and England won an Empire, and when the way was paved for the British conquest.

The youthful English soldier had proved that Quebec was not unassailable by water. His epitaph in Westminster Abbey bears record that he was slain in a moment of victory, and that his memory is still more imperishably written in the great heart of the Empire, to pass from generation to generation.

Simcoe.

John Graves Simcoe served Canada in the three-fold capacity of citizen, soldier and administrator. As an officer of the Queen's Rangers he served during the Revolutionary war, but his title to fame, from a purely Canadian point of view, rests upon the service he rendered as the first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada.

It was truly a day of legislative beginnings, both in Lower and Upper Canada, with general conditions that were no less primitive and pioneer. It was moreover a miniature gathering of parliamentarians over which he presided, when the first legislature of Upper Canada met in the historic Navy Hall of old Niagara in 1792.

During that and subsequent years, many foundation stones were laid in Canada's premier province, and in this the wise guiding hand of Simcoe is clearly seen. Although his term of office in the new colony was comparatively brief, yet, like Wolfe and Brock, he rendered the highest service to the country at a time when it counted for the most.

Brock.

No name occupies such an honoured place in Canadian history as that of Sir Isaac Brock. He was yet another of the soldier sons lent by England to her Western colony. Coming to Canada in 1802, in the prime of his young manhood, he had already won renown in his chosen profession in the army. Like Wolfe, Brock was a soldier boy at a very early age, and saw service in Holland and Scotland and else-

where, before entering upon his Canadian career, which was unfortunately all too brief.

When the war of 1812 broke out, Brock faced an almost hopeless task of defending Canada against a foe that outnumbered it eight to one, and although he gave up his life in one of the early struggles, at the battle of Queenston Heights, on October 13th, 1812, yet, as one of his biographers expressed it, his spirit hovered over and inspired the men, fighting for their hearths and homes, to the end of the war.

DeSalaberry.

While Brock was thus offering up his life for his adopted country, Major DeSalaberry was revealing the patriotism and military genius of the French Canadian. After having served in the old 60th Regiment, DeSalaberry was placed in command of a regiment of Canadian voltigeurs.

It was at the battle of Chateauguay that DeSalaberry defended Eastern Canada from attack, although he had only a little force of 380 men as against ten times that number under Wilkinson. But victory lay with the defenders, and Montreal was saved from assault and possible capture, as Upper Canada was by the victory of Queenston Heights.

Papineau, MacKenzie.

Emerging from the Rebellion of 1837-1838 are the names of Papineau and MacKenzie, the leaders, in Lower and Upper Canada respectively, of those who struggled for what they regarded as the rights of self-government. The study of these two outstanding figures of that stormy time permits of a study as well of the whole period, and of the important legislation that followed the uprisings in the two Provinces.

The Birth of the Dominion.

The Confederation era may be fittingly termed the Birth of the Dominion, the first Union of Provinces of its kind, an example since followed in whole or in part by Australia and South Africa.

The thirty-three Fathers of Confederation occupy the same comparative relation as the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The British North America

Act is, in a sense, the Magna Charta of the Dominion, and among the men who had the vision of Canada's need, and who were broad enough to sink for a time party differences for the greater good, were

Joseph Howe, John A. Macdonald, and George Brown.

While there were many prophets of failure among those who debated the Confederation proposals, their predictions for the most part failed to materialize, and the faith of those who believed in a Federal union has been more than amply justified.

All honour is due the band of statesmen, of whom the three above mentioned are representative, for the high service they rendered Canada at a critical period in her history, and the story of the wonderful progress of the Dominion during the forty-six years since Confederation constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in our national annals.

Dawson.

Among representative men in other walks of life, Sir William Dawson stands out pre-eminently, not only as an educationist, but as a scientist.

Like many other notable Canadians, he was the product of old Pictou County, Nova Scotia. As Principal of McGill University, Sir William Dawson won for himself an unique place in the higher life of the country, but it was as a scientist that his fame reached beyond the bounds of the Dominion.

While science has no doubt advanced since his day, his works still have an honoured place on the library shelf, representing as they do a degree of scholarship not at all common even in these later days of increased educational facilities. As a scientist, Sir William Dawson, deserves a place in our honour roll of great Canadians.

MacKenzie.

No one will dispute that Alexander MacKenzie was a great explorer. A thrilling chapter it is that chronicles the exploits of that hardy band of pathfinders who, a century or more ago, faced the almost unknown West, pierced the mountain barriers, and stood on the shores of the Pacific main. The mighty stream flowing into the Arctic Ocean that bears the name of

MacKenzie is a fitting reminder on the map of Canada of one who blazed the trail and revealed the geography of the empire area of the far North-West in the Canadian land of the mid-night sun.

Blake, Thompson.

The selection of the two names to represent great parliamentarians may be invidious. It is indeed true that many others might as appropriately be chosen, but none will gainsay that Edward Blake and Sir John Thompson upheld the best traditions of the British parliamentary system during their careers in the Canadian Parliament. High-minded, disdaining the tricks of petty politics, with a view point that included the whole Dominion from ocean to ocean, the two men selected are shining examples.

No less true were they to the ideals embodied in the parliamentary system of self-government, and they still remain an example for the younger school of statesmen who occupy the stage in that department of our national life.

Ryerson, Grant.

Great educationists were Egerton Ryerson and George Munro Grant. The former rendered a service hard to be over-estimated when, in 1844, he was appointed Superintendent of schools in Upper Canada, as Ontario was then called. For the work of reconstructing the inefficient system and of remedying its great defects no one was better qualified than Dr. Ryerson; and although the activities of his life cover many other public phases, his name is best known as the founder of the Ontario Public School System.

Principal Grant's place is also an unique one. While, like Dr. Ryerson, he actively participated in the higher public and political life of the country, his chief work was undoubtedly done as the head of Queen's University. Few of the present generation probably realize the colossal nature of the task he had to face, the sacrifices that he made, and the quality of the monument he left behind him in the lives of the men whom he influenced as they passed under his leadership, by way of the halls of Queen's. No more suggestive biography belongs to Canadian literature than the life of Dr. Grant from the pen of his son.

Missionaries.

And what shall be said of Great Canadian Missionaries? Here again the choice is an embarrassing one. The Dominion has had a noble band of heroes of the Cross, who willingly ventured into the so-called hard places of the world, and there did valiant and pioneer service for their Master. One can easily justify therefore the selection of John Geddie, John Black, George Leslie MacKay and James Robertson.

Geddie.

Dr. Geddie's name will long live in missionary annals for his pioneer work in the New Hebrides, where, amid difficulties that are almost unknown today to the modern missionary, he rendered brave and valiant service, and paved the way for the fuller triumph of the Gospel the later years were to witness. He was the first foreign missionary from the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and the first missionary to the heathen from any colony of the British Empire. "When he landed, in 1848, there were no Christians, when he left, in 1872, there were no heathen." Thus reads the tablet in the church on the Island of Aneityum. Mrs. Geddie still lives in Australia, the one remaining link with the beginnings of our foreign missionary history.

Black.

In a different direction and in a different field, John Black laboured. No history of the Canadian North-West is complete that leaves out of account this hardy pioneer of the days when the West was in truth the Great Lone Land, held in almost undisputed possession by the Hudson's Bay Company, and upon whom the Indians and half-breeds were more or less dependent. Anything of life or vigor in Presbyterianism in the Western Canada of to-day is in a measure to be attributed to the foundation work done by John Black.

Robertson.

And last, but by no means least, is our modern Canadian hero of missions, James Robertson. He too did a good day's work for his country and his Lord. He too set an example of high vision and unbounded faith, linked up with sanity of judgment and qualities of leadership when, over

against the re-awakening of the West in more recent years, he directed the missionary policy of the Church. Men such as he are entitled to a place in our national annals as heroes of peace, along with those, in the fighting days of old, who were heroes of war.

Such are a few of Canada's great sons and servants. All honour to the men, whether of French or English speech, who helped to make the Canada of to-day. May the coming years produce types of manhood as noble and self-sacrificing, as heroic and high-minded, as the two score who comprise this brief selected list of Great Canadians.

YER CAN'T RUB IT OUT.

A wealthy young fellow was standing before a costly plate-glass window, idly scratching upon it with a diamond ring upon his finger. A small street urchin, after watching him for awhile with evident signs of displeasure, finally said to the older boy, who was disfiguring the window:

"Don't yer do that no more. What yer doin' it fer?"

"Guess I shall do it if I want to. Why not? Why shan't I do it?" said the other.

"Because," said the younger boy, and his voice became earnest, "because yer can't rub it out."

Human character is the window, clear, flawless, glistening, smooth, upon which every thought, word and action are leaving their certain trace.

That unholy thought which brought a flush to the cheek and caused a start of guilt lest another should suspect it, cuts its way through the clear crystal, leaving an unsightly scratch behind.

That unkind word to some one else brought not only the heartache to the one thus unkindly treated, but it also left a mark on your own character, where before there had been none.

And the worst of it is that none of these unsightly scratches will rub out. Try as we will, we cannot rub out the marks which our daily lives are leaving upon our personal characters.—Ex.

No one is warranted in neglecting to use the physical means of recovery, so far as these are obtainable; but to ease the mind and comfort the heart by calling to the memory precious extracts from the Word of God conduces to that calm which assists, if in itself it does not produce recovery.—New York Observer.

JUNE CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

THE FOREIGNER IN CANADA.

By REV. A. B. WINCHESTER, D.D.

One who is engaged in mission work among our alien population was heard recently to object to the use of the term "foreigner." Although I cannot imagine on what grounds he would support his objection, it may be well for me at the outset to say that I use the term most respectfully, and in its proper sense of "not native"—"alien"—or "stranger."

It may help us to a truer and more sympathetic understanding of our subject, if we pause at the beginning and take a look at that fountain-head from whence all the streams of human history are seen to flow—Gen 9: 15 to 11: 26, or to the New Testament declaration, Acts 17: 26: "These are the three sons of Noah, and of them was the whole earth overspread." "God hath made of one every nation of men to dwell upon the face of the earth."

By these hoary and inspired 'archives we are reminded—

(1) Of the essential unity of the human race.

In the light of this sublime revelation, it is ours not merely to preserve ever alive the inspiring consciousness that we are kin with earth's noblest—her heroes, saints and martyrs, but that it is alike our privilege and duty to seek to discover on the brow of the most unlovely and depraved, the lineaments of the divine image; and to seek with our whole soul's tasking, by God's appointed means, to restore that image, however marred and defaced by sin.

The work of the Christian proceeds upon the hypothesis that every soul is of priceless worth. What noble joys are his who with that celestial anthem singing in his soul—sung by the great multitude of every nation, kindred, people and tongue." (Rev. 7: 9)—reaches down in the name and spirit of Christ to touch the most abject and depraved, and to summon them to put on Christ, and to stand clothed with the inalienable dignity of a redeemed soul, peer of the holiest and the mightiest!

What practical value this sublime truth has when we meet with a new love and

reverence those of whatever country, custom, speech or colour whom God in His Providence has brought to this land. These are recognized as one with us in origin, temptation, ruin and redemption—for them as for us Christ died.

(2) Therefore, we are debtors to all. When the apostle to the Gentiles begins his great letter to the Romans, it is not so much his authority as an apostle which occupies his thought, as his indebtedness to all in that foreign and cosmopolitan city;—"I am debtor***both to the wise and to the unwise."

What for? What had the Romans done for Paul to lay him under such a weight of obligation? They had done nothing for him save perhaps to persecute him. It was not what he had received "from" them, but from Jesus Christ "for" them, which impelled him to spend time and strength, "not counting even his life dear to him" that he might strive to pay the debt he owed to Christ on their behalf.

Are not we in the same category? We are debtors to all races because our own debt has been paid:—

"Jesus paid it all
All to Him I owe."

"We are not our own;"—and He who bought us with His Precious Blood has the right to command the life. "Bear ye one another's burdens"—and—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." These are His commands.

Remembering then that the strangers within our gates are possessors of a common humanity with us, and that we are debtors, put in trust with the Gospel on their behalf, how shall we discharge this obligation which is co-extensive with our ability and human need?

I. Consider the magnitude of the Foreigner-in-Canada problem! Do not be afraid of superlatives here. Never before in the history of the world has its human population been in such a state of flux as during the last hundred years. Nothing approaching a parallel can be found in human annals.

Up to 1820 less than 250,000 had sought a home in the comparatively little-known continent of America, and these were principally from the British Isles. Between 1820 and 1882 more than 17,000-000 had come. For the remaining eighteen years of the nineteenth century, 25,000,-000 more came, and of these the proportion from the continent of Europe had increased in geometrical ratio.

Official reports of the U. S. A. show that the immigrants from Russia, Austria-Hungary and Italy made up two-thirds of the whole immigration from Europe in the last quarter of the century.

Rev. Jesse Gibson, Secretary of the Upper Canada Bible Society, procured accurate statistics for the calendar year 1912, and these, which are embodied in the Society's excellent annual report, I take the liberty of quoting:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Total immigration into Canada in: | |
| 1910 | 303,091 |
| 1911 | 350,374 |
| 1912 | 395,804 |

Sixty-seven nationalities are represented in last year's increase. One thousand and eighty-one immigrants for every day of the year.

During the last eight years 2,046,178. During the last three years 1,049,269 It is estimated that for 1913 the number will be 450,000.

II. What constitutes our problem? For a nation to receive an immigration increase in one year of one for every twenty of her population would create a problem, wherever they came from and however high class they were socially, industrially and morally.

But when we consider the type of civilization obtaining in the lands from whence the majority of these immigrants come, the question whether Canada can absorb and assimilate so many aliens year after year, without imperilling or modifying our domestic, religious, industrial and political life, is one occasioning gravest concern to our most thoughtful citizens.

However immigrants may add to the public wealth, they certainly add to the public—and especially to the Christian responsibilities.

It is difficult to get exact data concerning the foreigner in Canada. Leading statesmen in the U. S. A. have taken the matter more seriously, though somewhat belated. Ex-President Roosevelt said when the U. S. A. Immigration Commission was created, that "next to the conservation of the national resources, he considered the question of immigration the most important problem before the country."

We accept the judgment of Ex-President Roosevelt in another particular, as having exact application to our situation in Canada. "Up to that time"—i.e., the creation of the Immigration Commission, he thought—"that much of the immigration legislation had been based upon casual observation, or upon prejudice, without any thorough comprehensive study of the subject as a whole."

Would that our Federal Government might, by means of a strong commission, make such a thorough and comprehensive study of this most complex problem as its importance and immediate urgency demands!

There is pressing need for a campaign of education to let light in upon, and aid in solving one of the most far-reaching problems that any nation was ever called upon to deal with. It relates itself to every department of our national life—industry, education, sanitation, poverty, crime, etc, etc.

Space will only permit brief mention of two vital things menaced by the presence of the foreigner.

(1) His naturalization and advent into the sphere of politics. One of the first wants of a vast new country like Canada is a population able to develop its resources, to establish its government, to elaborate and administer its laws, and bulwark its educational, domestic and moral interests.

But if large numbers of those pouring in upon us are either ignorant of the first principles or duties of citizenship, or perchance for gain may sell their newly acquired rights to the highest bidder, is it not putting a most dangerous weapon into the hands of evil men, to give the stranger the franchise?

For the month of March, for example,

371 aliens were granted naturalization papers in Toronto. About 20 per cent. could not sign their names, and a majority could only be designated as illiterate.

Similar companies are granted papers at each sitting of the court. According to the law, any man who comes before a justice of the peace and swears that he has been in the country for three years can get naturalization papers and henceforth he is the equal in the eyes of the law of our best citizen. Three years is not a sufficient period—in some other countries they require five years' residence.

Moreover, for self-protection the State should prepare our alien prospective citizens to understand our political principles and institutions and to appreciate the sacred entrustment of the franchise.

In Toronto, for example, we have one foreigner to every nine of our population, with a large proportion of adults among them. How easy for designing demagogues to hoodwink the illiterates, fatten upon their ignorance and corrupt our politics!

There should be no full patriation of aliens until they give proof, such as the State should require, that they are prepared for it.

(2) The other vital question I wish to speak about is the effect of immigration on the Sabbath question; but that I must leave for another occasion when I hope to deal with the church's duty in connection with the foreign problem, and how she is seeking to solve or meet it.

POVERTY NOT A DRAWBACK.

By J. J. KELSO.

For the Record:

When there are growing boys in the family, poverty is not a curse, but a blessing in disguise. Frugality with virtue will in time surmount all such obstacles. How often both history and our own experience tell us of young men whose ruin and disgrace could be traced to unearned wealth, squandered in riotous living, and on the other hand of great leaders and merchant princes who through their privations in early life were led to more earn-

est endeavour in the Conquering of Circumstances!

Is there not in this thought much to comfort respectable parents in poor circumstances, and to stimulate their boys to noble and heroic conduct? With self-denial, persevering effort, and Christian ideals, there is no position, however high, to which the humblest lad in Canada may not aspire.

NO SUNDAY.

"I don't like Sunday!" cried Belle, pettishly, tossing off her plumed hat and velvet coat. "I can't wash my dolly's clothes, nor make mud-pies, and I hate to go to church and Sunday-school every time."

"I think," replied mamma soberly, "that there are little girls in the world who would be glad of a chance to go to church and Sunday-school."

"Because they think there's fun in it! I wish I lived where there wasn't any Sunday, ever."

Not long after this Belle had a chance to see what it would be like to have no Sunday. She went to the far West on a journey with her parents, and on Sunday there was a great rain-storm, washing out the track ahead of them, and they were stranded in a little mining town, where everything was new and dirty and rough. There was no church at all there.

When Belle looked out from the poor little hotel in the morning, she saw nothing that seemed like Sunday. The children who were playing in the mud were not the sort of children she liked to play with. They were ragged, they quarrelled, and threw dirt at each other. Dirty women came out of mean little houses and slapped the children, and quarrelled among themselves.

Some men were at work; others were loafing about, all day; and all looked as if they had never been to church in their lives. Some could not walk straight, and wanted to fight everybody. There was a great deal of loud, coarse language, and the most terrible swearing. Belle thought it the longest Sunday she had ever known. Very glad they all were at night, when word came that the wash-out would be repaired so they could go on in the morning.

"How would you like to live here always, Belle?" asked mamma. "There's no church or Sunday School here to trouble you."

"Oh!" she cried, "I didn't think it would be like this. Its just horrid.—The Young Christian Soldier.

Life and Work



HOW, WHEN, WHERE, WHY?

(1)

"You ask me HOW I gave my heart to Christ,

I do not know;
There came a yearning for Him in my soul
So long ago;

I knew earth's flowers would fade and die,
I wept for something that would satisfy,
And then—and then—somehow—I seemed
to dare

To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.

I do not know,
I cannot tell you how;
I only know
He is my Saviour now.

(2)

You ask me WHEN I gave my heart to Christ,

I cannot tell
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone -
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think—'twas then I let Him in.

I do not know,
I cannot tell you when;
I only know
He is so dear since then.

(3)

You ask me WHERE I gave my heart to Christ,

I cannot say;
That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.
Perhaps he thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that
spot!

I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want forever there to stay.

I do not know,
I cannot tell you where;
I only know
He came and blessed me there.

(4)

You ask me WHY I gave my heart to Christ,
I can reply;

It is a wondrous story; listen while
I tell you why.

My heart was drawn at length to seek His
face;

I was alone, I had no resting place;
I heard of Him, He loved me, with a love
Of depth so great, of height so far above
All human ken;

I longed such love to share,
And sought it then
Upon my knees in prayer.

(5)

You ask me WHY I thought this loving
Christ

Would heed my prayer;
I knew He died upon the cross for me,
I nailed Him there.
I heard His dying cry—"Father forgive;"
I saw Him drink death's cup that I might
live.

My head was bowed upon my breast in
shame,

He called me and in penitence I came;
He heard my prayer.

I cannot tell you HOW
Nor WHEN nor WHERE,
But WHY—I've told you now.

(If any of our readers can give the author of the above beautiful lines, and will drop a card to the Record with the name, it will be a great favour.—Ed.)

The very worst calamity, I should say, which could befall any human being would be this—to have his own way from his cradle to his grave; to have everything he liked for the asking, or even for the buying; never forced to say: "I should like that, but I can't afford it; I should like this, but I must not do it." Never to deny himself, never to exert himself never to work, and never to want. That man's soul would be in as great danger as if he were committing great crimes.—Charles Kingsley.

HOW TO HAVE A REVIVAL.

Deacon Brown's Plan.

Over at Hagerstown they had a revival. Bills were circulated all through our village advertising it. An evangelist, a singer, a chorus choir were held forth as attractive features; but the results, we were told, were small.

Walking up from the post office, father and Deacon Brown got to talking of that revival.

Father said: "Did you go over to the revival meetings any?"

"Yes," the deacon answered, "a few times."

"What did you think of it?"

"Oh, a good speaker, enjoyed the singing too, lots of folks; but I hear 'twant much of a revival."

"No, I hear the results were not very large. How do you account for it?"

"Well, I'll tell ye, it's a question of up or down. Some folks tries to work one up, and some folks tries to bring one down. And my idee is that workin' one up is wastin' a lot o' good steam and wearin' a lot o' good folks out. A revival ain't in us, that's what's the matter.

"You know Ike Follansbee? Well, Ike had a hoss or somethin' he called a hoss; and he wuz drawin' a load o' wood and the poor thing fell down, and Ike, he begun to pound it to have it git up and go on, and old Doc Shepherd, he come along and he hollered, 'Hey, there you rascal! What yer doin'? That hoss needs somethin' in before it can go on. Carry it home and hitch it to the bag-end of a thrashin' machine for a couple o' months.'

"And as far as I can see the same thing's true of a church too.

"Do you know we're tryin' to do a pile, when we hain't got nothin' to do with. This's a great day to do things. Do, do, do, that's about all we hear. Organize, form committees, push things. Yes, and there hain't enough spiritual strength in the whole lot to push a settin' hen off a nest.

"And 'tain't no wonder, neither. Some pulpits don't give the people a decent feed o' gospel truth once in a dog-days. Spend a heap o' time tellin' why they don't believe the Bible, and a heap more tryin' to prove the Lord Jesus wan't divine, and the rest o' the time showin' His cross wan't no different from any other cross.

"They give more poor science than they do rich gospel truth, and there's jist a pile o' folks in the pews that don't know what they do believe and why they do or don't, neither.

"And the people don't read the Old Book any more. Hain't got time, I suppose, and

ye know, when yer short for time, ye want to take it out on the Old Book; it's a kind o' useless thing we can jist as well git along without; and family prayer has gone out o' style along with pockets and comfort.

"Now when you've got a people that don't read the Old Book and hain't got time to pray, and a lot o' preachers preachin' 'bout heaven and earth and some things never in heaven nor earth neither, you tell me where your revival comes in. You may try to work one up, and ye will work, that's sartin', and ye'll have yer work and that's about all ye will have, that's my opinion.

"Now, of course, I'm old fashioned and out o' date; but that don't pervent yer havin' a little experience anyway, and it don't pervent yer thinkin' a little neither, and I'll tell ye I never seen a revival that wuz worked up that wuz worth the workin'. Ye might jist as well look to Paran Crick to run the sawmill and gristmill in dry times, when there hain't no water, as to look to a dry church to run God's work.

"No, Sir! the only revival I ever seen that's worth the name, come down from above, and I'll tell ye, if we're to see good times in the old meetin' house here, I believe we'll have to look for it in the same place.

"Why, ye know a revival is nothin' but God comin to His own.

"When the rain comes down in bucketsfull, and the brooks take a rise and the river gits full, the old pond jist runs over with water and ev-rythin' looks up and brightens up and the fields git all greenlike and the old sawmill goes tearin' through the logs jist for the fun o' the thing and the old gristmill can run day and night and enjy it, too. There's plenty o' life and plenty of power.

"And I tell ye, when we open up to God and let Him in and fill up our hearts, and our souls is jist full o' God, then He jist flows out through yer looks and through yer words and through yer hands and through yer feet, and, bless ye' ev-rythin' goes, 'cause it can't help goin' and ye have a revival and ye can't help it.

"But I tell ye, when yer hearts is full o' ev-rythin' else, full o' bizness and politics and society and socials and tradin' and fun, how in the world is God going to git a chance?

"Now I jist tell ye, if the ministers will go to prayin' and preachin' from the Old Book, instid o' tellin' us about the Old Book, and if the people will go to prayin', too and readin' the Old Book enough to make its acquaintance and recognize it when they see it, and will open up the life a little so's God can git in and will really want Him to come in, we'll have

showers from heaven; and when the heart gits filled up with God, like the old millpond does in a good season, why, things will pick up and look freshlike and the wheels will start runnin' and run just fer joy."

"That sounds like good sense," father said:

"'Course it is! That's the only kind o' sense I carry. D'ye know there's some things people tells ye in books—they call 'em professors don't they?—and there's some things ye learn through a little experience. Now I don't know how it is with you; but what I larn in experience, I knows. I'm what ye call a possessor. And I tell ye it'll take a mighty big professor to knock me out when I'm a possessor."

"They do say experience is the best teacher," said my father.

"Best teacher! Yes. I've sometimes thought the difference was about this, the rest on 'em scratches the board; she drives the nail in."

Just then we reached the crossing. We all stopped a moment. Then the deacon said, "Say, let me tell ye somethin'. I've seen some awful good times down at the old meetin' house there, and I've been thinkin' I'd be glad if I might see one more before I die, and ev'ryone o' them good times has to start somewhere. Suppose you and I let it start here." (He put his hand on his heart).

I remember father stood silent a moment; then he said: "Deacon, I'll have to own that's a good place to begin."

"Yes, sir! And let's begin right."

The deacon turned to cross the road, and as he did so, he didn't say a word but pointed his finger up.—W. I. Coburn, in the Watchman.

MY SILENT PARTNER.

By J. CAMPBELL WHITE.

A German friend said to me: "I am now in a very good position in business, but I have seen other days than these. When a boy of fourteen years, my father died. I remember one sleepless night when I did not know where to find daily bread for my mother and four younger sisters and brother.

"I started in business with a school friend with a small capital, and through great ups and downs, after a dozen years we were about as far along as at the beginning. After that I alone continued the business, which improved slowly.

"Once in a downward period I was in great anxiety lest a ship might be wrecked, and in my anxiety I promised that if my great invisible Friend would once more save me from the storm, I would spend five

per cent. of my further income for benevolent purposes.

"The danger passed by. I remember how my wife, who did not know of this vow, was very happy when she remarked that I never said 'no' when she asked me if she might spend still more money for such or such good purposes.

"When at last I revealed to her the plan of that five per cent. she enjoyed doubly the weeks before Christmas, when she could supply almost every modest need of her women friends among the poor people of our city.

"Then a time came when business began to flourish in a surprising way. In one year my capital grew to more than half as much as it had increased in the thirty years before. The blessing was so great that I really got a little startled.

"A strange thought began to come into my mind. I had heard often of men who, having grown rich, had become hard-hearted, and began to fear lest I might submit to such influences of wealth and become avaricious. This thought really frightened me. I began a little to fear to grow rich.

"To get peace of mind about it, I devised the following plan: taking a sheet of paper, I roughly sketched a kind of vow that if my property should ever reach a certain amount, I would divide any surplus beyond that, putting half of it upon an extra account, considering this account as not belonging to myself, but to manage it so that the interest it gained should be exclusively spent for God's purposes in the world.

"From what I had experienced the last ten to fifteen years, I calculated and dared to hope that the fixed limit for the beginning of this secret partnership might be reached in ten or twelve years.

"Again the flood rushed in, and in such a way that within three years my capital was nearly tripled, and I was obliged to open the new account, which I called 'Account II,' opening it with an amount equal to more than half of that which the first thirty years of my work had brought to me.

"In occasional hard times I should have been in great embarrassment without my secret account, in order to continue certain yearly gifts that were expected by my friends for needy work, but now, being only the steward, I can give freely. I remember many a day when the only transaction in business that really gave me satisfaction was a gift from 'Account II.'

"I may say that I am thankful for having the 'silent partner' who knows how to make money for both of us, and gives me unspeakable joy as his steward."

THE BIBLE AND THE YOUNG.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY WOODROW WILSON.

(President of the United States.)

The beauty about the Bible is that it is the most wholesome, the most perfectly symmetrical, the least morbid picture of life and motives of men in the world. Almost every other book has a streak of morbidness in it, but this book is wholesome and sweet and natural and naif from cover to cover. Here are no dull moralizings; here is the life of man set forth as it was simply lived from generation to generation.

I take it that the problem which you would all study for the Sunday school is the biographies and the histories of the Old Testament and of the New.

I suppose that the Epistles of the New Testament are for the perusal of those who are mature, because in the Epistles is set forth, as it were, the philosophy of the whole thing, the thoughtful reflection based upon the providence of God and the revelation of His Son. The Epistles constitute the theology of the Bible, and the rest of it constitutes the experience of mankind in contact with Divine Providence.

How often does the Bible eulogize the man who masters his own passions? In every circumstance of life, for the child as well as for him who is grown, in every day and in every turn of every day, the question is: "Shall we rule our own spirits?" and here, set forth in such simple terms that the child may understand it, in the annals of the Holy Scripture, are written the histories of men of every kind, whose glory was that they did master their own spirits, and through the whole thing lies what the Greek tragedies were never able to supply—the key, the thread to the labyrinth, the solution of the problem, the answer to the eternal question.

He alone can rule his own spirit who puts himself under the command of the spirit of God, revealed in his Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. He is the captain of our soul; he is the one from whose suggestions and from whose life comes the light that guideth every man that ever came into the world. If we can make our Sunday schools the blazing centers of that light, then indeed will the darkness of the world be dissipated.

The happiness of seeing a great company of people gathered together in the interest of the Sunday school is the happiness of knowing that there are they who seek light and who know that the lamp from which their spirits can be kindled is the lamp that glows in the Word of God.

Every Sunday school should be a place where this great book is not only opened, is not only studied, is not only revered, but is drunk of as if it were a fountain of life, is used as if it were the only source of inspiration and of guidance. No great nation can ever survive its own temptations and its own follies that does not indoctrinate its children in the Word of God; so that as schoolmaster and as governor I know that my feet must rest with the feet of my fellow men upon this foundation only; for the righteousness of nations like the righteousness of men must take its source from these foundations of inspiration.

Daily Bible Reading.

I am sorry for the men who do not read the Bible every day; I wonder why they deprive themselves of the strength and of the pleasure. It is one of the most singular books in the world, for every time you open it, some old text that you have read a score of times suddenly beams with a new meaning. Evidently the mood and the thought of that day, bred by the circumstances that you cannot analyze, has suddenly thrown its light upon that page and upon that passage, and there springs out upon the page to you something that you never saw lie upon it before.

There is no other book that I know of, of which this is true; there is no other book that yields its meaning so personally, that seems to fit itself so intimately to the very spirit that is seeking its guidance.

The Word of God at the Foundations of Government.

There are great problems before our people. There are problems which will need purity of spirit and an integrity of purpose such as has never been called for before in the history of this country. I should be afraid to go forward if I did not believe that there lay at the foundation of all our schooling and of all our thought this incomparable and unimpeachable Word of God.

If we cannot derive our strength thence, there is no source from which we can derive it, and so I would bid you go from this place, if I may, inspired once more with the feeling that the providence of God is the foundation of affairs, and that only those can guide, and only those can follow, who take this providence of God from the sources where it is authentically interpreted.

The Teaching of the Scriptures.

I congratulate you that you have a part in the development of the great Sunday-school work. I sometimes wish very candidly that there was more simple reading and interpretation of the Bible and fewer elab-

orated Sunday-school lessons. I want to say very frankly that I never saw a Sunday-school lesson that yielded the meaning of the text that it was trying to interpret.

If you will only give these little people the pure bread itself you won't have to ask some inexpert chemical analyst to tell them how the bread is made up. There is no man with insight enough to see how the bread of life is made, and I wish sometimes that we could strip off these superficial explanations and get down to those things that sustain our spirits.

I want to urge that we get down to hardpan again, that we regard the whole business of the Sunday school as the familiarizing of the children with the Word of God.

Give it to the Children Straight.

If you only made them read it again and again, and added no comment that they did not ask for, you would be doing an incomparable service for morality and progress.

Give it to them unadulterated, pure, unaltered, unexplained, uncheaped, and then see it work its wholesome work throughout the whole nature. It is very difficult, indeed, for a man or for a boy who knows the Scripture, ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It reminds him like the word of an old and revered teacher. It forms part of the warp and woof of his life.

"IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."

FROM AN ADDRESS BY WM. JENNINGS BRYAN.

(Secretary of State, U.S.A.)

"In our school-days we learned that nature abhors a vacuum, and surely there can be no vacuum in the human heart. The heart that is not filled with religion is filled with irreligion.

The young man who at twenty-one does not believe in God has already denied God. The young man at twenty-one who does not care for the Bible has already decided not to allow that Book to influence his life. The young man who at twenty-one has decided that Christ is not divine has already classed Him with mere man.

The impressions that shape our lives are the impressions received in youth, and it is foolish for parents to believe that a young man or woman will naturally follow the path of righteousness if they have made no effort to assist them in their early years.

"As I look back over my life, I must confess that I have added little in the way of things that are moral and fundamentally controlling since I reached man's estate.

And when I say this of myself, I assume it to be true of those to whom I speak.

"I commenced attending school at the age of ten. Before that time my mother gave me instruction at home. Among other things, my mother impressed upon me such a dislike for swearing, that after I began attending school I would always withdraw when boys with whom I was conversing became profane.

"I have never overcome my dislike of profanity, and to-day I never hear a man swear without wanting to get as far away from him as possible. This feeling I owe to instruction I received when I was less than ten years old. It is one of the impressions my mother made upon my young life."

He then spoke of the impress his father had made upon his youthful mind in regard to gambling, and added:

"The third impression was made upon me by both of my parents, when they combined in teaching me total abstinence.

"My life has been spent in public life, and my experience is that if there is one place where a man should not drink, it is in public life. Nowhere are temptations greater, and for this reason a man must carefully hold himself in hand.

"After having been in public life one-quarter of a century. I can testify that there has never been one day when I found that it would have been advantageous to me to drink. And I never found that I lost standing even among those who did drink. I have never heard one criticism made of my position as a total abstainer.

"I became a member of the Church at the age of fourteen.

"Did I understand the creed of the church I joined," he continued, "I not only did not understand it then, but I've never had the time to study it since, but I believe in a creed. It is as necessary to have a creed in a church as it is to have a platform for a public party.

"True spiritual education, that which will bring man to his highest and fullest estate, must include a belief in God, the Supreme Ruler,—in Jesus Christ, who is not merely an ideal—but the actual Son of God,—and in the Bible as the inspired Word of God."

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had the means, time, influence and educational advantages; the question is what will he do with the things he has.

"My life is a brief, brief thing, I'm here for a little space, but while I stay, I'd like, if I may, to brighten and better the place."

FORGIVENESS TOO CHEAP.

A collier came to me at the close of one of my services, and said: "I would like to be a Christian but I can not receive what you said to-night."

I asked him why not.

He replied: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I can not believe He will forgive them if I just turn to Him. It is too cheap."

I looked at him and said: "My dear friend have you been working to-day?"

He looked at me, slightly astonished, and said: "Yes, I was down in the pit as usual."

"How did you get out of the pit?" I asked.

"The way I usually do. I got into the cage, and was pulled to the top."

"How much did you pay to come out of the pit?" He looked at me astonished. "Pay?" Of course, I didn't pay anything."

I asked him: "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in the cage? Was it not too cheap?"

"Oh, no!" he said. "It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft."

And without another word the truth of that admission broke in upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation "without money and without price" it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.—British Weekly.

SALVATION BY FAITH.

It will not do for any man to build his hopes of heaven on anything but the foundation of an implicit faith in the atoning work of Jesus Christ.

The story is told of a man who dreamed that he constructed a ladder from earth to heaven, and that, whenever he did a good deed, his ladder went up two feet. When he did a very good deed, the ladder went higher, and when he gave away large sums of money to the poor, it went up further still.

By and by, it went out of sight, and as years rolled on, it went up, he thought, past the clouds clear into heaven. The man expected that when he died he would step off his ladder into heaven, but he heard a voice thunder from Paradise, "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Down the man came, ladder and all, and he awoke.

He then realized that if he wanted to be saved, he must obtain salvation in another way than by good deeds, and he took that other way, which leads past the atoning cross of Jesus Christ.—Sel.

GRANDMOTHER MADE HAPPY.

"It seems to me that Mrs. Willis doesn't look very well," young Mrs. Willis' caller said out in the hall, as she glanced back at the old lady who sat listlessly by the window.

"I don't know what is the matter with her," young Mrs. Willis answered, with a touch of impatience in her voice. "I'm sure nobody could be kinder to his mother than Fred is. She has the sunniest bedroom, and we always try to have her old friends in whenever she wants to see them. Of course it must be hard to give up her own home after she has been mistress of it for over forty years, but what else can we do?"

As the caller went down the steps the postman came up. There was only one letter, and that was for old Mrs. Willis. Her daughter-in-law handed it to her and then went off about some household task. When she came back, fifteen minutes later, old Mrs. Willis, excited and eager, was tying on her bonnet.

"I've got to go down-town, Julia," she said. "I'll be back in time for dinner."

She came back at exactly six o'clock. Her bonnet had slipped to one side and there was a tired flush on her face, but her arms were full of bundles and her eyes were sparkling joyously.

"I've got you those towels you wanted, Julia," she announced, "and there's a box of preserved ginger for Fred—you didn't know he loved it, did you? And that's a handkerchief for Norah; and the rest are little things for other people."

"But—I don't understand," Julia stammered.

Old Mrs. Willis lifted her shining face. "If that isn't like me to forget to tell you! Why, 'twas an old debt I'd forgotten about—ten dollars—that came to-day from Mary Dodson. Think of it—ten dollars of my own to spend as I pleased! My, but I've had a good time! I've got three dollars left, and I'm going to give Lydy Baker a treat to-morrow!"

Julia's eyes met her husband's with sudden comprehension. Three years without a dollar of her own with which to give any one a treat—mother, to whom giving had been the very breath of life!

"Oh," Julia cried, under her breath, "how could we—how could we!"—Youth's Companion.

Dr. Duff once told an Edinburgh audience that if they would give him the cost of that portion of their silk dresses that swept the pavements, he would support all of his missionaries in India.

CLIMBING THE CHURCH STEEPLE.

"I think we might as well give up Jordan Hichens. We have been trying to get him for a long time; but it is of no use. I move his name be struck from the list."

Ferris Calthorp was hardly in his seat when the motion was seconded.

"I suppose I do not need to call for remarks," Chairman Parks said, after stating the question. "Every one of us has done his best to get Hichens to attend a meeting of the Class, and all of us have failed. He is even discourteous in the way he treats us. Maybe it would be a good thing to pass him by for some one more likely to respond to our advances. Shall I put the question? All in favor?"

"One moment, Mr. Chairman." Albert Bigelow's request for the floor was heeded, and he was soon explaining his reasons for opposing the motion.

"Hichens' name was put on our list at the first meeting of our committee, and it has been there for three months. Twice his card was given to me, and both times I had to report unfavorably. Once he laughed at me good-naturedly enough, but in such a way that I felt there was no chance of reaching him. You asked me to try again, so I saw him a second time.

"But, men!" The speaker squared his shoulders, as he went on: "I was wrong to be discouraged, and I think we would be making a big mistake if we should drop his name. Mr. Chairman, may I move a substitute to Mr. Calthorp's motion? I move that a name once added to our list of possibilities shall remain there until removed either because he comes or because he has died."

Bigelow's motion carried without a dissenting vote.

Next day, when Bigelow met Hichens on the street, he was tempted to pass him by without a word, on the plea that a more propitious time might be found. Then he decided he could not lose an opportunity. So once more he told the man of the desire of the Forward Class to see him at one of their meetings.

"It's of no use," was Hichens' discouraging reply. "I don't want your Class, and you wouldn't want me if you knew me better. We haven't anything in common. You don't understand my life, and until you do we can't come together."

"Another failure!" thought Bigelow, as Hichens passed on.

Then he set his teeth. "All right!" he thought. "I'll try again. If I fail, I'll try once more. And I'll keep on trying. Hichens' name stays on the list till he is one of us. God grant that he may be before his

name is erased for the second reason I gave to the men!"

For three days he watched for his quarry, but did not see him. On the fourth day he went to the Hichens' home, but Mrs. Hichens told him her husband was at work. "He has a steady job on the new church," she explained.

"Wonder if they would object to my going to see him there?" Bigelow asked.

"No," was the reply. "But if you want to see him about your Class—you see he has told me about your inviting him—I think maybe you had better wait and catch him here at the house."

Deciding that too much time had been lost already, Bigelow sought the new church, the tip of whose spire, nearly completed, reached two hundred feet above the pavement.

"Can you see Hichens?" a workman repeated his question. "Sure," the man went on, with a grin—"if you go where he is. See him up there?" He pointed to the upper part of the spire.

"How can I get up there?"

"Ladders. See them? There's one. At the end of that is another." Perhaps there are fifteen or twenty in all. Go to him, lad!"

Bigelow's heart sank. He disliked to climb a single ladder. But fifteen! Perhaps he had better do as Mrs. Hichens suggested. As he turned away he saw the triumphant grin on the face of his informant. That decided him.

How he climbed those ladders he could never tell. But he did it. At last he stood near the top of the last. Hichens was just above him. The caller coughed, and the carpenter turned.

"What are you after up here?" was the astonished question.

"After you!"

"And you care enough to have me at that Class of yours to climb up here after me?"

"We want more than that, Mr. Hichens; we want you in the church with the rest of us. Won't you come?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Hichens spoke with emotion.

"You'll see me Sunday. You've done what I said you'd have to do—get on my level."

He kept his word. He was at the Class the next Sunday, and it was only two weeks until he applied to the session for admission to the church. When he was asked what led him to come where he had been wanted so long, he told the story of Bigelow's visit to the top of the steeple, and concluded:

Anybody who'll climb two hundred feet of shaky ladders can have me any day."

—Ex.

The Children's Record

EVERLYN'S STRANGE DREAM.

(Adapted from the Woman's Missionary Friend.)

Scene First.

Evelyn Morrison had entertained the Young Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of her church at her home. The meeting had been one of unusual interest, for a returned missionary had been present and had talked to the girls, telling the thrilling story of her work in distant lands.

Her sweet womanliness, added to her intense earnestness and spirituality, had completely won the hearts of the girls; so that when she finished with an appeal to them to deny themselves and not give the Lord a worthless offering, they were so quiet and thoughtful that the dear woman, in her human blindness, feared she had not inspired them but that—*horrible thought*—perhaps they had been bored! However, she knew she had done it “in His name,” therefore she could leave the result in the Master's hands.

A few of the girls were still lingering to talk over the approaching Easter Thankoffering service.

“It's all very well for her to talk about denying ourselves and all that,” said Margaret Brewster from her seat on the rug. “You girls who have had everything in the world you wanted since you were born *ought* to deny yourselves; it would do you good. But just look at me, dressed from head to feet in Cousin Jennie's old clothes. I never had but one brand, new dress in my life and mother got that cheap because it was such an outrageous color and pattern that no one else would have it for love or money. And then it was made up for poor me, because”——

“Margaret, you ought not to talk like that,” interrupted Mary Sinclair. “You'd be a perfect picture in anything. And you know it as well as I do.”

“Pshaw!” said Margaret. “If that missionary thinks she is going to get my twenty dollar gold piece out of me by telling those scare stories about girls in heathen countries she's greatly mistaken. And what's more, I don't believe it's near as bad as she makes it out, so there!”

“How did she happen to find out that you had a gold piece, Margaret?” asked one of the others.

“She don't, she didn't, I mean. But she looked right straight into my eyes when she said, ‘If any among us possesses money she is going to spend on her own selfish pleasure or adornment, she should remember that she *owes* a tenth to her Lord from whom it came, and then, besides that, a thank-offering to Him because the lines have fallen to her in such pleasant places and she has the goodly heritage which belongs to every Canadian girl to-day.’ I fail to see where *mine* comes in!”

Evelyn Morrison, the daughter of the very rich Mr. Morrison, founder of the Morrison Home for the Aged, and I don't know how many other benevolences, here broke into the conversation with the words.

“Say, girls, let's save money off our Easter hats for the thank-offering. I know a woman who would be glad to teach us to make them ourselves. They'd cost almost nothing, and we can use ribbons for trimming and give what we'd have to pay for flowers and feathers and such things. It would be great fun to make them.”

Most of the girls assented rapturously, but Margaret Brewster was not of the number. “I think it is time we were all home and in our little beds,” she said, jumping up from her lowly seat as she spoke.

At these words there was a general move, for it was quite late for “bachelor maids” to be out; but as they trooped merrily down the steps, Evelyn called after them, “Don't forget that I'll have that woman here to teach us to make our hats, next week.”

A chorus of gay young voices replied, “All right. We'll be there, sure. Good night.”

Scene Second.

As Evelyn turned back into the hall, the words of the speaker of the evening came to her remembrance and she repeated them softly to herself as she slowly mounted the stairs: “The Lord's money. I wonder whether I ever gave him any, really.”

She was interrupted in her reverie by her mother's voice calling, as she passed her room, “Oh, Evelyn, come here a minute, please. I wish you would look over this list of names for the reception and see if anybody is left out.”

She continued, as her daughter stopped at the door, “Really, I'm so tired I can-

not even think;" and she stretched her tired arms and indulged in a prolonged yawn, as Evelyn took the long list and glanced at it.

But although the daughter outwardly complied with her mother's request her thoughts were far away, and sub-consciously she kept asking herself. "I wonder if I ever *did* give Him anything."

"Mother," she said, laying down the paper, "don't let's have this big, elaborate reception. I can be introduced to society just as well, quietly. If you'd only allow me to 'slide' out, I'd love it. And, O mother,"—she clasped her hands imploringly—"if I *could* have the money you'd save in this way, for our Thank-offering. Just think of the help it would be."

But Mrs. Morrison's dark brows drew together in a frown as she said, "I do hope, Evelyn, you are not going to be eccentric like your father. It is not so bad in a man, but an 'odd' girl is simply impossible."

"O mother, please do, please! Just this once, and indeed I'll try not to be queer any more," besought the girl. Mrs. Morrison's face softened, and she caressed the little white hand laid on her knee, but her voice was very firm and decided as she replied, "I'll give you as large a check for your Thank-offering as you wish, but Society demands this reception and it must take place."

"But," interrupted Evelyn, "I don't want to give the Lord 'that which costs me nothing.' I want to sacrifice something for his cause."

"Well, well, child, go to bed now; you are tired and nervous. We'll talk about it in the morning," said the elder, soothingly, kissing the earnest face uplifted to her own.

"My, my!" she soliloquized, sinking back into the depths of her easy chair as the door closed softly behind her daughter. "I must have Dr. Guestford see the girl. She needs a tonic; she's all run down. I do hope she is not going to turn out 'queer.'"

There are other people in this world who, like Mrs. Morrison, would far rather have their children indifferent to the things of the "Kingdom," even bad in a polite fashion, than unconventional.

At that very time Margaret Brewster, in her own little, white room, was standing before the mirror brushing her beautiful hair, and she, too, was thinking. At last she said, looking her reflection firmly in the eyes:

"I don't care if father does pull down his lip and say its wicked to wear feathers. I'm going to buy one for my Easter hat,

with my twenty dollar gold piece; and as to those heathen girls, I don't believe they have half as bad a time as that missionary says." Here she turned out the gas with a jerk. "Anyhow, I don't care if they do. I am sure I need as much as they do." And after a very perfunctory prayer she slipped into her bed and promptly fell asleep.

Scene Third.

It was Easter Monday—the day on which the Thank-offering of the Young Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was to be received. There was an unusually large attendance, for the girls were so earnest and enthusiastic about the service that a number of the older women were present, to gain inspiration for themselves, they said.

The fresh young faces of the girls looked sweeter and fairer than usual, under the brims of their simple Easter hats. Such quiet, refined, unostentatious-looking hats it would have done your heart good to see, trimmed with pretty ribbons formed into artistic bows; no huge cartwheels placed on one side of their heads, no hideous monstrosities pressed down over their ears and eyes until they greatly resembled their early ancestors (according to Darwin); not one willow plume, nor a single aigret. Why, you could see the preacher even if two of the girls sat together in church and you sat behind them. You could tell at once that Evelyn had kept her promise and had secured the teacher of millinery.

It had been arranged that each girl should go forward when her name was called, deposit her offering and tell in a few words how she had managed to save it. One after the other they brought their money and laid it down on the table.

Almost everyone had saved it from the usual cost of her spring hat, and I cannot deny that Miss Sparker, the leading milliner of Roseville, looked very grave as the meeting progressed, almost as though she wished she had not come to the service.

Evelyn Tells Her Dream.

At last Evelyn Morrison's name was called. She left her seat beside her mother, came down the aisle and laid down a cheque, then drew out a sealed envelope and, with a glorified face and shining eyes, said:

"I had a dream on the night of our last meeting. I thought I had come to the river of death. I held a silver trumpet in my hand and I knew that if I were to blow one single blast the ferryman would come in his boat to take me across the dark flood. I watched the waters of the river

rolling swiftly by until I was seized with an awful dread that he would not come for me when I did give the signal.

At length, trembling, I put the trumpet to my lips and blew, and from its silver mouth there came a liquid note of wonderful sweetness.

Immediately the boat was at the shore before me. The ferryman was old and toilworn. His beard looked like a wreath of snow as it was blown by the strong, fresh wind about his head and face, but he had the most wonderful eyes, like the blue of the sky on a Summer morning, and so penetrating that I felt that he saw into my soul with one glance.

"I tried to step into the boat, but he held out his hand for payment before he would allow me to get in. Now, my pocket was full of money, and it never once entered my mind that it was not the sort in circulation there. I pulled out a handful of coins and held them out to him, but he shook his head after giving a single glance at them, saying, 'Only money given to help the poor and needy of the earth is current here.'

"From my other pocket, which held but a few pieces, I took some money; but again scarcely looking at what I offered he refused it.

"'Why,' said I, 'this was given to help others. Its good money, isn't it?'

"Again he shook his head, murmuring, 'My poor child, cannot you see yourself that it is counterfeit?'

"I looked at it more closely, and it certainly was counterfeit, and very poor at that. The marred face of our Lord was almost obliterated, for over it had been stamped my own image.

"The boatman was turning sadly away, when in desperation I plunged my hand far down in my pocket, and away in one corner found a little coin which I drew out. It was of small denomination, but it shone and sparkled like precious stones, the head of the Saviour was deeply engraven on it, and below were the words, 'The Lord's Money.'

At sight of this coin the ferryman held out his hand (I saw a scar in the palm where it had been pierced), and taking mine in a firm clasp, lifted me into the boat with him.

"'Tell me,' I said, 'how I came to have that coin, and what made it shine so.'

"'My daughter,' he replied, and he did not exactly smile but his face seemed lighted from within, 'that coin, small though it be, was the only money you ever gave away for which you sacrificed yourself, or that cost you anything.

"Do you remember," he continued, and his tones were the sweetest I had ever heard, 'one morning on your way to school, many years ago, you met a pale little boy crying from hunger and cold, his little, bare toes sticking out through his broken shoes? You stopped and spoke kindly to him, gave him your own lunch, and then with this small coin, the only money you had' (he held up the shining piece before my eyes as though it was of untold value) 'you hurried off to a store and bought him a pair of warm stockings to cover his poor feet.

"'Afterwards you bore your teacher's reproof for your tardiness patiently, and you went without your lunch gladly, for your heart was warm because you had felt the untold pleasure of giving that for which you had sacrificed yourself. Remember the words, 'Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these you did it unto me.'

Evelyn's own face was afire with love as she finished, "No one can ever know how full of thanksgiving my heart was, that there was one coin at least that was current in heaven. And from this day forth, I am determined never to offer Him a Thank-offering of that which costs me nothing. And this," laying the envelope she had held all this time in her hand, on the table with the check, "I have given to Him, for I have sacrificed to save it."

When Evelyn got back to her seat, Mrs. Morrison was wiping her eyes, but she whispered to her daughter, "O Evelyn, you are perfectly impossible. So like your father!"

Then Margaret Brewster's name was called; but her story must be kept for the next "Children's Record," or, as the newspapers say,—

To be Continued.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

The girl who is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her, and put on her till she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her.

A child that is waked up every morning and never wakes himself, and is dressed and never makes mistakes about being clean, and is fed and never has anything to do with his food, and is watched and never watches himself, and is cared for and kept all day from wrong-doing, such a child might as well be a tallow candle—perfect, straight and solid and comely and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.—Ex.

TWO BARRELS OF OYSTERS.

No one would have called Huggins, the grocer, dishonest. He, least of all the men in Caldo, would have thought of himself in such a light.

He did love money, but never for a moment would he have allowed that that root of all evil would at some time threaten to destroy his hope of salvation.

He did love to spend his evenings in the taproom of the Caldo Inn, and as a result the clothes of his two boys were shabby, and often the toes of their shoes allowed too much liberty with the toes on their feet. Not that he was a sot; far from it. No one ever saw him in the streets the worse for drink, but then usually he went home late at night.

He managed to keep his bank account from being overdrawn, though his balance was always small, in spite of the good business which he did. He dealt in the articles commonly kept in a country grocery store.

Among other attractions of his store was his oyster counter, where he opened oysters for customers to eat as they bought them, or to buy by the dozen and carry away in the shell. One day his clerk said to him:

"Mr. Huggins, the statement from the 'Fish Market Supply Company' this month makes no account of those two barrels of oysters that came in two weeks ago."

"Don't, hey?"

"No. They must have failed to enter it. Shall I write about it?"

"No. They'll think of it next time. I'm a little short this month, anyhow. Write a check for the amount of the statement. They won't be hurt if they do wait thirty days more."

The oysters lasted almost until the end of the month, and no additional order was given until the first of the next month, and when the next regular statement came it did not contain the item which had been omitted before.

The clerk duly reported the fact, and Huggins said he would attend to the matter. He fully intended to do that very thing, but he had spent more money than usual during those four weeks and the bank balance was dangerously small.

Huggins thought about the matter frequently during the days immediately following, and repeatedly told himself he would write about those oysters, but delay succeeded delay, until two months became four, and four eight. Finally the clerk said to himself:

"The old man doesn't mean to pay for those oysters. I didn't think it of him. But I've done my duty."

So the year went by, and then another and another, and Huggins silenced his conscience by saying:

"I don't keep their books. It's all that I can do to keep my own. And besides, I'd look pretty now, wouldn't I, calling up this dead thing and confessing myself a dead beat?"

So the oysters went unpaid for, and after a little Huggins thought he had forgotten all about them. But he was drinking more than he had before the thing happened. Not only were his children shabby, but his wife and he both began to look so, also, and the bank account did not swell.

The forces of good and evil were struggling against each other for the possession of the soul of John Huggins, and evil seemed to have the better of the contest.

A temperance evangelist came to Caldo, and after a short time aroused a tremendous antagonism to the liquor traffic. Just when matters were at white heat a famous gospel evangelist began a series of old-time protracted meetings. Multitudes were converted, and the company of seekers after Christ continued to increase.

In this company was John Huggins. Night after night in the old church, the grocer was on his knees at the altar rail. He rose at every service to ask for prayer. The taproom of the Caldo Inn knew him no more. His old associates dropped into his store to argue with him, to laugh and jeer at him, to ridicule him for being a baby, but he had only one reply:

"Boys, I'm going to get religion if I can."

From that they could not move him.

But he could not "get religion." The sense of sin was on him, but the sense of pardon never came. Between him and every effort he made to reach the Christ was an obstacle he could not remove. He saw it clearly, knew perfectly what it was, knew that the only way lay over it, and that he alone could clear it away. He was too proud, too much ashamed of the record, too unwilling to make amends in the only manner possible.

So for two weeks he and his friends struggled for his conversion. It was useless. But the poor fellow had one Helper whom he did not at first recognize—the Holy Spirit, working through his conscience.

John Huggins told his own story, and made his public confession not long after when he united with the Church of Christ and became a humble disciple of Jesus. Here is the story:

"Two barrels of oysters kept me away from Christ for two whole weeks. I was

deeply convicted of sin, and I prayed alone, and others prayed with me, but it was of no use. When I would be on my knees I would see those two barrels between me and the back of my chair. I would see those two barrels floating in the air between me and the minister while he was preaching.

I knew I ought to pay for them, but I was too proud to let that New York dealer know that I had really been a thief. They almost landed me in hell. One morning after I had fought all night without going to bed, I rushed down to my store before breakfast, wrote a check for the price of those two barrels and interest for two years, wrote a letter to the wholesaler telling him the whole story, and mailed that letter.

As I dropped it into the letter box at the office a voice sounded in my soul, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.' Then peace came as I had never known in all my life filled me. I was forgiven. I knew I was forgiven."—In the Westminster Adult Bible Class.

CHILDREN AND THE WHITE BIRDS.

REV. R. C. GILLIE, M.A.

I once had a waking dream, and thought I was in a church. There was no service, but some people were kneeling here and there, praying.

As I watched the people finish their prayers, I saw a strange thing. Beside each person there was a little white bird. After a moment or two, the first bird flew steadily upwards into the roof, in which was an open window. Through this it vanished. Clearly, it had made its way to the upper air.

The second bird found it hard to rise. With labouring wing it toiled upwards, and again and again I thought it would fall. But when midway it gathered strength and sped easily upwards. Like the other, it passed through the open window away to the upper blue.

The third bird seemed as if it would make a prosperous flight. Easily it rose, and swiftly it flew, when suddenly it fell as if shot to the heart. It turned over and over and struck the floor with a heavy thud. There it lay quite still, dead.

The fourth bird was an ugly little thing, ill-feathered and dirty, but it was strong of wing. Though clumsy and dingy, it rose steadily till it too reached the roof and disappeared.

The fifth bird never stirred or rose from the ground. Its form was beautiful and its feathers snowy white, but its eyes were glazed. From the beginning it was lifeless.

I turned to a bright Presence whom I saw in the church, and said, "Sir, can you tell me what these little white birds are?"

"Do you not understand?" said the angel, for an angel it was. "These birds are the prayers which each worshipper has breathed, and they teach you what has happened to their petitions. The first bird that flew so easily and steadily upwards was the prayer of a man who really believed that God heard him. He could not have spoken more trustfully had he seen the Saviour before his eyes. So his prayer went straight to God.

"The second bird, which had to toil to rise at all, but in the end flew easily upwards, was the prayer of a man who had to struggle with his doubts; but in the midst of his prayer he conquered his doubts and said, 'I will trust and not be afraid.' His mind, which had wandered, fastened on God, and his prayer, too, went straight heavenward."

"But that third beautiful bird," I cried, "that flew so easily and fell as if wounded to death—what of it?" "Ah," said the angel sadly, "that was the prayer of a man who had hatred in his heart. In the midst of his prayer he remembered his enemy, and said to himself, 'No, I will not forgive him; I will hate him still.' That bitter thought killed his prayer. God's ear was closed against it."

I had watched the man at prayer from whom the half-fledged bird had flown upwards with dingy and discoloured wings, and guessed what it meant. "Yes," said the angel, reading my thought, "that was a vulgar prayer. The man cared little how he spoke or how he knelt. He would not have spoken to a king as he spoke to God. He was irreverent, and yet he did believe, so his prayer had wings. It did not fail to reach the Father in heaven."

The last bird still lay on the ground, though the church was empty of worshippers now. Sorrowfully I touched it. Quite cold it was: not a feather ruffled, and of perfect form, but dead. I guessed the truth. "And that last bird," I said, "it was a prayer beautifully composed, and said most reverently, but the man never meant it. He was just going through a form. So it never went to God." The angel bowed his head. I looked up once more, and behold I was alone.

Dear young people, when you kneel by your bed and lift your little white hands to God, do you think your little white bird goes straight to heaven?—In the Presbyterian Messenger.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

MISSIONARY WORK.

I need not go to India,
 To China or Japan;
 To work for Jesus here at home,
 I'll do the best I can.
 I'll tell of his great love to me,
 And how I love him, too;
 And, better far, I'll show my love
 In all that I can do.
 I'll be a missionary now,
 And work the best I may,
 For if I want to work for God,
 There surely is a way,
 I'll pray for those who cross the sea,
 My offering, too, I'll send,
 And do all that is in my power
 This great, bad world to mend.
 —The Mission Field.

POPULAR TOM.

Tom would give his last marble, run errands all day and never grumble, give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and felt so glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he forgot himself.

Everybody liked Tom. Grandmother smiled all over when she saw him coming. Aunt Laura, who was a busy woman, smiled at him, and said, "Just in time, Tom; run and—."

When mother or Aunt Laura, the folks at home would miss him. One would say: "Where is Tom? I wish he were at home." And another, "If Tom were only here!"

Tom was one of the unselfish helpers. Are there any Toms living at your house? Would you be missed when away from home, as Tom was?—Ex.

WORSHIPPING COWS.

A missionary in India, Rev. Hamilton Martin, tells us that one morning as he was coming out of Parantij, he saw a number of young women engaging in the sacred rite of worshipping the cow.

They gave the cows some grain, put flowers on their horns, poured water on their backs and tails, caught the tail and tossed them over their heads, and then would up by kissing the ends of the tail. They were to continue worshipping in this manner for a month.

These women apparently belonged to the most respectable of Parantij, and here they were "worshipping cows."

Are you not glad that you were born in a Christian land, and not in a land where the dumb animal, the tree, and the stone are worshipped?

Let us who know of a Saviour who can hear us and help us when we call to Him do what we can to send the knowledge of Him to those who know Him not.—Day-break.

TOMMY'S PRAYER.

During the years I was at work in the slums of southeast London, the following example of a simple faith came to my knowledge.

A poor little slum child of about eleven developed a malady which demanded an instant operation. He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where the great doctor who examined him had to tell him that there was just a fighting chance for his life.

The seats of the operating theatre, rising tier above tier, like the gallery of a church, were filled with long rows of students who had come to witness the greatest surgeon of his time use the knife.

The little patient was brought in and, during some preliminaries, placed in a cushioned chair. Looking round at the great throng of men, he said timidly to one of the assistant doctors: "Please, sir, I should be very glad if one of you gentlemen would say just a little prayer for me."

There was a profound silence. Nobody moved, so the little slum child knelt down and said: "Dear Jesus, I'm only a poor, weak, little lad, but, please, I'd like to live. So, dear Jesus, please help this kind gentleman, so that he shall do his work right. Amen." Having said that, the boy climbed on the table and lay back with a smile lighting up his face.

The great surgeon stood at the head of the table, fully aware that he was about to perform an operation that would test his skill to the utmost. For a moment or so he was visibly agitated. The students exchanged glances. Never had they seen their chief unnerved before, and this condition now augured but ill for the life of the waif.

Yet as he looked on the still moving lips of the prostrate boy, a great calm stole over the doctor. He commenced to operate, and immediately realized that the slum child's prayer was being answered. Coolness of head, steadiness of head, and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed, to the skillful surgeon.

Next morning the surgeon stood in the ward by the bedside of his little patient. Taking his hand he said: "Well, Tommy, Jesus heard your prayer yesterday." A confident smile lit up the boy's face as he answered: "I knew he would."

Then his features clouded over, and he said: "You were very good to me, too, doctor. And I have nothing to give—nothing at all." Then a happy thought came to him and his face lit up again, and he whispered: "But I can keep on praying to Jesus for you, can't I?"

A great lump came into the doctor's throat. "That you can," he answered huskily, "and that will be better than any sort of money, for God knows I need the prayers of one like you!"

World Wide Work

MONTE CARLO.

"Religion, Gambling and Vice."

As one approaches the little principality of Monaco, near the South of France, the two most conspicuous buildings are a great R. C. church and a huge and gilded gambling palace. The church and the gambling palace were built by the same family and are both virtually under the same control.

I am told that the present Prince of Monaco is a very religious man. He ordered this church to be built in memory of his father and no expense to be spared. I walked through it one day. It is a great and superb pile, and crowns the promontory as proudly as the gambling palace crowns the neighbouring cape.

I walked through the long row of crowded gambling rooms the next day. It was easy to see why no question of expense need enter into the Prince's desires. I was told that the gambling brought him in an income of \$6,000,000 last year.

An Ill-Matched Pair.

But religion and vice met together is apparent the moment one walks the streets of the little town. Two classes of women swarm the streets—nuns and prostitutes. There is a convent or two here, quite famous.

I believe there is also a Jesuit college in the neighbourhood, and I have seen many monks in the streets, so that there must be a monastery near by.

These nuns are great favorites, and I am told are largely supported by the reigning family.

But the prostitutes greatly outnumber them, for they fairly swarm around the Casino. They also seem to be highly honoured here, receiving all the homage and protection that the nuns receive. This is natural, as they are a necessary appendage of a gambling place. Gambling, women and wine are as inseparable as the constituent elements of a person.

Why is it that the most beautiful spot on earth, this little bit of paradise, should bring forth only sin? What gardens ever rivalled Eden as do these fairy gardens of the Casino at Monte Carlo! And every afternoon and evening a great symphony orchestra from Paris discourses sublime music.

And it all brings forth only sin. Painted women roam the gardens, even in the daylight. The music is accompanied by

the clink of gold passing from hand to hand, with an occasional pistol shot of a suicide in the garden.

Those who gaze at the sleeping ocean and the encircling hills have no sublime thoughts—only thoughts of the next day's game; for gambling is a violent disease, which has so gripped hundreds of devotees that they live here like opium-eaters living for the next night's dream.

The Pall of Death.

And over all this beauty there hangs a pall. For daily many lives are ruined. Monte Carlo has probably ruined more lives than has any other one spot in the world. I noticed what a great number of pawn shops there are here, where jewelry is pawned that the desperate loser may make one more effort to retrieve his fortune. Many large fortunes are lost here every year. Such exquisite beauty all given over to such sin!

I tried to find out a little about the effects upon the people of the town. The natives are not allowed in the Casino, largely, I suppose, on the philosophy that most rumsellers do not let their own boys frequent the saloon. They know better.

Perhaps it is also because you are not allowed in the Casino unless you belong to the upper classes. The upper class includes the rich, the nobility, the roue and the painted women.

Then, too, the inhabitants of Monaco are so busy extracting money out of the visitors, of which there are hundreds of thousands every year, that they have no time to even notice the vice.

But I found there was a general impression that if you desired to bring up your children to be morally healthy it was better to move over the border into France. For no girl can grow up here without seeing vice made alluring and highly honorable. And no boy can escape the taint of evil that hangs over all the place. For instance, I stepped into a toy store. The most conspicuous toys were roulette wheels. And every shop window is full of books on *roulette* and *trente et quarante*.

I was interested in learning that there was a very decided sentiment growing in every nation that Monaco was a loathsome sore on the body of Europe, and ought to be rooted out. There are several obstacles in the way.

There is in the first-place the fact that the stock is evidently in the hands of men

who have powerful influence with the French government. There is the fact that the principality is practically a nation in itself, and it is hard for other nations to dictate to it.

There is likewise the fact that the R. C. Church does not condemn gambling. I have even seen the church practising it. I saw a poster advertising a great lottery for the repairing of a church. If I remember rightly, when a certain millionaire from New York was called to account by respectable people for sinking \$100,000 in Monte Carlo, some American R. C. journals defended his action on the ground that it was nobody's business but this gentleman's what he did with his money.

It is hard to believe, so outstanding are the many evil effects of the whole gambling system that the R. C. Church does not condemn it because of the profit she somehow gets out of it. For, perhaps not even drunkenness is so disrespectful of all mortality and social well-being as is gambling in the long run.

It puts chance under the social structure as foundation-stone instead of law and order. It substitutes luck as the means of existence instead of work. It produces nothing as does honest labour, but merely makes useless gold change from hand to hand.

It breeds a restlessness and fever in the devotee quicker than any other vice in existence. As a business man in New York, who had been suffering from the effect of a neighbouring poolroom on his clerks, said to me, "The moment a man begins gambling he is fit for nothing else." The confirmed gambler at Monte Carlo is a pitiable sight.

Gambling is productive of more stealing than all other vices put together. A study was made of convictions for theft among boys and young men in New York who were mostly office boys and clerks. Most of the convictions were for stealing from the till, or stealing by falsifying books. In the case of bank clerks, it had often proceeded for several years. In over seventy per cent. of these convictions it was found that gambling lay behind them. The money was stolen to pay gambling debts or to bet with on the races. Gambling houses, such as Monte Carlo, bring together the vilest men of the nations. For the man who gambles always practises the accompanying vices.

Monte Carlo is divided into two sections. On one side are the huge hotels, luxurious, expensive, where the men live. On the other side are rows of houses with furnished rooms and apartments where their mistresses live. Gambling invariably induces an enervation and a reaction, an undue excitement if one wins, a depression

if one loses, which call for constant stimulants. As a consequence, liquor flows more freely than water.

Gambling makes one a parasite; for when, at a turn of luck, the player receives \$1,000 or \$1, he takes it without having rendered any recompense, and is living on the earnings of the man from whom he has won it. Gentlemen, true gentlemen, do not like to take money without rendering the equivalent, at least in gratitude and affection, if not in toil, but in toil where it is possible.

I am glad to hear that there growing in Europe, a general feeling against gambling places. Germany has been handling them pretty severely. A check has been made at Ostend. Protests against Monte Carlo are becoming so general and frequent that they disturb the directors. The Prince of Monaco does not live here much. It is too unpleasant for him.

Some of the neighbouring cities like the money that comes from its nearness, but do not like the vice which overflows its banks into their streets. Perhaps some day a Prince of Monaco will come who is a man and who will with one word sweep the foulness and disease from the streets and reclaim this exquisite garden spot to Eden. Frederick Lynch in "The Christian World and Evangelist."

THE OUTLOOK IN TURKEY.

The probable effect of the Balkan war on missionary work among the Moslem Turks, according to "The Missionary Review of the World"—will probably mean the opening of doors which have never been open, in the lines of an approach to the Mohammedan people. The old time position held by the Turkish Empire in regard to missionary work for Mohammedans will probably give place to one of toleration, if not of appeal for help to western civilization as represented in our educational and missionary work.

Mohammedanism will, hereafter, lack the watchful care which the Government of Turkey has given it, and in its reorganized position, under the protectorate of foreign powers, the government will not interpose the same obstructions and hindrances against which we have battled in the past. It is the time for a forward movement, with the co-operation of the native Christians, to a degree that could not have been possible before.

"Expository Preaching"—"Plans and Methods." By F. B. Meyer, B.A. Published by The Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto. Pages 140. Price 75 cents. "Its aim is not only to demonstrate the value of expository preaching, but to show how."

WITH THE DOCTOR IN AFRICA.

A medical missionary in S. E. Africa, recently writing home to friends in Switzerland, says.—

"There is no lack of encouragement when we see the sick people coming to us from a distance of several days' journey, or when we are able to send away, with clear vision, the blind who had come to us groping their way.

And it is a special joy to report that we have one Christian lad and six or seven girls (of whom one has been converted) in regular attendance at the School, and that all of them were brought to us through the Medical Mission.

Four of these girls were suffering from phagedenic ulcers. This is an ulcer peculiar to the tropics. Almost always it attacks the lower limbs, destroying the tissues with extraordinary rapidity. In a few weeks, sometimes in a few days, the ulcer destroys the muscles, the tendons and even the bone, producing in this way irreparable havoc and sometimes even killing its victim.

The ulcer is very painful and always produces on its surface a pulp of matter and blood with an exceedingly offensive odour.

"When energetically treated, we are able to arrest pretty quickly the progress of the mischief. The ulcer becomes clean, but there remains a deep and extensive loss of substance, which, in spite of prolonged treatment, refuses to close up. In that case it is needful to secure a piece of fine skin from some other part of the body and graft it on the surface previously prepared.

This gives excellent results; some cases have been completely cured in this way, and others are getting on well.

"To give you an idea of the way in which the blacks, especially the women, are able to stand pain, I may tell you that several of my patients prefer to be operated on without an anaesthetic, in order to avoid the sickness, which is apt to come on after waking up.

"The other day, we operated on two young women who did not allow either a word or a sigh to escape them during the treatment of huge ulcers, not even when the razor was shaving off the healthy skin from another part to place it on the ulcerated surfaces.

"The young woman who has become a Christian gives us much joy. She said recently to my wife: 'I understand now why God permitted me to have that horrible ulcer which made me suffer so much, and so often made me cry; without it I should never have come here, and I should never have learned to know the Saviour.'"

WITH THE DOCTOR IN KOREA.

"Shall I put this medicine under my rice or on top of it"—is the Korean's way of asking whether it is to be taken "before or after meals."

"An amusing case"—writes a medical missionary in the Korea Mission Field,— "was that of a patient who came last week with a note from one of the missionaries saying 'the gentlemen wishes glasses. Please fit him up and I will stand for the bill,'

I asked 'what is the matter with your eyes?' and he replied. 'The tears constantly flow down my cheeks.'

Without any further questioning I put him on the operating table and did the usual operation of cutting and dilating the tear ducts.

After all this was over he said. 'It was not I who wanted glasses, but a friend in the country. I just came to get them for him.'

It quite often happens that one gets a big dose of unpleasant medicine down a patient before he thinks of telling you that it's for the other fellow.' A westerner's actions are often quicker than an oriental's thoughts and often too quick."

But with the amusing is the sad. Read this from another medical missionary in Korea, from the Presbyterian Church U. S. A.:—

"Taiku is the old capital and present commercial center of Southern Korea, thus having a prestige and drawing a clientele from hundreds of miles in all directions.

"Taiku is also the natural center of missionary activity in the development of higher educational institutions in the Kyeng Sang provinces, thus involving additional responsibility in the way of teaching along the lines of hygiene, sanitation, and preventive medicine.

"It is also located in the midst of leper and tubercular districts thus involving another responsibility in the way of accommodating, educating, and doing experimental and research work among this class of patients.

"Although practically every day a distorted and disfigured leper, pleads with us in the most pitiful way to do something for him, often telling how he has been turned out of his home, by his relatives who feared the disease, being thus left to beg for a living and sleep out-of-doors or under the rudest shelter he may find; although he offers to become our slave the rest of his life, if necessary, to be cured, we are as yet unable to do much for him, and must turn him away with little encouragement.

What a testimony to Medical Missions!

"Then too, we see on every side, the ravages of the 'white plague,' the poor emaciated child with large cold abscesses, infection of the skin with large ulcerating surfaces, painful and stiffened joints, with old suppurating fistula and dead bone; the consumptive, coughing, spitting and infecting all about him—these two classes constituting but a small part of an endless variety of diseases with which the Koreans suffer.

"For not only are there diseases here which we do not see in America, but the number of real physicians practising in the country is so small that the people are usually compelled to come from great distances for consultations, and thus the cases become more aggravated and chronic, than is ever seen in the homeland.

"For instance, while writing these words, we have in the hospital, a little boy five years old who was brought one hundred and forty miles, his parents walking all the way carrying the boy most of the time on their backs, completing the journey in eight days. They told how the child had been sick with measles two years ago and ever since his eye had been inflamed, and several months ago it had begun to swell and protrude from the eye socket.

They also said, 'We have only two yen left and it will cost us all of that and more too for food on the road home. But if you will free our boy from this eye disease and from suffering pain, we will gladly beg our living while here and on the road home and give you the two yen.'

"An examination revealed a much swollen, inflamed and intensely painful eyeball protruding about two inches and wrapped with cheap Korean paper which had prevented the escape of the accumulated secretions until the foul odor emitted was almost unbearable. Upon removal of the affected eye, the little fellow was freed from pain and is now quite happy.

The parents were reluctant about becoming Christians, as there were none in the region where they lived, but finally promised to do so, and preach to all their relatives and neighbours.

Then too, we have among our patients two blind men who had not seen for several years. When the cataracts, and thus the veils which had hidden the world from them for these many months and years, were removed their eyes, their hearts were flooded with sunshine and light."

Still another medical missionary writes: "We feel it is not the major portion of our work to cut off limbs, do cataract operations, operate on abdominal tumors or pull teeth, but to spread the Gospel.

"Often a person will walk in from a distance of one hundred miles or over, to

be operated on, or cured of some severe sickness, coming without a cent for food and be compelled to remain from a few days to as long as over four months. We cannot turn these people away, so are compelled to use money appropriated for other purposes, that they may remain and be cured.

"A woman came with her married daughter, who also brought her little one strapped on her back, walking for seventy-five miles, that she might be operated on. They came as very ignorant people, who had just heard the Gospel message, and of the foreign doctor, in their far off isolated village.

"When they came I asked if they had funds enough for their food and fire wood. At this they were very much surprised, for they thought food, medicine and all was as free to those who were believers, as the Gospel itself. However we let them feel that anything we had was none too good for them. After the operation, the daughter gained rapidly, returning home cured, but not that only, for they were both well grounded in the Truth, having come in daily touch with the Bible-women.

"A young man came in one afternoon, after having walked twenty-five miles, with a castor oil bean in his ear, that having been prescribed by a Korean doctor, as a sure cure for keeping the wind from entering his brain.

"After he was satisfied that it had completed its work he tried to extract it, but failing in this he called the noted Korean doctor again, who, after working at intervals for four days, also gave up. Then there was nothing left to do, but try the foreign doctor and see if he would not have some medicine which would make it come out.

"One can hardly imagine the state of inflammation and swelling. After several unsuccessfull attempts, we put some hot shoemaker's wax on a small stick and let it adhere to the bean; the rest of the procedure was comparatively easy.

"After seeing the bean was really out, he was over-joyed, and said he must hurry home to tell father.

"Words could not express his gratitude and finally it occurred to him that we should be paid for the wonderful operation and inquired what the charges were. Since he was so happy and grateful, I told him he might make the mission hospital a present, according as he felt led.

"This he thought an excellent idea and opening his money bag with quite an air produced ten sen, five cents, handing it to me as though it were \$100. Expressing his thanks again and again he started home on the run, leaving us bewildered as to how we could best make use of the munificent sum!"

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Toronto, 1st Wednesday June, 1913.

Synod of Maritime Provinces, Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 7 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 13 May, 7 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 18 July, 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, River John, 19 Aug. 7 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 1st July.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Yarmouth, Sept.
8. St. John, St. John, 1st July, 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Bathurst, 24 June.
10. Charlottetown, 16 May, 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 1914.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, at Synod.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Fitzroy Hrbr, 1 July 2.30.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 20 May.
16. Brockville, Merrickville, 16 Sept.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Picton, 24 June, 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 July, 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Sept., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 15 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville, 26 June, 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 8 July, 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, July, at call.
25. Temiskaming, Haileybury, Sept.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sept.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 24 June, 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 1 July, 9.30 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 20 May, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

- St. Thomas, Last Monday of April, 1914.**
30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 17 June, 9.30 a.m.
 31. Paris, Paris, 8 July, 10.30 a.m.
 32. London, Port Stanley, 8 July, 10.30 a.m.
 33. Chatham, Chatham, 24 June, 10.30.
 34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 July, 11 a.m.
 35. Stratford.
 36. Huron, Clinton, 13 May, 11 a.m.
 37. Maitland, Bluevale, 20 May, 10 a.m.
 38. Bruce.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Rainy River, Sept.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Crystal City, 2 Sept. 3 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Carmen, 9 Sept.
43. Portage la Prairie.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 2nd Mon. of May.

Synod of Saskatchewan, 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, 6 May.
48. Abernethy, Balcarres, 9 Sept., 4 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 6 May, 10 a.m.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sept., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 20 May, 3 p.m.
55. Prince Albert, Prince Albert, 2 Sept., 10 a.m.
56. Battleford, Battleford, 9 July, 10 a.m.
57. Swift Current, S. Current, 2 Sept., 10 a.m.

Synod of Alberta.

58. Vermillion.
59. Edmonton, Edmonton, 24 June, 10 a.m.
60. Lacombe, Camrose, Sept.
61. Red Deer.
62. Calgary.
63. High River.
64. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

65. Kootenay.
66. Kamloops.
67. Westminster.
68. Victoria, Victoria, 3 Sept., 2 p.m.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS, RESIGNATIONS.**Calls From.**

Rexton, Richibucto, N.B., to Mr. C. A. Hardy, of Restigouche, N.B.

Saskatoon, Sask., to Dr. D. G. Dix, of Guelph, Ont. Accepted.

Newark, N.J., to Mr. Chas. H. Stewart, of St. Pauls, Winnipeg. Accepted.

Haverhill, Mass., to Mr. R. Atkinson, of Geneva Church, Chesley, Ont.

Cheltenham, Ont., to Mr. H. E. Thornlee, of Knox College.

Corunna, Ont., to Mr. G. W. Carter, of Guelph, Ont.

Londesboro, Hullett, Ont., to Mr. John G. Reid, of Alma, Ont.

Burn's Church, Mosa, Ont., to Dr. J. Fraser Smith, of Kingston, Ont.

Seymour and Rylston, Ont., to Mr. C. C. Salisbury, of Kemptville, Ont.

Thamesville, Ont., to Mr. J. W. Black, of Kew Beach, Toronto.

St. Andrew Church, Lancaster, Ont., to Mr. J. J. L. Gourlay, of Lunenburg, Ont.

Cowan Ave., Toronto, to Mr. Thos. A. Rodger, of Owen Sound, Ont.

Craik, Sask., to Mr. D. Sillars, of Caron, Sask.

Franklin, Glendate, Man., to Mr. W. R. Wood, of Claremont, Ont. Accepted.

Bluevale, Ont., to Mr. Crawford Tate, of St. Catherines, Ont. Accepted.

Inductions Into

Elm Creek, Man., April 25, Mr. A. McLean.
Pickering and Brougham, Ont., April 4, Mr. G. L. Johnston.

St. Columba Church, Kirkhill, Ont., April 4, Mr. J. R. Douglas.

Ponoka, Alta., April 16, Mr. J. A. Wheeler.
Comber and Tilbury, Ont., April 24, Mr. H. W. Reede.

United Church, New Glasgow, N.S., May 19, Mr. J. McCartney Wilson.

Hamilton Road Ch., London, Dr. D. L. McCrae.

St. Paul's Bowmanville, May 8, Mr. D. H. Drumm.

Wardsville, Ont., 21 May, Mr. Joseph McNeil.

Forest, Ont., Mr. J. R. Laverie.

Resignations of

Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., Mr. Thos. Corbett.
Holstein, Ont., Mr. James Malcolm.

Harbor Grace, Nfld., Mr. F. S. Coffin.

Rosburn, Sask., Mr. F. R. Forbes.

Tuxford, Sask., Mr. Wm. Meikle.

Deaths in the Ministry.

(Often would one like, in this column, to lay a wreath upon the grave of some old and honoured friend, but all are alike dear and honoured in their own circle, and the Record, belonging alike to all, must give simply the fact of their last "CALL" and their last "TRANSLATION" to another sphere of service.)

Rev. Charles Bruce Pitblado, D.D., died at Oakland, California, 21 April, 1913, in the 77th year of his age.

Rev. Peter McLaren Duncan died at Colborne, Ont., 23 April, 1913, in the 77th year of his age.

Rev. Farquhar McRae, M.A., Ph.D., died at Portage la Prairie, Man., 6 May, 1913, past the three score and ten.

NURSE WANTED FOR S. CHINA.

At Kongmun, in our South China Mission, a new hospital has been erected, one part of which is for men the other part for women. There is urgent need for a trained nurse. The Foreign Mission Secretary, Dr. R. P. Mackay, would be glad to hear from any possible candidates. Address, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Pre-Assembly Congress will meet in Toronto on Saturday, 31 May, at three p.m. All who purpose coming are earnestly requested to be present at the opening. Special trains from the more distant points are arranged to arrive on Saturday. There will be no reception committees on hand for Sunday arrivals.

The Alberta Ladies' College (Presbyterian) at Red Deer, was formally opened, 1st April, by Rev. Dr. McQueen, Moderator of the General Assembly. Rev. Principal Keith will be assisted in his work there by five resident teachers and two non-resident. Such colleges are greatly needed in Alberta, where the R. C. Church is establishing numbers of convent schools. Protestant parents should, under no circumstances, patronize these convents if they wish the true welfare of their daughters.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During April | Mar. 1 to April 30 |
|---------------------------------|--------------|--------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$9,476.87 | \$12,993.98 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 8,200.47 | 11,223.07 |
| Widows & Orphans | 652.00 | 743.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 632.95 | 726.95 |
| Assembly Fund. | 51.08 | 197.72 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles. . | 338.00 | 1,178.00 |
| Service Social, etc... 1,102.88 | | 1,410.88 |
| S. S. & Y. P. S. | 42.00 | 142.00 |
| Deaconess Tg. Home | 120.00 | 228.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 37.00 | 44.00 |
| Queen's College..... | 78.00 | 140.00 |
| Knox College | 785.00 | 849.00 |
| Manitoba College.... | 65.00 | 102.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | |
| Robertson College... | 10.00 | 50.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 15.00 | 33.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING APRIL

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------|-----------------------|--------|
| Peterboro friend. \$ | 25.00 | Helen Cant. | 5.00 |
| Tor., Dufferin . . . | 204.90 | S. Ste. Marie, St. A. | 37.00 |
| Tor., W'minst'r. . . | 130.42 | Lowry | 48.05 |
| Mrs. A. Lawrence . . | 75.00 | Glamis | 14.00 |
| Paisley | 42.18 | Harrington, Guth. | 15.50 |
| Smith Falls, St. A. | 30.00 | St. Mary's, 1st . . | 213.00 |
| Peterboro, St. A. . | 50.00 | Oakville | 559.45 |
| Zephyr | 14.00 | Winterbourne . . | 13.00 |
| Mount Forest . . . | 87.95 | Ayr, Knox | 152.00 |
| Teeswater | 500.00 | Thamesford . . . | 100.00 |
| Glenora | 16.00 | Cresswell | 8.00 |
| St. Cath., 1st . . . | 90.00 | Veaford | 150.00 |
| Ham'lt'n, St. Pa. . | 1,000.00 | Owen Sd., Div. . . | 528.00 |
| N. Mornington . . . | 53.00 | Elliz. B. Patterson | 150.00 |
| Bolton | 165.00 | Rv. W. L. Nichol . | 9.75 |
| Seaforth | 57.65 | Clifford | 87.00 |
| Aylmer, Kx. | 14.15 | Tor., Runnymede . | 100.00 |
| Rv. A. Mitchener . | 200.00 | Barrie | 97.00 |
| Guelph, St. And. . | 61.87 | Caledon | 20.00 |
| Billings Bridge . . | 275.00 | Strabane | 29.00 |
| Tor., Dov're'rt . . | 300.00 | Tor., Bonar ss. . . | 300.00 |
| Ham'lt'n, St. A. . | 9.00 | Avonbank | 67.35 |
| Springfield | 204.00 | Bala | 3.00 |
| Collingwood | 200.00 | Tor., Deer Park . . | 20.00 |
| Tor., Alhambra . . . | 20.00 | Chatham, New St. A. | 28.00 |
| Womring | 90.00 | Westminster, 1st . | 100.00 |
| Molesworth | 8.00 | Tor., Ave. Road, bc. | 25.00 |
| Uptergrove | 58.00 | Friend | 5.00 |
| Port Credit | 25.00 | Gilsyth | 33.00 |
| Stirling | 15.00 | Tor., Victoria, bbc. | 17.00 |
| Silver Bay, &c. . . . | 4.00 | Tor., Emanuel . . | 212.65 |
| Spence | 20.00 | Tor., Bloor | 75.00 |
| W'mstown, St. A. ss. | 9,165.34 | Fergusonvale . . . | 13.70 |
| Tor., St. J. Sq. . . . | 9.80 | Hillsdale ss. . . . | 11.50 |
| Rv. G. F. Atkinson . | 85.00 | Wxeter | 96.50 |
| Durham | 45.51 | Drumbo | 35.00 |
| Camlachie | 375.00 | West Adelaide . . | 7.00 |
| Ham., McNab | 10.00 | Vankleek Hill . . | 250.00 |
| Hastings | 5.00 | W. Yeomans . . . | 1.00 |
| Sonya | | Smith Falls, St. P. | 15.00 |
| | | Adam Anderson . . | 62.35 |
| | | Holstein | |

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------|-----------------------|--------|
| Mary Stewart | 100.00 | Tor., Chinese | 101.97 |
| G. W. Armstrong . . | 71.00 | Paris | 500.00 |
| Grand Bend | 5.00 | Greenbank | 35.00 |
| McGillivray | 42.40 | Norval | 40.35 |
| Sydenham, St. Pa. . | 26.00 | Cornwall, French . . | 20.00 |
| Rv. J. M. McDonald . | 11.85 | Brooksdale | 38.00 |
| Rv. David Ritchie . . | 8.30 | Shannonville . . . | 3.85 |
| Perth, Knox | 244.00 | Almonte | 175.00 |
| Mrs. D. Turner . . . | 30.00 | Kirkton | 25.00 |
| Tor., Knox | 1,100.00 | English Sett'l'm't . | 59.00 |
| Oro, bc. | 5.00 | Est. J. C. Sinclair . | 200.00 |
| London, 1st ss. . . . | 163.30 | Tor., St. Jas' Sq. . | 600.00 |
| Milliken | 29.00 | Charlotte Childs . . | 5.00 |
| Paisley ss. | 15.00 | Ft. Wm., Harmony bc. | 20.00 |
| Lon., King | 125.00 | S. Ste. Marie, St. P. | 32.68 |
| McIntyre | 50.00 | Billings | 6.35 |
| Chatham, 1st | 216.00 | Cedarville | 10.25 |
| Hollen | 25.00 | Kilbride Ch. | 10.00 |
| St. Catharines, 1st | 100.00 | One who tithes . . | 25.00 |
| Snowville & South | | London, 1st | 200.00 |
| Bay Mouth | 8.00 | Watford | 35.00 |
| Rv. R. E. Knowles . | 16.41 | Fergus, St. A. Guild | 2.00 |
| E. Toronto, yps. . . | 5.10 | Port Credit ss. . . | 11.54 |
| Tor., St. John's ymcb. | 39.00 | Unionville ss. . . . | 6.00 |
| Kingston, Cooke's . . | 25.00 | Sunnisdale | 9.00 |
| Woodstock, Kx. . . . | 609.00 | Hillsdale | 60.00 |
| Dundas | 847.11 | Unionville | 14.81 |
| Brantford, Alex. ac. | 10.00 | Seaford, 1st | 41.35 |
| Campbellford | 392.00 | Sarnia, St. Pa. . . . | 25.00 |
| Miss S. H. Hend'r's'n | 10.00 | Bradford | 4.40 |
| Cornwall, Knox . . . | 2,318.00 | Erin | 58.00 |
| Victoria Mine | 5.00 | Beaverton, Kx. . . . | 50.00 |
| Theford | 17.00 | Moose Creek yps. . | 3.00 |
| Elmsley, St. A. Be- | | Tor., Bonar ss. . . . | 1.00 |
| thel | 3.00 | Sarnia, St. And . . | 300.00 |
| Eramosa | 45.00 | Victoria Mine . . . | 5.00 |
| Tor., Kew Beach . . | 400.00 | Kaskawan | 11.50 |
| Melrose | 12.00 | N. Bruce & St. And. | 100.00 |
| Misses Armour, Mrs. | | Collingwood | 157.00 |
| J. A. Waddell | 9.00 | Rv. Jas. Hastie . . | 10.00 |
| Ailsa Craig, yps. . . | 1.01 | Corunna | 8.75 |
| Moore | 2.00 | Smith Falls, St. A. | 20.00 |
| Tor., J. H. | 50.00 | Kemptville | 25.00 |
| Wingham | 212.00 | Valetta, Fltchr . . | 65.00 |
| Brucefield | 30.00 | N. Mornington . . . | 41.00 |
| Blake | 25.00 | Muskoka Falls . . . | 8.10 |
| Vasey | 10.00 | Vankoughnet | 5.00 |
| Mrs. A. E. Harrison . | 3.00 | Fraserburg | 4.00 |
| Parry Sound | 83.00 | Reay | 3.25 |
| Pembroke | 125.00 | Carlisle | 100.00 |
| Dunbarton | 35.00 | Ailsa Craig | 175.00 |
| Madoc, ss. | 10.00 | Ailsa Craig yps. | |
| Tor., St. John's . . . | 299.66 | friends | 25.00 |
| Gordonville | 6.00 | Perth, Kx., friend . | 15.00 |
| Hampden | 27.00 | Tamworth | 3.50 |
| Niag. on Lake, St. A. | 7.10 | Barrie | 76.00 |
| Brockville, 1st ss. . | 54.92 | | |
| Rodney | 28.82 | | |
| Ventnor | 8.00 | | |
| Stratford, St. A. . . | 80.00 | | |
| Glenmorris | 32.00 | | |
| Balders'n, Drumm'nd | 104.45 | | |
| Miss M. Lowry . . . | 6.00 | | |
| Cobalt | 60.00 | | |
| Rev. R. J. McDonald . | 9.80 | | |
| N. Ont. Dist. Wom. | | | |
| Inst. | 35.25 | | |
| Edyth McInnes . . . | 2.00 | | |
| Streetsville | 75.00 | | |
| Ayton | 26.00 | | |
| Smith Falls, St. P. . | 200.00 | | |
| Brampton | 20.00 | | |
| Richard's Landing . . | 7.64 | | |
| Adjala | 2.00 | | |
| Keene | 157.40 | | |
| Nassagaweya | 52.00 | | |
| Galt, Knox | 300.00 | | |
| Caradoc, ymms. . . . | 2.00 | | |
| Tor., Old St. And. . | 400.00 | | |
| Dunchurch | 15.00 | | |
| J. Dinwoody | 500.00 | | |
| Brown's Corners . . | 11.00 | | |
| Cargill | 33.50 | | |
| Don ss. | 3.75 | | |
| Zephyr | 50.00 | | |
| Rear Creek | 21.00 | | |
| Blyth | 45.00 | | |
| Leeburn | 18.00 | | |
| Seymour | 50.00 | | |
| King, 10th Line . . . | 15.00 | | |

Quebec.

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| Rv. F. W. K. Harris . | 17.32 |
| Athelstan | 100.00 |
| Sawyer ville | 40.00 |
| Orms town | 312.00 |
| Orms town village ss. | 30.00 |
| Lachute | 100.00 |
| Mont. St. Giles' . . | 300.00 |
| Hemming'rd, St. A. | |
| & Kx. | 33.00 |
| Mrs. A. S. Jamieson . | 8.00 |
| Vaisonneuve | 420.53 |
| Mr., Mrs. John Ed- | |
| wards | 1,000.00 |
| Portneuf | 1.00 |
| Richmond, Chalmers' | 59.58 |
| Mont., Stanley ss. . | 45.00 |
| Verdun, J. Barbour cl. | 7.01 |
| Verdun, J. Smith cl. | 3.83 |
| St. Gab. de Brandon | 10.00 |
| English Riv., How- | |
| ick | 168.00 |
| English Riv. ss. . . | 50.00 |
| Gore | 15.50 |
| Mont., St. Luke's . . | 6.00 |
| Dundee | 41.70 |
| Mont., St. Mark's . . | 15.00 |
| Hull, Zion | 149.00 |
| St. Louis de Gonz. . | 20.00 |
| St. Andrew's ss. . . | 6.50 |
| James N. Laing . . . | 500.00 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Verdun ss. | 3.84 |
| Chateauguay ss. . . | 5.00 |
| Pr. Rv. A. E. Armstrong | 57.00 |

Manitoba.

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Wellwood, Oberon . . | 83.00 |
| Beulah | 3.00 |
| Woodville bc. . . . | 15.10 |
| Norwood ss. | 50.00 |
| Russell | 100.00 |
| Melita | 59.30 |
| Wpg., St. Giles' . . | 200.00 |
| Charles Martin . . . | 25.00 |
| Hazeldean | 110.00 |
| Harte Station yps. . | 5.00 |
| Brandon, Kx. ss. . . | 13.55 |
| Isabella | 25.00 |
| John Kilpatrick . . | 40.00 |
| Dr. J. K. McLennan . | 300.00 |
| Wpg., St. Paul's, . . | 10.00 |
| Chin. | 24.00 |
| Silverton | 300.00 |
| Est. Mrs. Annie . . | 103.50 |
| Bremner | 103.50 |
| Rosedale | 103.50 |
| Wpg., Rob'ts'n Mem. yps. | 10.00 |

Saskatchewan.

| | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Mrs. G. Stanley . . . | 11.50 |
| Frank Clark | 3.70 |
| Mrs. Lawton | 4.00 |
| Francis | 150.00 |
| Wolsley | 4.00 |
| Moffat | 4.00 |
| Milestone ss. . . . | 5.00 |
| Bryceton | 30.00 |
| Hayward | 16.00 |
| Perdue ss. | 5.00 |
| Ashford | 5.00 |
| Glenbush | 7.50 |
| Rv. A. P. Menzies . . | 5.85 |
| Netherhill | 15.00 |
| Forres | 10.00 |
| Kamsack ss., 2 cls. boys | 5.00 |
| Moose Jaw, St. And. . | 1,600.00 |
| Watrous | 40.00 |
| Carlyle | 15.00 |
| Watrous | 30.00 |

Alberta.

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| Edmonton | 1,254.40 |
| Calgary, Hillstr ss. . | 24.50 |

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|------------------------|--------|
| Calgary, Hillstr ss. . | 15.30 |
| Passburg | 33.10 |
| Med. Hat, Knox . . . | 20.00 |
| Strathcona | 100.00 |
| Red Deer | 5.00 |
| Wall Lake msc. . . . | 22.00 |
| Edmont'n, W'm's't'r. . | 500.00 |
| Claressom | 51.15 |
| Noble | 4.00 |
| Macleod | 25.00 |
| Milk River | 2.00 |
| Lethbridge | 147.55 |

British Columbia.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Parksville | 2.00 |
| Trail ss. | 9.00 |
| New W'm's'ter, St. Stephen | 100.00 |
| Nanaimo | 4.00 |
| Cloverdale | 37.50 |
| Grand Forks | 38.40 |
| Trail | 21.45 |
| Fernie | 50.00 |
| Coquitlam | 13.00 |
| Vancouver, 1st . . . | 42.60 |
| W'm's't'r | 147.00 |
| Peachland | 35.45 |

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|----------------------|-------|
| Nanaimo ss. | 3.00 |
| F. D. McKenzie . . . | 5.00 |
| Fernie, ss. | 35.00 |

Nova Scotia.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Per Agent, Hx. . . . | 479.21 |
| Clifton | 5.00 |
| Pr. Mrs. J. H. McIver | 2.00 |

New Brunswick.

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Rv. T. A. Mitchell . . | 10.00 |
|------------------------|-------|

Prince Edward Island

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| Rv. G. A. Sutherland . | 6.55 |
|------------------------|------|

Yukon.

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| Dawson | 50.00 |
|------------------|-------|

Miscellaneous.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Rv. Jas. Anderson. . . | 2.00 |
| Rv. Jno. Mowat . . . | 15.00 |
| Miss M. A. McLeod . . | 3.00 |
| W. F. M. S. | 10,000.00 |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During April | Mar. 1 to April 30 |
|--|--------------|--------------------|
| Foreign Missions. . . | \$1,314.50 | \$2,235.50 |
| Home Missions. . . . | 1,628.75 | 1,878.00 |
| Augmentation. | 270.00 | 449.00 |
| College. | 31.00 | 161.00 |
| Aged Ministers. . . . | | 55.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles. . . | 15.00 | 72.00 |
| For North West. . . . | 20.00 | 320.00 |
| Children's Day Col. . . | | 6.00 |
| Assembly Fund. . . . | 8.12 | 17.33 |
| Bursary Fund | 104.00 | 462.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' . . | 103.00 | 103.00 |
| Social Service and Evangelism. | 8.00 | 60.00 |
| Total. | \$3,502.37 | \$6,068.83 |

RECEIVED DURING APRIL
At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
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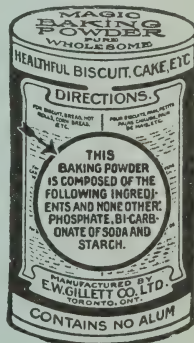
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Every boy wishes to be a man, but the measure of a man is not that of age, or strength, or stature, or possessions, or position. That which makes a man is a quality of spirit; it is courage, honor, integrity of character, and the resolute purpose to know what is true, and to do what is right. The central quality of manliness around which all others must be built is that of a sense of honor.

He who loses his temper, loses much besides. He loses his self-respect; he loses the respect of others; he loses an element out of his character and reputation which he cannot regain; he loses vital force and stamps an impression on his whole being which time cannot efface.

Cleanse thy thoughts and they will cleanse thine actions.—Confucius.

✓ No one is very holy that is not very kind.

An opportunity unimproved is a coin thrown into the sea.

Christ is not valued at all unless He is valued above all.—Augustine.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

No master was ever so loved and hated as fashion. We all protest and then obey.

The boy who does small things well is making himself ready to do big ones better.

That character is power is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power.—Smiles.

Little sacrifices and self-denials mirror the inner life as the dewdrops mirror the blue of heaven.

True repose is only found when our hearts are hushed on the bosom of Jehovah and rest in Him.

Yesterday is dead; forget it. Tomorrow does not exist; don't worry over it. To-day is here use it.

"We are never so much disposed to quarrel with others as when we are dissatisfied with ourselves."

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.—Prov. 22: 1.

If I can put one touch of rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.

It is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the spirit in which we meet them, that constitutes our comfort.

When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent, what time will then remain for murmurs or lament?—French.

The Spirit of Christ, when it enters the mind, destroys selfishness and makes us feel that every human being has a claim upon us.—Stalker.

An exchange says that the average salary of ministers outside of the one hundred and fifty largest cities of the U.S.A. is \$573 a year.

The happiest life on earth belongs to the Christian, when Christianity is understood. Those who advocate the contrary do not know what it is.

Do not expect always to have smooth sailings; then, if the storm comes, you are ready for it, if the calm comes, the greater is your enjoyment.

There is no greater sign of a general decay in virtue in a nation than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.—Joseph Addison.

Never tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, "Why should I tell it?"—Laverter.

"Who can compute the worth of that single jewel, 'Ask and ye shall receive seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you?'"—C. H. Spurgeon.

We all wish to be loved. We may not confess it, but it is true, and it is nothing to be ashamed of. Well, then, let us be worthy of being loved, and let us love.

In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made, was ever made in vain.—F. W. Robertson.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—Canon Farrar.

The tiniest dewdrop hanging from a grass blade in the morning is big enough to reflect the sunshine and the blue of the sky. The humblest life may reflect God so that men in that humble life will see His goodness.

The Post-Office Appropriation Act of this year in the U. S. A. provides that hereafter no first or second class post-office shall be kept open on Sunday for the delivery of ordinary mail matter—a notable step in a great reform.

On the wall of the Jesuit Church at Cuzco, in Peru, the message of the Lord to the weary and heavy-laden is perverted into "Come unto Mary all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and She will give you rest."—The Sunday at Home, February, 1912.

Life is hard for many people, and we have no right to withhold any look or word or touch or act of love which will lighten the load or cheer the heart of any fellow-struggler. The best use we can make of our life is to live so that we shall be a benediction to everyone we meet.

The Presbyterian Record



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It is a sin to know good and not to do it.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own lips.

To have knowledge and not to live it is the dry-rot of Christianity.

The long look within ourselves will cure us of a lot of impatience with other folks.

The rise in the road is never as steep when you come to it as it looked when you saw it ahead.

Christianity is a religion that will not keep; the only thing to do with it is to use it, spend it, give it away.

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest life is too short if it does not.—Colton.

Our lives are the little garden plots in which we drop seeds. We shall have to eat the fruits of these seeds.

Be sure that straightforwardness is more than a match at last for all the involved windings of deceit.—F. W. Robertson.

A week filled up with selfishness, and a Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. There is that withholdeth and it tendeth to poverty. If riches increase, set not heart upon them.

The first untruth, the first profane word, the first evil of any kind, makes a pathway for others to follow. Be careful to guard against the first sin.

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'Twill make your heart seem lighter.

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Smiles come back to greet us;

If we're frowning all the while,

Frowns forever meet us."

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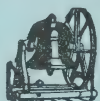
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The tippler gradually becomes a sot,
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resistance weakens and tendency to the
wrong grows stronger. In this way even
sin has its penalty.

A little boy once asked, "What is that
lady going to talk about in our church?"
The mother answered, "Systematic Giv-
ing." Still the little mind did not grasp
the topic, so the mother went on to ex-
plain, but she was interrupted by a quick
exclamation, "Oh, I know, that's what
Uncle Fred does. He just gives a penny
every time."

The Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXVIII.

JULY, 1913.

No. 7

THE PRE-ASSEMBLY CONGRESS.

It cannot be put into words. It may be talked about but not told. Two things forbid. (1) Atmosphere cannot be printed. (2) Most of the addresses were packed; to summarize is to omit.

(Just here please note that a memorial volume, containing the Congress addresses in full, is being published at cost, for one dollar. Address Rev. A. E. Armstrong, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.)

In brief space is here given.—1. The Plan, 2. The "Log,"—3. Some notes and impressions.

1. The Plan of the Congress.

The plan of the Congress was to have every minister and missionary of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, with their wives, and a representative layman from each congregation, gathered in Toronto from Saturday, 31 May, to Wednesday, 4 June, as well as during the week or more of the Assembly that followed, to unite in prayer and conference regarding the great work before our Church, and to get help and inspiration for the doing of it.

The idea of such a Congress, on its human side, originated with Dr. A. S. Grant, General Superintendent of our work in Canada, and the expense of travel was borne by himself and some generous friends, like minded, who felt that the investment was a good one. A program was carefully prepared and speakers chosen. Other helpers assisted in managing the immensity of detail. Massey Hall, its floor and two galleries seating five thousand, was engaged for the fortnight of Congress and Assembly. The good people of Toronto kindly and bravely undertook to entertain the great host; and the manager of the Toronto Street Railway generously volunteered free transportation for the fortnight to the five thousand red badged delegates to the Congress and blue badged commissioners to Assembly.

2. The "Log" of the Congress.

There was the Congress proper, from Monday morning till Wednesday at 5.30 p.m., June 2, 3, 4, eight sessions in all, held in Massey Hall, for the definite consideration of the great work before our Church; and there were prelude meetings, three of them, of a more general character, on Saturday at 3 p.m. and on Sunday, at 9 a.m. and 8.30 p.m.

Saturday afternoon.

The opening prelude meeting was held at 3 p.m. in Cooke's Church, which seats about twenty-five hundred and was filled. Dr. R. P. Mackay presided here, as at all the meetings of the Congress.

After praise and prayer there were two addresses. Dr. D. G. McQueen, of Edmonton, Moderator of the Assembly, impressed the great truth that the Church cannot do her work or win her triumphs by might or power, by numbers or wealth or intellect, but by the Spirit of God dwelling in her and working through her.

Mr. John Penman, of Paris, spoke of the necessity of the spiritual life, the prayer life, the sacrificial life, if the Church would fulfil her high mission and accomplish her great task.

These two addresses, one from a minister, the other from an elder, one of Canada's leading business men, were a fitting keynote to the great Congress to follow. It was a solemn, a sacramental time.

Sunday morning, 1 June.

This second day's prelude meetings were held in Massey Hall, at 9 a.m. and 8.30 p.m., so as not to interfere with the regular church services.

In the morning, though many came for miles, the great Hall was well filled at nine o'clock. After praises and prayers Principal Gandier spoke on the awful fact of sin and the necessity of confession and renunciation, and that this confession should

begin with the leaders, with the present meeting. He quoted Calderwood's history of the Church of Scotland, telling of the brightest and best year in her history, which began with confession and prayer in General Assembly of that year of long ago, 1596, and spread throughout the Church in a great wave of revival that blessed the whole land. Few who were at this morning's meeting in Massey Hall can ever forget it.

Sunday evening.

At 8.30 p.m. the Hall was packed, John MacNeill of Cooke's Church, Toronto—or rather, of the world—preached on the miracle of healing the palsied man who was let down through the roof before Jesus, and enforced for an hour—in MacNeill's own way, its lessons to all workers in the Church.

It was a Sabbath long to be remembered, and, with the Saturday, a fitting prelude to the three days Congress to follow. Had there been no other than these prelude meetings, many would have felt richly repaid.

Monday, 2 June.

With this morning began the conferences of the three days' Congress on the work of the Church. From nine to ten o'clock each morning was devotional, with praise and prayer, and an address each morning by Rev. Dr. Hanson of Montreal; his central theme being the Christ, the Risen Christ, the Living Christ, in the midst of His Church and with His people, their safety and strength and comfort and help.

Monday forenoon.

This first session, after the devotional hour, was given to three addresses on "The Message"—"The Messenger"—"The Church."

The central thought of the first, by Dr. Herridge, of Ottawa, was the Authority of the Message, not of men but given by God, not vague and ambiguous but definite and clear, culminating in Jesus Christ, God with us. The work and qualifications, the requirements, duties and needs of the Messenger were told by Dr. G. B. B. Wilson of Winnipeg. "The Church," and her functions as "The Body of Christ," to express His thoughts in action, was the theme of Prof. Law of Knox College, Toronto.

Monday afternoon.

"Training for Service" was the theme, and the Home, the Church, the College, the Press, as agencies for this training. Dr. Bruce Taylor, of Montreal, and Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, of Dartmouth, N.S., spoke on training in the Home, for service; Dr. Alex. MacGillivray, of Toronto, and Rev. C. A. Myers, of Edmonton, on training in the Church for service; President Falconer on training by the College, and Dr. R. D. Fraser on training by the Press.

Monday evening.

This evening's theme was "Our Opportunity." It fittingly followed the two previous sessions. They were on service and training for it. This set forth the opportunity awaiting that service.

There were three addresses, Dr. C. W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, pictured the Canadian situation with its inpouring multitudes, Rev. Wm. Wright, of Fort George, B.C., showed actual conditions on the frontier; and Dr. Murdock Mackenzie told of opportunity, amounting to urgent importunity, in China.

Great doors are open on every hand, opportunities for fellowship and partnership with Christ in service, such as have seldom come to any church, in any land.

Tuesday morning.

After the devotional hour the Opportunity of the Church at home and abroad was again the theme. Rev. W. D. Reid, of Montreal, spoke on the Christianization of the non-Anglo-Saxons in Canada, Rev. H. A. Berlis on their nationalization; Rev. M. C. Kinsale on their condition, and Rev. S. B. Rohold on evangelistic effort among the Jews.

This morning's session closed as the previous evening had done, with a world wide vision and call, as Rev. J. McP. Scott, of Toronto, recently returned from a visit to our missions in India, China, Formosa and Korea, told of the open doors and the waiting nations.

Tuesday afternoon.

The City Problem and the Rural Problem were the subjects of this afternoon; that is—the evils in our fast growing cities and how to save from them, and how best to

win and hold to the service of God the country districts where folk are few and far.

On the city problem there were four addresses. Dr. J. A. Clark, of Calgary, spoke of the perils of our city life, commercialized pleasure and the mad rush for it, commercialized vice, as in the white slave trade and the drink traffic. Dr. J. W. McMillan, of Halifax, spoke of the Rights of the Child; to birth, to care, to play, to training, and the extent to which the city child is often denied these rights. Dr. A. G. Sinclair, of Winnipeg, spoke on "The Family at Home," and Dr. J. G. Shearer on "The Redemption of the City."

The Rural Problem was set forth by Dr. W. H. Wilson, of Chicago, and Revs. J. MacDougall, of Spencerville, Ont., H. A. Matheson, of Bethesda, and H. G. Crozier of Neepawa. All pointed clearly and forcefully, things in our rural life that need amending. All pointed out, more or less clearly, some measures of help. But there is no patent remedy, apart from the incoming and indwelling of Jesus Christ in hearts and homes and communities. And for this, in his own community, each one is in his measure responsible.

Tuesday evening.

The Social Application of the Gospel was the theme. Prof. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago School of Civic Philanthropy, enforced the duties of Christians as citizens. Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of the Globe, spoke on The Relation of the Church to the Social and Industrial Situation.

This evening was concluded with a resolution,—intended to embody in some measure the results of the Congress, moved in a few brief thrilling sentences by Dr. A. S. Grant, "the man who made the Congress possible," but who has been very little in evidence. It is as follows:—

"This Congress desires to place on record, and to lay before the Church, its conviction that the present situation in Canada, so unprecedented and so urgent, demands the immediate and united action not only of the ministers and elders but of the individual members of our Church.

"(a) To bring to a personal confession of their faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Master those whose relation to our Church is at present merely nominal.

"(b) To bring into the fellowship of our Church those of our own communion coming to us from other lands.

"(c) To unite the whole body of our Presbyterian people in the work of humanizing and of Christianizing the social, the industrial, the civic and every other department of our national life.

"And, further, that the situation is such as to call for the sympathetic co-operation of all the Christian Churches in Canada, to the end that our fellow-citizens of other speech and race may come to know and love and serve Jesus Christ our Lord, and thus join with us in building up the Kingdom of God in our beloved land.

"Also, this Congress desires to place on record and to lay before the Church its conviction that the present world situation is so unique as to compel the solicitous attention of our Church and of the whole Christian world.

"And more especially this Congress interprets the sudden and marvellous transformation of the ancient and mighty Empire of China into a democracy vivid with life, and open to new thoughts and ideals, as the call of God to the Christian nations of the world for a united movement upon the non-Christian world with the message of the Gospel through the open door of China.

"And that the members of this Congress here met for prayer and counsel offer themselves in solemn dedication to the high and sacred cause of world-conquest for Christ, and pledge themselves to loyal support of such action as the General Assembly in its wisdom, and under the Spirit of our Lord, may devise."

Wednesday morning.

What was perhaps the largest communion service ever held in the history of the Christian Church, with over four thousand communicants, served by one hundred elders, occupied the first hour and a half this morning. It was fittingly followed by three addresses on Evangelism, by Revs. Dr. Robert Johnson, of Montreal, D. MacOdum, of Moncton, and John MacNeill of Toronto.

Wednesday afternoon.

This eighth and last session of the Congress was in some part a very practical one, of ways and means. John A. Paterson, K.C., of Toronto, spoke on "The Stewardship of Money,"—James Balfour, K.C., of Regina, on "The Weekly Envelope,"—and Mr. Parkinson, of Toronto and Hon. J. K. Fleming, premier of New Brunswick, on "The Every Member Canvass."

A series of resolutions of thanks, moved by Rev. R. W. Ross of Halifax, was a warn-

ing bell that the end of the Congress was nearing. But it had not come. It was only clearing the way for a grand review, as the final address by J. Campbell White, unrolled "The World Situation."

Then one brief, tense ten minutes as Dr. A. S. Grant moved, with a few burning words of preface, another resolution, carried by a standing vote, against one of the great obstacles to the work of the world's redemption from sin and misery:—

"(1) Whereas recent scientific investigation has revealed that alcohol is a poison and injurious to life, even when taken in small quantities; and

"(2) Whereas the liquor traffic has become a great economic burden; and

"(3) Whereas it is the enemy of all social progress, and the cause of much social distress, inefficiency, poverty, insanity, crime and death; and

"(4) Whereas the highest development of individual and national life demands the suppression of the liquor traffic; and

"(5) Whereas the progress of the Kingdom of God is greatly hindered through the traffic in intoxicating liquor;

"Be it therefore resolved:—

(1.) "That in the opinion of this Congress, consisting of all the ministers and of representative laymen from all the congregations of the Presbyterian church in Canada, the time has come when, in Canada, there should be prohibited the manufacture and sale of spirituous and malt liquors for beverage purposes."

"(2) That this resolution be forwarded to the General Assembly for action.

With that old time joy song, "The morning light is breaking" and with prayer and the benediction by Dr. J. Fraser Smith, closed, but not ended—the Congress, for the end of its good will never come. It will leave an eternal impress upon human destiny.

3. Note and Comment.

The object of the Congress, the idea of Dr. A. S. Grant in starting and carrying it through, was to get together as many as possible of the workers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, especially those who are labouring more remote and alone, and to place before them a vision of the work done, the greater work to be done,

and the numbers of fellow workers in the doing of it; that they might be strengthened and cheered and go back again to take up the old tasks with a new sense of comradeship, and new hope and cheer.

But behind and beneath and above and beyond all that was the aim and hope that the scattered toilers might, in their coming together, get nearer to God, catch more of His Spirit, and go forth, not only strong in the comradeship of a great host, but in the new-felt presence and strength of their living Lord.

A first impression of this great gathering, an impression which began with tales, simple, sweet, pathetic, before the gathering took place, was the human goodness and cheer of it all. Take a sample,—

A lady, organist of a church in a city not far from Toronto, had married a young minister and settled in the extreme East of the Dominion. For twenty-five years she had been there. The minister might get to Presbytery and even to Synod, or perhaps to Assembly when the fare was paid, but the small salary would permit no more, and now! the invitation had come, with the fare paid, for her too; and she was on her way with thankful heart to see and hear something of the larger work and to meet and greet old friends once more. The gladness of it! It was a year of Jubilee! That one case was typical of many who will return to their fields, often lonely and remote, to take up with new heart their work for Christ and their Church. The Congress in this direction has richly repaid the work and giving of the men who made it possible.

There were other cases, pathetic in another way. To a lonely outpost in the far West, the invitations came, with transportation, for the minister and his wife. The joy of it! But then there are two little ones. There does not seem any way of taking them. There would probably not be accommodation if they were taken. There is none with whom they can be left, and the mother—mother-like—tries to forget the pain in her heart and the lump in her throat, as she decides that she will have

to stay with the bairnies, and the ticket is returned to Toronto.

But she has a reward that she does not realize. That character which she is building up for an eternal possession and joy, will be all the stronger and sweeter and more unselfish for ever, from the loving surrender she has made. She too is a type of not a few of the thousands of invited guests who could not come. May the Presence that is ever near be their comfort and help.

A notable feature was the quality of the prepared addresses, both at the three prelude meetings and the eight sessions of the Congress. With scarce sufficient of common-place to make a background, they were mostly of a high order. Great men of the past have gone, but it is matter for devout thankfulness that in this as in other respects their places are being well filled. To choose might seem invidious, but none would object to special mention of Principal Gandier's address on Sin and Confession, and that of Professor Law on "The Church." The whole Congress was "a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines upon the lees, of wines upon the lees well refined."

Quite as marked as its intellectual quality was the tone of the Congress. Any who fear that our Church is losing her grip on the great central truths of the Christian religion, would need to go elsewhere to find their fears justified. It is perhaps natural that in a great Church there should be a few younger men who have not yet come into close grips with the enemy, who still carry their academic measuring rod, but as a rule, they will come all right.

And it is natural too that there should be a rare older one who has unhelpful ways of looking at things, and who will so continue to the end, but none such found voice in the Congress. In the centre of it all there was One like unto the Son of Man, and to Him was given the glory. The Old, Old Story, of Sin, of Redemption by Jesus Christ, of Regeneration by the power of the Spirit of God, was the Story

told as men faced the great problems before our Church.

The music was a feature. Seldom has psalmody, in the great gatherings of recent years, had so large a place. Who that was present can ever forget that grand old psalm of triumph as, to the music of St. George's, Edinburgh, it rose and swelled like the voice of a great multitude or the "sound of many waters."—

"Ye gates lift up your heads on high;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up that so the King
Of glory enter may."

Then the call from the embattled gates, that bar the way of the triumphal procession,—

"But who is he that is the King
Of glory, who is this?"

And the response of His attendant host,

"The Lord of Hosts and none but He
The King of glory is."

The Presbyterian Church has, in the metrical psalms, a treasury of praise, which for grandeur and the worthy worship of the King of Kings, no other hymnology on earth can equal.

The value of the Psalms is enhanced by their asocations. These self-same Psalms have strengthened the faint and weary and comforted the sad in ages gone. They have echoed in lofty cathedral and lowly fane, from glen and mountain side; by their help men and women have been made strong to bear and do, and even die, for God and truth; and in them we have fellowship, not only with saints on earth, but with a great multitude whom no man can number, that have come off more than conquerors and entered into victory with a Psalm as their triumph song.

In this connection thankful mention should be made of those who guided the service of praise—the leader—the cornet, and young McMillan, the son of a Toronto manse, who made the great organ speak.

A helpful memory that will remain with many is that of the sermons and prayers of John MacNeil; the sermons so strong and clear, the prayers so tender. God has greatly gifted him for the work

of preaching the Gospel and his responsibility is correspondingly great. And if he always preaches as he did there, the responsibility of his congregation is great.

The best of it is that his Message always rings true. Christ and Him crucified is his central theme. The one aim is to lead the helpless sinner to the Almighty Saviour. He needs no new theology, nor does any other who labors to save men.

The preachers who heard him and go back to their work cannot preach as he does, and should not try, but they should aim in their own way to preach the Gospel that he preaches.

Who can measure the greatness of the crime, when a man, with half an hour to speak the message of life and death to immortal souls, sports with trifles in the pulpit. This MacNeill does not do. He sometimes raises a smile, but there is no trifling, and no sense of unfitness. May his bow long abide in strength.

The Communion service on the last morning of the Congress, perhaps less than any other part, can be told. The solemn hush, the quiet distribution of the elements, the thousands, including nearly all the ministers of our Church, from ocean to ocean, in silent communion; after passing in review on the previous days the great work before them, now dedicating themselves anew to that work. May the greatness of the results, in newer life and larger work, equal the greatness of the occasion.

It should be remembered too, that the Congress was intended as a rally call, not only to those present, but to the whole Presbyterian Church in Canada, to rise and take up the work which her Lord is giving her to do; a call to the rich to recognize the stewardship of wealth; a call to the poor to recognize that they, even themselves, are not their own; a call to the idle in the market place to go into the vineyard; and to the workers in that vineyard to gird up their loins for more earnest prayer and effort while the day lasts, for the night cometh.

And now that the Congress is over and the Great Hall stands silent, and men and women have separated to their far sundered

homes, there is need to remember that not in great gatherings, but in the heart of every individual is the world's moral and spiritual battle ground, where destiny is determined and eternal issues lost or won; and that Jesus Christ, through whom alone success is possible, stands ever by, ready to give the victory to "whomsoever will."

THE WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

Even the Great Congress and the General Assembly that followed, had these been all, would have been incomplete, as a review of the forces of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It would have been like a review of the regulars without the volunteers, and would have lacked a most important arm of the service.

But this department too was there. The W. F. M. S. and W. H. M. S. both held their Annual Meetings during the sitting of the Assembly, the former in St. James Square Church, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, June 4-6, the first three days of the Assembly, the latter in St. Andrew's Church on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, of the second week, June 9-11, the two thus covering practically the whole time of the Assembly, while the sessions of both the Societies were fittingly ushered in by a mass meeting of women in Cooke's Church, on June 4th, the last afternoon of the Congress.

It was the thirty-seventh Annual Meeting of the W. F. M. S., while the W. H. M. S. celebrated a decade of progress since its organization in Toronto, ten years ago.

The occasion, unique in other respects, was to have one more notable feature, for the terms of union of the two Societies, which have been under consideration for some time, were accepted by both, and endorsed by the Assembly. The work will be carried on for this year by the separate Boards, as previously. The organization of the new "Woman's Missionary Society" will be completed, as far as possible, at a meeting in May next in Toronto.

It is also expected that the Woman's Missionary Society, of Montreal, the oldest of the three, and which has had for many years the name and been doing the work (Home, French and Foreign) of the New Organization, will unite and become one of its Provincial Societies.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

LETTERS FROM THE ASSEMBLY.

The Opening Night.

Toronto, Wednesday Evening June 4.

Dear Record:—

Never before did a General Assembly have so large an attendance of ministers and elders of our Church. The Commissioners to Assembly are one in six of our ministers and an equal number of elders, and they are nearly all here.

But many—perhaps most—of the other five-sixths are also here, for they were invited to the Congress with a view to their remaining as visitors to the Assembly. Few churches would seat a third of the number in attendance, and Massey Hall was secured for the Assembly as well as for the Congress; and to-night, waiting for the opening sermon, the Hall is packed, the Commissioners, with blue badges, occupying the centre of the floor, the visitors, with red badges, who were Delegates to Congress, filling the sides of the floor area and the two great galleries.

But the Assembly adjourned last year to meet this year in Knox Church. The Presbyterian Church in Canada is an incorporated body, with large holdings of church property. It is therefore necessary that its own proceedings be regular, otherwise some of its property rights might be imperilled if some ill-disposed person were to take advantage of the irregularity.

A few Commissioners (a quorum) accordingly met in Knox Church, at eight o'clock. The Assembly was constituted by Dr. D. G. McQueen of Edmonton, Moderator, and on motion, immediately adjourned to meet forthwith in Massey Hall. An auto sped the Moderator and Clerks across the city to the waiting thousands, and Dr. McQueen preached there the opening sermon from Romans 1: 14-16,—“I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise, etc.—For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

Then came the election of a Moderator, when Rev. Murdock MacKenzie, D.D., of Honan, was chosen to the chair.

This is the second time that a foreign missionary of our Church has been called to this position. The first time was in St. John, N.B., nineteen years ago, midway in our Assembly's thirty-eight years of history, when MacKay of Formosa was Moderator. It was specially fitting this year, when our Honan mission, our largest foreign field, is celebrating its semi-jubilee, that one of its pioneers should preside.

The new Moderator takes his place, thanks the Assembly, the hours of meeting are arranged, some Committees named, and soon the Hall is empty and silent for the night.

The Docket of Business.

Toronto, 5th June, 1913.

Dear Record:—

Last night was the opening. This morning the business sessions begin. But the first business of a Court of Christ's Church is to get into touch with the Head of that Church, to seek His guidance and help, and the first hour of this first business day of Assembly is always a prayer hour for Divine guidance. Every session of every day opens with prayer, but this hour is special and sacred.

But what is the business? For one thing the Docket contains Reports of thirty-seven Standing Committees or Boards of the Church, which have been looking after different branches of Church work during the year, and they now come with their Report of the year's work, and proposals for the coming year, and the Assembly considers the Report and approves or amends and gives instructions for the future.

One great good of the Assembly is that the ministers and elders from all parts, hearing these Reports and the discussions on them, come into close touch with all the work of the Church as they could not otherwise do, and go home to interest their congregations in that work.

Some of the Reports are brief and take but little time, being chiefly routine. Some of them are of great importance. A very few of them, such as Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Sabbath Schools and Young

peoples' Societies, Social Service and Evangelism, rightly claim much of the time of the Assembly.

The Boards and Committees reporting, were as follows:

Home Missions, Western Section.
 Home Missions, Eastern Section.
 Augmentation, Eastern Section.
 Foreign Missions.
 Presbyterian College, Halifax.
 Morrin College.
 Presbyterian College, Montreal.
 Queen's Theological College, Kingston.
 Knox College, Toronto.
 Manitoba College, Winnipeg.
 Saskatchewan College.
 Robertson College, Edmonton.
 Westminster Hall, Vancouver.
 Ottawa Ladies' College.
 Church and Manse Building Fund.
 Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.
 Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund—
 Western Section.
 Maritime Provinces.
 Church of Scotland.
 Sabbath Schools and Young People's Soc.
 Presbyterian Record.
 Sabbath School Publications.
 Hymnal Committee and Metrical Version
 of Psalms.
 Pointe aux Trembles Schools.
 Board of Finance.
 Church Union Committee.
 Board of Trustees.
 Report of Treasurer, Western Section.
 Report of Auditors, Western Section.
 Finance Committee, Eastern Section.
 Correspondence with other Churches.
 Statistics.
 Protection of Church Property.
 Public Worship and Aids to Devotion.
 Board of Social Service and Evangelism.
 Missionary and Deaconess Training
 Home.
 Committee on Emergencies.

Besides the above, there were Reports of Special Committees, i.e. Committees that have been appointed by previous Assembly to look after special matters outside the regular work of the Church. This year there were Reports of Special Committees on

Securing Men for the Ministry.
 Report on Nominations to Standing Committees.
 Report on Travelling Expenses, 1912.
 Report on Travelling Expenses, 1913.
 Report on James Robertson Memorial Fund.
 Report on Standards of the Church.
 Report on Religious Education.

In addition to Reports there were sixteen appeals, petitions and memorials, from individuals and presbyteries in different parts of the Church, and twenty-two overtures on matters connected with the work and progress of the Church. Here are some of the subjects of these overtures or proposals.

Representation in the General Assembly.
 Booklet on the Sacraments.
 Amalgamation of Funds, East and West.
 Graded Lessons in Sabbath Schools.
 Settlement of Vacancies.
 Ruling Elder as Moderator.
 Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.
 Assistant Pastors.
 Division of Presbytery of Battleford.
 Division of Presbytery of Regina.
 Supervision.
 Robertson Memorial.
 Church Extension.

Besides the above there are always other miscellaneous subjects; e.g. Reception of ministers from other churches, ministers retiring, special courses for students, etc.

Much of the work of Assembly is done in Committees, which meet between and sometimes during the public sessions, so that to many the Assembly is a close, busy time, spent largely in Committee rooms, wrestling with the questions on hand.

Home Mission Night.

Toronto, Thursday Evening.

Dear Record

This first business evening of Assembly has always been "Home Mission Night." This year it means more than ever before, for it includes, for the first time, Augmentation and French and Jewish work. All our work in Canada, except Chinese, is under the one Board of Home Missions.

From Atlantic to Pacific was the sweep of review. The Maritime Synod reported over seventy mission fields served by student catechists, with seven ordained missionaries and nearly as many chaplains of hospitals and to the immigrant.

There is a steady emigration from these provinces to the West, some increase in foreign immigration in Cape Breton, and French settlement in parts nearer Quebec. The future is unknown. Whatever comes

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AT WORK AFTER FURLOUGH.

LETTER FROM REV. JOS. A. MOWATT, B.A.

Hwaiking Fu, March 26, 1913.

Dear Dr. Hanson:—

It is now some months since our return from furlough, and I should have written you ere this, but there is much to be done after a term of absence. Visits to all parts of the district had to be made to reach the different Christian communities I am responsible for.

Just now I am back from a tour through the most westerly section. Most of my work is in the plain, but this section is among the mountains.

Mr. Wheeler accompanied me. We started from Hwaiking, 21st February, and went as far as Chi Yuan city by cart. While there we ordained an elder who had been elected some time before. This elder is one of the best friends I have in China and is most zealous in his service for the Master. Christians tell me that they are not allowed to grow cold, for if they should happen to miss a Sunday or two Mr. Niu would be sure to hunt them up.

From Chi Yuan we walked thirteen miles to the foot of the mountains. In our party we had two native preachers, two Christians to act as colporteurs, and two coolies to bring bedding, food and books for sale.

Upon arriving at our night's stopping place we had to wait several hours for the coolies. They were opium eaters and hadn't sufficient strength to carry the loads. This necessitated the procuring of mules.

The inn was overcrowded, so Mr. Wheeler and I picked out a cave in the side of the hill and slept there over night, getting all the fresh air we wanted, I can assure you.

Starting off early next morning we divided into two parties. Mr. Wheeler and I went off towards T'ien T'ai mountain to see if we couldn't climb it and thus get a better idea of this most westerly section of North Honan.

After a walk of fifteen miles we stopped at a Taoist temple, and were most cordially received by the priests in charge, who pro-

vided sleeping quarters and a fire for us, and also showed us about the temple precincts.

The temple is one of the best I have seen in China. The carving on the stone pillars is especially good and some of the paintings are most striking. Upon leaving next morning at daylight we left them a present of a foreign leather belt as being the only possible thing we had with us that they could appreciate.

Walking another ten miles we reached another temple on the side of the mountain where we left our belongings and then continued on, climbing to the peak, taking with us our guns in the hope of seeing game of some sort.

After a climb of two hours we reached the top and were well rewarded by a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Looking down from such a high eminence made the foot hills stand out like the raised maps we used to make in school.

Temples have been erected on the very peak and are built of brick which must have been carried up all that distance. A priest lives here the year round and keeps the incense burning and provides tea for pilgrims. The few pilgrims who came while we were there were most interested in the Gospel and some of them promised to call upon us in our homes.

While coming down we passed around to the back of the mountain and looked into the deep valleys bordering upon Shanhsi. Here we were able to watch a wild boar hunt. A number of Chinese hunters were stationed among the trees with their rude guns, while others were hurling stones down into the thicker clumps of bushes. While we were watching we saw one boar come running out but he soon hid himself.

That night we spent in the temple with the priests. We had an opportunity of getting to understand them better. They have four or five young boys of ten or twelve years who are studying with a view to becoming priests. I felt sorry for the little chaps who have all come from poor homes where the mouths were too many to feed.

The priests in this temple were very kind and hospitable but impressed us very much less favourably than those in the other temple. The head priests are all opium sots and live in entire idleness. The novices are not instructed but are mere drudges to do the menial work and to keep incense burning.

The priests in the first temple we visited seemed to be in earnest and seemed to take pride in keeping the temple clean and also seemed to be doing something for themselves. I noticed a great many bee hives, for example, which showed they had at least some interests to keep them occupied.

From this temple we walked seventeen miles to a place called Hsiao Yuan. For a considerable part of the way the road lay along the rocky bed of what must have been once a broad river, but now is perfectly dry. The hills to the south of T'ien T'ai mountain are stripped bare of all trees and shrubs which would help to account for the dreadful scarcity of water.

At Hsiao Yuan we discovered that the inn was a most miserable affair and was already pretty well occupied in more senses than one. We decided to move into an empty temple. Here we stretched out our camp beds before the idols and tried to get everything in order before night.

The whole town, apparently, had turned out to see us, for we were simply crowded to the walls. We each had to go off to corners of our own and preach to our own particular section of the crowd. Questions were asked and answered and considerable interest seemed to be created.

Next morning the gentry brought along benches and tables for our use and requested that we give them a few talks on anti-footbinding, republican form of government and a few other kindred subjects.

From this place we went on to P'u Chang, which is ten miles to the west. On the way we stopped at one large place where we had dinner. Our table was set by the roadside and while we ate we had an interested audience of over two hundred (actual count).

P'u Chang is a typical mountain town

and of considerable local interest just now because of the trouble its inhabitants got themselves into last Autumn.

A robber chief came to visit friends in the place and was well received. A few friends joined him and they made a number of successful raids on the surrounding villages, dividing the spoil among the gullible villagers here. The latter were of course highly delighted with the easily earned goods and the robber ranks were largely swelled.

When the outlaws considered themselves sufficiently strong they turned on the village folk here, and made them supply them with grain and meat and even money.

Soldiers from Shanhsi province marched against the robbers and killed a few, but the majority were able to flee the country. The place was then given up to loot and everything of value was lifted and carried off. The mention of robbers here now is a sore subject.

From P'u Chang we went directly west until we crossed the border of Honan and reached a large city in Shanhsi Province. All along the route we met with famine refugees, some going west with all their worldly possession on their backs; while others were coming back again into Honan, finding that there was nothing for them in the mountains.

One night we slept in a temple and found it cold enough. That same night a poor famine refugee died close by us in a cave from hunger and exposure.

We met one man carrying two baskets attached to a pole and balanced over his shoulder. In each basket was a child and by his side walked a young lad of ten years. The father was a famine refugee and he was seeking a purchaser for his three boys. Finally he found a farmer in one of the villages who was willing to pay something. The child of two years sold for \$1.00, the one of four years sold for \$3.00, and the one of ten for \$6.00. As the father left them for the last time he handed each a biscuit—the only possible gift he had that he could leave.

To-day as I write this I learn that a mother has had to place her baby girl upon

the city street in the hope that someone would adopt it. After some hours of waiting the poor woman was comforted by seeing a Mohammedan butcher take up the child to be his own.

From Hsiu Wu city comes the news that two robbers who had been shot and buried by the soldiers have been dug up by the poor people and their flesh eaten.

Prices are almost prohibitive. It costs me for food alone for my cow per day thirty cents Canadian currency. An able-bodied man earns six cents a day, if he can indeed find work at all. The worst apparently is still ahead, for the Spring crop is now doomed and unless rain comes within the next two months there can be no Fall crop. No rain or snow for over a year has fallen.

Upon reaching Shanhsi we put up in a large grain shop. The proprietor was a friend of one of our preachers and so he was pleased to give us accommodation. Here we found tons upon tons of grain stored up and being evidently hoarded until the price soars still higher.

I noticed that the merchant was very anxious to buy a foreign rifle, and that all night long he had a watchman make the circuit of his yard for fear of robbers. I should think at such a time as this the people would rise up and pillage these wealthy grain holders.

In different ways perhaps some of the merchants at home are doing the same thing, so that we cannot blame the heathen Chinaman.

While at Yuan Ch'u (in Shanhsi) we waited a couple of days hoping to find a boat to go down the Yellow River, but unfortunately none were sailing within the week, so that we had to do the best we could tramping down along the shore. The Yellow River in the mountains is very narrow and swift. In some places one can easily throw a stone across. Before setting out Mr. Wheeler and I took our guns and within an hour had bagged ten wild duck.

After a two days' walk we reached Kwan Yang where there are five Christians. They have a small chapel of their own but have so far made little impression upon their

fellow villagers. Their lack of growth during the past two years would seem to point to something seriously wrong, but I could get nothing more than mere hints as to what the trouble really is.

Fortunately at Kwan Yang we were able to find a coal boat that was to sail next day. These boats are made in the mountains, of the poorest kind of boards, and are roughly put together and the cracks stuffed with rags. When a leak appears more rags are requisitioned.

The start of a boat is interesting. A bunch of straw is procured and also a rooster. When everything is in readiness and the last good-byes said, the rooster's neck is partly severed; a man takes it all around the boat carefully sprinkling with the blood the important parts, such as, oarlocks, oars, bow and stern, and steering gear.

After him goes another with the bunch of burning straw. The idea is to drive out the devils who might be in the boat and so wreck it on its way down the rapids. One could wish that they would spend a little more time and thought on keeping the water out and let the devils take care of themselves.

On the way down the river we were again forcibly impressed with the signs of approaching famine. At one place on the banks of the river we saw hundreds of men, women and children out digging up the roots of the coarse grass that grows there, for food. This is the first year such a thing has happened in these parts since the great famine of thirty-four years ago.

When we landed at six o'clock in the evening we decided to go right home. We walked the twenty-four miles in a little over five hours and reached home shortly after midnight. All along the road we could hear the farmers at work watering their fields from wells. It is slow work for them and only a small piece of land can in this way be cared for.

To-morrow I leave for a month's stay in a large city to the south of Hwaiking. Intensive work pays better than extensive, and I always regret the time I have to spend on such a trip as the above. But

Christians must be visited at least once a year.

Mrs. Mowatt's Industrial School has been recognized by Presbytery as a regular branch of work under its control. A new building, kindly presented by a Montreal lady and gentleman, will go up at once. Already the lumber has been ordered and the ground measured. In a few days the foundations will have been begun. Just now the work is going on in very restricted quarters with only a limited number of women. Many have had to be turned away.

I shall endeavour to keep you better informed of what has been going on. If the rain comes I will let you know for it will mean the saving of many lives. I believe the area affected is very large for from the south of the river also comes alarming word.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.

(Extracts of a private letter from one of our new lady missionaries to a girl friend at home.)

On Monday of this week I went with Miss Weir to one of the near villages about three miles out. It was my first experience of the kind. We got out of the tonga (cart) outside the village, and walked in, Miss Weir, her Bible woman and myself.

As we passed the poor mud houses, people watched us and dogs barked at us. In some cases they asked for medicine; one woman showed an awful sore. They knew Miss Weir, and called her the "Yshu Mussu, Miss Sahib"—really meaning the "Jesus-Messiah, Miss Sahib."

They, of course, did not know me and asked if I could give them medicine. What wouldn't I give to be able to do so.

We went first of all to the lowest castes, the women who worked in the fields. The first house—if you could dignify it by such a name—we went to, we were turned away because of small-pox, unusual consideration on their part.

We went a little further and had a train of children in every stage of dirt, rags, etc. Miss Weir chose her place and we had

just squatted down on the mud platform outside the house, when a man warned us away because there was small-pox near.

Thirdly, we went to another low caste house where an old, old woman and a lot of children listened.

Fourthly, we went to a Mohammedan house where we were made quite welcome, one of the women bringing out a piece of matting for us to sit on, sure sign of favour. Right here, let me say that if you know of any coming to India as missionaries, tell them to practise telescoping themselves. It might be well even to take training as a tailor, so as to get used to sitting cross-legged.

Miss Weir and her woman began singing a hymn, a "bujen" it is called. That is not the correct spelling but gives you the pronunciation.

I cannot join in the singing as fluently as one might wish, and am almost afraid to do it under such circumstances, because my mis-pronunciation might give it an entirely different meaning. For instance the words for "flowers," "fruit" and "bridges" are all very similar and there are many instances when the meanings of similar-sounding words are absolutely different.

The Bible woman talked first and Miss Weir listened and followed up her remarks.

They were very curious about me and asked Miss Weir all sorts of questions. "Who is she?" "Is she your daughter?" "Is she married?" "Will she be married?" "Why doesn't she understand our bolna?" (speech), etc., etc. Miss Weir refused to claim me as a daughter.

They listened very attentively on the whole, occasionally they laughed, but about eight or ten women and a lot of children and one or two men gathered. One man was rather disturbing as he was inclined to make remarks on Miss Weir's talk and make the women laugh.

From there we went to another house where we got only one or two women and a number of children.

One woman said to Miss Weir that she was down in the mud and what could she

do. Then she told her a long story about being alone in the house one night when a thief came and she sent up a prayer to Ishwar (our God, not one of the heathen gods) for help. Then she picked up a stick and dared the thief to come near her, whereupon he turned and fled. It sounds as if she was really beginning to believe in the True God.

From there we went to a tiny house. We don't go inside as a rule. There were more listeners there, and in the audience was a child with small-pox, and a woman with leprosy. The child was not yet past the contagious stage. One is so bound to meet it you might as well get used to it.

The woman with leprosy was terrible to see—though it was not the worst kind—but her skin was turning white in blotches, and really she was uncanny to look at. Her whole forehead was white and she was so thin and miserable looking, my heart went out to her.

I think I feel more for the old people, for they haven't long to live, and if they don't learn about Jesus, they have no comfort for life or death.

Some of the children would make you heart sick. They have such awful trouble with their eyes; in some cases they are almost closed with matter, and on one child I counted eight flies settled on one eye and it made no effort to brush it away. Do you wonder that disease spreads?

We went to one more house of a better class for we were taken upstairs, and sat inside, on the floor of course. First I tried to sit tailor-fashion; then I stretched my limbs straight; then one out and one under me; leaned against the wall; sat up straight; anything for variety. Wouldn't it be terrible if some time I couldn't get up when the time came. The secret of our long wait was that the daughter of the house was washing her hair and bathing, but would soon be ready.

It was rather an unusual case. The daughter had some education in a government school, then married. She lost both her husband and child by plague and returned to her home heart-broken.

The family is a good one, being Brahmins, and were very good to her. They did not take off her jewels or cut her hair, and she was not even dressed in white, but wore the daintiest pink and was really a very good looking girl.

When she first came home she cried all the time, and her parents said to Miss Weir that if she had anything that would comfort her to please give it to her. That was a good chance for Miss Weir, who promptly gave her a simple Life of Christ to read. We hope and pray that she may become a Christian and her family also.

This is a long talk about one morning's doings, but you can imagine how impressed I was at seeing it for the first time. We left here about seven and returned at noon.

The week after we came back from Lucknow, we went to Rutlam to attend the Annual Mela (conference) for our Mission. It was the best they have ever had, as there were about sixty of the staff, and between five and six hundred converts present.

Rev. J. McP. Scott was there too and had an English service each day. He gave several talks on his trip and has evidently quite lost his heart to Korea. Of course he stayed there longest and the work is so much more encouraging than here.

He says he realizes that we have the most difficult field, but for that reason need more than ever the sympathy and prayers of the home people.

We also had Dr. and Mrs. Annand, who are returning from forty years' work in the New Hebrides. They have been in India for some time, and all our staff have taken a great fancy to them. They are such a fine old couple, and one feels that they have done a grand work in their day.

We were only sorry we could not understand more of the Hindi. It is still a considerable strain to follow, and after a certain time, I get so tired listening and trying to understand, that I don't take in anything. We were just away three days, although the mela lasted three or four days longer.

FROM SHANGHAI TO HWAIKING.

By MRS. J. ROY SANDERSON, OF HONAN.

(Note.—Mrs. Sanderson was one of our recent latest missionary band to Honan, Shanghai was the port of entry to China; then up the great Yangtse River four days by boat to Hankow; then by rail to North Honan, and finally by cart to Hwaiking station. In this picture sketch of their trip she makes others see through her eyes. It is next best to seeing with ones own eyes.—Ed.)

Mrs. Sanderson's Letter.

It was a Wednesday morning when we landed at Shanghai and said "good-bye" to the "Iuaba Maru," the Japanese steamship which had carried us thousands of miles across the great Pacific. Dr. MacGillivray and Miss McNeely were waiting for us, with a large bundle of mail, which they distributed to us all. There were letters from Honan for every one, letters of welcome. We took rickshaws from the dock to the Missionary Home where there were more letters for all; letters from those in the compounds we go to, and from those in other compounds. There could not be a heartier welcome and it went a long way towards making every one feel at home.

We sail at twelve o'clock to-night, shall be five days in the boat, then a couple of days in the train. We get off at Wei Hwei on Saturday at three a.m., stay there over Sunday and will be at Hwaiking early the following week.

On Boat, Yangtse River—Wednesday.

We have been astonished at the beauty of the scenery, for somehow people don't think of China having much in that direction; but for a long way along this river, there are hills and mountains on either side, some of them very high and covered with snow, quite like some of the peaks among the Rockies.

There are also many fine trees, like our elms and willows, and every little while we would pass a small village of tiny huts with roofs of thatch. They make this from the marsh grass, which you can also see as you pass up the river, fields and fields

of it growing very high. This grass is used, too, in making cane chairs, etc.

Another thing that adds to the picturesqueness of the scenery, is the many funny looking Chinese junks, with their huge sails mostly patched with many patches. I was told that the Japanese—and from the sails we saw, I should judge the Chinese also—think it lucky to have a patch on their sails, and they will deliberately make holes in a new sail, and put on a patch. Some of them are really comical looking, almost like patch work quilts; and some of course have holes without patches.

Another curious thing about the Chinese boats, which we noticed more especially in the harbour at Shanghai, is that a great many of them have two large eyes painted, one on either bow of the boat. "They couldn't see"—you know—"if they had no eyes!"

Yesterday we passed a huge rock, standing alone in the river, the "Little Orphan." Part way up was a white building, a Bhudiste temple, and at the very summit a pagoda. These pagodas occur at intervals all over the country, "joss houses," they are called. They are not used for anything, and nobody seems to know just what they ever were used for; except that they were put up for "good luck." They are certainly picturesque, especially one we saw yesterday, which had trees growing out through its old sides, at all angles, one at the very top.

But to come back to the "Little Orphan." Once upon a time, a frog swam up the Yangtse with two little orphan frogs on its back, but when it got up a certain distance, the very little orphan fell off, and is there yet, where we saw it yesterday. The frog went on with the other orphan, who was bigger and better able to hold on, and it got into a big inlet, that is a lake now, but the second orphan fell off too, and it is there yet like the other one, and is called the "Big Orphan." We may have passed that in the night, or it may be further up the river, but anyway we didn't see the "Big Orphan."

The Yangtze is a tremendous river, navigable for a thousand miles. Hankow is five hundred miles from Shanghai.

A Week Later, Hwaiking.

Well here we are at last at Hwaiking, getting settled down. A few words further about our trip inland.

We got off at a couple of ports on the way up the river and walked through the streets a little way. Nanking was the first, and the worst sights met us there that we have seen since coming to China. Talk of poverty, and rags, and filth—why you simply couldn't believe what there is on one street in that city!

In Hankow we were able to see a little of the city. That is where the revolution broke out, and it is interesting on that account.

Friday afternoon at Hankow, we had a quite unlooked for experience, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Roy and I, had set out to see a house-boat in which one of the missionaries, staying at the C. I. M. Home, and his wife and children were about to set out for their field in far West China.

After we had seen the house-boat, Roy suggested that it would be fine if we could get on board a British gun-boat that was lying at anchor. Just with that along came one of the men from another British boat, and Roy asked him if he thought we could get access to the gun-boat. He said he was sure there would be no trouble, so Roy hailed a sampan—funny little boats that act as ferry-boats—and we set off.

When we got alongside the man-of-war, a sailor came running to see what was wanted, and then went off for the commanding officer. This was a young lieutenant, a Scotchman, very good looking and very refined.

He invited us on board at once, and took us over the whole ship, taking a great deal of trouble to show us how the guns were worked, explaining the charts, etc. He took us down to see the officers' quarters, and then showed us his own state-room, even getting out some beautiful bits of embroidered satin to show Mrs. Boyd and me. These he was saving to take home.

After we had seen everything and were going to come away, our guide said he was just going to have tea, and asked us to wait and have some with him. He really seemed to want us, so we stayed and

were glad. He led us down again to their cosy little sitting-room and showed us some pictures, and talked. It was strange that his name should be Boyd too. We really had a nice time and our host said he was glad we had come, because it is lonely for them sometimes.

At Wei Hwei, Roy and I were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Auld until Monday, when the Hwaiking party set out again. Saturday evening there was a little reception at the house of our lady missionaries there, just a little informal gathering to meet everybody. They are a fine lot of people.

Although the compound at Wei Hwei is a long way from the station, nearly all were out to meet us, walking both ways. The others met us at the compound, where we were greeted by a great burst of fire crackers, a truly Chinese greeting.

We took train from Wei Hwei at twelve o'clock on Monday, travelling till five. Three carts met us for the baggage and ourselves, and we did the remaining fourteen miles in that way. There was a hearty welcome waiting here from everyone, Chinese and English. The Chinese were out in force to greet the Mowatts, they were so glad to see them back again, and they made Miss Sykes and us feel that they were glad to have us come too.

FROM MISS WEIR, INDIA.

"Thursday, when I left Maheshuar one of my women came for more books. I knew she had a Marathi Bible by her, so I asked her if her husband knew she read our books and if he did not object. She said he did not object, that she read before him and they talked together. I asked her what he thought about what she read of Jesus. Her reply was, 'He says it is all true.'

"Three Marathi Brahmin women in Maheshuar are now reading the story for themselves. I was speaking about how we should tell others the good news and one of them said—'That is just what happened. Shantibai told Sunderbai and Sunderbai told me.'

"How we all need to pray continually, that when the people hear the Word they may think about it and talk one with another concerning it."

TWO REVIVAL TESTIMONIES.

BY REV. J. GOFORTH.

Changtefu, Honan,

March 22, 1913.

Dear Dr. Scott:—

What follows is the substance of testimonies given by two of the converts at revival meetings we are now holding in one of the self-supporting charges west of Changtefu. They prove that the old Gospel, presented in the old way in reliance on the Holy Spirit, has lost none of its ancient power.

Mr. Feng, a bookkeeper, a man about thirty-five years of age, said:

"I was a slave to opium for many years, and had tried many remedies to break away from it, but in vain. When, last September, the missionaries came to our town, it was truly God's will to seek and save me. I see His hand so clearly detaining me at Sun T'ao, when I had planned to have been in a distant town.

After hearing several times of the mighty power of the Lord Jesus to save sinners I felt there couldn't be a worse sinner than I was, nor one more in need of saving, for not only was I a slave to opium, but to every imaginable sin.

"I turned to God and prayed the Lord Jesus to save me. I am proof that Jesus is the Son of God the Saviour of the world. My sin has all been forgiven for Jesus died for me. His precious blood washed all my sins away. I have eternal life. I have been delivered from opium, gambling, and all else that once enslaved me. I rejoice to testify that Jesus the Lord saves and changes the most hopelessly enslaved. Who could have imagined a few months ago that I who lived and revelled in all fleshly joys and pleasures could now have such complete satisfaction and delight in the things of God?"

Mr. Feng's ringing testimony, given a few nights ago, caused us all to rejoice and strengthened our faith for the speedy triumph of Christ's cause in China, but we rejoiced exceedingly on hearing Mr. Ch'en's testimony last night. Mr. Ch'en is twenty-five years of age and has a good working knowledge of the Chinese classics. His father was the merchant who let us have

the compound which was used for the women's work at Sun T'ao last fall. The father said his son had got beyond his control and hoped we could do something with him. Young Mr. Ch'en's testimony last night is in substance as follows:

"Up to last September, I had not heard the Gospel of Jesus. I knew it was being preached at fairs, theatricals, etc., but I despised it so that I always shunned the preachers. Imagine my anger when I found that my father had rented part of our compound to the hated foreigners.

"I was very bitter for a few days and then I thought I would just hear what they had to say. I heard Mr. G. repeatedly say that Jesus was the Son of God, who at the express will of God came to earth to die for sinning men. It seemed too wonderful to be true, but I eagerly read several books and they gave the same testimony.

"I felt if it were really true God would give me a sign, so I prayed God to give me some proof in a dream if Jesus were His Son. During the night I dreamed that a man clothed in white came to me and said "Doubt not Jesus is truly God."

"I then began to pray to Jesus. I told Him if He would have me He must save me, for opium had mastered me. I had taken much medicine but with no result. Gambling too, and every other sin enslaved me. I told Jesus since He was the Almighty Saviour I would trust in Him alone and not take medicine.

"In five days I was free. Since then I have not had the slightest craving, and gambling and all else dropped with the opium. I know that the Lord Jesus is mighty to save for He has saved and changed me. My father often beat me to turn me from my sin, but he might have beaten me black and blue and I would have gone right at it again.

"The rage of my mother knew no bounds when I told her that Jesus the Lord had saved. She commanded me to kneel down before her and when I did she slapped my face twice and spat upon it. I said, 'Mother, it is no use, Jesus died for me and I can bear anything for Him.

Mother you know how father used to beat me so terribly to make me stop opium and gambling, but Jesus has saved from them.'

"But my mother was beside herself with rage and said: 'I am willing to see you die an opium sot and squander all we possess, but I can't endure the shame of your entering that foreign devil sect.'

"At meal time my mother would give the others good things to eat, while she cast me the very coarsest, saying—'I'll starve you.' 'But mother'—I would say, 'this never can turn me away from Christ, for He bore worse than this for me.' 'Of a truth, she said, 'you have eaten the foreign devil medicine and are under their spell.' But in spite of all that mother could do, my young brother and my father believed and she threatened to take her life.

"Now a change is coming over my mother. It turned out about a month ago that one evening, when we were worshipping God in our home, with six or seven neighbours who believe, that a band of soldiers raided the gambling den in our village and seized over a dozen men. I said—'mother if it had not been for the Lord Jesus I would have been among those seized and fined.' She was frightened and said, 'it seems best that all of us trust in your Jesus.'

"At the time we were singing "There is a fountain filled with blood, etc.," and mother asked what it meant. When I explained, she assented that it was good and then when we sang it mother became enthusiastic, keeping time with hands and feet. I was the first in our village to believe, and now there are nine others who have also accepted salvation."

His confession made an intense impression, and it was followed by many prayers of hearty thanksgiving.

NOTES FROM WU AN, HONAN.

By REV. J. H. BRUCE.

Twenty-five men attended a station class held here recently. They studied the Book of Exodus. Those who purposed attending had read the book once or twice during the preceding days, so as to be prepared for a thorough study of it.

At a recent meeting of our Honan Pres-

bytery, the initial steps taken towards the organization of the Theological College, marked a new mile-stone in the progress of our Honan Mission.

At our recent meeting of Honan Presbytery, work for young men was made prominent as one of the most urgent needs of the hour. It is reported that there are six hundred young men from our own field in North Honan, attending the various schools in Kai-feng, the capital of the province. Mr. Clark is going to Kai-feng for a time to assist in work among them, and will thus greatly help our own field.

Our school-system has been entirely overhauled, to be placed on the same basis as the new Government schools. These latter have themselves just been placed on a new basis to bring them into conformity with the western system in many details hitherto not introduced into the reformed Government schools. For example, the school year in China hitherto began with the new year, now it is to begin in the autumn, with holidays corresponding to those with you at home in the West.

The new curriculum is practically that of our Western schools. The Confucian Classics are being left out of the course in the elementary schools. That of itself is a wonderful revolution in Chinese education.

The urgent need of assistance in the medical work of the mission is most pressing. We are left this year with a depleted staff of workers. Mr. Mu, our senior evangelist, was called to the Changte congregation. My remaining evangelist is removed from the list, on account of the disreputable conduct of his wife. The probationary evangelist is probably permanently laid aside through illness.

With a growing work, and even more widely opening doors, and so few helpers, we will be very severely pressed here this spring. But the outlook is hopeful.

We are greatly interested in the arrangement for the next Assembly. It should yield great results if all go up waiting on Lord with one heart.

The opportunities of to-day can never come again. They must be improved now or never.

NEW EXPERIENCES IN HONAN.

BY REV. T. A. ARTHUR.

Change, Honan,
2 April, 1913.

Dear Dr. Scott,—

Mr. and Mrs. Goforth asked Mr. Boyd and me to spend two or three days with them at Loa K'ou where they were holding special services. We could not yet understand the language but we could see and learn the work.

We set off on Saturday morning, taking bedding and three days' food. The first fifteen miles was by cart or on foot over the level plain. Then we were met by a Mr. Li who was to guide us over the mountains, seven miles further West. Our bedding was taken on horse back as carts could not be used on the mountains.

The first sight of interest was a beautiful spring, covering one-eighth of an acre. Its banks were of stone, with steps every few yards leading down to the water's edge.

The water, two feet deep, was clear as crystal, and from it a beautiful stream flows away through the valley, making it a garden, and furnishing power to run the only flour mill I have seen in China. The capacity of the mill is of course very small.

Mr. Goforth told us that when they first visited the region, the following conversation ensued with the mill owner.

"Have you any mills in the country from which you come?"

"Yes."

"How much grain would they grind in a day?"

On being told the daily output of some of the big flour mills, he exclaimed: "How do the people eat it all?"

We began our climb over the mountains. The road is paved much of the way with large flat stones, worn smooth by the feet that have trodden them for centuries.

Occasionally one sees a tablet or grave stone, erected perhaps in honor of some man who, as a work of merit, built a section of the road.

Here and there we passed temples, the smaller ones now fallen into disuse and their idols in some cases broken; the larger ones still in use. In one of the lat-

ter I counted no fewer than nine hundred and seventy-five gods and goddesses.

Outside of Loa K'ou we were met by Mr. Goforth and the native pastor, Mr. Chang, a fine young man, who, before conversion, had been secretary to the Colonel in charge of the troops in that district.

He saw that we were provided with a first-class lodging house. We slept in a k'ang built of brick about two feet higher than the rest of the floor, with flues running through beneath it so that it could be warmed from a small fire beside it.

In the adjoining room there slept on the floor seven or eight Christians who had come in from outside villages to be present at Mr. Goforth's special meetings. A large part of the night they spent singing hymns; so great was their enthusiasm and joy.

The morning service on Sunday was in the open court-yard, and attended by about one hundred and fifty. A large gong was beaten, which could be heard nearly all over the village. Then a service of song, followed by prayer and reading of the Scriptures.

Mr. Goforth then took charge of the meeting and gave an address on "fruit bearing." As he drove home the truth that a true Christian must be a fruit-bearer, his hearers began to examine their own lives.

At the evening service, which was the last of Mr. Goforth's special services here, eighteen men pledged themselves to assist the pastor in preaching, for a number of days each, some more, some less. Among them they made up a total of one hundred and twenty-four days.

When there we climbed the neighboring hills. We reached the summit of one hill eighteen hundred feet above the village. A well made path led to the top where is a large Buddhist temple, with many gods and dragons.

From that height we had a wonderful view of the L'in Hsien valley. To the west, in an area of say 8 x 14 miles, we clearly distinguished seventy-five villages, and had the day been clear could have seen many more.

In all that valley, of perhaps 300,000 people, hemmed in by the mountains, there is not a single missionary.

But while spiritual culture is unknown, there is no lack of agriculture. From the valleys, in some places almost to the highest peaks is terraced. Stone walls are built up and the earth filled up level inside of them. Then another stone wall, etc. Like a succession of giant steps these terraces rise along up the mountain side, and are all carefully cultivated.

At present they are waiting for rain ere they sow their crops. The situation is critical. Further to the south, the farmers are flocking citywards, to find work if possible, if not, to beg.

We had a strange experience on our return journey when we got out on to the plain; strange to us, but common in China. The roads here are tracks across the plain, in some places worn many feet deep by the traffic of centuries. And the deepest places deepen the most rapidly, the wind driving through the narrow cutting and carrying out the soil as it is loosened by the passing carts.

As we were in one of these deep narrow cuts our two carts met two going in the opposite direction. In such cases the drivers fight it out—in words, the one who can talk the longest and most emphatically persuading the other man to back up until a suitable place for passing has been reached.

Perhaps it was kindly courtesy to the foreigner, for when Mr. Boyd and I, who had been walking behind, came up, the westward bound carts at once began the tedious process of backing up. Poor China; she has been backing up for centuries...until recently.

Then we had the pleasure of travelling in a dust storm, another feature of China. It is something like a blizzard in our Canadian West, with driven dust in place of driving snow; and when the journey is ended one is scarcely recognizable.

We saw the farmers irrigating their land with water from the irrigation ditch. The rates come down twice a month, and then men work almost day and night to get their crops watered. From one viewpoint I counted eighteen groups of four men each, lifting water to higher levels, by means of the endless chain and bucket system.

Our one desire at present is a more intimate knowledge of the language that we may tell the people the Good News we have brought.

A BUDDHIST CONVERT.

LETTER FROM REV. A. W. LOCHHEAD, B.D.

Gien Chin Hsien, March 6, 1913.

Dear Dr. Scott:

You are very fortunate to be at the other side of the world to-day for there is raging at present the worst dust storm I have ever seen.

Yesterday was warm and bright and spring like, but in the night a hurricane came up from the north and I was wakened with the falling of tiles from the roof and the rattling of everything moveable about the place.

This morning everything is covered deep with dust, and our nostrils and lungs are choked with grime. At times it becomes so dark we cannot see to read or write.

It reminds me of the dark days in Western Ontario in 1882 at the time of the Michigan forest fires. We cannot see more than twenty yards ahead.

In China people do not understand the rotation of crops but the land is rotated instead. Some whole fields in the open course of the wind will have the surface of the earth blown off six inches deep. Throughout my whole field here is an old bed of the Yellow River and the light shifting silt is blown up into great sand dunes like immense drifts of snow.

There has been practically no rain for nine months, and this wind we fear indicates still further drought. All sorts of grain have already risen to almost famine prices.

I have been here at Yien Chin Hsien for two weeks and expect to be here for a week more, and then go on to another country-town, Feng Chiu, for three or four weeks.

We have a good shop front rented here, and a small compound behind. We have preaching every afternoon and evening. I have used the magic lantern three times and this attracts much larger crowds than can get into the chapel or even into the yard.

Last night there was a poor countryman who had walked in seven miles to see the lantern, and he just squeezed in the yard for about two minutes to see the last scene of the Prodigal Son.

This is a poor dilapidated opium cursed city, the walls crumbling into ruin. Beautiful stone arches, erected to the memory of men and women of conspicuous virtue, are cracked and tottering or are fallen and left lying on the street.

There is no place we go where we get more attentive crowds of respectful listeners, but so far there have been no large results visible. Two children and two adults are to be baptised on Sunday but this visit I have not had a single application for recording as catechumen.

I have with me a Mr. Wang Tung Ling, a young man of good scholarship from Feng Ch'iu Hsien. About the first of October he came to the hospital at Wei hwei fu with his younger brother, who was suffering from a decayed jaw bone. They remained for three months and the brother underwent three operations and returned home better but not entirely well.

Mr. Wang had for eight years been a devout Buddhist, refraining from meat and onions and wine, constantly burning incense and prostrating himself before the image of Buddha and incessantly reciting his "Yao-me-tao-fu." (Gautama).

He was the leader of a Buddhist society of several scores of men and women in his native village. He and his brother were attentive listeners to the daily preaching in the dispensary chapel.

Shortly after they came, I was preaching through the sermon on the mount, and when one day I came in turn to "Enter ye in at the straight gate," Mr. Wang felt his heart deeply moved to enter in.

From that time he drank in the Gospel with deep interest and before he had left the hospital he was recorded and had broken his eight years' fast. On his way home he stayed at Chang Kwoa T'sun for a week's Bible study that I was conducting with the Christians and then went on home fairly well instructed for so recent a believer.

Contrary to his expectation he found no opposition in the home, his brother is entirely better, his son and younger brother are now in attendance at the Primary School at Weihwei, and some twelve or fifteen of his brother Buddhists are interested in the Gospel. Already a promising cause has started up in his village. He says, "For eight years I called on Buddha and there was not the slightest answer. Now I have learned to pray to God through Jesus Christ, and I have received abundant grace."

HIS MONEY BAG.

An aged man in his final sickness was received into a city hospital. To all appearances he had neither relatives, friends nor any means of support, but on being assisted into a bed, a sack of money containing \$870 was noticed fastened around his body.

He absolutely refused to trust it to those in charge of the institution, and wore it upon his person day and night.

Death marked him; soon the hour for his departure into the spirit world arrived, and at one time, when the nurse supposed that the soul had taken its flight, the string was unfastened and the bag removed.

Instantly the old man opened his eyes, and feeling for his treasure that was no longer there, uttered the word "Gone," and expired—to the last clinging to his money.

Oh, the terrible depths of soul-poverty which that word "gone" may have represented in his case! Only strength enough left in that arm to feel for his idol, only breath enough left to express his heart's pangs for its loss, in the one word, "gone!"

Let us beware of allowing any earthly good or thing to absorb our heart, mind, and time. They may grow until the whole being is engrossed, leaving no place for God and eternal things, and, like a deadly blight, absorbing the moisture, leaving the soul barren and worm-eaten, only to be cast away.

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich."—Rev. 3: 18. "Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the Heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth."—Luke 12: 33.

"Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Young People's Societies

JULY MISSIONARY TOPIC.

FORMOSA TO-DAY.

BY REV. MILTON JACK, B.D.

Formosa of to-day shows many changes from the Formosa of a few decades ago. In the brief space allotted to us, we can attempt to indicate but a few of these changes, having special reference to the changes brought about by the cession of the Island to Japan, and to the progress of Christianity in recent years.

Climate and Peoples.

The climate of Formosa is tropical or subtropical. The southern part of the Island lies in the tropics of Cancer. The capital city, Taipeh, in the north of the Island, is, roughly speaking, about the same latitude as the port of Key West in the extreme south of Florida. The vegetation and animal life are consequently of a tropical nature.

Since parts of the Island lie within one hundred miles of the coast of South China, it naturally follows that the great body of the inhabitants are Chinese. Of the three and a half millions in Formosa, considerably more than three millions are Chinese. Of the remaining population, there are over one hundred thousand aborigines.

Thus in this tropical Island, we have three distinct nationalities represented,—the Chinese, who form the bulk of the population and are akin to the Chinese on the mainland opposite,—the Japanese who are the ruling race,—and the aborigines, who are distinct from either Chinese or Japanese, and seem to represent a Malay type.

This aboriginal population seems to have been in possession of the Island for many centuries prior to the coming of either Chinese or Japanese. It is even said by some, that they have traditions about the arrival of their ancestors in Formosa,

which date back to a period that must have been as early as the beginning of the Christian era. In any case, they were in the Island a long time prior to the settlement of the Island by the Chinese.

The latter migrated to Formosa in specially large numbers during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and gradually drove the aborigines back to the more mountainous districts, seizing the more suitable agricultural land for themselves.

At the present time, the district occupied by the savages consists of the rugged series of mountain ranges that form the backbone of the Island. Here they have their haunts, where they follow their primitive mode of life, and where many of the tribes still practise headhunting.

For many decades they have held these mountain fastnesses, and successfully resisted the attacks of the Chinese in the old Chinese regime, and of the Japanese, under the present government.

Commercial Development.

For the past eighteen years the Island has been under the Japanese. It was ceded to Japan by China after the war of 1894. The Japanese have done much to develop the Island. Signs of the Japanese occupation are evident on every hand.

In fact, when one arrives for the first time at the port of Keelung, or at the capital city of Taipeh (Taihoku), the impression received in many of the streets is that of a Japanese city. The streets are laid off in Japanese style, and a great many of the shops are of Japanese construction and operated by Japanese.

In the smaller cities the Chinese merchants predominate, and the streets retain their more distinctively Chinese appearance, although signs of Japanese activity are also seen on every hand.

On public holidays the Japanese flag floats from many private residences as well as from all public buildings. The Japa-

nese have as yet granted no measure of self-government to the Chinese in Formosa. The island has no representation in the Imperial Parliament, the government being administered by the Governor General in Council.

The Government established by the Japanese in Formosa has done much for the development of the island, especially from a commercial standpoint. Harbours have been deepened and fitted for the accommodation of larger sea going vessels. Roads have been improved and the steam railroad has been completed from the north to the south of the island.

A very efficient postal system has been established which includes not only free delivery of all mails but a government owned telegraph and telephone system, and a parcel post. Small parcels can be sent by mail at a rate of from two or three cents up. Telegrams in English can be sent at a minimum cost of one half the Canadian tariff, and if in Chinese or Japanese, they can be sent at a still cheaper rate.

The chief port in the island is Keelung. Before the coming of the Japanese, it was comparatively insignificant as a port, being inaccessible to large vessels, and its trade amounting to but a few hundred thousand yen annually (a yen is 50 cents.) The harbour, however, has many natural advantages, being fairly well land locked and nearer Japan than the port of Tamsui. The government has spent several million yen deepening the harbour and building docks so that now vessels of six thousand tons or more can come in and dock alongside the railway station.

The trade of this port has grown tremendously and is now more than a hundred fold greater than it was in the early days of Japanese occupation. Two lines of steamships ply between Formosa and Japan and furnish an excellent service.

The Japanese have been richly repaid for their expenditure in public improvements by the increased amount of trade between Formosa and Japan. This has been developed partly as a result of the general progress of the island, agriculturally and otherwise, and partly by the im-

position of a high protective tariff, which tends to diminish the foreign trade and increase the trade with Japan.

Apart from the increased trade, however, the revenues derived by the government of Formosa from taxes, the camphor and opium monopolies, and other sources of revenue, have more than reimbursed Japan for all expenditures she has made on Formosa.

Education in Formosa.

In educational matters, the Japanese government in Formosa has made a very good beginning; but they have by no means begun to supply in any adequate way, the educational needs of the island. In all the larger towns and cities and in some rural districts, they have established public schools for Chinese, as well as for Japanese children.

But although this is the case, taken as a whole, there are only as yet about five or six per cent. of the Chinese children of school age who attend these public schools. In the separate schools for Japanese on the other hand, there are nearly ninety per cent. of the Japanese children of school age attending the schools.

Secondary education is also very inadequately provided for. There are a medical school, a normal school and an agricultural school for the training of Chinese. A limited number of the graduates from the public schools enter these every year.

But apart from these, there are no government institutions of the nature of middle schools, High Schools, Colleges or Universities where Chinese young men may receive a liberal education. There is a fine middle school for Japanese boys, which will, it is said, when completed, accommodate about a thousand students, but Chinese boys are excluded from this institution.

It is the policy of our Mission to organize a middle school for Chinese boys, probably about the end of this year. After the Middle School has been well established for some time, a union upper grade school or college will probably be organized by the two missions, our own in the North and the English Presbyterian in the South, to give advanced educational oppor-

tunities to such Chinese young men as wish to pursue their studies further than the Middle School.

Still less provision has been made by the Japanese for the secondary education of Chinese girls. There is a course in the Normal School that is open to them to train as teachers, but apart from this there is no government secondary institution where they may get a higher education.

The Girls' School in the Canadian Presbyterian Mission that has been open for the past six years, thus supplies a very long felt need. Girls who take the full course study for six years, and many of these have previously studied for several years in the public schools of the Island.

There is also a Girls' School in the English Presbyterian Mission in South Formosa, as well as a Boys' School. A Women's School and a Theological School for the training of Formosa evangelists, form important contributions of each Mission to the educational work of the Island.

In the Theological School of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, secondary school instruction, similar to that had in Middle Schools, is also given, until the Middle School shall be organized.

The Opium Traffic.

At the present time, when the suppressing of the opium traffic in China is so much in the public eye, it is interesting to study what has been done to this end by the Japanese in Formosa. It must be admitted at the outset that the results are not what one could have hoped they would have been after eighteen years of occupation by the Japanese. In fact, one is forced sometimes to the conclusion that the Japanese are not very much in earnest in their desire to abolish the use of the drug.

It is true that the amount of opium consumed has diminished, but the revenue from the opium monopoly has kept up. It is true that the government tries to regulate the use of the drug by requiring all smokers to take out licenses, but there is the reprehensible feature that sufficient care was not taken to see that licenses were issued to those only who had become confirmed smokers before the advent of the Japanese.

Like certain other evils, opium smoking has not diminished as it ought to have in Formosa, because the Government followed a policy of regulation and gradual suppression, rather than one of rapid extermination.

Christianity in Formosa.

Any consideration of the moral and religious progress of Formosa to-day must take Christianity into account. As in the case of Japan and China and many other countries, the Christian community in Formosa possesses an influence that is relatively great, considering the small proportion of their numbers. The Christian community in Formosa, including members and adherents, amounts to probably about one per cent of the entire population.

But though yet relatively small, it is like the leaven which we trust will one day leaven the whole lump. All over the Island, except in the districts as yet occupied by the savages, communities of Christian worshippers may be found.

There are three missionary bodies at work in the Island, namely the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, the English Presbyterian Mission, and the Mission of the Church of Christ in Japan, which is also Presbyterian in its form of government.

Of these three missions, the two former work almost exclusively among the Chinese, and the latter among the Japanese. There are eight or ten congregations of Japanese Christians, several of which are fully organized with ordained pastors.

Among the Chinese there are about one hundred and fifty congregations. Of these a few have called an ordained pastor and contribute his entire support, but the most of them are presided over by unordained evangelists.

The congregations connected with the Canadian Mission number between fifty and sixty and form the Presbytery of North Formosa. The congregations connected with the English Presbyterian Mission number about ninety and form the Presbytery of South Formosa.

Last year these two Presbyteries united to form the Synod of the Island of For-

mosa. Thus the Chinese Christians of Formosa are united into a regular self governing body, whose representatives, the Formosa ordained ministers and elders, meet together at regularly appointed times to transact the business of the Church.

Not only has the Church made much progress in recent years in organization in Formosa, but in other ways there have been distinct advances. During the past seven or eight years there has developed a strong interest in Sabbath School work.

Prior to that time there were very few organized Sabbath Schools. But the importance of the work has approved itself to the Chinese mind, and now there are Sabbath Schools in most of our Formosa churches. In some the organization is better than in others, but in all of them the chief aim is the instruction of the young in Christian truth and a knowledge of the Scriptures, especially the New Testament.

Another great advance the North Formosa Church is making is in the matter of giving. During the past eight years, the average giving per church member has more than doubled. Considering that the Formosa Church is yet very young, the liberality of its church members compares very favourably with that of many home congregations, taking into account the difference in the earning powers of Formosans and Canadians.

Among the forms which their givings have taken are a Widows' and Orphans' Fund, an Augmentation Fund, and an Evangelization Fund, the latter having in view the evangelization of the savages in the hill country of Formosa. It is the hope of the Formosa Church that they can raise a fund sufficiently large to send one or two Chinese evangelists to preach the Gospel to the savages, and increase this number as time goes on.

An Open Door.

The savage district is practically an unoccupied field in Formosa. There have been two of these savage girls in the Girls' School of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, and there are one or two baptized

savages who have been for some years worshipping with the Chinese Christians. But no organized work has been started by the Missions in the savage district itself, chiefly because of the lack of missionaries.

Both in this savage district and among the Chinese of Formosa the opportunity is ripe for aggressive evangelistic work. Wherever one may go among Chinese, preaching the Gospel, one can be almost certain of getting a sympathetic hearing. There are also now many savage tribes accessible to the Gospel message. There is an urgent call for three or four volunteers to meet these great opportunities in North Formosa. Whom shall we send and who will go for us?

TOO MUCH TRYING.

At a revival meeting where many written requests for prayer were handed in, this one came among others, "Pray for a lady who is trying to come to Christ."

The evangelist, a man of great faith and simple directness, read the slip of paper aloud, and dropping it uttered the brief petition:

"O Lord, help her to stop trying and come!"

All that was required of her was as easy and natural as reaching out a hand to a friend, and she was making of it something complicated and difficult, and keeping herself away by her own elaborate efforts to come.

We make the same mistake with many of the duties that are required of us. "Abide in my love," says the Master, and instead of living and rejoicing in that love which is already and always around and about us, we try to create some peculiar affection in our own souls and keep ourselves in certain frames of mind.

If a physician should tell us we must live in the sunshine, we would simply go out into its light and warmth with our books and our work; we would never dream of staying indoors and trying to bring the rays to us in some roundabout fashion.

We talk much of helping the masses and forget that they are made up of individuals; we mean to show to our neighbor, but seldom think of him as the man who mows our lawn or the newsboy who leaves muddy tracks on the front walk.

Really, God's plan of salvation for the individual and the race is a very simple plan, his service is not an abstruse but a reasonable service. What we need is less pretentious trying, and a happier and more childlike doing.—Adult Bible Class.

JULY CITIZENSHIP TOPIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.**Their Use and Abuse.**

BY REV. JOHN W. STEPHEN, TORONTO.

The legitimacy of amusement in itself cannot be denied. Nature demands relaxation. The bow cannot always remain strung. "Amusement," as the word implies, is plainly a turning away from the Muses—a temporary suspension of the more serious tasks of life. "To everything there is a season. . . . a time to weep and a time to laugh."

In the same strain follows the Apostle's saying "All things are yours." Amusement in some form or another is essential to the harmonious development of our faculties and the efficient performance of life's duties.

The need for amusement is further reinforced by the character of the age. The present formative period of Canadian nationhood is one of stress and strain. This makes relaxation and diversion both fitting and necessary.

Moreover the necessity of public amusements will be seen when we remember that they may be made a positive force in combating temptation. Jacob Riis, of New York, speaking recently to a Canadian audience, remarked that wherever communities had liberally provided the youth with playgrounds and innocent amusements, there crime was materially lessened. Thus the encouragement of simple and innocent amusements may become no small factor in the building up of a healthy, law-abiding citizenship.

Athletics.

Turning to particular forms of amusement, consider first that of athletics. The Greek educators recognized the important place of the stadium in the development of a virile manhood. The universities of our day are coming more and more to see the worth of the campus in preparing young men for the battle of life.

Writers on Eugenics tell us that the ascetic is usually the neurotic, and significantly add, that starved nerves create un-

healthy appetites resulting in the deterioration of the race.

One need hardly stop to draw attention to the opportunities afforded by athletics for the exercise not only of the muscles but of such virtues as self-control, sound judgment and chivalrous consideration for others—virtues which are none too common in the public life of to-day.

Alas that such a fine instrument for the development of manhood should be so often perverted. Instances are not wanting in the history of Canadian sports, where the old gladiatorial frenzy has so overpowered the contestants that the spectators have been compelled to witness the most shocking exhibitions of cruelty.

The cause of this degradation is largely due to the commercial spirit which dominates the athletic world. Professionalism has so lowered the moral status of sports as to make their patronage by the self-respecting a serious question indeed.

It is not to be inferred, however, that the domain of sports is to be deserted by the Church and left to the enemy. In Bible classes and boys' clubs it should be possible to so inculcate Christian chivalry as to raise the whole standard of athletics in a community.

In some sections football and tennis clubs have been organized in affiliation with the Church, and both teacher and pastor have found in such organizations an excellent medium for inspiring those very ideals which help to redeem sport from its sordid associations.

The Race-Course.

Little need be said of this form of public amusement. If there are some sports to which the powers of darkness have a "patent right," it seems to be this one. Notoriously, it is the betting which attracts the throngs to the race-course, and keeps the crowds feverishly awaiting the result in remote parts of the country.

Take the gambling element out of this sport and it would die a natural death. It is not sport that is fostered by the betting

men and women who assemble at the races; it is money making, money getting, under such conditions as taint the gains.

It is the consideration of this fact that should keep all self-respecting people from the race-course. The Christian cannot afford to countenance a sport no matter how distinguished some of its patrons may be, which reduces itself to a carnival of greed, fraud and trickery.

Mark Twain has aptly said: "There are two occasions when a man should not gamble, when he can't afford it and when he can."

The Theatre.

In approaching the subject of the theatre we come to more debatable ground. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on the matter, it will be conceded that in the normal man there is a "histrionic taste" whose gratification must be lawful. Life itself is a drama. It is inevitable that the tragedies and comedies of life should be dramatized.

It is not inconceivable that the drama might be so used as to convey many intellectual incentives and moral lessons. Many a worried city toiler has dropped into a theatre of a night and forgotten his cares for the time being and received a saner perspective of life. Thus wherever the theatre brings to weary men and women mental relaxation and moral inspiration, it serves a useful purpose.

But it may be asked on the other hand; do not the disadvantages of the theatre outweigh the advantages? Dr. Pollok has pertinently said: "The theatre might be a good school of morals; it never has been."

Pliny tells us that the famous theatre of Scarus, which cost five million dollars and seated thirty thousand people, proved to the Romans more fatal than even their wars.

The mystery plays of the middle ages gave men the most hideous and distorted conception of religion. The Elizabethan theatre in its simplicity approximated more nearly to the ideal.

But what can be said for the theatre as it exists to-day? Mr. Sothern once said, in a newspaper article over his own name:

"In these times, entertainments in theatres are so indiscriminate, even in our most respectable playhouses, that I have known some of our best performers who have found it necessary to first attend a performance before they would allow their wives to go."

While this latter method of discrimination does not meet all the difficulties of the question, yet it is deserving of consideration. If the contention be true that the theatre derives a large share of its support from church members, should the latter not be more careful as to the character of the plays they attend. Let the religious classes give the theatre their patronage only when it furnishes what is moral and refined, and it would soon be to the interest of the proprietors to furnish only the highest order of drama.

The elevation of the modern moving picture show might also be attained by the same method of moral discrimination. On all sides parents are lamenting the vulgarizing effects of the "movies." A low conception of love; an abnormal craze for the romantic, and a consequent reluctance to face the serious tasks of life, are some of the baneful fruits of these shows. But where the Church and home co-operate to instil a love for that which is noble and beautiful, the young people so instructed will, in most cases, not be satisfied with tawdry and garish theatrical productions but will demand that which is wholesome and inspiring.

In this connection a religious review remarks: "Two young men went to New York to spend a holiday, and when they returned, one of them told of having heard low songs in low theatres, and bowery slang, while the other heard Paderewski, Jacob Riis and Dr. Chapman and other distinguished personalities.

These two young men, turned loose in the great Metropolis, where a babel of voices smote their ears, heard what they desired to hear. Question,—What part did the influences of home and church play in the difference of their choice?

Dancing.

The art of dancing, like that of the drama, has a foundation in our nature.

The Greeks kept time to their poetical measures by performing rhythmical movements of the body. Besides affording a means for healthful exercise, dancing may contribute to graceful movement and pleasing deportment. Where members of the family circle, or a group of friends in a community, occasionally enliven their evening gatherings with this form of amusement, little fault can be found.

The public ball, however, with its indiscriminate company, its degrading waltz, its extravagance of dress, and temptation to drunkenness and debauchery, is revolting to every feeling of delicacy and to be shunned by all who would maintain their self-respect.

Card Playing.

In regard to card playing the same counsel may be given as in the case of dancing. Much depends on the time, the place and the associations. In a respectable place with respectable people a friendly game of cards can hardly be called in question.

But there is a form of card playing in which no consistent follower of the Master will indulge—we refer to that most reprehensible type of this amusement, the afternoon bridge-party, played for stakes by "society butterflies," while perchance their neglected children wander the streets.

In the foregoing discussion it will be gathered that no particular rule can be laid down to suit all cases. It must be conceded that there is ground for honest difference of opinion as to the legitimacy of particular amusements.

But there are certain fundamental principles governing pleasure about which there can be no difference of opinion. For instance, the intemperate surrender of one's self to any form of pleasure will transform what may have been a wholesome recreation into harmful dissipation. When entertainment becomes the ruling passion of one's life and absorbs all the leisure hours then work as well as morals, is bound to suffer.

Recently a railroad was looking for an assistant-superintendent. Seven applications were filed for consideration. But on

looking up the record of the applicants it was found that they had one and all subordinated their work to what they called "a good time." That fact blacklisted every one of them. The road could not afford to entrust its management to men who were living so far below their best.

The barrenness of a life preoccupied with pleasures is emphasized by our Lord in explaining the parable of the sower. He says: "That which fell among the thorns, these are they that have heard, and as they go on their way they are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life and bring no fruit to perfection."

Another test which the Christian will apply is that supplied by the apostle, the test, not merely of lawfulness, but of expediency. When one has settled the question as to whether a particular pleasure is physically recreative and morally elevating to himself, he will go a step farther and ask "How will my partaking of this affect my brother who may be looking on?" "Take heed" says Paul "lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak."

Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this counsel given by a mother to her son: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind—that thing to you is sin."

A CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN.

Mr. Chung, head of the Canton Christian College, was in the United States during the revolution. Immediately upon his return to Canton he was sought as chairman of the Board of Education at a salary of \$4,000; the college was giving him \$900.

At once he made this proposition to the college: "Allow me to retain my position and salary as head Chinese teacher in the college, but give me time to direct the Board of Education in this work, and I will take my salary of \$4,000 in that position and turn it over to the college."

It is said that with two exceptions all officials in Canton under the new Chinese government are Christian men.

Life and Work

WHAT IS PROPORTIONATE GIVING!

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN JENKINS, D.D.,
MONTREAL.

(From a sermon preached in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, February 13, 1881, thirty-two years ago.)

Listen to the Apostle's direction, and note its universality. "Upon the first day of the week let EVERY ONE of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him:"—the poor no less than the rich, the young as well as the old. No provision is made for exceptions. The duty is common to all; and the Apostle's words can be construed to mean no less than that for any man to withhold from giving, is to forfeit his claim to be a Christian.

The measure of one's giving is to be determined by his prosperity. The proportion of a tenth or two-tenths is not stated. But no man will have the boldness or the indiscretion to plead a lower proportion under the gloriously-generous and loving Gospel, than that which existed under the law. This would be an outrageous contention. It would be dishonest for any one of us to plead, as an excuse for not giving up to the Jewish standard, that the Gospel does not actually prescribe a proportion. This would be to rob God, certainly. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me."

"As God hath prospered him." We can easily reckon up this matter as to the past. Have we given in proportion to our past prosperity? We know what we have done; how we have succeeded; what we have made. We know how much we have added, from year to year, notwithstanding all that we have spent and lost, to our capital; how, beginning with nothing or with next to nothing, we have worked ourselves up to a position of opulence in some cases, aye, in many cases.

What have we done in the matter of giving? Did we ever sit down and set apart a fifth of a year's profits and distri-

bute it in Christian work and charity? Did we ever, when we reached a capital of fifty thousand dollars, sit down and tithe it? or when we reached a capital of one hundred thousand sit down and give even a tenth of this?" "Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

There were years in which many of you made ten thousand dollars, others fifteen, twenty, forty, fifty thousand. Who helped you to make it? And yet you kept nearly all of it. "Will a man rob God?"

I will not throw such a slight on your intelligence and your conscience as to argue with you that a man with twenty thousand dollars a year, contributing a tenth, does not give as much, or in as Christian a proportion, as a man who out of an income of two thousand dollars gives two hundred. A tenth for the wealthier man, is no sufficient proportion, if a tenth is the true gauge for the poorer man.

Others, too, among you, can review the past. Your salaries increased from six dollars a month to eight or ten, or from five hundred dollars a year to six hundred, or from a thousand to fifteen hundred, and so on. Did you increase your giving? I say not in amount, but in proportion to the increase in your income? If you used to give fifty dollars out of five hundred, the setting apart five hundred out of five thousand could not be called giving in sufficient proportion. Certainly it would not be laying by in store, as God prospered you.

These hints and principles I commend to the earnest and intelligent consideration of every member of St. Paul's Church. It is no light thing for any Christian communicant to neglect to do the will of God in this matter. Let every man do his duty—his Christ-commanded, self-sacrificing, Christ-like duty.

I counsel the young, especially the young men who are entering or have lately entered upon life, to begin this work of faith-

ful, proportionate giving. Be not ye of the number of those in the Church who "rob God." Listen rather to these words of ancient wisdom, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Here is the command distinctly stated; here, too, is the promise. Obey ye the one; and the God of all plenty will fulfil the other.—"The first-fruits of all thine increase."—What is this but saying, Honour Him as He hath prospered you.

Do this faithfully—as faithfully as you pay your debts. This is a debt; pay it. Let not this word fall from the mouth of God concerning you, "Ye have robbed Me."—"robbed Me" in tithes and offerings."

Do it on system: as systematically as you keep your account books in bank or warehouse. May God help you to do it. May he help us all to understand the "grace" of giving, and to practice it.

Be assured that as in husbandry, so also in this matter of the stewardship of our possessions; "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Often have I observed the truth of these two principles of action, with their following results, illustrated in the experience of mankind. I have met with men who have sown comparatively nothing for God, who have kept their abundance hoarded and unused, save for their own gratification; and they have reaped neither pleasure nor gain.

On the other hand, I have seen and known men who have scattered their acquisitions with profuse hand for the relief of the needy and the lost, and it seemed as if the more they gave, the more they were prospered. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Who are Thinking of the Ministry?

The young man about to enter the ministry to-day, if his ears are open, will hear an immense amount of jargon—a real babel. Men of the school of Dr. Shailer Mathews and Prof. Rauschenbusch will tell the young ministers to get down in the slums, become reformers, sanctify the sewers, transform the tenements, enter the council chambers of the city, and the legislative halls of the State; study banking and farming and mining, and so bring about the salvation of society through science, art, industry and law.

On the other hand, men like Bishop Gore, of Oxford, and Dr. Jowett, of New York, will tell him to get off the street, quit running about to and fro, get back into the closet, and high up into the Alpine heights, hold communion with God, get visions of his great plan and purpose, and bring down a message to suffering, discouraged men and woman and children, which will put new life into them, that they may rise out of the slums, and come up into a growing and conquering life.

Another class who love to sit and survey, tell the young men to do everything, run the streets, stay in the study, descend to the slums, and ascend to the Alps.

If a fourth, though quieter, voice is permitted to join this confusion, it would choose to say softly to each young man:

First of all, decide whether you believe or disbelieve the Bible as the Word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice. If you do not so believe it, do not go into the ministry, for you will have nothing for the ministry, and the ministry will have nothing for you. After the flush of the first few years, you will be longing and sighing to get out of the ministry, and wonder why you ever entered it.

If you do believe the Bible, and through it God calls you to the ministry of the Word, go into it, and do what God, through the Bible, commands you to do, remembering the injunction, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

The poor man may be as covetous as the rich. Inordinate greed and love of money depend not upon the amount possessed. The little of one man may be as much his idol as the abundance of another. It is the state of the heart that determines the nature and extent of the sin, not the fact of plenty or of scarcity.

LONDON ATHEISTS AND D. L. MOODY.

A Remarkable Scene.

One of the most remarkable scenes I ever witnessed was in East London during the visit of Moody and Sankey, in 1883-84. The hall was in the center of the dense working population, where men by the hundred thousand work and live in work-shops and factories.

One Monday evening had been reserved for an address to atheists, skeptics, and free-thinkers of all shades.

At that time Charles Bradlaugh, the champion of atheism, was at his zenith, and hearing of this meeting he ordered all the clubs he had formed to close for the evening, and all the members to go and take possession of the hall. They did so, and five thousand men marched in from all directions and occupied every seat.

The platform was occupied by the clergy and workers. The service commenced earlier than usual, after the preliminary singing. Mr. Moody asked the men to choose their favorite hymns, which suggestion raised many a laugh, for atheists have no hymn. The meeting got well under way. Mr. Moody spoke from "Their rock is not our rock, our enemies themselves being the judges."

At the close Mr. Moody said, "We will rise and sing, 'Only trust Him,' and while we do so, will the ushers open all the doors, so that any man who wants to leave can do so, and after that we will have the usual inquiry meeting for those who desire to be led to the Saviour."

I thought, "All will stampede, and we shall only have an empty hall." But, instead, the great mass of five thousand men rose, sang, and sat down again, not one man vacating his seat. What next?

Mr. Moody then said, "I will explain four words,—receive, believe, trust, take, Him." A broad grin pervaded all that sea of faces.

After a few words upon receive, he made the appeal, "Who will receive Him? Just say, 'I will.'"

From the men standing round the edge of the hall came some fifty responses, but not one from the mass seated before him. One man growled, "I can't," to which Mr. Moody replied:

"You have spoken the truth, my man; glad you spoke. Listen, and you will be able to say, 'I can, before we are through.'"

Then he explained the word believe, and made his second appeal, "Who will say, 'I will believe him?'" Again some responded from the fringe of the crowd, till one big fellow, a leading club man, shouted out, "I won't."

Mr. Moody, overcome with tenderness and compassion, burst into broken, tearful words, half sobs, "It is, 'I will' or 'I won't' for every man in this hall to-night." Then he suddenly turned the whole attention of the meeting to the story of the Prodigal Son, saying:

"The battle is on the will, and only there. When the young man said, 'I will arise,' the battle was won, for he had yielded his will, and on that point all hangs to-night.

"Men, you have your champion there in the middle of the hall, the man who said, 'I won't.' I want every man here who believes that man is right to follow him, and to rise and say, 'I won't.'"

There was perfect silence and stillness, all held their breath, till, as no man rose, Moody burst out, "Thank God, no man says, 'I won't.' Now who'll say 'I will.'"

In an instant the Holy Spirit seemed to be poured out upon that great crowd of enemies of Jesus Christ, and five hundred men sprang to their feet, their faces raining down with tears, shouting, "I will, I will," till the whole atmosphere was changed, and the battle was won.

Quickly the meeting was closed that personal work might begin, and from that night till the end of the week nearly two thousand men were swung out from the ranks of the foe into the army of the Lord, by the surrender of their will. They heard his "Rise and walk," and they followed him.

The permanency of that work was well-attested for years to come, and the clubs never recovered their footing. God swept them away in his mercy and might by his gospel.—Sel.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR MONEY

How to Make it a Blessing or a Curse.

Our money may destroy us. There is a way of using money which makes it a curse.

But there is a way of using money which makes it a blessing. Christ told of this when he said, "Make for yourselves purses which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief draweth near, neither moth destroyeth." That is, there is a way of using our money by which we shall lay it up in heaven.

This is a wonderful revelation—that we can take our riches with us into the other world; or rather, that we can bank our possessions in heaven, as we go through this world, send our money on in advance, so that when we reach there we shall find all our treasures laid up waiting for us.

In one of our Lord's parables—that of the rich man and Lazarus—we are told of

a man who had not learned the secret. On earth the rich man lived in luxury and splendour. He was dressed in purple and fine linen. He fared sumptuously every day. That was one scene.

But the rich man died. Wealth cannot bribe death. He died and was buried. But that was not the end. The veil is lifted and we see him in the other world—rich? Oh, no! He is beggared now. He has no sumptuous banquets. He wears no fine linen. He has no honour.

This man had missed the secret of laying up treasure in heaven. He has treasured up only sorrow for himself. This man teaches us how not to use our money on the earth. He lived only for himself, to accumulate and to spend in enjoyments and luxuries for his own gratification.

There are too many men in these prosperous days who are making the same mistake that Dives made. We are not told that he got his money dishonestly. There may have been no taint of fraud or embezzlement in it. So far as we know, it was not amassed through oppression of the poor, through robbing of laborers. The man's sin lay in the use he made of his money.

And it was not used in wicked schemes of any kind. Dives was a highly respected gentleman, a prosperous citizen. He spent money freely among the merchants and the trades-people. He was popular in the city. He was probably a good Pharisee, orthodox and religious. There was no taint on his character. He was honourable in his business and just in all his dealings with his fellow-men.

What was wrong with him? So far as we know it was all because he did not use his money in the right way. That is, he used it only for himself. He did not use it for God. He did not use it to bless his fellow-men. He used it only for his own gratification. He spent it for luxuries in dress and for luxuries on his table. The beggar lay by his gate unfed, unhelped. Human misery surged by his doors without receiving any pity.

Are there not many men in every community who are living just as Dives did? Honest, honourable, respected, with no taint on their business, but living only for themselves—what sequel to their earthly life can they hope for, different from that of Dives?

It is not enough that money be gotten honestly; after it has been obtained in the most righteous way it may be so used as to destroy the soul of its possessor.

Nor is it only the dishonest or wicked using of it that brings curse. It is enough that it is spent only for self and for selfish gratification.

It is a serious thing to have money—even a little of it. It brings weighty responsibility to him who has it. It is a talent entrusted to us by God, and, like all other talents, it must be used and then accounted for. So the practical question for us is, "How shall we use Christ's trust-funds?" How would he use the money himself, if he were in our place and were to spend it?

Part of it he would use in providing for his own wants. He would have us receive food and raiment.

Nor, does he condemn business energy. Moneymaking is not sinful. There is no sin in growing rich, provided a man does it as Christ's trustee and for Christ. But he must keep his own name off it. He must not say "my fruits," "my store," "my bonds," "my gains." We must learn to leave the "I" out of our speech. We must learn the lesson of self-effacement. We must do all for Christ. We are only trustees for Christ.

It is when we have learned to handle our money as trustees for Christ that we have gained the secret of laying up treasure in heaven. All that we truly use for Christ we lay up in purses that will not wax old.

The only safety when one is always getting is also to be always giving, and in Christ's name. Such giving is living. The pool that has no outlet stagnates and breeds death. The stream that ever flows lives and keeps pure and sweet. Giving is living; boarding is dying. Read this

Story of the Golden Palace.

In India they tell the story of the golden palace. Sultan Ahmed was a great king. He sent Yakoob, the most skillful of his builders, with large sums of money to erect in the mountains of snow the most splendid palace ever seen.

Yakoob went to the place, and found a great famine among the people, and many of them dying. He took all his own money, and the money given him by the king for the building of the palace, and gave it to feed the starving people.

Ahmed came at length to see his palace, but he saw none. He sent for Yakoob and learned his story; then he was very angry and cast him into prison. "To-morrow thou shalt die," he said, "for thou hast robbed the king."

But that night the Sultan Ahmed had a dream. There came to him one who said: "Follow me." Up from the earth they soared, until they were at heaven's gate. They entered, and lo! there stood a palace of pure gold, more brilliant than the sun, and vaster far than any palace of earth.

"What palace is this?" asked Ahmed, and his guide answered, "This is the palace of merciful deeds, built for thee by Yakoob the wise. Its glory shall endure when all earth's things have passed away." Then

the king understood that Yakoob had done most wisely with his money.

The story has its lesson of truth. The money spent in doing Christ's work in this world is laid up in glad memories in the beyond.—Sel.

THE CHURCH AND ITS CHILDREN.

We have largely lost the Biblical thought of the Church as a household. Even earnestly Christian parents do not bring their children to the morning service. This morning service should pre-eminently represent the congregation assembled as a Christian family. One of the most beautiful results of true, devout worship is to knit the hearts of neighbours and friends together in kindly, affectionate fellowship. But what an impoverished expression of the fellowship of households, if the children are absent!

When and how are our children to learn by experience the beauty, joy and dignity of worship? The child is a natural worshipper. He accepts and is deeply impressed by the experience of looking up to God as his Heavenly Father. But this great possibility in the child must be cultivated or, like any unused faculty, it shrivels. How would your child's memory or reason grow in power if you sent him to no school and gave him no mental work?

I shall be met with the stale objection, "We must not tire children by taking them to church, lest they should come to dislike it." I want to ask the parent who reasons thus: Why do you not keep your child out of the day school, because he finds arithmetic and geography tough work, and would rather fish or play ball?

More than this, the assertion that well-trained children dislike churchgoing is in most cases false. They dislike to be made to go to church in a harsh, unsympathetic way. But nearly all children want to go if they are taken to church as a privilege by parents who love Christian worship and who keep near to the hearts of their little ones.

May I be pardoned for a personal allusion? My Christian mother passed from earth when I was only three years old. But my father loved the church and never failed to take me with him to its morning service. I remember how I enjoyed walking with him to the sacred place and sitting by him in the pew. I remember how he always took brief notes of the sermons and often spoke to me about this or that thing in them which interested him.

Doubtless much of the preaching went over my head, but I have a remembrance which I could ill spare of the kind and fatherly spirit of the pastors. And above all, my father, not by many words but by his whole spirit, made me realize that I

was there as his companion and that we were sharing a great, noble thing together. Not for the world would I lose this memory.

The times when I was weary of the long service are nothing at all compared with the joy of having the memory of my affectionate, thoughtful father and the kindly pastor and the building consecrated to the highest uses all joined together to strengthen every right purpose.

The day when all the children appear again in the pews at the morning household service of the Church will be the day when the Church will renew its strength.—In the Boston "Congregationalist."

GOD DOES NOT "PUSH" FOR DEBT.

One morning Parson Smith gave an address upon some benevolent subject, and after the address was concluded contributions were taken.

One rich but eccentric old man gave nothing to help the cause, and after the service the minister, meeting the old man, said persuasively,

"Come, Benjamin, give us something?"

"Can't do it," said Ben.

"Why not?" asked the parson. "Don't you think the cause is a good one?"

"Yes," said Ben, "but I am not able to give anything."

"O, I know better," said the minister smiling; "you will have to give me a stronger reason than that."

"Well, parson, I owe too much money; I must be just before I am generous, you know."

"But, Benjamin," urged the minister, "you owe God a larger debt than you owe any one else."

"That's true, parson," said the old man, "but then He ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors."—Harper's Monthly.

DOING OUR CAUSE CREDIT.

The thought that he ought to do credit to the good name which his father has handed down to him has helped to keep many a man in the path of rectitude at times of special stress and temptation.

Ought not the thought of his obligation to the Christian name also help to steady and strengthen a man in high purpose and righteous effort every day of his life? To be something of a credit to the Christian cause and to the spirit and teaching of its great Leader is a worthy and inspiring ambition. To add lustre to the Christian name and thus to commend the Christ Himself to the world is an aim that is surely worthy of any man's highest striving. Do we thus commend Him?

STUDYING THE S. S. LESSON.

In the preparation for the Sunday School class, both the teacher and the pupil should make this a watchword, "Dreaded duties done first."

For example, it will be a temptation to put off the preparation of the lesson till the last of the week, if not until Sunday morning. When this is done the teacher and the scholar alike has an uneasy sense of duty undone, which handicaps efficiency in everything else he may undertake all the week. The week of achievement is the one in which the preparation of the lesson is begun the very first of the week, on Sunday afternoon if possible. Well and promptly begun is half done.

In beginning to study the lesson still another temptation to do the easy thing first will appear, and that is to read first of all the lesson helps to see what they have to offer by way of suggestion.

The hard thing which ought to be done at the very outset is to go directly to the Bible and read over the lesson carefully, letting it bring home to you its suggestions, and awaken its own questions. Then, when you have learned from the Bible all you can, it will be the time to consult the lesson helps for further explanations and suggestions.

Upon one excuse or another many a man has been postponing having a personal talk with his fellows about giving their hearts and lives to Jesus Christ. The probability is that all his other work has been relaxed because one thing has been left undone.

If there is anything you have been dreading and postponing, go and do it at once.—In Westminster Adult Bible Class.

HE TOLD HIS MINISTER.

The following letter was received recently by a minister in Scotland, and is given in the latest issue of the Church of Scotland Magazine. The minister says he was in "deep waters" when the letter came to him, and it made him say, "God bless him" of the writer of it.

My Dear Minister.—It struck me when I was at church this morning that it was unfair of me always to be receiving help and never to say, Thank you.

But you know how awkwardly we Scottish folk express our feelings—save in lyric poetry, of course; but that exception does not help me greatly. Still, I should like to say—once, at least—that I do feel deeply in your debt for doctrine, and reproof, and instruction, and stimulus.

So there! I've said it, bluntly and awkwardly, as I knew I should. But it's true, and I think it was the least I could do.

FATHER AND SON.

Some time ago the cartoonist on a Philadelphia daily newspaper, whose work is more than usually thought-compelling, printed two contrasted series of pictures.

The first series represented a father and his son who had only a superficial acquaintance with each other; the father seemed to look on his boy as a nuisance, and the boy thought of his father with dread.

The second series showed a father and son who were not only companions, they were chums; the boy was never so delighted as when he could be with his father. They talked together, they walked together, they fished together, they camped together.

The pictures were true to life. There are far too many fathers who do not know the delight of companionship with the son of the house, and there are far too many sons who will not give the father a chance to get close to them.

Once a boy was heard telling a companion something his father had said to him.

"Do you mean to say that your father talks to you like that?" was the companion's astonished exclamation. "Why, I'd think the world was coming to an end if my father should say a thing like that to me, and I'd just as soon think of flying as talk to him like that."

"Yet the conversation that had excited his surprise was merely a chat about a boating trip the boy, who knew he could confide in his father, was planning to take!

Sometimes the father who tries to get in touch with his son finds that the boy repels every advance, but sometimes it is the father who is to blame. Usually, however, the son will respond to a wise father's advances, and the father will welcome his son's efforts to enter into his life.

BUILDING A LIFE.

I watch the workman build upon the building which by and by is to soar into the skies, to lose its pinnacles up to heaven; and I see him looking up and wondering where those pinnacles are to be, thinking how high they are to be, measuring the feet, wondering how they are to be built; and all the time he is cramming a rotten stone into the building just where he has set to work.

Let him forget the pinnacles, if he will, or hold only the floating image of his imagination for his inspiration; but the thing that he must do is to put a brave, strong soul, and honest and substantial life into the building just where he is now at work.—Phillips Brooks.

"THEN I AM SAVED."

During the first visit of Henry Moorehouse to America he was the guest of a cultivated and wealthy gentleman, who was greatly blessed by the simple testimony it was his privilege to hear.

This gentleman had a daughter just advancing to womanhood and looking forward with bright anticipation to a gay and worldly life. One day she entered the library and found the evangelist poring over his Bible. Begging pardon for the intrusion, she was about to retire, when he looked up and said in his quiet and tender way; "Are you saved?"

She could only reply, "No, Mr. Moorehouse, I am not." Then came another question, "Would you like to be saved?" She thought for a moment of all that it meant by the lack of salvation and she frankly answered, "Yes, I wish I were a sincere Christian."

Then came the third question, asked very solemnly and earnestly, "Would you like to be saved now?" Under this searching thrust, her head drooped, and she began to look into her heart.

On one hand her youth, her brilliant prospects, her father's wealth and position in society, made the world peculiarly attractive; and on the other hand stood the Lord Jesus Christ, who must then and there be received or rejected. No wonder the struggle in her breast was severe, but as the realities of eternity swept before her vision, she raised her eyes and calmly resolutely said, "Yes, I want to be saved now."

The supreme moment in her history was reached, and the evangelist was led by the Holy Spirit to guide her wisely.

He asked her to kneel beside him at the sofa, and to read aloud the 53rd chapter of Isaiah.

This she did in tones that became tremulous and broken by sobs.

"Read it again," said Henry, "and wherever you find 'we,' 'our,' and 'us' put in 'I,' 'my,' and 'me.' Read it as if you were pouring out your own heart before God."

The weeping girl again read. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and I hid as it were my face from him; he was despised and I heard him not.

"Surely he hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows; yet I did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

Here she broke down completely, as the thought of her personal relations to the Lord Jesus in his sufferings for the first time flashed into her mind. But, wiping away her blinding tears, she read on,

"He was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed. I, like a sheep, have gone astray; I have turned to my own way; and the Lord hath laid on him all of my iniquities."

She was silent for a moment and then exclaimed with deep emotion; "Oh, Mr. Moorehouse, is this true?"

"Dear child," he answered, "does not God say it?"

Again she was silent for a time, but, at length, looking up no longer through the tears of bitter grief, but in joy, and adoring gratitude, and inexpressible love, she said, "Then I am saved, for all mine iniquities have been laid on him, and no stroke remains for me."

She arose from her knees with the peace of God that passeth all understanding, guarding her heart and mind, and pledged to keep her until presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Many years have passed since that eventful day, and she is now a happy wife and mother, living not for the world, which she once thought so beautiful, but for Christ, whom she has found in daily and intimate fellowship, to be infinitely more beautiful and satisfying.

Her assurance of her acceptance in the Beloved was strong and unwavering from the first; but this has not led to a life of self-indulgence and presumption, for the cry of her heart has ever been, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. vi., 14.)

There are many who believe that the Bible is true, that they are sinners, and that Christ is the only Saviour, and yet who fail to receive comfort, because they do not put in "I," "my" and "me" while reading the sacred scriptures.—"Christian Budget."

THE BEST TRANSLATION.

A company of young men were discussing the merits of various Bible translations, when one expressed his preference for his mother's translation. He explained by saying:

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

The Children's Record

MARGARET'S DREAM.

(Note—Last Children's Record gave Evelyn's dream as told by herself at the Girls' Missionary Meeting. You were promised then that Margaret's dream as told by herself at the same missionary meeting, would be given in this issue, and here it is according to promise, adapted from the Woman's Missionary Friend.—Ed.)

Margaret came down the aisle, at the Girls' Missionary Meeting. There was a new expression on her face; it had lost the old, discontented look which had been the one thing that spoiled its beauty. She seemed more earnest as she told her story.

"All you girls remember how perfectly horrid I was about that blessed missionary who talked to us at our last meeting; and how I tried to set you against her and to make you believe those poor girls in heathen countries were no worse off than I was. I really and truly intended to spend every cent of that miserable gold piece on my Spring hat. I had an awful ache in my conscience all the time, I can tell you, but I didn't care.

Well, I went to sleep that night, bound to have a willow plume on my hat, no matter what! But I dreamed a hideous nightmare of a dream that taught me more than all the preaching in the world would have done.

Dreamed She Was a Chinese Girl.

"First, I thought I was awakened by mother's voice calling me. I got out of bed and my feet hurt so they nearly killed me. I could not walk, but simply stumbled around trying to find my clothes. I looked at my poor feet, and they were the tiniest little things you ever saw, all bound up and absolutely no good on earth for walking. I tumbled down stairs somehow, for father called, in the most blood-curdling tone, 'You little devil, are you ever coming down?'

"I fell into the room head first, and there was father with a long pigtail hanging down his back, sitting on the floor before a low table, eating rice with chopsticks in the most natural way in the world; while mother, mind you, was crouching in a corner waiting until he had finished his breakfast before she ate a bite.

Across the table from father was the horriest, most evil-looking Chinaman you can imagine.

"As soon as I landed on the floor, father said, 'Here she is. I know she's not worth much, but get what you can for her; I need the money right away.'

"'But I don't want to be married,' I cried. At these words the Chinaman showed all his yellow tusks in a fiendish grin, as he said, 'Nobody's going to marry you. Old Ah Sing wants another slave girl, one he can get cheap.'

Her Dream Was Changed.

"I tried so hard to scream and beg father not to sell me that I partly awakened, turned over, and had scarcely gotten out of that predicament before I was in a worse one, for I felt someone strike me an awful blow on the breast and a harsh voice commanded me to get up and go out of the house.

"'Take your ugly face away and never let me see it again,' the person continued. 'You've killed my son with your evil eye, and you can't stay here any longer.'

"I opened my eyes and looked into the hideous, dark face of my mother-in-law. The frightful truth dawned upon me that I was in India, and that I was that most hopeless and helpless of all created beings, an Indian widow. The old hag stripped the silver jewelry from my arms and ankles (they were weighed down with it), giving me the most horrid pain in the process; then she threw a dirty, ragged cloth over my nakedness and drove me out into the filthy street, an outcast.

"I was in such a panic that I once more awoke, covered with cold perspiration and trembling all over; then while I was feeling thankful that it was only a dream, I fell asleep again.

Her Dream Again Was Changed.

"This time I was in Persia. I was with mother in a dark, dismal room, with no chimney. The smoke from the fire nearly blinded me, but I could make out father. This time he wore a strange costume with a red fez on his head. His face was awful to behold, so brutal and lowering, yet they were the same features I knew so well. He said roughly to mother, raising his hand as though he would strike her, 'I divorce you, I divorce you.'

"She fell on her knees and clasped her hands, crying, 'For pity's sake, don't say it the third time, George!' But he pushed her away with his foot, and laughing, said, 'I divorce you. Now go, and take your daughter with you.' Hand in hand we went out into the foul street.

"'Where shall we go, mother?' I asked.

"'To the priest,' she replied, 'to be registered; for one of us might die without a

husband. I should think,' she continued thoughtfully, 'that you, being young and having not been married before, are worth at least five dollars to some man; but I shall not bring more than twenty-five cents now.'

"But why must we get married? I
"If a woman dies unmarried she will don't want to," I said.

have no soul, for it is only through marriage that a woman can get into heaven and have eternal life,' she made answer. And seeing that I intended to run away, she caught me in an iron clasp around my waist, giving me such frightful agony that I woke up again, this time for good.

"It was morning; there was the good sunlight shining into my room, and it was my own room. I looked at my feet, the first thing, to make sure they were my old, serviceable ones, and was so happy to find they were the same nice, big feet that used to give me so much sorrow because they were not so small.

"Then I jumped out of bed, threw on my kimono and made a rush for father's study. He was there, sitting at his desk, writing. I never saw anything so perfectly lovely in all my life as his dear, bald head; I was so afraid he would have a queue. I guess he thought there was an avalanche from the way I fell on his neck and hugged him.

"O father,' I said, 'I'm so glad you're not a Chinaman—just a Canadian. I am the most ungrateful girl in the world; but if you will forgive me, I'll promise never to be nasty and hateful again because I haven't everything money can buy, for I have found out that I have better things. I don't want a willow plume, or a new hat, either. I don't deserve to have anything, I've been such a beast,' and I shed a perfect flood of tears down his neck.

"He is such a saint that he never said a word but just turned around on his chair and took me in his arms and set me on his knee, the way he used to do when I was little and had been naughty, saying, 'We'll just tell Jesus about it, daughter,' and we did. And, girls, after this I'm always going to tell Jesus everything, for the sweetest calm and peace came over my soul and it's with me still and I thank him every day that I am a Canadian girl.

"As soon as mother heard the commotion she came hurrying to the study to find out whatever was the matter, and she stayed and joined in. When things had quieted down a little, she said to father, 'I believe our child has had a vision from the Lord.'

"But dad said, with the drollest twinkle in his eyes, 'Maybe so, but it seems to me that chafing-dish supper was more to blame. But you may be right, mother, for as the old hymn says, "God moves in a

mysterious way his wonders to perform." And what's the difference how it happened? The miracle has been performed.' And he went off to the stable.

"I've made up my mind, girls, to do anything and everything in my power to help those poor, poor girls who do not live in Christian lands. Here is \$16.45 out of that wretched gold piece, and may I be preserved from willow plumes, and above all from chafing-dish spreads late at night!" Margaret laid the money down and took her seat, amid laughter and tears.

A few minutes later, the treasurer announced that the thank-offering amounted to \$245.45.

"Just think!" the president said. "Last year it was only \$27. Let's sing the Doxology."—Adapted from "Woman's Missionary Friend."

WEN HSIN, THE CHINESE GIRL.

One beautiful Sabbath afternoon, Wen Hsin, a Chinese girl, lay dying in our Peking school. Her white hands were folded peacefully, and she lay so calm, we knew she was resting in the arms of Jesus, and only waiting for him to take her spirit from the poor, worn body.

It was the hour of the Sabbath school. They knew in the chapel that she was dying and, through the open window, we could hear them singing, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

The busy, little clock on the square, red table kept on ticking, ticking, until the Sabbath school was dismissed, and many of her schoolmates gathered sorrowfully around the brick bed on which the dying girl lay. Several of her old friends came in from the neighbourhood. None of them had seen a Christian die before, and they gazed with wonder upon the peaceful face, and went back to their homes with the strange news that Wen Hsin lay dying, and was not afraid!

Somebody had given thirty dollars a year to support her in a Christian school. As she found how precious it was to have the dear Lord Jesus go with her through "the dark valley and the shadow," she was thinking of them—the kind friends so far away, who had done so much for her. I said to her, "Wen Hsin, do you want anything?" "I want to write a letter." "Oh, you are too weak! What is it you want to say. Tell me, and I will write it for you." Gathering up all the strength she had left, she gasped out in her weakness a word at a time: "I want to tell my friends far away they did not spend their money in vain for me."

She had closed her black eyes, and gone away from her brick bed to the mansion prepared for her; but she had sent her precious message to cheer and encourage the home workers in the mission cause.—
Ex,

THE NEW TEACHER.

A boy sat on the sand on the shore of the lake, looking up eagerly into the face of a man who was speaking from a boat.

The boy was not alone; there was a great multitude on the shore with him listening, but he forgot all the others. He forgot everything except what the Speaker was saying.

You see this new Teacher was talking about the thing that was chief in the boy's thoughts. Every Jewish boy was terribly wrought up because his country had lost its ancient glory and was a dependent and often misgoverned province of Rome. Every boy longed to deliver his country and listened eagerly when the rulers in the synagogues read the prophecies that told that some time the Messiah should come and free the Jewish people and make their country once more a ruling kingdom.

"The kingdom of David," some called it, remembering their splendid past history. Others called it "the kingdom of God," and others "the kingdom of heaven."

Word had gone round among the villages that this new Rabbi that had arisen was thought to be the Messiah who should bring in the glorious king!

In eager expectation the boy had run out three miles to meet him. He thought that he would see a company of soldiers like the handsome, strong Roman soldiers who marched through the land in shining armor and clanking weapons. In the middle of them, seated on a splendid prancing horse, he expected to see a kingly figure in regal garments; but all he saw was a dusty, tired traveler, walking with a handful of roughly dressed fishermen and laborers.

"It is a great mistake," thought the boy. "This is not the Messiah. But perhaps he can tell us in what way the kingdom will come."

"He can tell good stories," said the boy's companion, whose father had once heard the new Teacher at Capernaum. "It is fine to listen to him."

He did tell good stories—we call them parables to-day—and he talked about the coming of the kingdom. That was what the boy was listening to so intently. He spoke of that coming in a way that was very different from anything the Jewish boys had thought. He said it would not come with a noise and a rush. It would come slowly and quietly, in the same manner as the mustard grows from a tiny seed to a great shrub.

The boy looked at a tall mustard plant in the field beyond. Birds were flying in and out of its branches. He remembered how very tiny the mustard seed was. And yet it could grow to this!

"It is a wonder," thought the boy. "If

the kingdom can grow as this mustard seed does, it will not need great armies.

That was just the way it did grow. Some people were terribly disappointed because it did not make a noise and stir. "Twelve disciples to spread the gospel to all the world!" they would have said. But God has millions of angels that he might have sent to tell it. Instead, he honored men by letting them spread the news. There is not a single one of us, no matter how small and weak, who may not have a glorious share in bringing in the kingdom of heaven.—The Comrade.

FISHING OR WEEDING.

Bob was weeding the garden beds. Jack came along and watched him over the fence for awhile. Then he spoke. "Come, go fishin' with me, Bob," he said. "There are lots of fish in the pond. We can get a big string before noon."

"Can't," said Bob. "Have to weed this whole garden before noon. Father's going to give me a quarter for it."

"What's a quarter? We can get a lot of fish and sell them down at the hotel for a good many quarters," scoffed Jack, temptingly.

Bob paused in his work, and considered the question. Then he returned to his task with decision. "Guess I'll stick to the weeding," he announced. "I'm sure of the quarter if I finish this job. You're not sure that we will get any fish, or sell them if we do."

"Oh, come try it, anyway. You can finish the weeding to-morrow," coaxed Jack.

"Can't do it. Father said to do the weeding this morning, and he meant it. Think I'll stick to the sure thing, and try the fish another day," answered Bob.

"Good for you, Bob," said Uncle Will, who had heard the whole thing. "Don't neglect the twenty-five cent duty for the dollar chance, this time or any time. It doesn't pay."

And, of course, it doesn't, when you come to think it over. The little everyday duties, if they are faithfully performed, pay better in money, in strength, and in training in faithfulness. The great chances that are held up before our dazzled eyes too often depend upon possible fish still to be caught, and possible sales that may never materialize. And when we neglect the real duty for the possible chance, we are training for unfaithfulness, for aimless, half-hearted effort, and for every probable failure. The well-performed duty, even though it may be a twenty-five cent one, pays best in the long run of life.—The King's Own.

HOW TWO LIVES WERE SAVED.**A Story of the North Land.**

Many a tale of quiet and unflinching heroism has come from the far North. The winter trails in the Yukon and Alaska have been rich in adventure, stranger than fiction and true.

"Trailing and Camping in Alaska," a book of northern travel by Mr. Addison M. Powell, has a story that is true to fact both in that country and in the Yukon. It tells of the rescue of a woman and her husband who were stranded on the mountains in an Alaskan winter.

A dog-team galloped up and stopped in front of the only pretense of a hotel in Valdez. The night was dark, as the northern winter nights always are, when the moon is not shining. The dogs immediately lay down, almost completely exhausted from their long trip, and the two men were soon surrounded by inquiring friends. One of the two said:

"What do you think, fellows? We passed a woman just this side of Sawmill camp. She was pulling a sled on which was her sick husband. We remonstrated against her crossing the glacier, but she replied that they might as well die up there as anywhere else, as it meant certain death to stop.

Our dogs could only pull our outfit, and there wasn't enough grub for all, so we were compelled to leave them. They will be at the last timber to-night, and if somebody doesn't go to their rescue, they will be dead by this time to-morrow."

A man stepped out from the crowd, and said:

"I'll go for one! Now who else has a good dog-team to splice in with mine?"

"I'm your man!" answered another.

It was three o'clock in the morning before they had made their selection of dogs and were ready to start on that hazardous trip.

"We'll be on the first bench by daylight, and have them here before midnight," said one, as he straightened out the team for the sixty-mile run.

"Yea, boys! stand in line there. Leader! Mush, mush on, mush!" and with a yelp the dogs galloped away, as if aware of the urgency of their mission.

"Haw, Leader!" we heard, as they turned the corner, and then they were gone.

"There goes the best dog-team in Alaska, and driven by two of the best men on earth!" exclaimed a man, as he re-entered the house.

The trail was easily followed, and soon the nine miles of level bench were passed. The speed slackened only when they were ascending the ridge, which they crossed by eleven that morning, and there it was seen that the sharp peaks were curling fine snow high in the air.

"They are beginning to smoke," remarked one of the men.

"Yes, we must get back before night, or its all off!" replied the other.

Down, down the steep ascent they plunged, and by one o'clock they were off the glacier and skipping over the level ground.

The poor woman had become exhausted, and had sat down beside her husband. She was weeping bitterly when she plainly heard the yell of a driver and the barking of dogs. In a moment she passed from despair to hope. As the team galloped in a circle, and stopped beside her with the dogs' heads pointed back toward the glacier, she clapped her hands with joy.

The dogs lay down and with their lolling tongues lapped the snow, while the drivers ate some crackers, and jokingly encouraged the sick man and the tired woman. They bade her seat herself comfortably, while they fastened the two sleds together. Soon they were bounding away again at the dogs' first speed.

When they recrossed the summit, the whole range was "smoking," and the wind was sending the fine snow along the crust. It whipped their faces with a warning of what was coming, but the driver said:

"Twenty miles to town, and it can never catch us!"

In Valdez everyone was anxiously watching the trail. Many exclaimed, "They can't possibly be here before midnight!" but they were. As they rushed up to the crowd with a yell, and a chorus of barks from the noble dogs, they were met by eager, helping hands. The dogs acted as if they had understood why they were being petted, and again the woman wept for joy.

Will you remember this thought for to-day?

Stand by your comrade through work or through play,

Never believe he is mean or untrue,
Always consider what he is to you.

Look for the highest and best in your chum
Quickly forget little troubles that come,
Always be loyal and loving and fair,
Friendship is precious, so guard it with care.

—The Morning Star.

FOR BOYS IN THE COUNTRY.

School was out now, and Carlton felt that he could do as he pleased all day long. He spent most of the time playing at the barn or down at the pasture branch or out at the fields where the men were at work. He seldom came to the house from morning until dinner time. Then he was always very hungry, and mother always had a good dinner ready.

If he had noticed, he would have seen that mother always looked tired when he came in to dinner; and if he had thought about it, he would have known that she had had to bring in the stove wood and draw and carry several buckets of water from the well, besides many other things that a boy ten years old could do as well as play all the time. But somehow he did not notice, and he did not think.

Mother knew that if she waited for Carlton to notice and think, she would have to keep on doing everything herself all summer. But she thought about how long he had been going to school, and how glad he must be to get out, and she kept on bringing wood and water and doing other things, and let him play all day long for a whole week.

Then, as Carlton came up to the house one Monday morning, he was surprised to find a notice written in large letters on a piece of white paper, pinned to the kitchen door: "Boy Wanted Here."

Carlton did not go in just then. After a while his mother heard a knock at the kitchen door, and when she opened it, there stood Carlton in overalls and wide straw hat.

"Mornin', lady!" he said, taking his big hat from his head. "My name is Tim. I came here to get a job if you want a boy. I haven't had any breakfast."

"I am glad you came, Tim," said the lady. "I need a boy about your size very much. Are you hungry?"

"No'm, not much," said Tim. "I can begin to work right now if you want me to."

"What can you do, Tim? And what wages are you willing to work for?"

"I can carry in wood and bring water and cut some wood, too, if the logs are not too big. I can go to the store for you and—and I can set the table and wash dishes and sweep floors; but I don't like to much. I will help you do that kind of work, though, sometimes, till your little girl grows up big enough to help you," he said, glancing at little Lula, who was standing behind her mother laughing.

"I think you are just the boy I want, Tim. I should like to engage you right off if we can agree about the wages."

"Oh," said Tim, "never mind about that. Wait till next Saturday."

"Very well, you may consider yourself engaged for a week. Would you mind feeding the little chickens while I finish getting breakfast ready? Here is some wheat. You will not have any trouble to find the coops. They are in the back yard."

"Tim" was a willing helper about the place all that week. Mother didn't look nearly so tired after he came. And the strangest part about it was that "Tim" seemed to be as happy and have as much fun as Carlton had while playing all the time.

When Saturday evening came, mother said she didn't know how she had ever gotten along without the boy. "What shall I pay you, Tim?" she asked. "I like you better than any helper I ever had."

"O nothing, mamma!" said Carlton, catching his mother around the neck. "I'd be ashamed not to help you; and it's fun to play Tim."—*Christian Observer*.

HOW BILLY GOT HELP.

A dozen or more boys were off on a tramp. They had traversed several miles of woods and fields, shouting, racing, climbing trees and rocks and every hill they came to, flinging stones at marks and even at a derisive, scampering squirrel, and having what they jubilantly called "a gay old time."

At length they emerged from a thick piece of woods, skurried through a large apple orchard, and found themselves at an old-fashioned cider-press. A number of barrels were lying near the press. Several of the boys sprang forward.

"Hooray!" one of them yelled, "it's old Jobson's press. I heard he'd been making lots of cider. This must be old enough now to have on a good sting. We're in luck, fellows. Old Jobson lives 'most a mile off, and we can stay and drink just as long as we like. There are plenty of straws, and we can slip the bungs out easy. Come on!"

But one of the boys held back.

"Oh, come on, Billy! What are you holding back for?" the leader called derisively. Then all the boys laughed.

Billy turned red. The other boys had shoes on their feet, and their clothing was mostly good. But Billy's were little more than tatters. Billy's father was a common drunkard, and he had two brothers who were little better than their father. Often his only lodging was a box or a corner of some barn. He knew why they were laughing. They thought it funny that he,

of all boys, should hold back from a drink of hard cider.

But as he dug his bare feet in the sand he was thinking of a man who had once placed a hand upon his shoulder and looked down compassionately into his eyes.

"Billy," he had said, "you have a terrible struggle ahead, more terrible than those who go out on the field to do battle, or those who go out on the sea to fight storms. You will have this craving for drink as your inheritance, and you must not only fight your natural weaknesses, but this great evil which your people have thrust upon you. It will be a long, hard fight, Billy, which will never end. If you do not wish to be like your fathers and brothers, you must keep it up, always. You must call on the Lord to help. There is no other way."

Billy did not know much about prayer, or much about anything except his squalid home and the hard things he had learned upon the streets. But he did not want to be like his father; he would rather die. And with an unutterable loathing at the thought, and that mocking, "What are you holding back for?" ringing in his ears, he dropped suddenly upon his knees in the sand and cried, "Lord, help me! Lord, help me! Lord, help me!"

Some of the boys began to laugh. Two of them caught up things to throw. One hesitated a moment, as though doubtful what to do. Then he sprang forward and grasped an uplifted arm.

"Stop that, Tom!" he cried. "Billy's right, and we all know it. He's better than the whole lot of us. No hard cider for me to-day."

He turned abruptly and struck back into the orchard. Several followed him. Then those who had caught up missiles looked at each other shamefacedly, hesitated dropped what they had picked up, and turned and followed the rest. Billy's prayer for help had been answered.—In American Messenger.

A BOY'S CAPITAL?

BY EUGENE C. FOSTER.

One day in talking with a boy who had come out of a very poor home, I spoke about a man's capital. I told how a bank might have its capital in stocks and bonds, or real estate investments; a man or a firm might have part of the capital in machinery and extensive buildings.

Then, turning to the boy, I said, "What is your capital?"

He looked at me rather inquiringly and then laughed out loud and said, "Why, I haven't any capital."

I knew this boy pretty well and I went over with him the last six months or so in his life. I reminded him of how he once had had a newspaper route, and when the time came for him to give it up I had seen the circulation manager of the newspaper and he had said to me: "If you have any more such boys as that, send them down to me. I haven't had a complaint on his route since he took it."

Then he took an office position after school in a big department store. He stayed there for some time before it seemed wise to make a change, and when he left I called on the manager of the office. He said, "That boy was always prompt, and polite and obedient. When we sent him down town, he did the job he was sent to do and came back without delay. He was a great success."

Then he took a position which required work after school in the middle of a very cold and stormy winter. This work required him to deliver daily papers over a long route, with his bicycle. Snow and sleet, and bitter cold made no difference to him. It was not a very pleasant job; but day by day he did it and even came in with his feet and hands needing treatment from the cold weather and yet never complained. Again I saw his manager when he left that position and he said, "He was one of the best boys I ever had."

The boy listened to me a little while, and as I stopped, looked up again with that inquiring look on his face; and I said: "This is your capital. You have made a good reputation in every place you have worked. You can refer to these employers at any time in the future. You are building up your capital just as truly as if you were putting money into stocks and bonds, and houses and lands."—The Comrade.

SISTER MATTIE'S FUNERAL.

One of Mrs. Peabody's Jubilee stories is as follows:—A man wandered into a church one day where was a Conference on "Systematic Giving," and found another man sitting alone near the back, listening to the serious discussion of a band of women at the front.

Unable to get an understanding of the subject, but certain from the solemnity of the women that it was a matter of weighty importance—surely not of cheer and happiness—the newcomer approached the other man and murmured. "I beg your pardon; can you tell me what the ladies are discussing?"

"I am sorry, but I cannot," replied the first. "I have been here only a few minutes and haven't heard much, but as nearly as I can gather, they are holding a funeral service for Sister Mattie Giving."

Are there not too many such funeral services?

Continued from Page 296.

constitutes a call to Christian work, and the good old Presbyterian stock in the Maritime Synod is still faithful in doing that work. May they long continue a saving element in Canada by the sea.

The task of the West grows bigger year by year, both in the scope of the work and the support of it. The Budget plan has proved a great help and the increase in the minimum salary for ministers, to \$1,000 in old Canada and \$1,200 in the newer West, has been a great boon to those who are giving their lives so nobly to that work.

The plan of districting the whole West, from Quebec to the Pacific, and the placing of these districts in charge of ten Superintendents, has proved a great good in the better ordering and overtaking the work.

During the year ten augmented charges became self sustaining, and twenty-one reverted to the status of mission fields, but one hundred and nine groups of mission fields were organized and added to the augmented list, so rapid is the growth. There are now in the Western section 257 augmented congregations and 851 mission fields or groups of stations.

The many departments of this work, as they are passed in review, almost oppress with their greatness.

There is the French department, more important, more necessary than ever, as an increasing number are disaffected towards clericalism, and if they do not receive a religion that will satisfy reason and heart they will turn to infidelity. Dr. Amaron, of Quebec, urged the importance of this work before Congress and Assembly.

The call to give the Gospel to the Jew is more insistent than ever. There are 150,000 Jews in Canada, with a rapidly increasing immigration besides the natural increase, and in these too the tendency is to infidelity if they do not receive the Gospel.

The Ruthenian work is assuming large proportions, of which more at another time.

The whole Home work has been organized as never before, is growing and successful as never before, is supported as

never before, and yet, with a thousand a day pouring into our land, many of them not in sympathy with either our British or Christian ideals, the God given opportunity becomes ever greater and the call louder.

Foreign Mission Night.

Toronto, Friday evening, 6 June.

Dear Record

"Into all the world"—"beginning at Jerusalem"—is the order always followed in Assembly. The first evening after the opening is "Home Mission night" and the next evening, Friday evening, "Foreign Mission night."

The reports, East and West, were presented by Revs. D. MacOdrum and Principal Gandier, Conveners,—while Rev. J. B. Cropper of B. Guiana, Dr. Margaret MacKellar of India, and Rev. Gillies Eadie of Honan told of work afield, and Rev. E. A. Henry of Vancouver, of the Chinese in Canada.

As with "Home Night" so with Foreign, the vision is ever widening and the call each year more imperative. This year is exceptional, not that the urgency is lessened but so much greater than in former years.

From Korea, where, above all other fields, each convert is a missionary, and he that heareth says "come," the call for help to shepherd and train and teach the inquirers is most pressing; while from China, the world's oldest and greatest Empire, and youngest and greatest Republic, now awaking and asking for help, the call is exceptional, the loudest in history to the whole Christian world.

In twenty-five years, judging by the past and present, if the Christian Church does her duty, Korea will be a Christian nation and will need no more foreign missionaries.

In twenty-five years, or less, China, now plastic, especially open to Christianity for her rulers have recently asked the prayers of the Christians that she may be guided aright, will have taken more permanent shape for good or ill. The opportunity in China is such as was never before in history and never will be again. The old religions are passing. Whatever is first on hand, Christianity or Atheism, will, in large measure fill the vacant place.

It is not too much to say that never, in past or future, has there been or will there be, so great an opportunity for the Christian Church, for our own Church, as in these years now passing.

S. S. and Y. P. Societies.

Toronto, Monday evening.

Dear Record

For the past year, Sabbath Schools, and Y. P. Societies have been, for the first time, under the care of one Committee or Board. The Report was presented this evening by Rev. J. C. Robertson, Secretary, and spoken to by Dr. Alex. Macgillivray, Rev. W. R. McIntosh and Dr. John Neil.

The subject inspired the speakers (for what subject could be more inspiring than that of "The Young," the Church of tomorrow) and the subject and speakers inspired the audience. It was a grand night.

The number of Presbyterian Sabbath Schools reported is 3,159, a gain of 111 during the year. The number of union Sabbath Schools reported is 425 a loss of 56 during the year.

The number of Young People's Societies reported was 820, a gain of seventeen during the year. These 820 Societies were divided as follows,—Christian endeavor 281, a gain of eight,—Presbyterian Guilds, 192,—other organizations, 347, a gain of nine.

Social Service and Evangelism.

Toronto, Tuesday evening.

Dear Record

A stranger dropping into the Assembly this evening at a certain stage would think he had made a mistake. Instead of high and learned debate by elders of the kirk, he would find a picture show. A lantern was used to illustrate some phases of social evangelism.

There was another picture show very pleasant to look at. On the platform was seated a body of young women, deaconesses, engaged in social and rescue work. With their neat uniforms, and the halo that always encircles such unselfish and helpful life, the picture was a very beautiful one.

The work of this department includes:

- (1.) Evangelism.
- (2.) Moral and Social Reform, e.g., Sab-

bath Observance, Temperance, suppression of such vices as gambling and personal and social and political impurity, procuring and white slavery.

(3.) Securing the enactment and enforcement of laws for moral and social betterment.

(4.) Redemptive social work among the victims of social vice, drink, and drugs.

(5.) Prison Gate Work.

(6.) Evangelical Social Settlement Work.

(7.) Stimulating public interest in the conservation of health, the promotion of good housing, constructive philanthropy, consecrated, supervised play, etc., etc.

The sphere of the Board's operations is thus seen to be very wide, and for world uplift in its fullest sense.

The Report was presented by Dr. C. W. Gordon, who was followed by Revs. M. A. MacKinnon, W. M. Rochester, E. Leslie Pigeon, D.C. MacGregor, and John MacNeil; and also by Miss Rattee and Miss Gordon. Sad and startling were some of the things told regarding social vice and its toleration, especially in the newer West and in B.C.

The simple narrative of facts by Miss Gordon of the Rescue Home in Calgary, telling of the numbers of young girls from good homes and Sabbath Schools, led astray by devils in the shape of well-appearing business men, prominent in social life, was appalling. The criminal code should leave no loophole of escape for such to continue to prey upon innocence.

Church Union.

Toronto, 11 June, 1913.

Dear Record:—

In the eight days of Assembly, there were twenty sessions. Seven of these were evening sessions, and thirteen were day sessions. Of the latter, Church Union occupied practically the whole of five sessions, Friday forenoon and afternoon, and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, twice as much time as the two great subjects of Home and Foreign Missions combined.

The subject came before the Assembly on this wise. After eight years of discussion and negotiation the vote was taken. The result was that thirty-seven per cent.

or say 107,000 out of 295,000 of the total communicant membership of our Church voted for Union, and nearly half as many, nearly fifty thousand, voted against it.

In view of the strong opposition, the Assembly at Edmonton, a year ago, paused in the proceedings, and appointed an enlarged Union Committee to take into consideration the whole subject of Christian Unity.

That Committee met in December last. They were not all of one mind, and submitted to the Assembly a Majority and Minority Report. The two reports were published in the Record at the time.

These two reports were in some respects similar. They both recognized the essential unity of all Christians and the desirability of expressing that unity.

Neither of them makes any declaration for, or against, Organic Union, nor do they recommend the immediate pressing of any line of action.

They both recommend the continuance of the Union Committee to gather fullest information regarding all other methods of expressing Christian unity.

They both emphasize the importance of practical unanimity in our own Church.

The chief difference is that the Majority Report recommended, during the coming year, while the Committee was making inquiries regarding alternative proposals, the continuance of Union discussion in our own Church, and the continuance of Union negotiations with other churches; while the Minority Report recommended that, for this year, while the Committee was making study and inquiry, the matter of Organic Union should lie in abeyance, without prejudice to either side, our churches having rest to carry on their great work, and our relation to other churches standing as at present.

The Minority Report was rejected by a vote of 251 to 75. An amendment by Dr. Clay of Victoria and Rev. Mr. McCoy, of British Columbia, in the direction of care and further inquiry; and a further amendment by Dr. A. S. Grant, Genl. Supdt. and President Murray, to refer the whole matter back to the Committee, both shared a similar fate.

But even the Majority Report was not strong enough to express the mind of some members of Assembly and an amendment was proposed, looking directly towards Organic Union, expressing the hope "that Union may be consummated with no unnecessary delay." This amendment was carried by a vote of 181 to 65.

In view of this decided forward step on the part of the majority, a meeting was immediately held of the ministers and elders who think the Presbyterian Church, along with other churches, has yet a work to do, to confer as to its continuance and to provide for any steps that may be made necessary in order to that end.

Such in brief outline, is the situation at present. "Unto the upright light shall arise in the darkness" May God give light to all and lead our beloved Church in the right way, His own way, whatever that way may be.

PRO AND CON.

Some in our Church, believing in the essential unity of all Christians, think that for the better manifestation of that unity, and the better doing of our Christian work, in Canada and the world, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches should give up their present name and organization, doctrine and polity, and become one new organization, with a new name and its own doctrine and polity.

Others, believing in the essential unity of all Christians, think that for the better manifestation of that unity and the better doing of our Christian work, not only these three, but all the Evangelical denominations, recognizing their common unity, should work side by side in harmony, each along their own chosen lines and in their own way, not in competition but in mutual helpfulness, towards the one great end.

The former claim that Organic Union will give strength, that the new Church will be stronger than the three now are. The latter claim that the new Church would not be so large and strong, as some losses would be inevitable, nor would it win and hold so many of varied tastes and temperaments as the three now do.

The former claim that the gain in numbers and conscious strength, and the elim-

ination of competition, will be of great advantage. The latter claim that in places where there is not room for two, competition can be practically eliminated by adjustment, the people themselves choosing which denomination they prefer.

The former claim that Christianity is greater than denominations. The latter say "Amen," but claim that denominations may help to advance Christianity.

The former say that the Methodists and Congregationalists are our brethren in Christ, that we would sit at the Lord's table with them, and therefore should unite with them. The latter say that not only these but all other Christians are brethren in Christ, but that they can pull best in their own harness and we in ours.

The former claim that in view of the great work now pressing, we should unite as one in that work. The latter claim that the very urgency of the work is reason for delay, that crossing a stream is not the time for changing teams, that we should bring our united strength to bear, by each denomination bringing the best it has to that great task.

The former say they see very clearly the hand of God leading in the direction of Organic Union. The latter say they cannot see His hand, that they are seeking light, and meantime cannot move till that light is given them.

Some claim that present schism and division and strife are unworthy the Church of God and a hindrance to her progress. Others hold that such a representation of the Church is unfair, that while there is no perfection, and even churches of the same denomination have their frictions, yet the great evangelical denominations in our country do live and work together as becometh their high calling.

Some denounce sectarianism and claimed that organic Union would mean a broader, higher church life. Others disclaim sectarianism and hold that the highest and broadest conception of the Church is not

in forming a new denomination out of three existing ones, but in all the Evangelical denominations marching side by side, like the regiments of an army, under one King, cooperating helpfully to the one great end,

Some claim that since a majority of those voting were in favour of Union it should go forward, that majority should rule and minority obey. Others hold that majority should rule "IN" the Church, but that if some wish to end the Church and form a new one, others are under no obligation to follow them.

Some object to "the tyranny of minority." Others hold that the minority are not seeking to rule or to interfere with the freedom of any; they only wish to remain in the Church to which they are pledged and to do their work there.

Some claim that Union should be pressed forward at once, that the delay and unrest are hindering the work of the Church. Others hold that in the divided state of opinion, the better way would be a cessation of agitation, to allow the Church to give her whole energy to the great work before her on which all are agreed, and in the doing of her duty seek further light as to new departures.

Some claim that if Union be delayed some congregations in the West will unite among themselves, "and so be lost to us." Others hold that such cases are comparatively few, and that if they do unite and choose any one of the denominations, no Church, doing its duty, is lost to the Church of Christ.

Some claim that the practically unanimous vote in the other churches in favour of Union, imposes an obligation upon our Church to enter that Union. Others point out that the vote in the other churches was not unanimous, that only sixty-three per cent. of the total communicant membership of the Methodist Church and only twenty-six per cent. of the total communicant membership of the Congregationalist Church voted for Union, and further that the only obligation upon us is to do what we think best and right.

Our Church Register

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Woodstock, 1st Wednesday June, 1914.

Synod of Maritime Provinces, Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 7 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Orangedale, 13 May, 7 p.m.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 18 July, 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, River John, 19 Aug. 7 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 1st July.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Yarmouth, Sept.
8. St. John, St. John, 1st July, 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 8 Sept. 10.30.
10. P.E.I. Charlottetown, 5 Aug., 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 1914.

11. Quebec.
12. Montreal, at Synod.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Fitzroy Hrbr, 1 July 2.30.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 20 May.
16. Brockville, Merrickville, 16 Sept.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston,

Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Picton, 24 June, 2⁴ p.m.
18. Peterboro, Peterboro, 8 July, 9 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Sept., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Whitby, 15 July, 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville, 26 June, 10.30 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 8 July, 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, July, at call.
25. Temiskaming, Halleybury, Sept.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sept.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 30 Sep., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Mt. Forest, 1 July, 9.30 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 16 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

St. Thomas, Last Monday of April, 1914.

30. Hamilton, St. Cath., 2 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Paris, 8 July, 10.30 a.m.
32. London, Port Stanley, 8 July, 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 24 June, 10.30.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 July, 11 a.m.
35. Stratford.
36. Huron, Brucefield, 9 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
38. Bruce.

Synod of Manitoba.

Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Rainy River, Sept.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Crystal Ctiy, 2 Sept., 3 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Carmen, 9 Sept.
43. Portage la Prairie.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 2nd Mon. of May.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 2 Sept., 8.30.
48. Abernethy, Balcarres, 9 Sept., 4 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 6 May, 10 a.m.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sept., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina, Moose Jaw, 2 Sept., 10 a.m.
54. Moose Jaw.
55. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 20 May, 3 p.m.
56. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
57. Battleford, Battleford, 9 July, 10 a.m.
58. Kindersley, 29 July.
59. Swift Current, S. Current, 2 Sept., 10 a.m.

Synod of Alberta.

60. Vermillion.
61. Edmonton, Edmonton, 24 June, 10 a.m.
62. Lacombe, Camrose, Sept.
63. Red Deer.
64. Castor.
65. Calgary.
66. High River.
67. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

68. Kootenay.
69. Kamloops.
70. Westminster.
71. Victoria, Victoria, 3 Sept., 2 p.m.

CALLS, INDUCTIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from

Souris, Man., to Mr. D. McIvor, of Killarney, Man.

Carberry, Man., to Mr. A. Hood, of Humesville, Ont.

McAuley, Man., to Mr. J. Adam Smith, of Treherne, Man.

Sanford, Ont., to Mr. P. F. Langill, of Carp., Ont.

Norval and Union, Ont., to Mr. J. A. Ferguson, of Belgrave, Ont. Accepted.

MacLeod, Alta., to Mr. Edwin Smith, of Chipman, N.B.

Hampton and Rothesay, N.B., to Mr. J. C. Mortimer.

Lobo, Ont., to Mr. Robt. McCullough, of Innerkip, Ont.

Inductions Into,

Miami and Roanoke, Man., May 19, Mr. L. E. Berry.

Williamsburg, etc., Ont., May 27, Mr. D. A. Ferguson.

Ramsay, Ont., May 22, Mr. Merrilee.

Noel, N.S., May 15, Mr. C. A. Earle.

Kennetcook and Gore, N.S., May 15, Mr. J. R. Robertson.

Pugwash, N.S., June 19, Mr. J. W. Britton.

Richmond Bay W., P.E.I., June 26, Mr. Wilson.

Knox Church, Corunna, Ont., May 20, Mr. Geo. W. Carter.

Rapid City, Man., May 18, Mr. S. G. McCormack.

Ardrossan, Alta., May 21, Mr. C. H. McClelland.

Dundas Ch., Vancouver, B.C., May 22, Mr. Alex. McAuley.

Resignations of,

Buckingham, Que., Rev. W. F. Crawford.

Knox Church, Ottawa, Dr. D. M. Ramsay.

Murray Harbour, N.S., Mr. Andrew Gray.

Kentville, N.S., Mr. Geo. McMillan.

St. Paul's Truro, N.S., Dr. P. A. McLeod.

First Church, Truro, N.S., Mr. A. J. McDonald.

Deaths in the Ministry.

Rev. S. Acheson, M.A., died at Broadview, Sask., 11 May, 1913, in his 66th year.

Rev. John Johnston, died at Lynedock, Ont., May 19, 1913.

Rev. George MacMillan, died at Scotch Hill, Pictou Co. N.S., 23rd June ult., aged 61 years.

A VACATION INCIDENT.

A few months ago, when Rev. John F. Carson, D.D., of Brooklyn, N.Y., was in the West, on a vacation, he took advantage of an opportunity for service that many men, in the hurry of the moment, might have passed by.

At the close of a service in a large city a lad of eighteen came to him. Dr. Carson tells of what followed:—"In a brief conversation I learned that the boy, hearing the call of the West-land, had run away from a beautiful Brooklyn home and for months had not written to his father or mother.

I took him to the missionary pastor, who said he would look after him. He promised to write his mother. That night I wrote the father that I had found his boy and had placed him in good care.

Six weeks afterwards I preached in my own pulpit in Brooklyn. At the close of the service a splendid man and woman came forward, each took my hand but neither spoke for tears were in their throats. I led them into the session room and it seemed for fully five minutes they wept and sobbed.

When he was able to control himself, the father said: "Thank you for finding our boy. He has written to us regularly, and we expect him home this week."

What opportunities will be waiting for you when you take your vacation this summer? Look for them—and enjoy them.—Sel.

"IF THERE WERE NO PRIESTS."

Some years ago, at a service in the Masonic Temple, Pastor O'Connor was talking about the dependence of the Roman Catholic people upon the priests for so many things in this life, as well as for hope of heaven in the next.

After he had dwelt upon his topic in some detail, and contrasted it with the way of Salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which he fully explained, he asked the Roman Catholics in the audience:—

"Supposing that God, in His providence, should suddenly call from the face of the earth the pope and all the cardinals and bishops and priests to receive their reward, what would you people do for salvation?"

Sharp and clear rang out a woman's voice from the centre of the hall: "Oh, then we'd have only the good God to go to!"

So apt and complete was this reply, that the service was immediately turned into a prayer meeting, and souls were born anew.—Converted Catholic.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During May | Mar. 1 to May 31 |
|---|---------------|---------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$2,912.37 | \$15,806.35 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 2,889.47 | 14,112.54 |
| Widows & Orphans | 158.00 | 901.00 |
| Aged Ministers | 137.00 | 863.95 |
| Assembly Fund. | 136.87 | 334.59 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 288.00 | 1,466.00 |
| Social Service and Evangelism | 146.54 | 1,557.42 |
| Sabbath Schools & Y. P. Societies... | 124.00 | 266.00 |
| Deaconess Training Home | 4.00 | 232.00 |
| Montreal College.... | | 44.00 |
| Queen's College..... | 1.00 | 141.00 |
| Knox College..... | 15.00 | 864.00 |
| Manitoba College... | 22.00 | 124.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | |
| Robertson College... | | 50.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | | 33.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING MAY

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|---------------------|--------|----------------------|--------|
| Mrs. A. Lawrence \$ | 20.00 | S. Ste. Marie St. A. | 473.35 |
| Woodstock, Chal. | 200.00 | Brown's Corners. | 9.00 |
| Hamilton Presby. | 256.70 | Burgoyne. | 30.00 |
| Dobblinton. | 13.15 | Smithville | 14.22 |
| Dorchester. | 21.45 | Rv. Dr. McTavish | 11.70 |
| Stratford, St. And. | 500.00 | Sellwood | 2.80 |
| St. Cath. 1st | 200.00 | Mrs. W. C. Brown | 62.50 |
| Newmarket | 40.00 | Rev. D. Stewart | 10.80 |
| Chatham Tp. Chal. | 54.00 | Est. Wm. Morrison | 500.00 |
| Brantford, St. And. | 100.00 | Friend, Hamilton | 10.00 |
| Tor. Evangel Hall | 2.63 | Miss J. A. Mitchell | 5.00 |
| Tor. Alfred Franke | 25.00 | Cochrane Guild | 10.00 |
| Tor. Runnymede ss. | 12.00 | Stirling, St. And. | 16.00 |
| Rev. Jas. Hastie. | 12.00 | Galt, 1st. | 230.00 |
| Mrs. G. Ramsden. | | Lake of the Woods | |
| Miss A. H. Still | 50.00 | Ind. Miss. | 50.00 |
| Barton ss. | 9.00 | Rev. W. J. Watt. | 29.25 |
| Strathroy, St. And. | 118.00 | Chatsworth | 39.00 |
| Dutton, Knox | 40.00 | Friend | 20.00 |
| S. Plympton. | 27.55 | Mrs. A. L. Murray | 10.00 |
| Mr. J. A. Hamilton | 10.00 | Fordwich, lad. aid. | 9.00 |
| Essex, St. And. | 44.54 | Oshawa ss. | 35.00 |
| Est. Mrs. J. Came- | | Rv. W. I. McLean | 10.60 |
| ron | 200.00 | Mr. J. J. Steele | 100.00 |
| Mary Kirk ss | 1.90 | Mrs. J. J. Steele | 25.00 |
| Mrs. T. P. Ivens | 5.00 | Blenheim ss No. 8 | 3.00 |
| Bracebridge Kx | 54.00 | Brooke Chal. | 18.00 |
| Thos. Findlay | 25.00 | West Lorne | 40.00 |
| Woodbridge | 62.00 | Rv. H. W. Cliff. | 12.73 |
| Moore Kx | 1.50 | Stratford Kx | 400.00 |
| Rv. J. R. Fraser | 4.75 | Mrs. Jno. Hope jr. | |
| Rv. J. Ure Stewart | 7.30 | Miss A. Elmhurst | 18.00 |
| Beechwood, St. And. | 6.00 | Friend of Missions | 2.00 |
| Chatham Presby. | 152.00 | Dr. Henry Arnott. | 5.00 |
| Scarboro' Zion | 5.00 | Scarboro' St. A. | 15.00 |
| | | Grassie | 7.50 |

| | | | |
|------------------------|--------|---------------------|--------|
| Brucefield. | 29.40 | Bracebridge ypg. | 3.00 |
| Aurora | 7.31 | Tor. Dovercourt | 400.33 |
| T. H. Dryden Tor. | 30.00 | E. Nottawasaga g'ld | 2.00 |
| Keady, Chalmers' | 51.00 | Goderich | 288.00 |
| Mrs. W. A. Copeland | 40.00 | Beaverton Knox. | 40.00 |
| Warwick | 8.00 | Listowel | 350.00 |
| Friend. | 20.00 | Elmira ypg. | 2.00 |
| Victoria Hrbr. | 32.00 | " " | 22.54 |
| Miss A. M. Machar | 5.00 | Mrs. Cath. Burns. | 5.00 |
| Catherine Scott | 25.00 | Mr. Mrs R. McLena- | |
| J. K. McLean | 5.00 | han | 50.00 |
| Est. J. J. S. Ma- | | Trenton yps. | 2.35 |
| ginnis | 480.00 | Centre Road | 141.61 |
| Fairbank. | 17.00 | Desbarats | 7.00 |
| Palmerston | 128.00 | Rodney ss. | 6.77 |
| Ham. Erskine | 300.00 | Tor. Victoria bbe. | 16.00 |
| Ayr Knox. | 138.00 | Alma | 20.95 |
| Springfield | 10.35 | Dover. | 19.00 |
| Grand Bend | 3.00 | Beckwith | 60.00 |
| Cromarty yps | 2.00 | Calder 1st yps | 2.00 |
| Perth, Knox gbc. | 18.00 | Calder Miller. | 10.00 |
| Tweed | 54.70 | Sutherland. | 75.00 |
| Nairn | 23.75 | Egmondville yps. | 3.00 |
| Clinton | 20.70 | Nassagaweya yps | 3.00 |
| Harriston Guthrie | 14.40 | Walkerton. | 350.00 |
| Ridgetown | 3.72 | Harriston Guth | 20.55 |
| N. Mornington | 15.25 | Rv. R. E. Knowles. | 1.90 |
| Per Miss E G Gunn | 15.25 | Ottawa Presby. | 404.85 |
| Gordonville. | 7.00 | Huntsville | 20.00 |
| Ballinafad | 6.30 | Parry Sound yps. | 2.00 |
| Midland ypg. | 3.00 | Carluke. | 50.00 |
| Drummond Hill. | 3.00 | Victoria Hrbr yps | 2.00 |
| Woodstock Kx. | 74.00 | Arthur be. | 50.00 |
| Mt. Brydges yps. | 4.00 | Mrs John Nicol | 5.00 |
| Ota. Chal ypa. | 10.00 | Columbus | 29.00 |
| Rv. Dr. J. L. Mur- | | Springfield Chal. | 8.30 |
| ray. | 5.00 | Bonfield | 20.00 |
| Glenallan. | 30.00 | Bear Creek | 17.00 |
| Port Elgin yps. | 3.00 | Rv. R. J. Koffend. | 50.00 |
| E. Normanby | 20.00 | Rv. A. J. W. Myers | 7.45 |
| Elizabeth Bay | 5.00 | Barrie | 75.00 |
| Tor. Old St. And. | 900.00 | Gravenhurst ypg. | 2.00 |
| Mary B. Macaulay | 1.00 | Jasper Presby. | 11.00 |
| Uxbridge, Chal. | 55.00 | Longlaketon | 15.20 |
| Kingston Presby. | 289.30 | | |
| Tor. Wmster ce. | 3.00 | | |
| Mrs J. McL. Stevnsn | 5.00 | | |
| Rv. J. A. Matheson | 7.15 | | |
| Mrs. J. M. Cameron | 5.00 | | |
| Iiam St. James. | 100.00 | | |
| Iiam. St. And. | 13.00 | | |
| Deseronto | 50.00 | | |
| Ota. Stewarton. | 400.00 | | |
| Brockville Pres yp | 85.00 | | |
| Beverly, Valens ss. bc | 3.00 | | |
| Riversdale | 47.00 | | |
| Cromarty yps. | 5.00 | | |
| Woodstock, Kx | 2.00 | | |
| Cranbrook | 4.00 | | |
| Castleford | 50.00 | | |
| Belmore, McIntosh | | | |
| yps | 2.00 | | |
| Mrs. E. J. Sproat. | 5.00 | | |
| Duart yps | 2.00 | | |
| Tait's Corners | 49.00 | | |
| Vankleek Hill B.C. | 5.00 | | |
| Tor., Knox. | 5.00 | | |
| Tiverton ypg | 5.00 | | |
| Drayton ypg | 2.00 | | |
| Goderich | 12.00 | | |
| Carlisle ypg. | 2.00 | | |
| Paris yps. | 5.00 | | |
| Blenheim | 130.00 | | |
| Aultsville abc. | 2.00 | | |
| Farran's Pt. abc. | 3.00 | | |
| Ashburn yps | 2.00 | | |
| Caledon E. | 2.00 | | |
| Omemee abc | 21.00 | | |
| Franktown | 38.00 | | |
| Valletta Fletcher | 100.00 | | |
| Gorrie ypg. | 2.00 | | |
| Charlotte Chiles | 5.00 | | |
| Rozborough | 10.00 | | |
| Motherwell | 3.00 | | |
| Thamesford guild | 5.00 | | |
| Seaforth | 41.70 | | |
| Mainsville | 20.00 | | |
| Friend | 5.00 | | |
| Moore ce. | 40.00 | | |
| Nissouri South. | 17.00 | | |
| Cedarville yps | 2.00 | | |
| Tor. Chinese | 89.95 | | |

Quebec.

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| Mont., Erskine | \$1,200.00 |
| Mont. Royal Circle | |
| K.D. | 10.00 |
| Westmount St. And | 1,750.00 |
| Chateaugay Basin | 19.00 |
| Pt. St. Charles | 20.00 |
| Lachute | 100.00 |
| Mont. Stan. prim cl | 40.00 |
| Valleyfield | 2.00 |
| Pr Rv. Dr. Campbell | 290.00 |
| New Glasgow. | 10.00 |
| Rv. E. H. Brandt. | 9.10 |
| Mrs. A. S. Jamieson | 2.00 |
| Mont. 1st Abe. | 150.00 |
| Mont. St. Luke's | 9.00 |
| Montreal Presby. | 339.00 |
| Mr. Jas. N. Laing | 500.00 |
| Aylmer, St. And. | 50 |

Manitoba.

| | |
|--------------------|----------|
| Belmont Kx abc | \$ 50.00 |
| Orrwood | 100.00 |
| Wpg Wmstr | 1,111.05 |
| Wpg Jewish Miss. | 26.25 |
| Eden. | 78.00 |
| Crandall | 20.00 |
| Brandon St. Paul's | 209.50 |
| Bayfield ss | 5.00 |
| Stonewall | 35.41 |
| Grassmere. | 31.00 |
| Vista. | 11.00 |
| Springfield | 20.00 |
| Poplar Point | 40.00 |
| Emerson ss | 25.00 |

Saskatchewan.

| | |
|-------------------|----------|
| Battleford | \$ 28.35 |
| Carlyle ss. | 6.25 |
| Regina Knox. | 1,325.80 |
| Alameda. | 93.15 |
| Winlaw | 22.00 |
| High View | 3.00 |
| Hayward | 5.00 |
| Watrous | 25.00 |
| Rv. Wm. Patterson | 9.10 |
| Norman Ritchie. | 5.00 |
| Alsask. | 45.00 |

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|----------|-----------------------|--------|-----------------------------|----------|-----------------------|-------------|
| Alberta. | | Kamloops, St. And. | 250.00 | Pr Rv Dr. McCurdy | 46.12 | Miscellaneous. | |
| Stratheona Kx . . . \$ | 100.00 | Rv. R J Douglas . . . | 8.00 | M. Fraser . . . | 1.00 | W. F. M. S. . . . | \$45,000.00 |
| Rv. A. O. MacRae . . . | 7.85 | Judge Forin . . . | 10.00 | Rev. J. W. Fraser . . . | 5.00 | Oxford Press . . . | 1,808.31 |
| Edmonton 1st mb. . . | 18.00 | Wmstr Presby. . . | 387.00 | Pictou Presby. . . | 488.00 | Rv. T. Hunter Boyd | .50 |
| Lethbridge guild . . . | 5.00 | Vanc. Robertson . . . | 222.25 | Truro Presby. . . | 219.00 | Jane MacWilliam | |
| M. J. Munro . . . | 25.00 | Victoria, St. Pa. . . | 200.00 | Halifax Pres. . . | 241.85 | Buffalo. | 20.00 |
| Anon. | 25.00 | Nanaimo ss. | 75.00 | Wallace Pres. . . | 131.00 | Anon. | 2.00 |
| Rv. W. A. Mason . . . | 7.00 | Kelowna. | 3.00 | Sydney Presby. . . | 234.00 | W. M. S. | 558.36 |
| Rv. J. M. Millar . . . | 9.10 | New Wmstr St Step | 200.00 | Rv. G. E. Forbes . . . | 7.45 | Anonymous | 4.00 |
| British Columbia. | | ss. | 18.00 | Halifax Olive mb. . | 25.00 | "E. & E." | 5.00 |
| Quesnel. | \$ 25.00 | Vancr. Chal Chr. . . | 500.00 | Hx Presby. | 32.85 | W. H. M. S. | 4656.16 |
| Victoria St. And. . . | 2,000.00 | Nova Scotia. | | New Brunswick | | Jennie Butler . . . | 3.00 |
| Vancr. Mt. Pleas. . . | 400.00 | Rv. H. A. Kent . . . | 9.25 | Miramichi Presby \$ | 12.00 | Bowling ss. Scot'd | 9.16 |
| Grand Forks ce . . . | 31.00 | Rv. Alister Murray | 11.40 | Prince Edward Island | | Anon. | 5.00 |
| | | | | St. Peter's. | \$ 11.50 | "M. M. A." | 10.00 |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During May | Mar. 1 to May 31 |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|---------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$1,077.28 | \$3,312.78 |
| Home Missions.... | 221. 00 | 2,099.00 |
| Augmentation..... | 131.00 | 580.00 |
| College..... | 134.00 | 295.00 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 13.00 | 68.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 35.00 | 107.00 |
| For North West.... | | 320.00 |
| Children's Day Col. | 4.00 | 10.00 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 13.87 | 31.20 |
| Bursary Fund..... | 70.50 | 532.50 |
| Library Fund..... | | 103.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans' | 1.00 | 251.00 |
| Social Service and Evangelism..... | 16.00 | 76.00 |
| Total..... | \$1,716.65 | \$7,785.48 |

RECEIVED DURING MAY

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,

by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.

and divided among the Funds

as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|----------------------|------------|----------------------|------------|
| Acknowledged. . . | \$6,068.83 | N. Sydney, Coll. . . | 22.00 |
| Orangedale . . . | 14.00 | Truro, St. Paul's.. | 182.00 |
| Richmond Bay E. . | 25.00 | Blue Mountain . . | 2.00 |
| New Glasgow Coll. | 18.50 | Interest. | 15.28 |
| Hampton Trijon etc | 18.00 | Millford "friend". | 5.00 |
| Springside | 97.00 | Glace Bay Coll. . . | 16.00 |
| Pictou, coll. . . . | 24.23 | L. E. Teasdale . . . | 50.00 |
| St James Union. . . | 8.50 | Selltrn Sharon ss. | 50.00 |
| Wm. Robertson . . | 12.50 | East River. | 70.75 |
| Dartmouth. . . . | 3.00 | Milltown. | 32.87 |
| Mrs Alex Hannah | 3.00 | Margaree. | 15.00 |
| Hx Park St. . . . | 100.00 | Mabou. | 24.00 |
| Windsor. | 150.00 | Rv. A. P. Logan . . | 3.00 |
| St. John, St. Davids | 50.00 | Millerton. | 21.00 |
| Friend of Miss. . . | 500.00 | New Richmond . . | 50.00 |
| Economy ce. . . . | 10.00 | Metapedia | 32.00 |
| Mem. Mr & Mrs. A | | A. C. Thompson . . | 60.00 |
| Cameron | 15.00 | Anon. | .12 |
| Campbelltown, Coli. | 5.90 | Total. | \$7,785.48 |
| River Dennis . . . | 10.00 | | |

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A THOUGHT FOR THE SKEPTIC.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"When the keen scrutiny of skeptics has found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted, a place where age is revered, infancy respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard—when skeptics can find such a place, ten miles square, on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and ventilate their views."



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The meek, the disinterested, the unselfish, those who think little of themselves and much of others, who think of the public good and not of their own, who rejoice in good work done not by themselves, but by others; by those whom they dislike as well as by those whom they love; these shall gain far more than they lose; they shall inherit the earth and its fulness.—Dean Stanley.

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. So we are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul, but we are assuredly ripening or else blighting.—Frederick W. Robertson.

If one wishes to abstain from eating forbidden fruit he must keep away from the orchard.

The only question worthy of immortals is not what can I get out of life but what can I put into life.

Fidelity in trifles and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters is a test of real devotion and love.

He that is choice of his time will be choice of his company, and choice of his actions.—Jeremy Taylor.

"What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 10:30, 31.

Once having determined in your conscience that you are sailing under the right colors, nail them to the mast.

Instead of a gem or even a flower, cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend.—George Macdonald.

It is the way of the transgressor that is hard. Christ's yoke is the only straining harness we can ever wear.

Do thoroughly whatever work God may give you to do, and cultivate all your talents besides.—Archibald A. Hodge.

To keep calm and fair-minded toward those whom we dislike is a duty which is none the less real because difficult.

Never make a plan without seeking God's guidance; never achieve a success without giving God the praise.—A. T. Pier-son.

If your foot slip, you may recover your balance, but if your tongue slip, you cannot recall your words.—Telugu Proverb.

Remember that your best friends are your father and mother, and have nothing to do with those who think otherwise.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.—H. W. Beecher.

The habit of saving is a significant trademark upon any young man's life. And the habit of saving time is more important than the habit of saving money.

"Putting up with things that cannot be helped means courage; putting up with things that can be helped means cowardice.—Lutheran Young People.

"Every time that we yield to temptation.

It is easier for us to do wrong;

Every time we resist temptation,

It is easier for us to be strong."

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he himself has honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—John Ruskin.

In a greater measure than we realize, our ways in life are made pleasant or painful, profitless or profitable, according as we choose our associates.—The Christian Endeavor Evangelist.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—Earl of Chesterfield.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble."

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth, because love is of God and cannot rest but in God.—Thomas A Kempis.

Am I to thank God for everything? Am I to thank him for bereavement, for pain, for poverty, for toil?—Be still, my soul, thou hast misread the message. It is not to give thanks for everything, but to give thanks in everything.—George Matheson, D.D.

Men do not complain of the Sixth Commandment, which protects their persons, nor of the Eighth, which protects their property; why, then, should they complain of the Fourth, which protects their rightful heritage, a weekly day of rest?—Eugene Stock.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we wax and grow strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Wescott.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.

The Presbyterian Record



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"Begin each day with God. Don't worry; work as hard as you can; do your best and leave the rest."

Our influence depends, not so much upon what we know, or even what we do, as upon what we are.

Mark the man or woman who seeks and sees something good in everybody; there goes a magnificent soul.

It is with youth as with plants; from the fruits fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

The spirit of ones life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproof.

No error is harmless. If it does no other evil, we cannot reckon the injury it does by merely filling the place of truth.

Confidence of success is almost success, and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them.

There can be little right doing without right thinking and right being. Good character is the surest fountain of good conduct.

The world gives the best first, but at last it biteth like a serpent. Jesus gives the best things last. The farther we go with Him, the greater the good, the deeper the joy.

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Happiness is a wayside flower that grows along the highway of usefulness.—Richter.

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LIFE'S PICNIC.

Oh, the folly of it. We pack our hamper for life's picnic with such pains. We spend so much, we work so hard.

We make choice pies; we cook prime joints; we prepare so carefully the mayonnaise; we mix with loving hands the salad; we cram the basket to the lid with every delicacy we can think of. Everything to make a picnic a success is there—except the salt.

Ah, woe is me, we forget the salt. We slave at our desks, in our workshops, to make a home for those we love; we give up pleasures; we give up our rest. We toil in our kitchen from morning till night, and we render the whole feast tasteless for want of a ha-porth of salt, for want of a soupcon of amiability, for want of a handful of kind words, a touch of caress, a pinch of courtesy.—Jerome K. Jerome.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

There must be the sensitive touch. A visitor to a manufactory saw a man molding clay into pots. Noticing that all the molding was done by hand, he said to the workman, "Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?" The workman replied: "There is no tool that can do this work. We have tried different ones, but somehow it needs the human touch." And how true it is that in shaping lives for God, there is need of the human touch. We can not do the Lord's work by machinery. Jesus touched men, imparting health, cleansing, and salvation.—Biblical Recorder.

The time for you to be sunny and cheery is when the weather is cloudy and all seems dreary. For then, if ever, people are inclined to get the blues and complain. At such times a sunny person can do just what the sun does, only the sun's influence is greater.

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No. 8

CONCERNING HARVESTING.

There will be some disappointed farmers in Canada this summer; not only because of crop failure, though there has been some of that, but through failure to harvest in good shape that which awaits the reaper's hand.

It is disappointing—DISAPPOINTING—DISAPPOINTING—after toiling through the Spring-time, early and late, getting the wide acres sown, after watching with satisfaction the greening fields, and later the billowy grain chasing itself in the fullness of lusty life, and later still the yellowing of fruitage, after all this, in spite of best efforts, to see some of it fail of harvesting, and go to waste, because the time is so short and the "hands" so few.

And how much sorer the disappointment, if "hands" have promised to come and do not come; or, if coming, they do little harvesting, taking most of the time for their own enjoyment; or, more trying still, if passage money or advance wage has been sent them and they keep it for themselves and do not come at all! Even if the law deals with them later, it does not help the disappointment or bring back the precious harvest days or recover the wasted grain.

But greater—by as much as was greater the toil and suffering in making possible the harvest—must be the DISAPPOINTMENT of the Great Master, when He sees His world wide field "white unto the harvest," and that harvest so "plenteous" and the "laborers" so "few."

He has entrusted large means to many as stewards for the harvesting. Many of them have promised to be His, and are doing very little harvesting, either at home or abroad, and many are paying no attention to His call for help, but are using wholly upon themselves the passage money and advance wage that He has given to them.

There may come a time when such ones will regret their neglect, but it will not bring back the precious harvest days when they might have done so much, nor recover the wasted grain, wasted through their failure to respond to His call.

How disappointed, DISAPPOINTED, DISAPPOINTED, as He views the plenteous harvest, and the lack of laborers, the Great Master must be!!

A question—the question—for each reader of these lines:—"Is He disappointed" in me?"

INVESTING A LIFE.

"Good bye"—"Good bye." It is only the yet echoing refrain of a visit to the railway station in Montreal a few minutes ago to see Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jack off to take up their work again in "Far Formosa." It seems a lonely thing, leaving country and home and friends, and so much that is attractive, to spend life under conditions that are often more trying than we at home can understand, among a people whose ideals are so different, and with little or no opportunity to make provision for old age. And they are only two of the many who have gone from our Church, giving their lives in this service.

But they have their reward. Their life has a joy that those know not who live for themselves. They have a greater satisfaction in life's outgo, than any can have from life's income.

And a few years hence, when they look back over life, how will it appear? At life's end the most successful life that has been lived for self will be a dreary retrospect, while the humblest life, in the narrowest sphere, in the family circle or in other circles, in our own or other lands, that has been devoted to Christ's service, will give joy in the retrospect, and prospect.

But think of it; the retrospect and prospect is in both cases eternal, in the one an eternal regret that life had not been better used (that is hell), and in the other an eternal joy, thankfulness to Him who led life into the path that is real living, the life that is life indeed (that is heaven).

Wise—wise—and happy are they who know how to make a good investment of life, and who, knowing, do it.

IN THIS ISSUE.

Let the brief note on the Presbyterian Alliance be a reminder that we belong to a world wide Church, that in our keeping rests in some small measure its honor and welfare, and its power for good in the world.

Special attention is asked to Dr. Mackay's article, "After the Congress." When an employer calls his men together and points out the work to be done, that is not doing the work. When a General summons his officers to study the plan of campaign, that is not fighting the battles. Those who regarded the Congress as merely a pleasant treat, miss its aim and end entirely.

It was a trust rather than a treat. It increased the responsibility of every one who attended, just as added wealth, and means of doing good, increases the responsibility of any man to whom it comes. Every one who attended the Congress should hold self to strict account as to how the increased knowledge and uplift is being put into use for the Master, how it is being brought to bear upon the progress of the Kingdom of God. Read Dr. Mackay's suggestions carefully, especially as to prayer. When other openings are closed the door of heaven is always open. When unable to help in other ways one can pray; and when people begin to pray in earnest they soon begin to answer their own prayers.

The missionary letters and the Young People's Missionary Topic will repay careful reading. Only by such reading, month by month, can one gain an intelligent idea of our mission work. If read with a good missionary map so much the better.

Of the Summer School, Mr. Armstrong

in his article says, "It has come to stay." The fittest survive, and a thing that has come to stay, in Christian work, thus demonstrates its fitness. Infinitely more helpful to life in every way, and more worthy of immortals, is it to take the few days that one may have of summer vacation and spend them at a Summer School for mission study, with the outdoor recreations and entertainments that such schools give, than amid the frivolity of the usual holiday resorts, where the chief study class is the evening "hop."

There is not only the information and inspiration received, which may make one's life so much more helpful for the remainder of the year in one's own congregation and community, but there is the probability of the whole life being turned into channels of wider helpfulness and more lasting joy.

The August Citizenship Topic is by J. W. Bengough. The name itself gives interest to whatever he writes. A study of his article will open a new door and give to many a new vision of some economic questions.

Read all from cover to cover, thus can decision be reached as to what is worthy. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

THE WORLD'S PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE.

Tenth General Council Meeting.

"The Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the world, holding the Presbyterian System," was organized in London, England, 21 July, 1875, by sixty-four commissioners from twenty-two of the world's leading Presbyterian Churches, one of them being The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The General Council of this Alliance meets usually once in three years. Its first meeting was held in Edinburgh, in 1877; the second in Philadelphia in 1880, and by that time others had joined and it numbered forty-nine Presbyterian churches in different lands. More have been added since, and to-day, with eighty-three Churches and Missions, it represents the entire Presbyterianism of the world. If the Church wished to pattern after the State, this Presbyterian Alliance might say, as no Empire in the world can say, that on it the sun never sets.

Its objects are to promote the great interests held in common, to aid the weaker members of the family, especially the Reformed Churches on the Continent of Europe, where full religious liberty is not yet enjoyed, and to take counsel as to how the united strength of the whole can best be utilized for bringing to the world a better and brighter day.

One great result of the Alliance has been that these weaker churches, that often felt so sorely their loneliness and isolation, have been cheered and strengthened by the consciousness of a world-wide comradeship and are carrying on their work with a new life and hope.

The tenth General Council met a few weeks ago, June 18th, in Aberdeen, Scotland. Nearly three hundred delegates were present from all parts of the world, and for ten days discussed the great truths of the Kingdom of God and the problems which face the Church in the extension of that Kingdom.

There was nothing of pomp or display, nothing to impress the crowd, only a body of ministers and elders gathered in an unpretentious hall; but they represented a communicant membership of nearly six millions, and a "world-wide Presbyterian population of at least thirty millions."

But they represented more than mere numbers. They represented one of the world's greatest organized forces for righteousness. The Presbyterian Church, all down its long history, has ever been in the forefront of the struggle for civil and religious liberty and the world-wide proclamation of the Gospel. Its principles and its creed have been Scriptural and strong. Its government has been by the people for the people. It is ruled by no privileged class; it exists for no privileged class.

It is no idle boast, but a great truth, to be stated with humble thankfulness, that to no other family of churches and to no other type of church organization does the world to-day owe so much as to the family represented by this gathering, "The Reformed Churches throughout the world, holding the Presbyterian System."

And this church family was never so

large, so strong, so missionary as to-day. May the truths and principles for which she has stood in the past, which have guided her for centuries through the stress and storm of conflict with error and wrong, be an ever present possession. May the Spirit who has used her so greatly, as His agency for the world's redemption, dwell in her yet more fully and richly, leading her on to still grander victories for her Lord and King.

Sad is the news that comes since the meeting of the Council. Rev. Dr. Matthews, once pastor of Chalmer's Church, Quebec, who during all the history of the Alliance, for nearly forty years, has been its efficient secretary, devoting his time and energies to furthering the work of the Alliance all over the world, and who discharged his duties as usual at the recent meeting in Aberdeen, was called home a few days later at the ripe age of eighty-five years.

It is a coincidence worthy of note that our own member of this world wide family, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has also just held the greatest gathering in all her history—the Congress of June 1 to 4 in Toronto, just before the meeting of the Assembly.

Never before did she get such a vision of her work and of her strength and numbers to do that work. Never did her workers so fully realize the great host of fellow workers; and the feeling of aloneness in the conflict with the forces of evil, wherever such existed, has given place to a sense of comradeship and a vision of a great host like the "mountains full of horses and chariots round about" the solitary Elishas; as was the case with the Continental churches in the Presbyterian Alliance.

What remains is to remember that not by General Councils of the whole family, nor by Congresses of our own member of the family, is the great work of world redemption to be done, but by each one patiently and steadfastly doing what the hands find to do. The glad green of Summer is made up of individual leaves, and the world's moral deserts will blossom—when and as—each of the Lord's followers, hears and heeds the Master's "follow me."

INDEPENDENT CHINESE CHURCHES.

To Canadian or British people an "Independent" Church suggests the idea of a Church free from State control, as distinguished from an Established or National Church.

"Independent Chinese churches" suggest a different idea, viz., not independence of the State, for State and Church have no connection there, but independence of foreign support and control.

Christian missions in a heathen land are founded by some church in a Christian land. The infant congregations are taught and guided by the missionaries. It is the only way.

But, as a rule, these missionaries encourage them to self support and self control as early as possible. It is accepted by all that the great heathen peoples of the world must be won to Christ by their own people.

There is, however, a danger that a spirit of pride and self sufficiency may take the place of the true Christ spirit, and that in their ignorance they may get away from what is best.

Independent Churches have been formed in several provinces in China, the most important is that in the province of Shansi. In its Constitution there is the statement that "nothing must be done that is not in accordance with the sense and purport of the Scriptures." All this is well.

But it makes provision for "associate members of the Church," "Men of Reputation," who being outside the Church, are revered scholars and are willing to give their approval, or who contribute largely.

The list of names of the founders of this Church contains first the names of men of influence and power, who are simply supporters of the movement, and second the names of those who initiated the movement. Some of the latter are "men who have been excluded from church fellowship for full and sufficient reasons."

The danger thus is that these new churches lose sight of the one essential of membership in a church—"repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." An independent church, originated by mal-

contents who have been excluded from the mission churches, backed up by men of influence who have no conception of what it means to be a true Christian, is on the wrong track.

This will be one of the dangers of the revolution in China. Men associate the old religion with the old dynasty, and in accepting Christianity—"en masse"—will be in danger of making the Church a civil or political organization.

"Prayer for China" should be "without ceasing," not only that she should turn from idols, but that her Christians and churches should have a true ideal of what Christianity is, a new birth, a new heart, a new life toward God.

Worldly conformity for the sake of worldly influence has been a peril of the Church in all ages. It needs to be constantly guarded against at home as well as in China.

AFTER THE CONGRESS.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

(Dr. Mackay writes.—"I have sent the following after consultation with Dr. Grant and Dr. Shearer so that it comes in their name also.")

The Congress still lives. It has entered as a new factor into the life of the Church. But what next? Having gone so far, we must go further. Allow a few suggestions preparatory to discussions that may follow.

1. Some have regretted that the Congress came just before the holiday season. But that was unavoidable, and if the movement is of the Spirit of God as we think it is, then it will not suffer by delay. It will bridge the chasm and revive with reviving work in the Fall. The Holy Spirit knoweth the frailty of our frame and that rest is necessary.

2. The Committee that arranged for the Congress should be perpetuated. Its work is not completed—is only begun. But the Committee might be modified in its composition, made more representative of the whole Church than was possible in the few weeks available before the Congress.

3. The Devotional Committee should be continued. All are agreed that the greatest

agency at work before the Congress was the widespread spirit of intercession throughout the Church. Prayer has been answered, which is but the Master's invitation to seek larger things. We have tasted—let us open our mouths wide that He may fill them.

4. We can count on a larger and more blessed sympathy and fellowship now than we knew before the Congress. That is a great gain. In the past there may have been with many a sense of isolation, a sort of every man for himself. The most remote minister in the Dominion has now the feeling that every other is with him in love and sympathy and co-operation. That is unspeakable advantage. Let it be cherished. "All one body we."

5. Then what is our objective? Nothing less than a Dominion wide revival—a great evangelistic campaign, in which the smallest mission station will share as well as the great congregations in the great centres, and in which every minister of the humblest pastorate will have a part as well as the distinguished evangelist. It should be as wide as the Dominion, from sea to sea, and overflowing into the regions beyond.

6 With such a campaign will arise another, an effort to bring into proper relation to the Church the ever increasing masses of men that are detached and standing outside. That is an undertaking so vast as to appal, and yet it is the Church's task. When Joshua was entering upon the conquest of Canaan he received one instruction only, "Be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord Thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." God has been with us. He will be with us still.

These suggestions are offered as a start, and as an invitation to further discussion. Hundreds of communications would be welcomed, for I am sure multitudes are interested and expectant. The burden has not lifted. Let us accept it as our proper work and never retreat. The Congress was a mere preliminary.

"Ask and it shall be given you; Seek and ye shall find.

Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Christ's own words.

THE URGENT CALL OF KOREA.

The appeal for help from our missionaries in Korea is pathetic. The situation is briefly as follows:

1. According to the Comity of Missions, an area on the eastern coast, extending from Wonsan to Manchuria, a distance of about 325 miles, has been allotted to the care of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

2. In that district there are about 1,270,000 souls, needing, and to an unusual degree ready to receive the message of life. There, as in other parts of Korea, the fields are white unto the harvest.

3. In addition, there has been recently added to our area, a district north of the boundary, in Manchuria, into which 500,000 Koreans have trekked. It corresponds to our own western country into which so many from the older provinces have migrated, and is properly regarded as our own Mission field. Many of these Koreans have carried some knowledge of the Gospel with them, and at hundreds of centres are earnestly asking for teachers who will guide. If left to themselves they may be so misled as to end in irrevocable loss.

4. The little company of ardent missionaries in the field is utterly inadequate for such a task. They appeal urgently either for immediate help, or if that cannot be done that a portion of the field be abandoned to some other church that may be willing to undertake it. It is not known that any other church would accept the responsibility even if asked, but the Canadian Presbyterian Church should not think of retreat until she has done her best to accomplish what she has undertaken. It is her work and, if she is able to do it, she cannot, dare not, refuse it.

5. At a joint meeting of the Eastern and Western sections of the Foreign Mission Board it was agreed to join hands and to ask the whole Church to get behind the whole work in Korea. To this the General Assembly has agreed, and accordingly this call is issued for recruits.

6. It has been carefully estimated that there should go this year four ordained men, one doctor and four unmarried women. That is the least that will meet the immediate demand. One ordained man and

three women are already under appointment and will start in a few weeks.

The situation now is submitted to the prayerful consideration of the whole Church. If God has so wonderfully opened the door, has He not in mind the men and the women needed, and whom He will accept and bless? If ever at any time the Saviour's voice can be heard it is now. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth labourers into His harvest." Who will go?

D. MACODRUM,

A. GANDIER,

Joint Conveners.

"TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN HONAN."

Dr. Mackenzie's book comes to us on this wise. The Foreign Mission Board, wishing to mark the semi-jubilee of the Honan Mission as well as this crisis year in China, by a great forward movement for her evangelization, asked Dr. Mackenzie, who has been in the work there almost since its beginning, to prepare a history of the Mission.

It is good, very good. There is more information packed into it about China and the Chinese and our work there, than in any other equal space. The style is racy and readable, while the story of the escape at the time of the Boxer uprising in 1900, and some of the earlier perils, though understated rather than otherwise, furnish thrills enough for any book, and give ground for thankfulness at the wonderful way in which a kind Providence watched over them. The book should be in every S.S. Library, and in as many homes as can get it. Write our Foreign Mission Office, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

A "Christian Synagogue."

The new home of the Toronto Jewish Mission, with the above name, is admirably suited to its work. It was formally dedicated, on the Saturday afternoon of Assembly week, June 7th. There were services both afternoon and evening, and quite a number of members of Assembly were present and took part.

One of the speakers told of an incident of last winter, in Knox Church, Toronto. A

Jew and his wife and eldest child publicly professed their faith in Christ, and then the parents presented the rest of their children for baptism, a household of eight. It was like the scenes told in the Book of Acts, where whole households were baptized by the Apostles.

The workers in connection with the Christian Synagogue have reason to thank God and take courage.

For Empire Building.

It is stated that the Scriptures in more than sixty languages are to be found in our Western country, to meet the needs of the many tongues. These multitudes, many of them strangers to those Scriptures, and to Canadian ideals, are the material that is being poured into our land for nation building. Much of that material is in poor shape, but it is plastic. It remains for the Presbyterians of Canada, and those of the other churches, to say what that shape shall be, whether fair and comely with the righteousness that exalteth a nation, or the opposite.

For forty years we have had three mission families in the New Hebrides. All three have given forty years of faithful successful work. They have each seen their heathen islands become Christian.

Now the Annands and Mackenzies are retiring; the Robertsons are our one remaining link to that, our earliest mission field, which has been at once a trial to faith, and an inspiration to effort in the cause of missions.

But to those of us who can look back over the past and remember the Geddies and Gordons and Johnsons and Mathesons and others of the true and brave who lived and died for Christ and their fellowmen there are many links that time nor change can sever.

"I have one hundred and twenty-two villages with Christians in them, but there are six hundred and fifty villages in the field entrusted to me," says Rev. Murdoch McKenzie, D.D., of Honan.

If a home pastor has 650 people in his charge he has a fair number to care for; if he has 650 families it is a very large parish; but six hundred and fifty villages some of them with hundreds, even thousands of people!

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

BY REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG.

Six Missionary Summer Schools are being held this summer under the auspices of the Missionary Education Movement; at Whitby July 2-9, Knowlton, July 11-18, Wolfville, July 22-29, Brandon, July 2-9, Saskatoon, July 11-18, and Edmonton, July 22-29.

These Summer Schools are highly fruitful, not only in the deepening of missionary vision and the practical training for missionary service in the congregation, but also in recruiting young men and young women for the ministry and for deaconess and missionary service.

Two Summer Schools remain to be held, one under the auspices of the Hamilton and London Synod at Goderich, August 11-17th, and the other under the auspices of the Toronto and Kingston Synod at Geneva Park on Lake Couchiching, near Orillia, August 19th-28th.

The one at Goderich is the first of what we trust will be a long series of annual Summer Schools in Western Ontario. The Synod's committee is working hard for a good attendance. The other at Geneva Park is the third, and while it may be said to be fairly well established, yet the time has not been reached when we are likely to have an attendance that will tax the accommodation of this splendid holiday resort.

Ministers, Sunday School Superintendents, Y. P. S. Officers, and Women's Auxiliary officers should put forth every effort to have delegates appointed officially to represent their congregations at one or other of these Summer Schools. It is not too much to say that it should be the aim of every congregation within the bounds of the two synods concerned to send one or more representatives to these conferences.

It is moreover a delightful way of spending a week's vacation. Recreation is most happily combined with mental stimulus, spiritual and missionary uplift, and "the goodly fellowship" of kindred spirits. Former delegates testify to the "good time" they have had at Geneva Park. This year's delegates at Goderich will be just as enthusiastic about their first conference as were the former delegates to the conference on Lake Couchiching.

The program is of the best. Leaders, especially qualified for their several departments, have been secured. Full information can be given regarding the Geneva Park Summer School by Rev. J. C. Robertson, Confederation Life Building, and for the Goderich Summer School by Rev. G. E. Ross, Goderich, Ont. It is of advantage to those who go, as well as a great satisfaction to the committees in charge, to have registrations sent in early. Let them be forwarded at once to the above named secretaries.

Let all combine to make these two Summer Schools so successful this year that it will be possible to have Summer Schools in every other synod of the Church in 1914.

SACRAMENT SABBATH.

(An Old Country Idyll.)

BY ARCHIBALD MCILROY, EDMONTON.

It is a sweet morning in May. The trees and hedgerows have burst forth in all the glory of a new spring time. A gentle breeze carries the perfume from hawthorn blossoms across the quiet country. Young lambs disport themselves as their dams diligently crop the springing grass, on which the dew drops are sparkling like diamonds. High up in the air a lark is trilling his morning song of praise. All nature rejoices and a Sabbath stillness reigns.

Around the farmsteads men and women are to be seen in their best clothes, and getting under way for the "meeting-house," for it is Sacrament Sabbath, and it behoves them to be on time. Already sober groups of worshippers are winding their way along road and country lane.

Before the hands of the old clock in front of the gallery point to twelve the congregation is seated in the pews; the tables, covered by the snowiest of damask, are set in the aisles, and the elders carry in the forms, the massive pewter flagons and cups are arranged beside the salvers, heaped up with cake, and covered by napkins.

Everything has been done decently and in order, but little attention is paid to details, for the people are sitting with bowed heads, communing with themselves as to their fitness to partake of the feast that is spread.

And now the old minister has risen in the pulpit, and given out the 100th Psalm. He looks down so kindly on the people, through his spectacles, that many a fainting heart takes courage and feels it a foretaste of heaven to be there.

Reverently the Psalm is sung, the men joining heartily and with uplifted heads, but sometimes a mother raises her veil and wipes away a tear, as the memories of other days come back, and thoughts of loved ones gone.

The "first prayer" occupies some forty minutes, the people standing with bowed heads, and no one thinks of time, for their wants are being spread out before the throne, their sins and shortcomings confessed, and supplication made for grace divine to lead them to a higher and a nobler life.

And so the service proceeds; the minister takes them through the "Books of the Law and the Testimony" dwelling fervently on atonement and sacrifice, and the prophecies of "His" coming; also the New Testament fulfilment of the Promise, and the actual Institution of the Feast. Having got them to the "upper room" he finds it hard to come down.

There is singing from the 40th Psalm to "Balerna," and from the 121st to "French," the precentor in his box being completely "lifted" from earthly things on that day.

The sermon is from Isaiah lv. 1.; and what a sermon! If careworn wives and mothers came in to the sanctuary weary and heavy laden they have now assuredly found their "rest," for the "wine and milk" offered at such times, has brought them to the very mountain top. They shrink from the thought of going down to the plains again.

The minister "fences the tables," as in duty bound, but there are no longer any terrors for them; they have had a glimpse of the King in His banqueting house, and their souls are filled with a radiant light. They are scarcely conscious of their surroundings as they find themselves moving out from their pews, singing as they go, the words of the 103rd Psalm, to "Coleshill."

"Oh thou my soul, Bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is,
Be stirred up, His Holy name
To magnify and bless."

No tune so fitting for the solemn occasion as "Coleshill," no melody which so fully draws out the thankfulness of the penitential heart at the sacramental feast.

Needless to linger over the time spent in "His presence." Who but Himself sees the look of faith through the tear bedimmed eye, or hears the inward confession and the resolve to a holier life.

"Go from the Table of the Lord," says the minister at length, concluding the first part of his address, "singing as ye go." He does not tell them what to sing. Well he knows, and well they know, that there is only the one theme to express the joy of their hearts, so they take up the words of the grand old triumphant Psalm where they left off:

"Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, even as the eagle's age,
Renewed is thy youth."

The second Table has been filled up, and the neighbouring minister has arrived, yet it is not till the third service is under way that the faithful old shepherd gets his own "refreshment." But to him it has been a blessed time, and bodily fatigue is hardly felt.

What is there on earth to equal the closing event of that day, when minister and people join together in singing the last lines of the last paraphrase:

"O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled;
And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
With Blessings on our head."

We are told that we must advance with the age, even in the matter of religion, and it may be so. True, there is still the "Communion season," the "Love feast," as some call it, or the "Eucharistic gathering," but I love best to think of the old time "Sacrament Sabbath" in the little white meeting house, and the reverent worshippers there. Such things leave hallowed memories in the soul.

Our Foreign Missions

LETTER FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

BY REV. H. A. ROBERTSON, D.D.,

"Once upon a time"—the "New Hebrides" was always first and chief, in the foreign mission thought and work of our church. It was our earliest mission field. Later, Formosa, then Korea, were names to conjure with. But the New Hebrides was first. It was hallowed by martyr blood. It inspired more than one generation of missionary workers.

We owe to it our missionary literature. The first monthly missionary periodical of our Church, "The Missionary Register," the earliest pioneer of the Record, was started, not for general Church work, but, when newspapers were few and dear, for the express purpose of giving to the people the letters of our first missionary, Rev. John Geddie.

For many years the letters from the New Hebrides had a chief place in the "Register," and its successors. But of recent years the larger fields have taken first place. The work in the New Hebrides has attained a measure of completeness. The islands are largely Christianized, and the work is a quiet patient teaching and training of the native church.

Dr. Robertson is the last of our missionaries there. For forty years we have had the three families, Annands, Mackenzies and Robertsons. The two former have this year retired. Our church is not sending new missionaries, but is leaving the group, henceforth, to the care of the Australasian churches that are nearer the field.

A letter is specially welcome, in that they have been few of recent years. The following is from Dr. Robertson to Captain Logan of Vancouver.

One lesson all may learn from it; the missionaries are often lonely, with little companionship but that of the natives, and appreciate a letter from the home land.

Dr. Robertson's reference, in his letter, to his "fifty years in the New Hebrides," is explained by the fact that as a young man he went out to the New Hebrides as one of the crew of the Mission vessel "Day-spring" which was built in New Glasgow, N.S. He saw the sad case of the natives in their heathenism, came home and studied for the ministry and with his young wife, a Miss Dawson, of Pictou, N.S., he went out as a missionary to Erromanga, to take the place of the martyred Gordons, who had been killed there a short time before.

Erromanga, April 9th, 1913.

My Dear Captain Logan

Many, very many thanks, for your most welcome letter. Especially do I thank you for your kind sympathy for me in the serious accident which befell me on the Mikambo's deck. I am able to move about the Island, but not so quickly and freely as I once was.

I sometimes wonder how I could have brought myself to stay for fifty years in the New Hebrides, with my intense love of my own people and my native land, for I doubt if any other man ever loved his native land with a greater love than I love mine.

"They left the old familiar parts
Each spot they loved so well;
They tore asunder loving hearts,
Was it a last farewell?
O say that they will meet again,
When parting is no more,
Where life and love are free from pain,
And grief and toil are o'er."

These lines well express my own feelings for my home, country, family and friends, and are often in my thoughts.

While on the subject of home, I may say that I have recently received a very cordial invitation from the Foreign Mission Board, E.D., inviting me home on furlough whenever I feel disposed to go and assuring me of a warm welcome from the whole Church.

We—that is Mrs. Robertson and I—think of leaving Erromanga in November next,

spending a month on Norfolk Island, then going on to Sydney just before Christmas; spending a month with our four daughters.

We expect to leave Sydney, probably via Vancouver, some time about the end of January, breaking our journey at several places of interest, Vancouver being one of them, and arrive in Nova Scotia about April, when the milder weather will be coming on, for so many years in the Tropics are not a good training for Canadian winter.

This is an outline of our plan but we are trying not to set our hearts upon it so that should we fail to realize it we shall feel our disappointment less.

At our time of life, and now, more than ever, in my smashed up and lamed state, our hopes are not so bright nor our zeal for travel so keen as they used to be.

Sometimes there seems to be not a little here to discourage. One thing is the high death rate and the rapidly lessening population. There were over three thousand on Erromanga when we landed forty-one years ago; now between seven and eight hundred.

Then too this generation has not felt the horrible burden of heathenism as did the first generation of converts and their Christianity is not so real a deliverance to them.

The people then lived in the constant fear of violent death and really felt the bondage of heathenism, and in some groping way longed for relief. Their children and children's children, born in Christianity, know nothing personally of the awful bondage and cruelty of heathenism. They do not feel gratitude for their deliverance.

Then too trade and commerce is now going on all over the group with labor in constant demand at good wages, and they tend to become more worldly and selfish than were the grand old men and women who came out from heathenism.

But why look at the dark side when so much is bright. A great and glorious change has come over this and other groups of Islands and it would be unfair and wrong not to acknowledge with thankfulness this change.

NOTES FROM KOREA.

By REV. A. H. BARKER.

Kainai, Korea, May 1, 1913.

Dear Mr. Armstrong.

Mrs. Barker and I have had a very pleasant and profitable ten days at Seoul, I was appointed as one of the delegates to meet in conference with Dr. Mott.

Being new missionaries we found the discussions particularly helpful. From other and older missionaries we were able to pick up a great deal of information which will be of value to us in our field.

After ten days there we took a flying trip to Syen Chuen where we spent a day. It is a remarkable field in many ways. It is a days travel by train north of Seoul, but it was worth coming all that way to see a "class" for women which was being conducted; a class of about eight hundred women in all, gathered for a week's Bible study from distances varying from two to a hundred miles. I wish the people at home could see such a class. It would do them good.

On our way home again from Seoul, Mr. Young came up with us to help us in a class for workers. It began 15 May and continued ten days. About thirty-five men gathered from all parts of the field for Bible study. The class was a success, I feel that God was with us and that the men went back better fitted than before to do the work entrusted to them.

The teachers this year were Mr. Young, who taught Romans' and Revelation, Dr. Mansfield, who taught singing, Kim Moksa, who taught Church History and the works of Paul, my language teacher who taught the "Life of Christ," and myself with the subject "The Character of God.

From 9.30 a.m. to 10 a.m., a prayer meeting was held daily. From 10 to 12 noon, and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. classes were held. Every evening there was a preaching service.

On Sunday, 20th April, ten men of the class volunteered to go out two and two to villages within twenty li to hold services. About twenty others went preaching from house to house in the city itself, the same Sunday afternoon. In two or three hours from sixty to seventy houses were visited.

GOOD NEWS FROM HONAN.

LETTER FROM REV. W. H. BRUCE.

Wu An, May 15, 1913.

My dear Mr. Geddes:—

You will doubtless be rejoicing with us during these days in the great things that The Lord is bringing to pass in this land. The call for prayer, coming from the highest authority in the land, inspires us all with new hope and zeal.

It has been a marvellous thing that so many of the high officials in many cities have met with the Christians for united prayer for the new Republic. Sixty members of parliament are Christian. I learned a few days ago from a student of the Government School that the first five books of the Old Testament are now included in the curriculum of the Government Schools. I have not seen this report generally confirmed, but it may be quite true.

In one of Mr. Mott's gatherings in Mukden for students, where the attendance numbered 5,000, the goodly number of 715 expressed a desire to follow Christ. These included 36 officials, and 65 students in Normal Schools preparing to teach. We have manifestly entered a new era, for which we continually praise God.

I have just returned home after being twenty-six days in the country, chiefly in She Hsien. During the first week Mr. Menzies was with me and we preached daily to the crowds attending the T'ang Wang Chiao fair at Honantien.

At the close of the fair I proceeded with three evangelists to a region hitherto unevangelized, the district bordering the Chang river immediately north of Lin Hsien. We made our headquarters at Tung Ta Ch'eng.

Each morning, after our Bible lesson, we would go to one of the surrounding towns and preach. We had a good hearing in each place and sold not a few Gospels and tracts. Each evening on returning to Tung Ta Ch'eng, we would hang up our lantern in front of our rented shop, and far into the night would address the crowd that filled the street.

On the fifth day, the people of the east end of the town sent us an urgent request

that we preach that evening in the east end. There at dusk we hung our lantern on the branch of a tree in a large square and four of us addressed the crowd for several hours.

The next day the invitation came to us from the north end in this fashion, "There are just as many people here as there are on the south street, why do you go past us when we are just as willing to learn as they are?" So we promised them for the next night.

At one of these evening meetings there were a number of men who had followed us from the town where we had preached during the day. They listened attentively and were quite urgent that we should go back to their town the next day again, as about a dozen of them were really anxious to follow the truth.

We had already made our plans for the next day to go to another town to which the people had invited us, but on the second day we acceded to this earnest appeal and found that there were many sincere inquiries there.

In all we were able to spend eight days in that whole neighborhood and preached in seven towns to people who hitherto knew nothing of the doctrine, save that some had heard from a local Christian.

Opium had been sown thickly throughout the region visited. While we were there soldiers arrived with orders to have all the opium destroyed. The people submitted readily and soon cleared the fields of the noxious plant.

But the labor thus lost was a small grievance compared with the heavy fines then levied on those who were offenders. We saw about twenty men tied together by their cues and with ropes around their necks being cruelly beaten with clubs by the soldiers and driven off to prison about two miles away, where they were detained until, through their friends, they would pay up the fines levied. Two thousand two hundred dollars were levied on three villages which had a total of about nine hundred families.

Worse than all the brutal soldiers quartered there, entered private homes in the absence of the men and abused the helpless women.

Many of these soldiers, dressed in the

uniform of the New Republic, and posing as reformers of the opium curse, were themselves opium users, and spent much of the time of their sojourn in that neighborhood smoking opium which they had purchased with the money exacted from the farmers as fines for planting opium.

The official himself, who now holds authority in that county, is an opium user, and many of his retainers are also opium users. The soldiers employed were not local men but sent in from Changte.

Poor China! She has a long road to travel yet, and her sole hope is in the Gospel which reveals the wondrous redeeming power of the Son of God.

In that neighborhood I visited a family of Christians, living alone high up on a mountain slope, and three or four miles from the nearest village. The father and mother, three sturdy sons and a daughter, were all well posted on the doctrine. One of the sons had learned from a humble Christian a few miles away and on his return home he told all he knew to the other members of the family, and on that one day all the other members of the family resolved to follow Christ.

I heard about them over a year ago and at that time sent an evangelist to teach them more fully. They are a bright, intelligent family, all robust. They had over one hundred sheep and had several acres of land under cultivation. It was a great joy to witness the whole-heartedness of their faith and to find them well-grounded in the leading doctrines.

At the time of my visit they were suffering a cruel wrong. A worthless opium-user, keeper of a small temple, claimed to be owner of a large spring from which all the dwellers on the mountain supplied their wants when rain-water was scarce.

When the P'ei family became Christian, they were refused the use of this spring, as the owner said their using it interfered with his fengshwei (good fortune), and so the next time he found the P'ei brothers carrying water, he opposed them, smashed two of their earthenware vessels, carried off their carrying pole and two pails and pawned the latter at an inn. The spring

was five li down the difficult mountain slope from Mr. P'ei's home. **They had now** to go ten li to the river!

Calling on their oppressor I was able to secure for them the right of using the spring, and the restoration of pails and carrying pole.

It gave one no small joy during this tour to find that he was preaching on the farthest border of his field. The words "unto the uttermost parts of the earth" were frequently in our minds. After a very few years every town of importance in this field should have been visited.

Of course many of the visits hitherto have been only preliminary surveys, a broadcast sowing of the seed. We must seek more intensive cultivation of the whole area. It is my purpose henceforth to make more prolonged visits in the towns to which we go. By remaining three or four weeks in one town we would have an opportunity not only of sowing the seed, but probably of reaping some of the harvest before we leave.

Returning to Wu An, I find that the official has been trying to prohibit the manufacture of wine in this county. It yet remains to be seen what success will attend his effort. There is also a proclamation out prohibiting the use of foreign cigarettes. Whether this is a genuine reform or only a boycott of the foreign trade in cigarettes, I am unable to say.

Abundant rains have fallen in most parts of North Honan, so that there is some relief from the threatened famine. There is now no famine in any of the northern counties, but southern Honan will still have multitudes of starving people.

In asking prayer for our work. We should continually ask that all who hear the word and who read the Gospels may be led of the Holy Spirit to confess sin and to accept Christ as their all-sufficient Saviour and Lord.

We are all in the best of health. Baby Agnes is robust and developing rapidly. We are just now preparing to attend the summer meeting of Presbytery to be held at Changte, opening Monday the 20th inst.

AN AWAKENING IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. J. R. HARCOURT.

Dear Mr. Armstrong:—

Just a few lines to-day to tell of some of our encouragements. I have just come in from a rapid tour, visiting four cities in four weeks' time. Each move was over very rough roads and more than twenty miles each time.

If you have ever done any camping on a large scale you will know what it means in Canada. But in India one has to actually experience it to know just what it means, because for a perfect indifference to time the native of India excels.

On one trip we were up and ready to start before the sun was up, and had called the cart men to be present at 5 a.m., but their lordships put in an appearance about 9 a.m., after being finally driven out by the police. It delayed our start so that we could not reach our destination before dark.

As night overtook us, we pushed on with our tonga, leaving the carts to come the last six miles alone. They lost their way and doubled the distance they had to travel. They obtained guides after no little trouble, who led them into ditches and miry ground. They upset, had to dig themselves out of the mire and finally landed at their destination.

Such things become common to us and we forget to mention them as part of our training in godliness, for it takes some patience to see your wife and children suffering from cold and trying to do the best they can, waiting hour after hour for the carts to come up, and not do a grumble or two. However this is just a little spice thrown in.

The bright side I started out to tell is far more cheering. If you look at the map in the Blue Book of our Central Indian Field you will see the fields of Mehidpur, Khawa and Gangras are all in one group.

It is these three fields I have at present to cover, and in all parts of this district, especially the eastern and unknown part, there is a great movement among the lower classes. I have now registered as catechumens no less than sixty families throughout this district. With the building of the ladies' bungalow and all this vast district

to get over, how I am going to accomplish my duties I do not know.

The work is running along right lines, through the friends and relatives of some few men I baptized about four years ago, and daily there seems to be more and more coming to the front. I only hoped that Rev. J. McP. Scott could have seen some of this work. But he is giving but one day to the station and cannot possibly see anything of the work. It has been entirely a work of the Spirit. During these two years since Khawa has been opened, I have been tied up very much with building work, and only able to get an occasional run out into the district. But they have all come in to me, to first hear the Word and then register their own names.

When on tour this time we left one centre (Ghatia) where there are twelve men and their families in one village, and eleven more in the immediate surrounding villages. This is only one of six such centres. Twelves centres in all should have workers in their midst, but these six in particular need teachers immediately.

In order to cover this work and get some good basis to work on, I have appealed to the boys in Rasalpura under Mr. Ledingham, and to the boys in the High School in Indore to drop their classes for one year and give a helping hand to their fellow countrymen. I am anxiously awaiting the result of my letters to Mr. Sherrard and Mr. Ledingham.

Mrs. Harcourt attempted the long hurried tour with me and I am afraid it was too much for her. At present she is resting in bed. I trust a few days rest will quite set her on her feet again.

Well we are very thankful to get help from any quarter, but we do pray most earnestly that the Church at home will uphold us all during the coming days.

There are no doubt mixed motives with many of these people but all the more need for the power of the Spirit to convict of sin, and lead to Christ.

"Be our methods of work what they may, the extent to which they succeed in enthroning Christ in the hearts of the people is the measure of their efficiency."

THE PROSPECTS IN HONAN.

LETTER FROM REV. J. A. SLIMMON.

Hwaiking fu, Honan.

Dear Record.

I feel like asking my friends to join me in thanksgiving to God for all His goodness in restoring my health. It is not long since there was reason to fear that my work in China was done, and what this would mean to one who has spent the best half of his life out here, only those can fully realise who have had the same experience. Now thanks be to God I have reason to expect many years of service.

Judging from conditions all around us we have now come to the time when we may expect to see large mass movements towards Christianity. Movements of this kind will bring their own dangers and problems, but as this is what we have been praying and working for it should be welcomed gladly, and that it may be looked for, is surely shown by the fact that the Chinese National Assembly, now meeting in Peking to discuss the affairs of the nation and elect a President, has publicly asked all the churches throughout China to pray to God for help and guidance during the present crisis.

What nation is there in Europe which would so acknowledge its dependence upon God in political matters in such a way as this? It is such an astounding thing that some doubt the sincerity of the request, but who can tell? And even if the motive behind it is not absolutely pure, what is the effect going to be on the nation at large to have its leaders publicly acknowledge the Christians' God in this way?

The 27th of April which is the day set apart for public prayer to God on the behalf of China, by request of her leaders, will probably mark the date on which China as a nation began to turn from idols to the Living God.

But it is not only in high places that we find signs of this movement, I recently spent four weeks in one of the villages at the foot of the Tai Hang mountains, that

great range which separates Honan from Shansi, and even by the end of the first week it seemed as if the crowds which listened to the preaching were only waiting for some one to set the example and they would all gladly follow. As a matter of fact this was openly stated again and again by some one in the crowd.

These were men from the other extreme of the social scale, miners, quarrymen, stonemasons, muleteers, coolies, etc., etc., just the kind of people that was being preached to when the disciples of John came to Jesus asking if He were really the long expected One; and just the kind that have proved to be the foundations of the Church in all ages.

As helpers I had with me two Chinese evangelists and "Harry Lauder," a phonograph with "records" of some songs, among them some of Harry Lauder's. I wonder what Lauder would say if he knew that he was helping in mission work in the backwoods of China? That he was a very real help no one could doubt who saw the hundreds who gathered day by day to hear the "sound box" and at the same time have the Gospel preached to them.

I had other records besides Lauder's, but his were the favourites. One man who attended regularly right throughout the series of meetings, remarked about Lauder that he was "probably a man about fifty years of age who had lost some of his teeth." He had evidently noticed something peculiar about Lauder's accent, even though he did not understand any English. "But," he added, "he has a fine voice," which shows that the Chinese really have an ear for music.

There was another record which divided the honours with Lauder, that was a laughing song. It was asked for at every meeting, and when it began the crowd would admonish each other to remain perfectly quiet; but when the singer got fairly under weigh, the whole crowd would drown everything in one roar of laughter. "One touch of laughter makes the whole world kin."

A crowd would always rather laugh than cry, and these poor souls need something to cheer them up when hunger is

gnawing at their vitals, and famine is staring them in the face.

There has been no rain for months, no harvest last Fall; no wheat crop this Spring; and, at that time no prospect of any harvest in the coming Fall (rain has fallen since); the price of grain going up and up until it has almost reached the price it rose to forty years ago at the time of the great famine when tens of thousands died of starvation right here in these regions. There were men in the audiences who had been through that famine. Little wonder that they were in dread of a repetition of that awful time.

As the meetings went on one after another professed to accept Christ, and began learning the Lord's Prayer and the Catechism and some of the simple hymns and now there is a little company of believers meeting in the house of the village schoolmaster for worship and Christian fellowship.

During the course of the meetings we had proof again and again that the need of the human heart is just the same in China as at home, and, alas, proof also that the gospel is watered down to harmonize with the experience of the weak believer.

One night when the meeting had lasted on till near ten o'clock and I had hurried off to bed as quickly as possible, the only place where I could get quiet, I heard a conversation between one of my evangelists and a man who had remained behind for conversation.

The man said, "there was one word that laid hold of my heart; you said that this "way" could save from sin, tell me about that, can it really do so? How does it do it?

Then alas! the evangelist began not so much to preach salvation as to explain away what we had been teaching.

My experience during that month in the village is one that may be had anywhere throughout our field just now. I asked my colleague the other day what he thought about it, and he thinks that the same results could be had in almost any of the larger villages round about us if we could give the same time to each of them, and had men to follow it up.

MEDICAL WORK IN HAMHEUNG.

A missionary in Korea, in a private letter to a friend in Canada, tells of the medical work of one of our missionaries, Miss K. McMillan, M.D., at Hamheung, as follows:—

There is no work we believe more worthy of assistance, and none that is more used of God to lead the people of this land to Himself. The medical staff comes in touch with people, men, women and children, who would never otherwise be induced to listen to the Gospel message. Indeed I wish people at home could be made to understand what a good medical plant means to a city which is one of the largest in Korea.

Dr. McMillan has done a great work, and it will doubtless be doubled when she moves into her new plant. Her assistant Korean physician, whom she has herself educated in Ping Yang and Seoul, is a star, clever and promising, yet a beautiful humble Christian young man, as well able to preach as any of our theological students and devoted to his profession.

But this work needs funds. Is there no way they can be raised?

Are there no individuals touched by the Spirit of God sufficiently to open their purses and help this suffering people and lift them from sin and misery?

We all lack in power to paint word pictures, or how vividly we could place before you at home the needs of all branches.

Hamheung is the largest city by far on the East Coast of Korea. So far there is no mission here but our own and up to the present no hospital has been provided, the only city of its size without funds for at least one missionary hospital. Sometimes we feel like appealing to the Western Section, so great are the needs in all lines, but we covet the privilege for our own Church and trust in the near future one grand united effort will be made to set us on our feet in all lines of effort.

One sad thing to see is some having to go away from the dispensary simply because there is no room to put them in for treatment.

The other day I was out in the country and missed the leader of one of our groups whom I had seen on the road. Where he

had disappeared to I could not tell. I found out afterwards that he was busy rushing a man who was choking to death to Dr. McMillan's. You should hear him tell the story after it was over.

It seems a heathen in his village had a tumour in his throat. For a time the native quack doctors were trying their best to heal the trouble but when the tumour got so large that the man began to gape for breath, there was consternation in the house. Of course he was dying. Nothing could be done.

The leader of the church, hearing of the situation, dropped what he was working at, went to the house and prevailed on the family to take the man speedily to Dr. McMillan, that she was a wonderful western doctor and performed many wonderful cures. At once the man was put in a cart and with all speed rushed to the dispensary.

"Ah," said he, "we just got him into the dispensary when Dr. McMillan put an instrument into his mouth and threw his jaws wide open. Then she drove a lance into that tumour and you should seen the blood and matter spout out of him."

Said Han, the leader, "It was all done so quickly and, do you know, we took the sick man home with us breathing like a fine fellow. If that man's life depended upon the heathen doctors he would be dead in no time."

I was in Dr. McMillan's room where patients were being examined some days ago. Among them was a young boy, an only son of his widowed mother, and she was a rumseller. The boy looked very sick. He had come to the meetings in one of our groups for some time, and became a good Christian boy, and though but fourteen years of age, did everything to persuade his mother to give up the rum business.

This day in the dispensary he turned and looked at me and said, "Moksa, please lead my mother on the right road; the doctor says there is no hope for me, there is no hope for me."

The dear boy saw that his end was coming, and his great desire was that his mother would come to know Jesus as her Saviour as he knew him to be his.

I visited the boy after he went to his home and there in the little mud hut with

her boy, her arms around him, watching every breath, hoping against hope that he would recover, I talked to her about her son's going to his heavenly home and that she should look to Jesus for comfort in the hour that was closing on her. As we talked of heavenly things and her dear boy, great tears stood in her eyes. I tried to comfort her for the parting that was at hand.

Little Sin Paul (for this was the boy's Christian name) spent a few more days and nights with his mother, when he was called to the new home above.

Dr. McMillan did all that human medical skill could do for that boy and though the lad is gone, the mother does not forget the kindness shown to her son, she was in church the last time I visited the group.

People come from far and near for healing of the body and as they wait for their turn the glorious story of Christ the King, Jesus the Saviour, is made clear to the suffering ones.

The burden of work on Dr. McMillan's shoulders is a heavy one and I can assure you she needs the prayers and help of God's people.

Never shall I forget what she did for me when fever held me in its burning grip. I shall not forget the scenes round Dr. Grier-son's bedside as she watched, and worked, and prayed when fever racked his body and it seemed that he might not survive, but God was good to him and his life was spared. And when fever had so weakened Mr. Foote, that life seemed almost gone, she stood beside him ministering as God directed. Only a strong woman could have held out under the strain. Slowly life came back, and a loved husband and father was restored to wife and children.

May God bless and keep her and spare her many more years of blessed useful service.

Christianity is utterly opposed to selfishness. God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son. If man accepts the Son as his Saviour and counsellor and guide, he has no right to do as he pleases with either his life or talent or worldly possessions. He is no longer his own; he has been bought with a price.—Frederick W. Faber.

Young People's Societies

AUGUST MISSIONARY TOPIC.

MISSION WORK IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

REV. N. R. D. SINCLAIR.

The Field.

The territory usually known as Northern Ontario, and under the supervision of Rev. J. D. Byrnes, B.D., comprises four Presbyteries, Barrie, North Bay, Temiskaming and Algoma. As the Presbytery of Barrie falls within the older part of Ontario, and has almost outgrown the Mission stage, the present article will deal with the other three Presbyteries, and chiefly with that portion lying North and West of the town of North Bay.

This comprises a section of country two hundred and fifty miles from North to South and about three hundred miles from East to West. Traversing this country from East to West are two lines of Railway, the C.P.R. main line from North Bay westward and the Soo Branch of the same westward from Sudbury to Sault Ste. Marie.

Two other lines are in course of construction, the C.N.R. from Sudbury to Fort William, and the National Transcontinental crossing the Northern section of the Province. Then running North and South we have the T. & N. O. from North Bay to Cochrane, and in addition to this there is in course of construction the Algoma Central from Sault Ste. Marie to Hearst where it joins the N.T.C. Also a branch of this system is being built to connect Manitoulin Island with Sudbury.

Then there are the Islands in the Northern end of Lake Huron, the Manitoulin, Cockburn, and St. Joseph's, and other small Islands reached by the various Inland Navigation Companies in summer and by stage across the ice in winter.

History.

The settlement of this country has been going on for many years. Possibly the oldest town is Bruce Mines, where copper

was being mined over sixty years ago. Settlement was begun by the white man on Manitoulin Island seventy years ago. The farming districts in South Western Algoma were occupied about thirty-five years ago.

As the country developed and settlement increased, mission work was begun by the various churches. The writer of this article is not in possession of the historical data for the origin of this work, but it was well under way at least thirty years ago. Algoma then belonged to the Presbytery of Bruce.

About this time Rev. A. Findlay was appointed Superintendent of Missions, and labored faithfully amid many difficulties and with many hardships until his death. His work was truly pioneer work, for when he began there were no railroads; and even when the C.P.R. had its two lines of track across the country there were many settlements to be reached by means of a buckboard over primitive roads, or by sail-boat or canoe.

But Dr. Findlay did his work year after year, visiting mission fields and calling on the people, and he knew the history of the country, and could tell about the settlers, often better even than the missionaries on the fields.

Mr. Childerhose who succeeded Dr. Findlay, was not in the work of Superintendent two years when he was suddenly called away, but in that time he had made an impression not to be forgotten.

Then the Rev. J. D. Byrnes, the present Superintendent, took up the work in 1910, and has been carrying it on with faithfulness, zeal and energy; and it requires an abundance of these characteristics, for the work is heavy and the country is wide, thus necessitating a great deal of traveling.

The People and Their Work.

Southwestern Algoma and the Manitoulin Island have been peopled mostly from older Ontario. These sections are chiefly

agricultural. Most of the arable part of the various Islands has been brought under cultivation, but only a small part of that in Algoma.

In addition to agriculture there is the great lumbering industry. For in this country there is abundance of pine and spruce, and also hardwood. Some of the best oak of the Province can be found on the Manitoulin. This lumber industry gives employment to many thousands of men in the camps, in winter, who come from all parts of the world, but chiefly from Quebec and Ontario. In the summer the small towns and villages where sawmills are situated are busy cutting up the logs into various forms of building material. The fishing industry occupies a few hundred men each year in Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, and the North Channel.

The Islands of Georgian Bay, the Lakes on the Manitoulin, the Lakes and rivers of Algoma and Temiskaming are becoming every year more popular as the resort of tourists from far and near. Here, as in the industrial centres, one may meet with persons from almost any part of this continent and beyond.

Vying in importance with lumbering is mining. Nickel, copper, silver, gold, and iron are the chief products. Sudbury has been the centre of the nickel industry, which is producing the greater part of the world's supply. A find has been made recently near Matheson, which also gives great promise. Copper is distributed throughout much of the country. Silver is produced in the Cobalt district, gold in Porcupine, and iron at Michipicoten and Sellwood.

Of course all these minerals and others are to be found at many other points in Northern Ontario, but at present these are the chief places of output. In these mining centres the population is an aggregation from all the countries of the world.

It will thus be seen that we have in Northern Ontario a great variety of conditions. We have not as yet the large city with all its advantages and its problems; but we have our growing towns and our lonely countryside for some of the rural sections are lonely.

Yet on the other hand we have country districts with many of the most up to date improvements. We have our industrial problems. We have pioneer life, on the railways, in the new towns and villages, and in the homesteads in the bush.

Our Mission Work.

In the three Presbyteries there are thirteen self-sustaining charges, twelve augmented, ten ordained mission fields, and about seventy other mission fields. In Algoma Presbytery there are mission fields which have been served by students for twenty or thirty years, and there is little prospect of advancement from this stage.

Nor is this due to the overlapping with other churches, as that occurs on only a few fields, but rather to natural conditions. They are small settlements (some with a declining population owing to the lure of Western Canada) which we have ministered to for all these years, and to which we gladly continue to minister simply because of their need.

One such may be mentioned. Cockburn Island is situated in Lake Huron, about twenty-five miles from Thessalon. Some years ago the settlers there enjoyed considerable prosperity from lumbering, but that is gone. Now there are left about twenty-five families who have good farms, but there is no prospect of increase of population or prosperity. Yet as we are the only church working there we will continue as long as needed. Then there are some small sawmill villages which are populated only in summer.

Yet on the other hand there are many sections of this Presbytery where progress is being made. In some cases, by means of continuous supply instead of changing men every six months, much improvement has been made. The advent of a railroad to Little Current on Manitoulin Island will make for permanence and progress at that point, and many points on the Island.

In the mining district around Sudbury our churches have been growing with the growth of the towns. At Sellwood our missionary has done very satisfactory work with the foreigners by assisting them to learn English. And he has by this means become acquainted with them and able to

help them in many ways, as he could not otherwise have done.

Some of the mission fields come in contact with the lumbering industry, and the missionaries hold services in the camps as they are able to.

On the whole Algoma Presbytery is making progress, but much of it is necessarily slow as far as statistics go.

Yet on the other hand that Presbytery has done and is doing a great work in serving many needy districts where outward encouragements are few but where the need is great. For from these settlements as the young people grow up, they go out to find work in the towns and cities, and thus the settlements lose some of their brightest and best life.

Yet, where these settlements have had the services of the Church, such migration is but a transference of religious energy from one community to another, while if we neglect such places they will still continue to supply recruits for the towns and cities, but with the sad result of complicating still worse the present problems of the cities.

The work in North Bay Presbytery is very similar to that in Algoma. Here there are settlements among the rocks and along the rivers where farming was once very remunerative owing to the proximity of the lumbering interests. These latter are passing away and farming has declined. Yet here too church services must be kept up so long as there are people who need the Gospel. In this Presbytery as in Algoma the missionaries on some of the fields come in contact with lumber camps and minister to them as they can.

As we go North to Temiskaming Presbytery we find the greatest development in Mission work in recent years. It is thirty or forty years since settlers moved into the farming districts of Algoma and Parry Sound. The oldest farming settlements of Temiskaming do not date back more than half that time. The rich agricultural land at the head of Lake Temiskaming was taken up first and this country is now well settled.

The congregation of St. Andrew's, New Liskeard, has long been self sustaining, and has also been strongly missionary, not merely in its contributions to the budget, but in numerous unrecorded ways to missions and missionaries in the vicinity. The discovery of valuable mineral deposits at Cobalt gave rise to two large towns, Cobalt and Halleybury, with correspondingly prosperous churches.

Coming further north we have missions established in the first clay belt, which reaches to Englehart, in the mining districts of Larder Lake and Porcupine and in the great clay belt beyond the height of land.

Progress in most of these fields will be slow, as far as finances go at any rate. The business of hewing out a farm in this wilderness of spruce and jack-pine takes time; without yielding any great returns. But after that initial outlay is over, and roads are built, progress both for agriculture and for the Church will be much more rapid.

The establishment of pulp mills means an increase of prosperity for the settlers, and it also means the building of villages and towns where the Church must serve.

Then too there is the building of the National Transcontinental Ry., which when completed will be the means of opening up a large tract of hitherto unused country, the establishment of towns and rural settlements, and the consequent need of continental church expansion to meet the requirements of this great country.

Some of Our Problems.

When we come to consider the problems of any country or section of a country, we recognize that men are men wherever they are, and that the great outstanding need is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, presented with clearness, force and conviction.

Yet this problem has different phases owing to different conditions. One fact to be noted is the presence in large numbers of those who cannot speak English. The public schools get hold of the children, and the Sunday schools are able to reach them also, but the adults remain; and under present conditions there are far more adults than children, as few have as

yet brought out their families. And until we have reached a common basis in language, we cannot very successfully present the message of the Gospel.

Another need of this country is a greater respect for law. We want those who come to us, either as visitors or settlers, to bring with them the best they have by way of religious traditions and ideals.

Here is a great opportunity for the investment of influence. This country needs much by way of the investment of capital, but it needs still more the investment of strong true character. There is the same God here as in the lands from which our settlers have come, and the recognition of this fact would, on the one hand, keep many a one from going astray, and, on the other, would be the means of rallying to

our churches in this new land those who in the older lands were regular in their attendance, and of valuable assistance in all lines of Church work.

And further we need men to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in all its fulness, to proclaim that Gospel by word and life, so that it shall indeed become the power of God unto salvation to the men of this new land.

And this is no easy work. It calls for the best energies of the best men. Every one with a consecrated life can contribute something to the upbuilding of this land, and the best equipped will not be wasting their energies, but rather putting them to splendid use and receiving in return a development of their own lives through the enlargement of their experience and the widening of their sympathies.

AUGUST CITIZENSHIP TOPIC

TAXATION AND THE COST OF LIVING.

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

Although, as the old hymn truly declares, "it is not all of life to live," it is certainly the fundamental necessity to keep body and soul together; and, man being subject to the animal conditions of existence, the three essentials of a "living" are food, clothing and shelter.

The relations between taxation and the cost of living are obvious. Taxation, being a forced contribution by the individual to the public treasury, which must be paid out of the earnings, from which also food, clothing and shelter are provided, is clearly a diminution of those earnings, or, in other words, an addition to the cost of living.

Being myself a believer in the sacred rights of property, whether that property be public or private, I am opposed to taxation altogether. Whatever its form, and whether direct or indirect, it runs counter to the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," because it involves the taking from an individual values which are rightfully his because he has honestly earned them.

That it is done under legal forms and for the purposes of government does not at all change the moral character of the transaction. It is in the nature of theft, and human governments cannot abrogate the commandments of God.

Every material thing included in the widest sense of the terms food, clothing and shelter,—everything that has to do with man's physical well being, is a labor product. This is true at least of all that goes to make up a human living above the grade of mere savagery, where food consist of meats and fruits gathered from wild trees, clothing, some slight covering of twisted leaves, and shelter the mere caves of the earth.

A labor-product, as the term implies, is a product of human effort, toil or industry, applied to the raw material of the universe, which is indicated in the term land. This is the sole origin of every article of wealth in the world.

According to my view of it, each man absolutely owns himself, with whatever powers of hand or brain may have been bestowed upon him by the Creator, and is then entitled to the sole and absolute

ownership of whatever he produces by the labor of his hands, or by the service of his brains; and all men are entitled to equal access, on terms of strict equity, to the storehouse of raw material. This latter point is settled by the statement "the earth hath he given to the children of men."

Here, then, we have the basis of private property. A man owns a thing because he has made it, or given a satisfactory equivalent in goods or services, to the man who actually made it, and because, in the making of it he has had access to the raw materials on terms of justice and equity towards all his fellow beings.

I say that in every such case the producer rightfully owns his product. It is his private property; and whosoever takes any part of it away from him, whether it be a public tax collector or a private highway man, has violated the command against robbery.

Taxation levied upon any form of labor product, therefore, cannot be defended in the court of morals; it is, and must be, a violation of the rights of private property. Hence my opposition to taxation altogether. It is, in short, a form of crime.

But, it may be said, we must have taxation or we cannot have public revenue; which is the same as saying that we cannot have government or civilization at all.

Revenue is certainly an essential, but it can be had in abundance without taxation,—understanding that word as I have defined it, as the taking for public purposes values which rightfully belong to private citizens. Revenue can be obtained by taking values which naturally and rightfully belong to the community as a whole, and this is not taxation.

Wealth is produced, as has been pointed out, by the application of human labor to the raw material of the Universe, the land, which is described in Holy Writ as having been "given to the children of men." While, therefore, the product is the just property of the worker, the storehouse itself belongs to all.

Land is not only a necessary factor in the production of wealth in the primary industries of farming, lumbering, mining,

etc., but it is equally indispensable all through the ramifications of trade and commerce, and the complex details of social life. Railways, roads, warehouses, stores, dwelling houses, everything that goes to make up the frame work of society, must rest on land, and in accordance with the Scriptural statement quoted above, the land of any country really belongs to the living generation of the people of that country.

Practically, of course, it is necessary to arrange in our laws for the private possession by specific individuals of specific portions of land, but this need not interfere at all with its true and real ownership by all. Land owners under our system are in fact only tenants at will. The land itself may be left in their possession, while the values which arise on account of the presence of population, and which are registered upon the land by an infallible law of nature, may be taken for public purposes.

These values constitute the natural rent. For convenience the values are called land values, but in reality they are population values, because they are the "value of the opportunity" measured by the size and activity of the population.

The term land values is misleading, as seeming to imply that the values are attached to the land, whereas they are attached to the population and merely fall upon the land, precisely as the shadow of a man acts. Everybody knows that when population moves, whether to increase or diminish, then values follow the movement.

It is the basic injustice of the existing system that these values are treated as though they were inherent in the land—they are made the private property of the land holder.

But I have rightly named them population values, and accordingly they rightfully belong to the population, i. e., to the community. As public property, therefore they ought to be collected for public revenue. If this were done, taxation as we now have it could be abolished altogether as an unnecessary evil.

For, though this collection of the people's natural rent were made through the machinery of taxation it would not constitute taxation, since it would not be the taking from individuals of any value to which they have a moral right.

On the other hand, it would be a vindication of the wisdom of God—showing that He who formed man and adapted him to live under orderly government had provided for the necessary public revenue in a way consistent with the command—"Thou shalt not steal."

THE COLD-PLUNGE START.

A cold tub or shower bath upon rising in the morning is not only a decided physical stimulus, but a splendid moral tonic as well.

Professor James, in his chapter on "Habit," offers this maxim: "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the time of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test."

It is just this quickening of the faculty of effort which is accomplished by making a cold-plunge start into the new day. Something hard is done at the outset which requires a bracing of the will, and all day the will thus braced renders better service.

Concerning all of the duties of life, it is the wise rule, when several tasks must be done, to undertake the hardest task first. Who does not know the moral enervation which follows the postponement of a hard duty for something easy. When, however, the difficult task is resolutely undertaken and finished there comes a feeling of elation that makes all subsequent tasks still more easy and quick of accomplishment.—Sel.

DOING WITHOUT GOD.

And so you have about decided, my friend, that you can do without God. You will excuse me for saying so, but I fear that it cannot be done. Something will happen the day after to-morrow to show you that I am right. Being a man, there are cords that are binding you to Him that you will find it desperately hard to break.

And after all why should you try to break them? Why should you not take Him into your life, an honored Partner in all your affairs? You will need Him, for how many

reasons I cannot tell you, but I know you will. And I wouldn't say that to frighten you, nor would I urge it for any merely sentimental or selfish reason. But you will make the most stupendous mistake—THE MISTAKE of your lives—if you try to get along without Him.—Ex.

THE MISSIONARY APPEAL.

By W. J. DAWSON, D.D.

There are three basic principles of the Missionary Appeal.

(1.) Christianity is, and was meant to be, a world-religion. Within the first three centuries it was a world-religion, in so far as the world was then known and accessible. From Africa to Gaul the Christian missionaries were found, and legend has it that Thomas the Apostle died in India.

(2.) This religion was meant to be spread by human means: "how can they hear without a preacher?" It employed three great methods, the contagion of character, individual evangelism, and personal sacrifice.

(3.) For Christians not to spread this religion by every means in their power, was to accuse themselves of insincerity.

They had the secret of healing and renovation for a ravaged world, and by every claim of gratitude and humanity they were bound to impart it.

These are still binding. The passion of propaganda has always been found in the Church, and is the one supreme secret of its vitality.

Why do we need to appeal to Christians whose duty then seems so self-evident? Because of the lack of world-view in individual Christians; because of the lack of any vivid realization of what the world without Christ is; and because of the failure to realize the truth of human brotherhood.

In the present conditions there is much to discourage us, but still more to encourage us.

The discouraging thing is that all our best efforts are alarmingly inadequate to the expressed aim of the conversion of the world. The total sums contributed for world-wide evangelization are utterly trifling compared with the sums spent by Christian people on automobiles, on unnecessary luxuries, and on the means of pleasure.

The encouraging elements are that the heroism of the missionaries still remains, that the triumph of the missionary is still evident, and that the opportunity of the missionary was never so great.

I beg you to consider thoughtfully these statements. Examine them one by one. Seek to define your own measure of responsibility in relation to them. If they are not true, reject them. If you admit them true, then ask, "What is my duty in relation to them?"

Life and Work

HOW HE LEARNED TO PREACH.

BX EVELYN ORCHARD.

(In the British Weekly.)

Nobody paid much heed to the slight figure of an elderly woman in black occupying the minister's pew at the Bates Memorial Church on a certain Sunday morning in September.

Yet she was his mother. The Rev. Hugo Draper (christened plain Hugh at the baptismal font, and so called by his mother and all his relations) was such a very handsome, distinguished-looking person that one naturally might have looked for a more striking personality in his mother.

But the person who dismissed Mrs. Draper with a casual glance as a woman of no importance would merely have made one of those frequent mistakes which colour all our relations with one another.

This was Mrs. Draper's first visit to her son in his London home.

The Bates Memorial Church, a very handsome building, had been built by Mr. Frederick Bates, the head of a large wholesale firm, in memory of his father, who had founded the firm.

It is certain that old John Bates would never have countenanced the ornate, much-decorated church which bore his name. He would have loathed the painted windows in the chancel, down to the very wording, "To the glory of God and the memory of John Bates," with a due record of his benefactions to the neighbourhood.

Hugh Draper was its first minister, and he had come fresh from a brilliant career at college, because the Bates, as a family, believed in the young man, and wanted something attractive as a figurehead for their beautiful church. He had now been three years its minister, and his mother had come from her remote Northumbrian village to visit him for the first time.

The church was well filled, with a highly-respectable and richly-dressed congregation, of whom the majority were women. Mrs. Draper's keen old eye missed nothing; she carried away with her from the Bates Memorial Church that Sunday morning a photographic memory as faithful and complete as a cinematograph film.

She did not wait for her son to come out of the vestry, and he had felt no great eagerness to urge her to remain for the purpose of being introduced to his office-

bearers. It would be quite wrong to say that he was ashamed of his mother, because he loved her dearly, and sent her each month a very substantial portion of his stipend.

It may be said here that she had come to Crayford Heath without specific invitation, and she had given no reason as yet for a step so unusual. But she was marshalling her evidence, and Draper heard it that night as they sat together in the study after they had discussed together their evening meal.

Draper, with his feet thrust in his slippers, his old smoking jacket on, and a pipe in his mouth, suddenly thought how pleasant it was to see her there, and prepared to enjoy a good talk with her. She had only arrived the night before, and he had had as yet no opportunity for much private speech.

"You don't look a day older, mother," he said, pleasantly. "How old are you, really?"

"Sixty-seven," she answered; "and I was thirty-seven on the day you were born. I took you as a gift from the Lord, and dedicated you to His service there and then."

Draper slightly winced, and thrust his long, slender hand through his abundant hair, which he wore rather long, and which was much admired by the feminine portion of the congregation.

"Sometimes I wish you hadn't," he said, with a slight humorous smile. "It's a narrow life for a man, the Church, especially in these days of the decline of religious life."

"Where is the decline?" she asked, sitting up rather straightly, and crossing her small toil-worn hands on her knee.

"Why, everywhere. I haven't much reason to complain, because, as you saw, my place is full. Weren't you pleased with the congregations, mother?"

"I didn't look much at them; mostly women, weren't they?"

"Go into any church you like, and you'll find that. It is nothing new. Women have always been the backbone of the Church."

"That shouldn't be. I don't deny that women need religion more, that it means more to them in their everyday life than to men; but no church can live unless it has it upheld by the strength and the

sacrifice of men. Can you imagine Ebenezer Chapel without your father, Hugh?"

"In the country it is different," said Draper, rather evasively, "church or chapel represents all the social life there is. If you lived here you would get to understand the distractions which wean people away from the church, and would realize that I have achieved a sort of triumph, in a way. I can always fill the church."

"It isn't the meat you give them there, then, son? You had not a word to-day for a needy or hungry soul."

Draper reddened, ever so slightly. He was unused to criticism, the prevailing notes of his congregation being reverence and appreciation.

"Oh! come, mother, what did you expect—something in the way of a revival address, perhaps? That sort of thing would hardly go down in the Bates Memorial. If I were to try it I should come a cropper, and no mistake. They are all intellectual people, and want very little guiding or teaching from me."

The little old country woman regarded her son's face with an odd mingling of affection and concern.

"Then it is time you went to them that do need you, Hugh," was all she said.

"What did you think of my sermons to-day, mother? Tell me quite frankly."

"I did not hear any sermons," she answered, without flinching. "In the morning all you had to say about the inspiration of the psalms seemed to me to have neither beginning, middle, nor end."

"If that is what you think of my exhaustive study of David, it is hardly to be expected that you would be able to follow me at night on the Ethical Teaching of Robert Browning. But you could see for yourself how many young folks were in the church, and that they were interested. More than the half of them were taking notes."

"It's a new-fangled kind of preaching I don't understand, Hugh, and it has nothing to do with the teaching of Jesus, as far as I can see. What ails the Sermon on the Mount?"

"It's out of date, mother. We've travelled a far distance since then."

"On the backward road," she retorted, swiftly and fearlessly, for though she might be socially and intellectually unfit for contact with the cultured congregations of the Bates Memorial Church, she was spiritually continents ahead of them. "Folk are just the same as they were in the Lord's time; Jew or Gentile, they're all needing the Living Bread. When I think on your father, Hugh, my heart is in my mouth. He was only a stonemason,

but he was the best stonemason in Heaton Airedale, and it is better any day to be a good stonemason than a bad minister."

"They don't count me as a bad minister, mother," said Draper, with patient good humour.

"But you are, for, unless you preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, you are betraying the Master, just as Peter did before the cock crew. I'll be going to my bed, Hugh, I think, for the day has seemed long, and has tired me more than is common."

"Sit still awhile, mother, and let's thresh the thing out. What you don't understand is my position here. The Bates are not Evangelicals. They would not suffer the kind of preaching you are thinking of. I'm not denying it's the best sort, but in these days one has to cut one's coat according to one's cloth."

Then the small old country woman's anger blazed forth:

"Did Paul and Silas measure the cloth or count the cost before they went to the gaol for conscience sake? Out on you, Hugh; ye are not worthy of your godly father. I was reading in my Bible this afternoon while you were out, and I had a very good mind to come down and show you the prophet's words for your undoing."

"Which of them?" asked Draper, interestedly.

She rose from her chair, and when she spoke the prophet's words she looked herself not unlike a seer.

"The vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, 'Read this, I pray you,' and he saith, 'I cannot, for it is sealed.'"

"Mother," Draper said, as they sat at breakfast, "after you left me last night I began to think what a foolish thing it was for you to be living at Heaton Airedale alone, and me here in this house. Can you think of any reason why you should not come here altogether?"

"I can't think of any, and I am coming. I don't like your grand kirk, nor some other things about you, but you are all I have in this world," she made answer, and within two weeks the change was accomplished, and the stonemason's widow became a regular occupant of the minister's pew.

Immediately the ladies of the congregation swooped down to pay calls upon her, but she puzzled them so much that, though they had various tea parties to discuss her,

they were quite unable to arrive at any definite conclusion regarding her.

She began to make a difference in the life of the Bates Memorial Church. Very gradually, as the winter months wore on, a change began to creep over the pulpit messages, and while they caused much discussion and some heartburning in high quarters, there was no falling-off in attendance, but, on the contrary, a mighty quickening everywhere.

But just after Christmas, when Draper had announced a series of sermons on the Atonement, Mr. Frederick Bates wrote a long laboured letter of protest.

Draper did not show this to his mother, because he had by that time arrived at a point where he had both courage and ability to deal with it himself. He simply replied that it was his desire and intention henceforth to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and that he deplored the barren years in which he had denied his Lord.

And, further, he left himself entirely and unreservedly in the hands of the church, to keep him or bid him go. He did not go, for when Frederick Bates began to agitate for his transfer to another sphere of labour he found a solid phalanx of devoted men and women.

He remained at the Bates Memorial Church. He is there still, and the stonemason's widow, a little bent and frail, still sits in the corner of the manse pew. A small insignificant woman, of no account in the eyes of the world, she is charged with a mighty mission, to keep alive the fire of divine love and service in the heart of her only son.

A HINT FOR S.S. TEACHERS.

Do Not Lecture.

By AMOS R. WELLS, LITT.D., LL.D.

Perhaps I should say, "Thou shalt not harangue." "Preaching," the boys and girls call it; meaning no disrespect to genuine sermons, but considerable disrespect to our Sunday-school imitations of them.

The attention of children is proverbially flighty. This does not always mean that their touch-and-go regard for what is said to them is wholly unjustified, since often their attention is precisely as long as our remarks are worth attention!

The minds of the boys and girls are keener than we sometimes credit them with being. They do not need all the amplifications, explanations and repetitions which we are so fond of heaping upon them. They prefer the materials of thought, which they are quite capable of amplifying for themselves.

Our long windedness is often the result of our failure to understand their actual powers. They are impatient with our lec-

tures because they do not need them, or think that they do not need them.

If we are quite sure that our pupils do not understand on the first statement, still a tedious elaboration is no way to make them understand; it is only a way to make them restless and heedless. The cure of a misunderstood statement is never another statement, it is a question.

Questions—Questions—Questions, those are the reliance of the wise teacher. Questions to convict of ignorance. Questions to indicate the points at issue. Questions to restate statements. Questions to arouse interest. Questions to prompt thought. Questions to hold attention. Questions to enlarge the scope of the discussion. Questions to make applications. Questions to review. Indeed, there is very little in our Sunday-school teaching, beyond the necessary foundation of fact, that may not be best set forth in questions.

The lecture is likely to become oracular and egotistical. The question complements the one questioned with an implication of his own wisdom and knowledge. The lecture is one-sided. The question is always at least two-sided. The lecture is a club. The question is a hook and line. And there is no doubt which is the better for fishing.

Lecturing is usually a result of poor lesson preparation. We talk to fill up the time. There is nothing that we are eager for the pupils to know, so eager that we must make sure that they know it.

Here is a mother sending her daughter to buy a spool of thread, for which she is in a hurry. The mother does not enter upon an account of thread-making, tracing the thread from the silk-worm to the spool. No; after the clear statement of what is wanted she begins to ask questions: "Now what number did I say?" "Number eighty." "And what color?" "The lightest blue he has." "Silk or cotton?" "Silk." "Whose make?" "Johnson's." "And will you hurry back as fast as you can?" "Yes'm." That is teaching.

In short, your teaching is questionable if it is not full of questions! Aim to draw out ten words of the pupils for every one of your own. Aim to elicit illustrations from the class; they will interest the children far more than the illustrations you may gather painfully from books.

Lead the children to make their own applications; they will stick far better than your most earnest exhortations. Take for your pedagogical motto the lazy man's maxim, and never say to the children anything that by any device you can get the children to say for themselves.—In The Westminster Teacher.

THE EXCUSING HABIT.

An Actual Example.

An example of how the habit of making excuses that may impose upon us and mislead us is seen in an actual and recent experience between a minister and a parishioner.

The parishioner was a man who held a prominent and responsible position in the business world. The minister had written him a note asking him to do a certain service. When the time appointed for the service had come the man was there and did it. The minister, seeing him at the work, assumed that the note had done its work and that man had been ready.

But after having performed the task the parishioner came to the minister and said, "When I got your note I saw at once that it was impossible for me to do what you asked, and I immediately wrote a note in reply to explain why I could not do it."

"I did not quite like my note and tore it up to write another which would explain better why I could not do what you asked."

"Then I wrote a third one, stating quite finally that I could not respond."

"You did not get either of the three, because after writing the third one I just looked myself in the face and said, 'Here, you can perfectly well do what he has asked you to do, and you know you can.'"

"So here I am and I have done it and I mean to keep on doing it, but I thought you might like to know how it came about. I have decided that not only I, but thousands of others all around, are giving excuses which would not stand a minute if we faced them down."

This man had enlarged his life by facing down one of his excuses. It had been one of the things which had narrowed his life, but he had thought it would protect his liberty.

On all sides we are telling ourselves that we cannot do this or that duty, and the third time of telling it to ourselves usually settles it, and after that we do not even look into the matter again.

It is so easy to tell ourselves that we are not feeling up to the mark to-day and therefore cannot do anything; but it is possible to coolly face down that plausibility and see that we can really do a good day's work, which will be remembered long after the "not feeling well" is entirely forgotten.

We neglect some duty or refuse some opportunity, and tell ourselves that we have not time for it, but we inwardly know that we have, and that we waste more time than it would have taken on something that amounted to nothing.

When we think of character, let us think how much of it imperceptibly leaks away through this unexamined and unsuspected excusing habit.

We must not live an apologetic life. Many an incompetent workman owes his inefficiency, and his failure, to get on, to just this habit. There are some who seem to think that a good excuse for not having done a certain piece of work is just as good as if the piece of work were really done. They think the good excuse ought to give perfect satisfaction. But in the severity of the world's work-rules the question must be relentlessly asked, "Does he do the work given him to do?"

There is no sadder sight than the man who spends his time explaining why he failed, and who considers that quite the equivalent of success. It is far better and healthier for us just to say "I failed," and then to try again, than it is to be going over and over these explanations of it, for they pervert and cloud the judgment. The poor mechanic will always be talking about the badness of his tools.

Some of us even fall into the vicious habit of giving excuses and apologies for everything we do, even when it is quite right, and we know it to be right.

Once when Wishop Wilberforce was a student in the university he was invited to a wine-supper at the rooms of a man and with a crowd with whom he did not want to associate. No excuses could really be given. And he simply stayed away.

A few days later the man who gave the invitation blocked his way as they met face to face in a narrow passage. Wilberforce understood that this was a demand for an explanation or apology, but he had none to give and he would not give any, so he simply said, "I did not go to your wine-supper."

Still the acquaintance blocked his path, tacitly demanding something more; but Wilberforce would not defend his action and simply repeated, "I did not go to your wine-supper."

That was the end of it. He was not troubled with further invitations, and he did not thereafter have to give any insincere excuses.

As the self-excusing habit grows the character becomes loose and infirm, but nothing strengthens it like the growing habit of seeking for reasons why we ought to take up with life's ever recurring duties and opportunities. A man ought to find the reasons for doing his duty richer and more inspiring all the way.

Thoughts are seeds, words are flowers, and deeds are fruits.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS BY WOODROW WILSON.

(President of the U.S.A.)

I take it for granted that the significance of a Sunday school lies in this circumstance: that it is an attempt to carry along the religious education of the nation with its secular education.

Almost all my life I have been engaged in educational work. I have always had the same conception of it, from the beginning until now, namely, that education is a fundamental part of progress, that you can't make progress unless you tie one generation in with another. Any disconnection between one generation and another will be a break, and may be a fatal break in the continuity of progress.

You can't make progress in disconnected groups and, therefore, with each generation you have to take the younger people as they come on and supply them with those conditions of thought which have sustained the progress of the generations that have come before them. You have to see to it that the light that has been accumulated by scholars and sages and men of profound experience shall not be dissipated, because the next generation knows nothing of it.

There is a sense in which education may be said to be the memory of the race—recollecting its experiences, building upon the things that it has done, not forgetting its successes and always remembering its mistakes; throwing aside the things that have not borne the test of time and of thought and discovery, and going on to those things which are more and more sanctioned from generation to generation by what is known and thought and discovered in the world.

You know that one of the experiences of the Christian Church has been that from time to time it has feared the effect of discovery and the effect of scientific thought—the effect of the thought based upon the mere phenomena of nature—upon the teachings derived from the Bible.

It has turned out to be an idle fear, because there have never been any fundamental discrepancies between the teachings of the Bible, which is God's written Word, and the teachings of nature, which is God's work—which we make out more and more distinctly from generation to generation.

Religious education is education in this very Word of God; not the Word of God written in nature, for that is the study of the schools on week-days, but the Word of God written in His Scriptures.

The only book that can have any possible significance as a text-book in the Sunday

school is the Bible itself, and as we must train our children in the rest of the thought of the world, we must, if we are to make progress as a nation, ground each generation as it comes along in the established and tested moral judgments of the world.

DIET TO KEEP YOUNG.

(NOTE.—The use of a life to the world depends largely upon its health. Health is in a very great measure a matter of food. Ill health is a misfortune, but it is often a sin, or the result of sin. Therefore no apology is needed for inserting the following in the Record, Ed.)

Dietetics furnishes mankind with the nearest approach to the fountain of youth, according to a noted physician. He says: What man or woman, growing old, would not give a fortune for the renewal of youth? With a little care he or she might have kept it for ten or a dozen years longer; but its value was not realized until too late.

Everyone has power to hasten or retard the process of growing old. Nearly every one hastens it, and at the same time cuts off a considerable number of years from the natural span of life.

Through diet, especially, is the age of the body affected. Of course, one who frets and worries will age more rapidly than the person who takes life serenely; and a great many things, such as bad air, want of exercise, overwork, will help on the wrinkles and stiff joints.

But in this connection food is more important than any other factor. And a proper choice of food and mode of feeding will, indeed, prevent worry, lighten the cares of life, make work easier, and so prolong youth.

First in order to delay the coming of old age, we must prevent the deposit of fat by moderation in eating, more particularly moderation as regards sugars.

Secondly we must avoid the use of alcohol in all forms as much as possible, so that the arteries shall not become distended and lose their tone.

These are the broad rules for preserving youth so far as food is concerned. To obtain the best results it is desirable to commence the rational regulation of diet while youth remains. Up to the age of 23 or 25 in the case of men and 18 to 20 in women, the framework of the body is being formed and the diet should be generous.

After the thirtieth year has been passed it is no longer necessary to eat to make more tissues, but only to preserve equilibrium of weight and strength.—Sel.

THE "ALWAYS-ON-HAND" TEACHER.

BY REV. G. ERNEST FORBES, B.A., NEW
GLASGOW, N.S.

That which can be depended upon is of infinitely more value than that which can not.

This is known by men in all spheres of life; but few recognize it more quickly, or are more influenced by its truth, than the boy in the Sabbath School. The boy may not be conscious that he is being thus influenced, yet it is a potent factor in moulding all his future life.

Some time ago a boy in a Sabbath School said, "No, I'm not going back to Sabbath School any more. Our teacher's never there, and we're sent around from one class to another till we don't know where we belong."

Steps were taken to see to it that the teacher was on hand on the following Sabbath; but not half of her boys were there to meet her. They did not expect her, because it was beginning to rain about the time the Sabbath School bells were ringing, and she had always stayed home on rainy days. She was not to be depended upon, and her boys knew it.

At a critical time in that boy's life, he was taught by the example of one whom he at first greatly respected, that attendance at the Sabbath School was not all-important. He soon felt the same about all the church services, and for the past five years he has drifted first into carelessness and now into dissolute ways. We do not lay all the blame at the door of the careless teacher; but we do say that she lost an excellent opportunity of helping that boy at a crucial and formative time in the making of his character when she might have saved him from becoming what he is to-day.

About the same time that this careless, or we should say, thoughtless, teacher lost her great opportunity, there was in the School another class of less promising boys, whose teacher did not have either the attractiveness or the mental ability of the one to whom we have been referring. Her boys were restless, stirring fellows.

One Monday morning two of them were passing the manse, and from the garden behind the hedge, I heard John say: "She's what I call a brick. I thought first I'd stay home yesterday, for it was the worst old storm I ever saw. Then I made up my mind I'd go just for the sake of being there when the teacher wasn't. But I got left, for there she was."

"Was she though," said Frank. "I didn't go, for I didn't think there'd be any School; but if Miss K—— was there yesterday, then no storm will ever keep me home again."

Miss K—— was often discouraged, and frequently felt that her one talent was of little use; but her fidelity inspired her boys and every one of them is to-day giving promise of great usefulness, two of them already holding positions of trust.

That which can be depended upon is of infinitely more value than that which can not.—The Teacher's Monthly.

THE CHURCH'S DUTY.

BY HON. DAVID LLYOD GEORGE.

The function of the Church is not to urge or advocate any specific measure in regard to social reform. Her duty is to create an atmosphere in which the leaders of this country in the legislature and in the municipalities may find encouragement to engage in reforming the dire evils which exist.

First, the Church must rouse the national conscience to the existence of these evils, and afterward to a sense of the nation's responsibilities for dealing with them.

Second, the Church must inculcate the necessary spirit of self-sacrifice without which it is impossible for a gigantic problem of this kind to be dealt with.

Third, the Church must insist on the truth being told about these social wrongs. The Church ought to be like a limelight turned on the slumlands, to shame those in authority into doing something.

In cottages reeking with tuberculosis, dark, damp, wretched, dismal abodes, are men and women who neglect their Church because she neglects them. No speedier way of reviving the wavering faith of the masses could be found than for the religious bodies to show that they are alive to the social evils which surround us.

It is not for the Church to draft Housing Acts, nor to enter into a political propaganda, nor to support one particular measure or another; but let her hunt out evil conditions, expose them, drag them into the light of day, and, when they come to be dealt with, let her (as the Church did of old) hand them over to the secular arm.

The Church can not stand by and, with folded arms and protesting air, exclaim, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—The Outlook.

Christianity is utterly opposed to selfishness. God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son. If man accepts the Son as his Saviour and counsellor and guide, he has no right to do as he pleases with either his life or talent or worldly possessions. He is no longer his own; he has been bought with a price.—Frederick W. Faber.

HOW TO KEEP CALM.

In the 46th Psalm, David gives three sources of tranquility. They are these:—

"Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord. * * * Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

The first source is delight in the Lord. We are not refused the delight of other things. But we need freedom from distracting desires. One desire pulls us one way, and another desire pulls us another way. Many desires, when gratified, are disappointing. But when a man has his chief delight in God it overrules all other passions, and once a man has this overruling passion for God, he is never disappointed, for God ever satisfies the strongest and largest souls. If a man love all else, and has God and delights in him, he is at peace and satisfied.

Moreover, the Psalmist, speaking out of his experiences, knows that delight in God is sure to be accompanied by the desire of the heart. God does not say, Here, be good, and you will get anything you wish. This is not true. Some of God's best people have passed through this world with many of their strongest desires never gratified. Yea, it sometimes appears that wicked men often have more desires gratified than have good men. Moreover, all creature delights are disappointing. The choicest food ceases to gratify; gold loses its charms; fine raiment changes; and all lower passions awake increased desire which more and more fails to be satisfied. But he who delights in God has his tranquility sure, for God never fails.

The second secret of tranquility is the guidance of God. This does not prevent us from using our own intelligence and other powers; but it does mean that these shall all be subject to the will of God.

Every man comes to the dividing of the ways. He reaches a water-shed. If he takes the wrong road, it will mean disaster. If he takes the wrong side of the water-shed, it will change his course by dimensions of a continent. It is a critical point, and he knows not which way to go.

But if he be guided by the will of God, he cannot go astray. What a freedom from perplexity when one is free from choosing the path in which he is to go. Our desires, our tastes, our aims are all legitimate; but they are subordinate. When we are bound by these, we become slaves to ourselves.

But all these things are to be subject to something higher, more perfect, and more certain, and that is the will of God. He always wills the best, and his will is, after

all, sovereign. And so, when we submit to that, we submit to the God, and the perfect and the acceptable.

The third source of tranquility is rest. But this rest cannot be known until the soul delights in God and commits its way in a complete surrender to him. When this is done, then the soul is delivered from the anxious care of the unknown future.

It is not the present which most tries us, but the future, which we have made ourselves. The clouds we so much dread often break in blessing over our heads. He who delights in God and commits his way to him, can cast his burden on the Lord. And when one is delighted with God, he can front anything which that God may bring to pass.

This age needs tranquility. It is not synonymous with inactivity, but with peace with activity. And here are the three great sources of it: Delight in God, commit to God, and rest in God, and wait patiently for him. When we reach these, what solid, substantial peace we have—the peace of God.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

A GRANDIOSE CONGRESS.

One of the most imposing displays ever witnessed in Europe was the procession organized in connection with the late Roman Catholic Eucharistic Congress in Vienna. The powerful Austro-Hungarian Empire spared no effort to render this event memorable. From all lands great dignitaries journeyed for the occasion. Great personages hired trains for their dependents.

The Countess Marie Chotek, a relative of the wife of the heir apparent of the Dual Monarchy, engaged twenty-five special trains to convey 10,000 of her people to the congress. Thus has the Vatican been able to remind the world that it still grips the very heart of Europe.

The serious fact remains that throughout Austria-Hungary full religious liberty is unknown. It is a crime in the land to distribute Bibles among the common people. The priests collect and burn Protestant books as in the old days.

From the province of Galicia came 2,000 Catholic deputies to Vienna. What spirit prevails in that section of the empire let a single incident tell. A poor old Galician Jewess bought from a printer some paper to wrap up her candles and soap. She was not careful enough to notice that this paper contained pictures of the Virgin and Child and some of the saints, and was prosecuted for irreverence and blasphemy, and heavily fined and imprisoned.—Homeletic Review.

Our minds, rather than our bodies, are our real selves. Thought training is a most important part of living.

A DEVOTED SCOTCH WOMAN.

BY REV. GEORGE CARSTAIRS, MISSIONARY.

The close-packed, grey houses of Lerwick run steeply down to the eastern shore. Across half a mile of water, dotted (in the season) with fishing craft of many fashions, rise the smooth, bare hills of the island of Bressay.

One day last June we crossed over in the ferry, and set out on the little mountain road that runs for three miles across the island. On the way we saw no living thing except the tiny sheep and herds of shaggy ponies that roam at large. On the far side we came upon a channel of clear, green water, only some two hundred yards wide, but with a strong current backed by waves from the south.

Beyond it lay the little island of Noss, like the half of a mountain which had been split in two through the peak. The one house on the island, a shepherd's cottage, stood near the shore facing us. We shouted at the pitch of our voices, and the shepherd came out, leisurely launched his boat, and pulled across to take us over. The skiff was so shallow and the waves ran so high that he rowed with an eye over his shoulder, swinging round the bow at times to meet the force of the waters.

He was a quiet man, but friendly; and he promised that his wife would have a cup of tea for us when we returned from our climb. Then we slanted up the hill until it suddenly dropped sheer into the sea on the farther side, looked down upon the Holm, where the waves have carved out massive pillars from the rocks, and climbed steadily up the edge of the cliff until we stood on the famous Noup of Noss.

Six hundred feet below the waters splash, and growled. Myriads of seagulls and guillemots and puffins swarmed about the face of the cliff, and circled, shrieking, round our heads. It was a grey day, and the south wind had brought rain with it and mist. From far below the ceaseless murmur of the sea came up to us wearily, and the cries of the sea-birds added to the sense of loneliness and desolation. We thought of the couple in the cottage and wondered how any man or woman could live in such a dreary solitude and yet keep touch with human life.

Cold and wet, we soon turned and hurried down the hillside through the thickening mist. The shepherd's wife, a young woman with pleasant, shy brown eyes, bade us welcome. Soon we were warm and dry before a fine peat fire, and enjoying a most welcome cut of tea.

When we had finished, our hostess, somewhat diffidently, produced a book of coupons and asked if we would care to take a two penny "ticket" in aid of the Mission to

Lepers in India. The ticket was by way of a printed receipt. She knew well what leprosy meant to the wretched sufferers, and was an enthusiastic collector. Quite a few summer visitors, she told us, came across from Lerwick to see the Noup, and she made them all pay toll. At the end of the year there was always something to send in.

Imagine her interest when we told her that we hailed from India, and had even helped to minister to a few lepers, supported by this mission, who lived in a hut in the corner of the compound in Udaipur.

It is a far cry from the Noup of Noss to the leper-haunted cities of the East; and yet they are linked together by the Christian kindness of a lonely woman's heart.

(Mr. Carstairs, who visited and preached in Montreal last summer when on furlough, writes the above to the U. F. Record. Ed.)

THE READING HABIT.

Some read too much. They do not stop to think what they are reading about. The effect is similar to what over-eating is to the body.

Others read, but never think of putting in practice what they learn. That leads to mental indigestion. Macaulay's example offers good advice to readers.

He says: "When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the end of every page I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page." He found at first that he had to go over the page three or four times, but kept the habit up till after once reading a book he knew it almost by heart.

What is our habit in this? Are we not found too often boasting about the number of pages we have been over rather than the new ideas or inspirations we have received?

One of the best scholars the writer ever met said that if he had life to live over he would read fewer books, but, of course, they would be the best. Therefore, let every young man lay in the best books and store his mind with a fund of great thoughts. They will bear fruit a hundred-fold in the future if he is faithful in trying to live according to their suggestions.

It is not rare gifts that make men happy. It is the common and simple and universal gifts; it is health, and the glance of sunshine in the morning; it is fresh air; it is the friend, the lover; it is the kindness that meets us on the journey; it may be only a word, a smile, a look—it is these and not any rarity of blessing that are God's gentle art of making happy.—G. H. Morrison.

The Children's Record

SUNNY FACE.

A Story From Manchuria.

(Shewing how our medical missionaries help little girls in heathen lands.)

"My name is really 'The little girl whom nobody wants to see,' but the doctor calls me 'Sunny Face.'

"I live in a little mud house far away among the brown hills in Manchuria. One day when I was playing I fell and hurt my foot. It was very, very sore and all swollen, and I cried all night with the pain.

Next day mother put some black plaster on it, but it didn't get any better. For days and nights I lay on the 'kang,' (the brick bed in our house).

Then the days stretched to long weary months, and I grew white and thin until I began to know that I was never going to get off the 'kang' again, or run and play with other children.

"Then, one day, a woman came in and told mother that, in a town far away, there was a foreign woman doctor who could cure sore feet. We all sat round and talked about it. It seemed very strange, and we didn't know anyone in that far-away town, but father said, 'We'll go and see.'

"It was winter, cold, cold winter, and the snow was very deep. We knew it would take us three days, and it would be cold in the cart, but we couldn't wait. We hadn't very many clothes in our house, and I had no warm dress. But big sister said, 'I'll lend you my wadded dress if you take care of it.'

"'And do you think,' I said to mother, 'that I may take my yellow satin slippers? I've never had them on, and though my dress is so old they will look nice.' So I took them, too. Of course I could only put on one, but I carried the other in my bundle. I didn't know what to do with my sore foot, for I was afraid of getting it knocked in the cart. We got some old black cotton wool, and ever so many sheets of paper, and I rolled it all up in these, and tied it together with strings.

"I couldn't sleep that night, and the next morning father, mother, and I started off. It was dreadfully cold those three days. Father had to lift me out of the cart into the inns. I was nearly frozen, and the

cold made my foot ache and ache, but I didn't cry, for I was going to get cured.

"When at last we came to the far-away town, a woman told us the way to the foreign hospital. Father lifted me in, all blue and frozen, and put me on a warm 'kang.' Mother came in, too, and the doctor was there and tidy girls in white aprons, who were very busy carrying basins and bandages and things.

The doctor began untying the strings and taking off the paper to see my foot. One of the girls brought a basin and some 'medicine water,' and the doctor looked at my foot all round, and asked so many questions.

"At last she turned to father and mother and talked to them very low. But I could hear a little of what she said. They talked for a long time, and then I heard father say:—

"'Well, if there is no other way, take off her foot, doctor; it is to save her life.'

"Mother didn't say anything, and I couldn't look at her, because I knew there were tears in her eyes. I couldn't speak for a whole minute, but then I said to the doctor:—'Could you not scrape away all the bad parts and leave my foot?'

"But the doctor only shook her head. I really thought I wasn't going to be able to smile that time, but I did, and said, 'All right.'

"So father carried me up to the ward. They washed my foot for me and the doctor asked me if I was too tired, or if I could let them do it to-morrow. It was easier to smile then, and I was glad it was to be so soon as to-morrow.

"Father had to go away that day, but mother stayed, and next day she carried me down on her back, and put me on the cutting table, and held my hand all the time. I got the strange 'dream-medicine' and went sound asleep.

"When I wakened up again I was lying on the 'kang' in the ward, and mother was there. I smiled at her and closed my eyes. I felt very, very sick, and didn't want to eat anything! but everybody was kind to me, so I just tried to smile at them when I couldn't say 'thank you.'

"After two days I began to feel quite well again, and my leg wasn't sore at all, though I was frightened whenever the bandages had to be taken off.

"A little boy came into my room. He

had to have an operation, too, and I saw them carry him in afterwards when he was still asleep. He was very sick, just like me, and when the doctor came he would say:—

"I am so sick, doctor, and my mouth has such a bitter taste." But I said, 'You just wait two days and you'll be better. I know.' And the doctor laughed, and called me 'Sunny Face.'

"I stayed there a long while, and got well and strong. Then I began to get about on a pair of crutches. Every day I went up to the school where all the girls are, and I began to learn to read and sing.

They were so happy, those girls, and I didn't wonder, because they have all got that wonderful Friend, Jesus, about whom they sing so much, and He can make people happy. Mother and I learned about Him, too, and I am always going to pray to Him now. When I go home I am going to tell big sister and all the others about Him also, and read to them out of my little book.

"One day, when my leg was quite well again, a carpenter came and measured it, and even took my yellow satin slipper away with him. And the next day came the queerest little wooden leg you ever saw, with a little foot that just fitted into my slipper. I was so excited I could hardly wait until it was all fastened on, and I put my white stocking on it, and my new slipper. Then the doctor let me get off the 'kang,' and—I could walk! Of course, I could only go a step or two, but every day I went a little farther. Now, I am going home to-morrow, for father has come with a cart for me. We are to have a New Year's feast at our house, and just fancy! I shall be able to walk about, too, and help them. And really and truly you couldn't tell which was the wooden leg! And the yellow slippers look so nice! Oh, I am so happy!

I think it is going to be easy always to be 'Sunny Face' now, for I am going to ask Jesus every day to help me to smile and make other people happy, because He has made me so happy."—Daybreak.

THE LOST PURSE.

"Why, here's somebody's purse!" said Amy Race aloud, as she stumbled over something among the loose wrappings and empty boxes on the floor. "And its full of money!" she said almost in a whisper as she peeped inside and saw shining silver pieces and crisp bills. "I wish it was mine, and I'd get a whole lot of things for Ethel on my way home."

Amy was a little cash girl in a big city store, and at home she had a little sick sister. Their mother worked very hard at her sewing to keep her children happy and comfortable, and Amy took home her money to help along, but they had very hard times, indeed, since Ethel was sick and there were medicines to buy.

"I wonder if it would be wrong to take just one piece," thought Amy. "The purse was open and whoever lost it might think it dropped out." Then at once she said, "Amy Race, I'm ashamed of you! What would your mamma think? You go to Sunday School every Sunday and then you want to take money that doesn't belong to you."

At once Amy started to the desk to report what she had found, but on the way she met a lady who seemed to be searching all about. "Little girl, have you seen a pocket book?" she asked. "I lost it in here, I think, and it was full of money for the Children's Hospital. I am so worried about it, for it means help to so many poor little boys and girls."

You may be sure Amy was glad she could return the purse with all the money safe, and when the lady heard of poor little Ethel she said she should be the first patient taken to the hospital to be cared for with the gift of money.

"Mamma, was it wrong to be tempted?" she asked when she told Mrs. Race all about it.

"No, darling, but it is wrong to yield to temptation, and I am glad my little girl did not yield. If you will always trust God, Amy, as you did this time, temptations can not harm you."—"Sunshine."

HOLD-ONS.

1. Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.
2. Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.
3. Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.
4. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.
5. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.
6. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.
7. Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry or others are angry with you.
8. Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

THE LITTLE CHILD WIFE.**Who Ran Away From Her Cruel Husband.**

BY A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

She was a little child wife in South India. Her name was Shantoshama. Her husband was a man grown; it seemed to her that he was almost as old as her father. Sometimes she used to slip out of the little grass hut that they called their home, and play for a while with the village children.

But there wasn't much time for this; for there must be bread ready for her husband when he returned home and the flour must be ground. There was the rice that must be pounded, the chaff winnowed out, and the grain washed and cooked.

Well she remembered the day when she played a little too long and the husband returned home to find the food uncooked. Can she forget the torrent of abuse poured out upon her head; can she describe the terror that possessed her as she felt his cruel hands seize her and lift her clear from the ground, up above his head, and then dash her down on those hard stones? She was numb with pain and fright, but at last she gathered herself together and her one desire was to escape from the man who called himself her husband. She *must* escape; she would take her own life.

There was an open well in the other street; that was the place where she would end it all. She raised herself from the ground and started for the well as fast as her feet would carry her. The husband, who had been watching her, read her intentions and before she had reached the brink she was again in his clutches. He dragged her back to their hut, threw her down beside the stone mill, and ordered her to grind.

All night long she kept at her heavy task; and when the morning arrived she thought, "Surely now I may have some rest." But no, she was ordered out into the field to help in the transplanting of the rice. Night again found her grinding at the mill.

How long this sort of treatment kept up she can scarcely remember, but at last his anger wore itself out. Yet as the weeks and months went by he grew no kinder.

One day Shantoshama heard one of her little playmates tell of a village so many miles away, to which she had been. In this village was a big bungalow, and in that bungalow were many little girls like themselves, only so much happier. They were learning how to sing and read.

There lived with them, to take care of them and to teach them, a *dhorisani*, a white lady. As time went by she heard more of this wonderful place, and the two little girls planned how they would run away and ask this *dhorisani* to let them live with her.

It wasn't many days before the husband took a journey to another village. That was their opportunity, and not long after the husband was off on his way, they had started on theirs. All day these little girls traveled along the dusty road and not until the sun began to drop toward the horizon did they come in sight of the village of their dreams.

It was not at all difficult to find the house where the *dhorisani* lived. There it stood upon a hill overlooking the village. They were almost afraid as they drew near to the steps leading up to the veranda, and when the white lady herself came out of the door they wanted to turn and run. But she smiled at them so kindly as she asked them what they wanted, and she listened with so much sympathy to the story Shantoshama told, that all fear vanished.

They were taken into the school compound, and, as the girls gathered around them their shyness returned suddenly. But everywhere children soon become acquainted and it was not long before they were all talking together. The little girls were bathed and dressed in school clothes and a new life had begun.

But news will travel without telephone or telegraph, and soon word went to the husband's village that his wife was in the Christians' school. Not many days after, he presented himself at the door of the school and demanded his wife.

She was told that her husband had come to take her.

She straightened herself and her hands clinched as she cried out, "I will not go back to him! I will not!" The husband was angry and went to some village officials saying, "These Christians have taken my wife away from me and I want her back."

Shantoshama and her *dhorisani* were soon summoned to appear before the village court. But before they left the bungalow, her *dhorisani* called the little girl into her room, and there they told the Lord all about it. The lady said to her, "Shantoshama, if you really do not want to go back to your husband, just tell them so and we will do all we can to help you."

There was that little girl who had always wanted to run at the sight of a village policeman, brought before so

many who looked at her with unfriendly eyes. One of them said, "You are a bad girl to run away from your husband; you must go back to him." A feeling of desperation overcame her shyness and she cried out, "I will not go back to him. Kill me if you like but I will not go back to him."

The men looked at one another in astonishment and one of the listeners said, "She is likely to kill herself if we force her to go back to him; or she no doubt will keep running away and making everyone a great deal of trouble. Let her dowry money be paid back and let her go."

Many times she had heard her husband say, "I paid your father eighteen rupees (\$6) for you and you do nothing but eat my rice." This eighteen rupees was her dowry. If all would consent that it be paid back she would be free. At last the husband was persuaded to agree, the mission school paid the money, and Shantoshama was a free little girl once more.

Her life from now on was much like that of any other girl in the school only she was so much more eager to learn. The hours of school were not long enough for her. Part of her outside work was to care for a younger girl or to act as her older sister. But the younger girl had been in school longer and knew how to read very well; so while Shantoshama was to be older sister to the younger girl, she was in turn teacher to Shantoshama.

Months went by and Shantoshama grew to womanhood. Not always perfection by any means but ever striving to climb upward. It was a happy day in the school when she was baptized and counted as one of the Christian girls.

There was a longing in her heart to tell the gospel story to those in the villages living in the darkness that she had known. Now and then she went out with the older Bible women to carry the message.

There came one day to the compound a young man, one of the Christian workers, and he asked that Shantoshama might be given to him for his wife. After the usual amount of hesitation and putting off, she accepted.

It was hard for her to leave the only home where she had been happy, and the friends who had been kind to her, and many were the tears she shed as she started away to her new home. This was among strangers and non-Christians, but the children of the village were very much interested in the teacher who had come to them.

It was not long before she had a great many of them gathered into a day school

and a Sunday school. Nor was their work confined to this village alone. She and her husband went to other towns and the Gospel was preached there. Not everyone was glad to hear but many there were who listened so eagerly, they heard and remembered.

Soon word commenced to go into the mission station that the people out there were asking for baptism. The missionary went out and word came back that two hundred had become Christians. Some months later six hundred more were added to the number.

Nor has the work yet stopped. New day schools and new Sunday schools have been established, and other workers have been sent out to help them carry on this work. And the heathen are coming and bowing at the foot of the cross and acknowledging the King of kings as their God.

Who is it that has made this possible? Who is it that has sent twenty dollars a year to India with her prayers and saved this little girl from heathenism? Is it you?—"Woman's Missionary Friend."

THE BIBLE AND BAD COIN.

A Chinese colporteur had a curious experience near Canton, with a man who purchased St. Matthew's Gospel and handed in a counterfeit ten cent piece, receiving his change in good copper cents. The bad coin was not noticed at the time; but a few days later the colporteur received a letter from the purchaser as follows:

"Greeting. Your servant purchased from you, the teacher, Matthew's Gospel Tidings book with a view to cheat you by using a bad coin. I received the book and returned home. All night I was not at peace. I opened the book and read, I perceive I have great sin and wickedness.

"Unfortunately your servant is but a day laborer, and has no leisure to go to a chapel to study the doctrine. I urgently beg you to pray Jesus to forgive my sins. Now I am writing some words and enclosing a good ten cent coin for you. Please accept this, and do not lay blame upon me. At a later day I surely shall meet you and exchange greetings."

One of the French Biblewomen was asked by a lady to step into her house. "I bought a New Testament from you," said the lady, "but I cheated you. I gave you a bad ten centime piece. I knew it, and since reading the Book I have been filled with remorse and have wished to meet you again, that I might give you another ten centimes."—*The Bible in The World.*

A BURIED ANCIENT WORLD.**Of Interest to Boys and Girls.**

A remarkable collection of objects was displayed at University College, London, recently. They represent the work of Professor Petrie and the students of the British School of Archæology during the past season, and include finds at Heliopolis and Memphis, the On and the Noph of the Old Testament.

Some of the specimens are older examples of their kind than any previously known. Here is a complete roll of linen dowlas, sixty-inch width, in perfect condition, which you might buy over an Oxford street counter as a remnant of last season's stock, and not know the difference. It was woven in the days of the fifth dynasty, 5,500 years ago.

Here is a statue of the crocodile god Sebek, brought from the famous Labyrinth; it is the oldest image of a god known in history. And here are wood bedsteads—vaunted in the advertisements of the hour as "the latest word in ideal furnishing"—with carven feet and washable matting, such as were used dim centuries before the days of Menes, with whom written history began.

The bedsteads are of several qualities of workmanship, and while some of them are of full length, others are shortened, for sleepers who preferred the contracted position. Two thousand years afterwards, the Hebrew story narrates, the patriarch Jacob "gathered up his feet into the bed," and more than a millennium later still Isaiah tells us that "the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on." In the presence of such fragments of the literary past, can one look upon these hoary resting-places without a thrill?

We are not yet at the end of this wonderful joinery, wrought, be it remembered, a thousand years before the great Pyramid, when there was as yet no toothed metal saw, perhaps no mechanical drill, certainly no lathe.

Here lie a low table upon four feet, a commodious washing bowl, a hardwood tray such as your maid is using in the scullery to-day, a wooden dipper—they are used for bailing boats this very summer on the Norfolk Broads.

Here a boot block. Across the middle there is a cross-bar carved into the form of a sole, and it was upon this that the master of the house placed his foot while his serving man laced up the thong of his sandal, that "shoe-latchet" which, two millenniums afterwards, Abram refused to take from the King of Sodom.

As with the carpenter, so also with the worker in stone. Here are some alabaster bowls and vases of exquisite purity of line, surpassing anything known for many centuries after, and all wrought by patient grinding with the hand. Upon one of them is the figure of the god Ptah, one of the oldest divine portraits in the world.

And close by may be seen some fine jars, mostly with potters' marks, for these craftsmen of sixty centuries ago were rightly proud of their work. And here are some ivory spoons, a bracelet of horn, a fragment of beaded cloth, all of hoary age.

But Heliopolis, or "On," is where Moses got his wife. Here is a fragment from the tomb of a "priest of On." And there is, too, a slab depicting the "keeper of the palace and the granaries" in the act of receiving offerings from two loyal subjects of a Pharaoh who followed the Exodus dynasty. Of that dynasty there are to be seen pieces of monumental works erected by Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and of his father.

One need put no strain upon the imagination to assume that these monuments were once gazed upon by Moses himself, when he was a diligent student in that famous academy of learning.—Christian World.

SET FREE FROM SORCERY.

While we were holding a meeting in one of our out-stations, a woman began to inquire how to worship God. On conversing with her, we found that she was a sorceress. She said she wanted to give up the idol that helped her with her sorceries, but she was afraid.

As we talked, she fell into a fit, in which she called upon her idol to help her. The neighbours said that she was possessed by an evil spirit that had ruled her for eight years, and that frequently it caused her to do strange things.

A day later, we again offered to destroy her idol, but she was still unwilling. Later on, she came again and asked us to come to her house and destroy it. Of course we did so, gladly. For a long time she was very fearful, but when, a short time ago, I went to her village again, she was one of the first to meet me, and with a radiant face she said, "Thank God I am free, and my heart is so light and happy!"

She attends worship regularly, and is getting ready to enter the Church. She has no more of the fits and other manifestations to which she was previously subject. Like Mary of old, she met the Lord and he conquered the power that bound her, and now she knows but one Master.—Ex.

FAITH OF A CHILD.

A little boy lay very sick. A minister came to see him, but finding him weak, spoke few sentences. Before parting, however, he gave the child a verse of five words as a motto, a word for each finger of one hand.

The sick boy counted over the words on his pale fingers. Yes, there they were, five only, and one for each knuckle. The—Lord—is—my—Shepherd. "And 'my' is the best of the five," he said.

A few days later another visit was paid to that same home. At the door the sorrowing mother met the minister. "It is all over," she said: "my little son is dead. But come and see him." And she led the way to the darkened room. Very thin and white was the little face, very sweet and peaceful was the countenance of the little sleeper.

Then the mother drew down the coverlet, and, turning to the minister, said: "That's the best." The little hands were crossed, and on the fourth knuckle of the left hand rested still a finger of the other hand. In silence the life had sped, with the hands clasped to utter. "The Lord is my Shepherd."

INNER ATTRACTION.

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so plain when she was a girl that her mother said, after gazing at her for a long time, with a distressed expression: "My poor child, I fear it will be very hard for you to win love in this world—indeed, even to make friends!" It was from that hour that the success of this woman, known to the world as Madame De Circourt, dated.

For a little time she took the matter sorely to heart. Then, humbly, but sweetly and untiringly, she began to be kind—kind to the pauper children of her native village, to the servants of her household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. Nothing so distressed her as not to be able to render a service.

As the years were on, her good-will toward every one made her the idol of the great city, which was eventually her home. Although her complexion was sallow, her gray eyes small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her some of the most noted men of her time. Her life-long unselfishness and interest in others made her it is said, irresistible, and young and old forgot the plainness of her features in the loveliness of her life.

Count Tolstoy was so plain a boy that his mother said to him: "You know, Nikolinka, that no one will love you for your face, and therefore you must endeavour to be a good and sensible boy."

Tolstoy said when he was an old man

that, all through life, these words had helped to keep him true to what is most worth in character.—*Youths' Companion*.

MAKING A GOOD JOB OF IT.

Not many years ago a high granite building was erected in a great city. To all appearance it was as substantial and enduring as the stone of which it was made. Its tenants were numerous, and its owners had the utmost confidence in its strength and durability. "We could fill it with lead," they said.

But before it was half filled with goods it crashed to the ground, killing a number of people and filling the street with ruins. Why? Down in the cellar a few feet of old wall had been left standing instead of being replaced with the new, and that saving of one or two hundred dollars in work had cost over a hundred thousand in loss.

Whatever the loss to the owners may have been, it could not equal the fearful loss to the one who was responsible for the faulty work. Every bit of unfaithfulness in our obligations to others, every bit of unfair dealing, or shrewd schemes for defrauding in time or labor, will ultimately demand payment with interest from the one who thinks he is profiting by them. For whoever may pay the weekly wage, we cannot escape the fact that we are working first and chiefly for ourselves; and whatever faulty building we do goes into our own character and destiny.

"What's the use of being so particular?" said a young carpenter to his fellow workman. "Who'll ever know or care? The company isn't going to inspect every nail in a box."

"I'll know, and I care," was the prompt reply. "If the company can afford to turn out poor work I can't."

He was building more than boxes; he was building a man and his reputation. We hear often of "self-made men"—meaning those who, without the aid of fortune and by their own efforts, have achieved wealth or high position of some sort—but we are all self-made in one way or another. Until we take ourselves in hand no one else can do a great deal for us.

Did you ever think what a wonderful thing the human will is? Even God will not force us into goodness and right doing. He invites, he pleads, but he never will compel us to be his children or accept his love; we must choose.

It is true of everything we do or become that is worth while—we must will to do it. The finest teachers cannot give us an education, the best of implements, models and instructors cannot make us good workmen until we set ourselves at the task.—*Ex.*

BURBANK'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

Luther Burbank, the "plant wizard," publishes this warning to boys:—

"I never use tobacco and alcohol in any form, and rarely coffee or tea. I can prove to you most conclusively that even the mild use of stimulants is incompatible with work requiring accurate attention and definite concentration.

"To assist me in my work of budding—work that is as accurate and exacting as watchmaking—I have a force of twenty men. I have to discharge men from this force, if incompetent.

Some time ago, my foreman asked me if I took pains to inquire into the personal habits of my men. On being answered in the negative, he surprised me by saying that the men I found unable to do the delicate work of budding invariably turned out to be smokers or drinkers.

These men, while able to do the rough work of farming, call budding and other delicate work "puttering," and have to give it up, owing to an inability to concentrate their nerve force. Even men who smoke one cigar a day cannot be trusted with some of my most delicate work.

"Cigarettes are even more damaging than cigars, and their use by young boys is little short of criminal, and will produce in them the same results that sand placed in a watch will produce—destruction.

"Several of my young acquaintances are in their graves who gave promise of making happy and useful citizens; and there is no question whatever that cigarettes alone were the cause of their destruction.

TOO MUCH THRESHING.

A farmer's boy went to the city, finding the work at home rather tiresome, and obtained a situation in a large "family-supply" store where a rushing business was carried on. He took hold very well, and his employers liked him.

They were surprised, however, when he came to them, before he had been two months in the store and said:

"Well, Mr. A., I guess I'll have to get through here next Saturday night."

"Get through?" said his employer. "Well, what's going wrong?"

"O, nothing in particular."

"Aren't you treated well?"

"First-rate; but I'll tell you just how it strikes me. Up on the farm we used to have the threshing-machine come once a year, and then we threshed for three days, and you'd better believe we worked hard; but I tell you what, I've been here seven

weeks, and you've threshed every day. I guess I've got enough of it."

He went back to the farm, convinced that a farmer's life has its compensations.—*Farmer's Review.*

Moral—Stay on the farm boys.

HE COULD NOT GET AWAY FROM JESUS.

The story is told of a young Japanese who hated the Bible, and read it merely that he might know how to attack it; but as he read he saw himself to be a sinner, and Jesus to be the Saviour he needed. He gave his heart to Christ, returned to his native village, and fearlessly began to speak of his new-found peace and joy.

But one of his old school friends became bitterly angry; he and others came to him and said, "Give up this hateful thing, or leave our college." "I will go," he said, "but first let me tell you what it is I now believe." He took his Bible in his hand, and that night he told all the village folk what he had discovered in it of the love of God in Christ. Night after night he went on, till he had gathered enough inquirers to start a Sabbath-school.

But this former friend got angrier still, and was filled with hatred against Christ.

Some time latter, this heathen young man was drafted into the Japanese army and sent to Manchuria. But he could not get away from Jesus. To his disgust, he found that his sergeant was an earnest Christian. The sergeant gave him a New Testament, which he would fain have burned, but did not dare to do, so long as he was in his service.

By and by the time came for him to return to Japan. Shortly before they went home, he and his companions looted a Chinese house and carried off all the valuables that were there. The heathen soldier brought away a splendid inscribed scroll.

When he re-entered his native village, there was a feast held in his honour. Very proudly he held up the trophy, and praised the beautiful motto written on it.

His old friend was present, and heard the words read out. "But these are not the words of a Chinese sage," he cried out; "they are taken from the 'Jesus Book' that you despise and hate."

The heathen soldier was struck dumb with astonishment. He felt that Jesus was tracking him down. He came to his friend and said: "I surrender, I surrender; that God of yours and that Book of your finds me out wherever I go. Now I will try to know them." He has become an earnest reader of God's Word, and is now seeking to be baptized and to live for Jesus.—*Sel.*

World Wide Work

WHAT BRITISH RULE HAS DONE FOR INDIA.

BY SIR ANDREW WINGATE, K.C.I.E.

"The Government of India represents the heart and the ideals of a Christian nation, and, though it utters no word, by its works and its laws it preaches Christ, so that there must be few of the nearly three hundred millions of our Eastern Empire who have not questioned, 'What new thing is this?'"

In famine it feeds the hungry with royal sympathy, on a scale and through an organisation unsurpassed in India's history; when plague, cholera, and divers scourges smite down the population, it rushes to the rescue with doctors and nurses and every appliance known to science.

It heals the sick in its hospitals, opens the eyes of the blind, and helps to provide asylums for the lepers.

It reaches a helping hand to the outcast multitude, and concerns itself with neglected hill tribes.

It is the foe of oppression, and in its justice respects not persons.

Its administration is incorruptible, its laws are equal, and its benefits are for the use of all.

SOME FACTS ABOUT INDIA.

BY DR. MARGARET MACKELLAR.

(Our Missionary).

1. There are three and one-quarter million nominal Christians in India, or about one to every hundred of the population; and of these nominal Christians, one million are Protestants.

2. 70,000,000 of the 315,000,000 people in India are Mohammedans; there are more Mohammedans in India than in any other country. Mohammedanism is the greatest anti-Christian religion in the world and with that religion Christianity will have its greatest battle in the future.

3. 207,000,000 Hindus in India are idol worshippers. Hindus believe that the surest passport into heaven is to die holding a cow's tail.

4. Cows, serpents, rats, are sacred. In a certain section the people refused to kill rats which were destroying their grain, fearing lest they might kill the souls of their ancestors which, through transmigration, had come back into the world in the form of rats.

5. 90 per cent. of India's people live in villages.

6. Britain has 80,000 soldiers on regular duty in the Indian Empire.

7. India's population increased by 122,000,000 during the past fifty years. Some have remarked that heathenism is protected by the British Government and, therefore, flourishes. On the other hand, the increase is due to the protection of life which Britain affords for she has added three commandments to the decalogue in India, namely "Thou shalt not burn thy widows alive,"—"Thou shalt not throw thy daughters into the Ganges,"—"Thou shalt not offer human sacrifices."

8. In spite of these three commandments there are 7,500,000 more men and boys than women and girls (Census 1911). What became of the women and girls?

9. Of the 144,000,000 women and girls, 40,000,000 are shut up in Zenanas.

10. There 22,000,000 widows of whom over 3,000,000 are under 15 years of age and 93,000 under 10 years of age.

11. There are 5,500,000 Seggaes and holy (so-called!) men in India. There are five Universities with one hundred and forty Colleges affiliated with them; fifty-three of the colleges are under Christian management.

12. Of 78,730,000 children under ten years, only 613,000 are literate. Ten per cent. of the men can read and write, one half of one per cent. of the women.

13. Six and one-half million people died of plague in India in the last ten years.

A FRIGHTFUL HARVEST.

Official statistics in France, based on investigations in the principal insane asylums of Paris, disclose the fact that since 1868, when the making of exact records was begun, the proportion of male lunatics whose insanity is caused by alcoholic excesses has increased from fourteen per cent. to forty-seven per cent.; while that of women victims has risen from two per cent. to twenty per cent.

One of the most appalling results of this investigation is the discovery that most of these miserable wrecks are descended from parents who were given to alcoholic indulgence. The report just published concludes as follows:

"Of every thousand children born of alcoholics, about one-third disappear either at birth or in the first two or three years, and, among the survivors there are a large

number of idiots, epileptics, many degenerates devoid of moral sense, and instinctively perverse creatures of abnormal impulses.

"It is enough to regard the great group of various species of mental degeneracy bequeathed by alcoholics to their children, to be sure that alcoholism supplies the men's side of the Paris asylums with three-quarters of their population."

The bearing of this upon the social welfare of France, irrespective of its relation to the numerical growth of population, is obvious to every thoughtful person.

A similar problem is arising in our American life, for there can be no doubt, with or without statistics, that in many parts of our country the use of alcoholic beverages is increasing.—Christian Advocate.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

Less than sixty years ago Japan was prohibiting all intercourse with other countries; now one is fairly dazed at noting the nation's recent tremendous strides.

In this progress the thirst of the people for knowledge, and their success in acquiring it are even more wonderful than their marvellous progress in building railroads and battle-ships.

Four things in Japan are ubiquitous, the newspaper, the postman, the book-store, and the school.

Within a comparatively short time the Japanese have established papers in all parts of the empire. Every town of any considerable size has its daily journal, and there is hardly a village of importance that does not have its weekly publication. In the cities it is the exception to find a family without at least one daily paper.

These journals give the news which comes by cable from all parts of the world. Moreover, they are reporting the thought movements of the day, including Christianity.

Just here is a tremendous missionary fact. If a speaker's utterance is deemed worthy of a place in the newspaper columns, his words may be read all over Japan. The postman carries the newspaper to even the low thatched roofs out in the rice-fields and to the villages on the mountain-sides. It is hard to realize that the majority of even the less prosperous people hobbling along on wooden shoes, and living in other ways most simple, are really becoming acquainted with world-movements.

Within a few years the Japanese government has developed a wonderful system of post and telegraph. In the cities there is a delivery every two hours until ten o'clock at night, and brief tele-

grams are sent to any point in the empire for a song. Then, go where you will, in the mountains or on the islands, the postman is delivering mail at every cottage. Large parcels of books or merchandise are delivered anywhere for a small fraction of the cost of similar service in our Western continent.

One must be blind who can walk the streets of the smallest cities in Japan for a single day without noticing the many book-stores and magazine-stands. There are Japanese monthly magazines without number. There are Japanese books and foreign books translated into Japanese, not to mention the large numbers in English, French, and German. Many who cannot speak English can read it perfectly, for it is taught in the schools.

Japan has not only borrowed patterns from the shops of the West. She has also had a great part of the world's best literature translated and printed in her own tongue. Here is another tremendous missionary fact.

A few moments in the library of a government school must convince an unprejudiced visitor that the leaders in education are not afraid to have the young people of Japan read the world's thought. Only two days ago I was in the library of one of the largest universities, where I saw many of the highest grade English books on psychology, philosophy, and religion. Here is another tremendous missionary fact.

The school is the conspicuous institution in Japan. One may visit the Imperial Universities, where one is told that some of the departments rank with similar departments of the universities of Europe and America, and one marvels. But one marvels more on going to the small islands of the Inland Sea, or to the villages in the rice-fields, or to the cold Hokkaido, and finding schools, schools, schools everywhere.

Education is compulsory for all children up to a certain age, and when that age is reached the sons and daughters of Japan need no compulsion. I am informed that only about one-third of those who graduate from the grammar schools and wish to go further can be accommodated in the high schools, and only a small proportion of those who graduate from the high schools can be accommodated in the universities, and this in spite of the heroic efforts of the Japanese government.

Nor is the Japanese always satisfied to stop with what can be learned in his own country. If it is at all possible for him to do so, he goes abroad and secures a Ph. D. from Berlin or Cambridge or Oxford or Harvard or Chicago. A few days ago I was tendered a reception which was

attended by only the Christian professors in a university with nine thousand students. Every one of the professors in attendance was a degree man of some foreign university.—Rev. James H. Franklin.

THE BALKAN WAR AND MISSIONS.

None see more clearly the great importance of this war than those who view it in its relation to the coming of the Kingdom of God.

The missionaries who are working in Turkey as well as those working in the territory of the brave allies have seen much of the actual military operations. Their regular work has been interrupted but they have found opportunities of service in the extraordinary conditions of war and have used these with some remarkable results.

The faith with which they look into the future and the plans they are laying for the vigorous prosecution of missionary work as soon as the war ceases is an incentive to the church to throw its force into the great conflict with Islam as enthusiastically as have the allies offered themselves in the political struggle.

This war is going to dispel much of the fatalistic darkness that has befogged the minds of the Moslem peoples. How dense is this darkness is shown by the following story.

A French statistician wrote to the vali of Aleppo inquiring about its imports, water supply, birth rate and death rate.

The vali replied: "It is impossible for anyone to know the number of camels that kneel in the markets of Aleppo. The water supply is sufficient; no one ever died of thirst in Aleppo. The mind of Allah alone knows how many children shall be born in this vast city in any given time. As to the death rate, who would venture to ascertain this? It is revealed only to the angels of death who shall be taken and who shall be left.

"O son of the West, cease your idle and presumptuous questionings and know that these things are not revealed to the children of men."

The war is changing this attitude in forcing the Turks to realize their need of Western civilization and learning. Already some of the American Board schools are being over-crowded by the influx of Mohammedan pupils. The missionaries believe that the long expected break is at hand and that their Moslem work is about to extend greatly.

Just now most of the missionaries in the war zone are giving themselves altogether to relief work. One wrote: "I am drenched, drowned, overwhelmed in relief work for Moslem refugees. With the Greek

Protestant pastor we cater to over 11,000 people a day and flour is so scarce that it is impossible to get out a decent ration. We know we are feeding many murderers and rascals but it is for God, not us to judge them."

The Rev. C. T. Erickson, a missionary in the Balkans, writes in great joy at the announcement the Albania is to be an independent state. "A new nation is being born there. They are going to need, in a desperate way, true, honest, capable young men for public service and for private leadership. The Greek and Moslem propaganda is knocked out. After the outrages of the army of the Orthodox Church they are hated worse than were the Turks. As for the Mohammedan population I am convinced, having it from the mouths of the people themselves, that once they are free from the Turkish yoke, off goes the Moslem yoke as well.

A NEW ALBANIA AND THE GOSPEL.

"It is expected that before long a new flag will wave in the Balkan Peninsula. The ancient people of Albania—2,000,000 of them—after the struggles of centuries, are to be free and independent, according to the verdict of the Peace Conference in London.

"Protestant mission work has been hampered in this mountainous region, because of Turkish fanaticism; but, while most of the Albanians have been nominally Moslems, they have not been staunch adherents to that faith.

"Rev. C. T. Erickson, the American Board missionary at Elbasan, thinks that the new nation will be bound neither by the "Orthodox" Greek Church nor by Islam.

"What influence," he says, can the 'Orthodox Church' wield in Albania after the armies of Greece have swept the country with fire and sword, rapine and plunder, murder and outrage, robbing priests and churches as well as hodjas and Mohammedan mosques? They are hated worse than the Turks were hated before them.

"As for the Mohammedan population, I am convinced, having it from the mouths of the people themselves, that once they are free from the Turkish yoke, off goes the Moslem yoke as well.

"What are these people to do? What is to save them from religious anarchy? Only Protestant Christianity can do it. Protestant missionaries have their confidence and regard; Britain and America are their ideals, and their highest hope as a nation is to be like them. It is hoped that this new nation will become a Christian nation."—Miss. Rev. of the World.

THE STORY OF HAWAII.

Wonderful and True.

On January 18, 1778, Captain Cook, an English navigator, with his two armed vessels, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*, entering the great water highway known as the "Crossroads of the Pacific," sighted a palm-fringed island, and a little later two more. He at once concluded that he had discovered a group of islands as yet unknown to the civilized world.

He landed on one of the islands and found it inhabited by man-eating savages; but so great was their awe of the white ships, so deep their superstition concerning them, that they quietly allowed the bold navigator and his sailors to land.

They were looking forward to the return of their great god Lono, who, according to their tradition, had sailed away years and years before, promising to return on an island with tall trees and many strange animals. So they took the tall masts of Captain Cook's ships to be the trees; and as there were dogs, goats and other animals on board, the illusion was complete.

They treated the Captain as though he were the god whom they expected. The sailors, whom they regarded as his attendants, were overwhelmed with attentions. Even the king took part in the demonstrations. He presented Captain Cook with six beautiful cloaks made of the rich yellow feathers of a tiny bird which bore only two of these feathers in each wing. The cloaks were estimated to be worth a million dollars.

In order to further his own plans, Captain Cook encouraged the deception. He permitted the natives to treat him as though he were their god Lono—a step that in the end cost him his life. He pressed them too far, demanded too much, and soon dissatisfaction arose. Finally the sailors carried away for fuel the palings around the sacred temple. This deeply incensed the people. Shortly after one of the sailors died.

The natives were by this time fully aroused. They said: "These creatures are not immortal; they die like ourselves." An encounter took place between the sailors and natives, during the progress of which Captain Cook was fatally wounded.

The natives were much disturbed by this, for they had not intended to do him harm. They were finally induced to give up the remains, and they were buried at sea by his men. In 1874 a monument was erected in his memory by the British sailors on the largest island of the group, Hawaii, which he discovered in the fall of 1778.

There are in all some ten or twelve is-

lands. When Captain Cook discovered them, he named them Sandwich, for the High Admiral of England; but the native name for the group was "Hawaii-nei." All now have the name of the largest island, Hawaii.

The main island is ninety miles long and about seventy wide. Honolulu, the capital of the islands, is on Oahu, the fourth of the group in size. It is beautifully situated and has a magnificent harbor, into which vessels of the largest size find easy entrance. Honolulu is two thousand miles from San Francisco.

The first missionaries to Hawaii were sent by the American Board in 1819. They sailed from Boston on October 17, but did not reach Honolulu till March 31, 1820.

There the great news met them that the old king, Kamekama, was dead and idol worship had been overthrown. Thus they found the islands ripe for the gospel. The new king declared his friendliness. He even came aboard to welcome them.

But afterward he proved quite treacherous; and, despite the bright beginning, the missionaries had to endure many hardships, to pass through "fiery trials," to face numerous perils ere the gospel seed began to grow.

In 1822 other missionaries came. Soon thereafter the revival flame broke forth with such warmth and power that even the missionaries themselves were astonished. So great were the crowds that flocked to the mission services that the chapels could not hold them, and open-air meetings had to be held.

The missionaries were given little time for rest or sleep. Even their houses were thronged with anxious, inquiring ones, eager for the gospel story. Many traveled long distances to hear the message. The old and the sick, the lame and the blind were brought.

For years the gospel flame continued to spread, running as a wave of fire throughout the islands. During the six years of its greatest power fully twenty-seven thousand souls were added to the Church.

Through the forty years that followed, so steadily did the gospel flame continue to burn, that out of a population of one hundred and thirty thousand, one thousand a year, on an average, became confessors of Christ. Truly throughout all missionary annals there is no more wonderful story than this.—Young Christian Worker.

Spiritual growth is not greatly aided by sitting down and thinking about it. Live in the sunshine of trust. Rely on a strength higher than your own. Reach out helpfully to others, and growth in the divine life will look after itself.

A HEATHEN FAMILY'S CONVERSION.

The woman's meeting was about to open, when the Japanese pastor's wife stepped up to the leader and whispered, with suppressed excitement, "Mrs. Takeda is here—inside the church for the first time!"

Mr. Takeda, a well-to-do farmer and earnest Buddhist of the Nichiren sect, died when his two sons, now young men, were quite young, and the mother has clung tenaciously to her husband's faith; for was it not Nichiren Sama who had brought prosperity to the family.

So when her eldest son, heir of the house, became interested in the "Jesus doctrine," she besought him with tears and threats not to forsake the gods of his fathers, nor his filial duties toward the ancestral spirits. But her pleadings were in vain, for Shinzo had caught a vision of the great Father of Spirits, as revealed in Jesus Christ, and he became an earnest Christian.

The mother, in grief and anger, disinherited him, but he went quietly forth, gladly suffering the loss of all things for the sake of his Lord; while his mother mournfully waited to her friends, "I cannot understand Shinzo—he was always such a filial son, so obedient in everything, till he got hold of the Jesus doctrine, and it he will not let go, no matter what his mother says."

So Sentaro, the younger son, was made heir to the property and, with it, the religious responsibilities of the family. But he proved to be a prodigal son, went off down south, and soon wasted a few thousand *yen* in riotous living. Meanwhile his brother and other Christians were praying for him.

One day as he was walking along a street in a distant city he was attracted by Christian singing, and stepping inside the little chapel he listened to the gospel story, but without being specially impressed by it. Folding the hymn-leaflet he had received, he slipped it in the folds of his kimono and went his way.

But that evening he drew forth the leaflet, and as he re-read the hymns and recalled the words he had heard spoken, his heart began to be stirred within him, and there came over him a longing for a better life. Before very long he had found his way back to his village home, and was secretly visiting the earnest young pastor, inquiring the way. Once his heart was deeply moved as, standing in the dark outside the church, he heard his brother beseeching the Lord with tears for his (Sentaro's) salvation.

One day his mother found a Testament in his room, and in great indignation accused him of being interested in the hated Jesus doctrine. The young man denied it. How could he distress his mother by telling her that the voice of the Christians' God was indeed calling him to a new life?

It was at the close of a Sabbath evening service in the neighbouring town, when the worshippers were standing about in little groups, and here and there an inquirer was being personally dealt with, that the blind pastor's voice was heard exclaiming, from the rear of the church, "Rejoice, rejoice! Sentaro San has come out on the Lord's side!" The young man's face was shining as the older man led him by the hand up to the front and they stood facing the band of believers that gathered about them, all rejoicing that another wanderer had been sought and found.

There was no more denying of the truth now, and when his mother learned that Sentaro also had become a Christian she went over to the parsonage in a towering rage, demanding of the native pastor's gentle wife what she and her husband meant by drawing away first one and then the other of her sons from the faith of their fathers.

Very tenderly and sympathetically did the younger mother try to comfort the older one by pointing out to her that it was this living Jesus who had won her son's allegiance, whose power had won the prodigal back to a pure life and to his mother.

But for a long time she refused to be comforted. "I was so glad and thankful when Sentaro came home a changed boy," she would lament to her friends and relatives, "but now this other dreadful thing has come upon him. What can I do?"

But gradually she began to listen to the loving words and gentle teachings of the preacher's wife—who had learned to love Jesus when she was a little child in one of our mission schools—and one day as she left the parsonage she was heard to murmur, "Truly the Jesus doctrine is not bad, after all."

And now she has been "inside the church for the first time!" Standing in the rear of the little chapel, with Santaro's baby strapped on her back, she listened with evident interest throughout, while rocking back and forth to keep the little one quiet.

As the meeting closed she slipped quietly away before any one should speak to her. But we are praying and waiting for that mother to enter into the joy of her sons and of their Lord, giving thanks to him who has called her out of darkness into his glorious light.—Mary B. Griffiths, of Japan, in "Woman's Missionary Friend."

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A Story of Luther and Melancthon.

Luther was informed that his bosom friend and co-worker in the Reformation, Philip Melancthon, was lying at the point of death; upon which information he set out upon the journey of one hundred and fifty miles, to visit him.

Upon his arrival, he found all the distinctive features of death upon him. The glazed eye, the cold, clammy sweat, and insensible lethargy. As Luther "bent over him, he exclaimed with great emotion, 'Oh, how awful is the change wrought upon the visage of my brother!'

On hearing this voice, to the astonishment of all present, Melancthon opened his eyes, and, looking up into Luther's face, remarked: 'Oh, Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?' Upon which Luther replied, 'Oh, no, Philip; we cannot spare you yet.'

Luther then turned away from the bed, and fell upon his knees—and began to wrestle with God in prayer, and to plead with great fervency, for more than an hour, the many proofs recorded in Scripture of his being a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; and also how much he stood in need of the services of Melancthon, in furthering that cause, in which the honor and glory of God's great Name, and the eternal welfare of unnumbered millions of immortal souls were so interested; and that God should not deny him this one request, to restore to him the aid of his well-tried brother Melancthon.

He then rose up from prayer, and went to the bedside again, and took Melancthon by the hand. Upon which Melancthon again remarked, 'Oh, dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?' To which Luther again answered, 'No, no, Philip; we cannot possibly spare you from the field of labor yet.'

Luther then requested the nurse to go and make him a dish of soup, according to his instructions. Which, being prepared, was brought to Luther, who requested his friend Melancthon to eat of it.

"Melancthon again asked him, 'Oh, Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?' To which Luther replied as before, 'Philip, we cannot spare you yet.'

Melancthon then exhibited a disinclination to partake of the nourishment prepared for him. Upon which Luther remarked, 'Philip, eat, or I will ex-communicate you.'

Melancthon then partook of the food prepared, and immediately grew better, and was speedily restored to his wonted health and strength again, and labored for years afterwards with his coadjutors, in the blessed cause of the Reformation."—Ex.

WHAT MAKES A COLLEGE CHRISTIAN?

First of all, charter stipulations do not of themselves make a college Christian.

Secondly, Bible study does not, of itself, make a college or a man Christian.

But when the man who sits in the professor's chair is both a great teacher and a great Christian, then the college is effectively Christian.

A certain professor in one of the smaller colleges of the East gave his strength and time for years to personal friendships with his students and daily prayers for their spiritual welfare. As a result there are scores of the graduates from that college, during the years that professor lived, who are strong and useful Christian lawyers, business men, or ministers.

"How did he do it?" one of those young ministers was recently asked.

"I do not know," was the reply. He never spoke to me about being a minister, yet I know that I would not have become one except for him. I think it was just the way he lived."

This is the secret of the Christian college. When the members of a faculty are genuinely Christian, living their Christian life day by day, among a company of the keenest, if most unconscious, critics so that students take knowledge of them that they have learned of Christ—then such a college, beyond a doubt, is Christian.—Huron College Bulletin.

FOR A DEEPENING LIFE.

Do we deliberately and habitually take the time that is necessary to get well acquainted with Jesus Christ, and to understand clearly his plan for our life?

A successful business man, who at the same time counts the King's business more important than the continent-wide commercial enterprise which he directs, is insistent with himself that he shall occasionally withdraw from his business and his friends, and spend a day alone with God for quiet meditation, Bible-study, prayer, fellowship with God, and a far-visioned perspective of the large matters that God would bring before him.

He is rendering a great service to some of his friends by quietly urging upon them the same practise. Sometimes he invites them to withdraw with him for a day in just such prayerful communion and meditation together.

How much richer our lives might all be if we would follow this simple plan! Christ needed it for himself when he dwelt among us as a man. None of our life interests will suffer when we give all the time that is needed to him who is our Life.—S. S. Times.

Advance in Bolivia.

In probably no other places in the world has the Church of Rome such power as in the Province of Quebec and in some countries of South America. That power always weakens before the progress of light and knowledge.

Up until April 11 of last year, the Church of Rome enjoyed a monopoly of marriage in Bolivia. People had to submit to her terms or live in concubinage. Many chose the latter.

One young man told a missionary that when he, being a Protestant, wanted to marry, the Church authorities demanded of him \$1,000 for liberty to do so.

In revolt against such tyranny, Bolivia in her last Congress passed a Civil Marriage Bill, declaring that henceforth the only legal marriage would be that performed before the civil authorities, and allowing the religious ceremony to be performed by any church or sect so soon as the legal requirements had been met.

This marks a great step forward in shaking off the yoke of Rome.

Caste in India.

Like all else that is unfair or unnatural or that involves special privilege, it must weaken with the progress of modern life. It is one of the greatest barriers to the advance of Christianity in India, but "this too will pass."

Industry condemns it. A weaving establishment in Southwest India, proclaims that it is a bar to industrial progress, and employs Brahmans as well as low castes in the factory, and makes them handle the fat that is used in sizing. The Brahman needs food and work, he soon gets used to the idea. His caste is broken and he is none the worse, and thus it spreads.

Education weakens it. Different castes attend school together. They are led of necessity to meet together, eat together, drink from the same well. Caste is broken, drops out of sight, dead and soon forgotten. Industry and commerce and education all have their part in breaking it down. Then is the opportunity for Christianity to come in and build up true liberty.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN RUSSIA.

How little we prize our religious liberty! We do not know the want of it. An incident told in the Missionary Review shows how it is prized by those who have been deprived of it.

"From Trebizond, a station of the American Board in Asia Minor, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, the glad tidings of the Gospel have spread into the near territory of Russia.

One of its fruits is the Greek Protestant community of Azanta, Russia, which has been frequently an object of persecution from the Russian officials in Sochoum. Some months ago these officials sealed the doors of the Protestant church and school, and for three months the faithful pastor and his little flock were prevented from holding services.

At last the secretary of the Evangelical Alliance in St. Petersburg secured an order from the government that such congregations should be permitted to enjoy religious liberty.

It was night when the order reached Sochoum, but a Russian Baptist pastor, at the time visiting in that city, started at once with the glad tidings.

After a carriage ride of three hours, and a walk through the dark woods of another three hours, he reached Azanta and aroused the pastor of the little flock. Together they rang the bell, that it should announce the good news through the darkness of the night.

The villagers, fearing fire, sprang from their beds and rushed to the church in their night clothes. There they were greeted with the joyful news of religious liberty, and soon the grand old hymn of Luther, "A mighty fortress is our God," rang through the night as an expression of gratitude to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness, but the Bible again and again condemns it as one of the most destructive elements in human nature.—Henry Drummond.

Our Church Register

CALLS, INDUCTIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Inductions Into.

Rockburn and Gore, Que., June 16, Mr. R. McCord.

Cartwright and Holmfild, Man., June 26, Mr. W. J. McIvor.

Seymour, Ont., June 23, Mr. C. C. Salisbury.

Tabusintac, Burnt Ch., N.B., June 19, Mr. G. P. Tatttrie.

Mulgrave, N.S., July 8, Mr. W. B. Rosborough.

Bedford, N.S., July 17, Mr. W. Orr Mulligan.

Fort Kent, N.B., July 10, Mr. C. E. Townsend.

Dorchester, Sackville, N.B., July 16, Mr. F. E. McIntosh.

Hornings Mills, Primrose, Ont., July 8, Mr. W. M. Bell Smith.

Calls from.

First Ch., London, Ont., to Rev. W. J. Knox, of Pembroke, Ont.

Knox Ch., Fingal, Ont., to Mr. F. Langill of Carp, Ont. Accepted.

Cowan Ave., Toronto, to Mr. A. MacClurg, of Newton Stewart, Ireland.

Ridgetown, Ont., to Mr. D. C. Ross, of Trenton, N.S.

Napier and Brooke, Ont., to Mr. A. C. Justice, of Atlin, B.C.

St. Luke's, Montreal, to Mr. A. D. MacKenzie, of Moose Creek, Ont.

Laprairie, Delson, Que., to Mr. W. H. Montgomery, of Athens, Ont. Accepted.

Buckingham, Que., to Mr. A. D. Cornett, of Kingston, Ont.

Restigouche, N.B., to Mr. W. F. Burns, of Saltsprings, N.S.

Glenelg, E. River, St. Mary's N.S., to Mr. J. H. Kirk, of Dalhousie, N.B.

Winchester, Ont., to Mr. J. B. McLeod, of Martintown, Ont. Accepted.

Resignations of.

St. Andrew's, N.B., Mr. A. W. Mahon.

St. George, N.B., Mr. E. Thorpe.

First Church, Brockville, Ont., Mr. Norman MacLeod.

Douglstown, Nelson, N.S., Mr. F. C. Simpson.

Saltsprings, N.S., Mr. W. F. Burns.

Deaths in the Ministry.

Rev. Geo. McMillan, B.A., for many years pastor in Kentville, N.S., died at Scotch Hill, Pictou Co., N.S., June 23, aged sixty-one years.

Rev. Robert MacIpine Thornton, D.D., once minister in Knox Church, Montreal, for the past twenty-nine years at Camden Road, London, England, died in London, 19 July, aged seventy-three years.

Rev. George D. Matthews, D.D., once minister in Chalmer's Church, Quebec, and for more than thirty years past, General Secretary of the World's Presbyterian Alliance, died in Edinburgh, Scotland, 4 July, aged eighty-five years.

To Sabbath Schools that are looking for new and suitable books for their libraries, there is one that can be heartily recommended.—“The Story of The Presbyterian Church in all Lands, told Mainly for Young People”—It is by a Scottish minister, Rev. J. R. Fleming, B.D., and published by T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh. The Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, thinks it so well worthy of a large circulation, that the book—as large as the ordinary dollar book—will be sent to any address in Canada for fifty cents, postpaid. It is in attractive style and will interest young and old in the long and honorable history of their Church.

**MEETINGS OF
ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.**

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

**The General Assembly,
Woodstock, 1st Wednesday June, 1914.**

**Synod of Maritime Provinces,
Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.**

1. Sydney, Sydney, 7 Aug., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whyccomagh, 5 Aug., 7.30
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 18 July, 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, River John, 19 Aug., 7 p.m.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 16 Sep., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Yarmouth, Sept.
8. St. John, St. John, 1st July, 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 8 Sep. 10.30.
10. P.E.I. Charlottetown, 5 Aug., 10 a.m.

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa. 14.
Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 19**

11. Quebec, Quebec, 2 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, at Synod.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 2 Sept. 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Arnprior, 8 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Merrickville, 16 Sept.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston,
Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.**

17. Kingston, Belleville, 9 Sept., 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 30 Sept., 9.30 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Sept., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 15 Oct., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues, each month.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 9 Sept., 10.30
23. Barrie, Barrie, 9 Sept., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Huntsville, July, at call.
25. Temiskaming, Haileybury, Sept.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sept.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 30 Sep., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Palmerston, 16 Sept., 9 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 16 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

St. Thomas, Last Monday of April, 1914.

30. Hamilton, St. Cath, 2 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Ingersoll, 9 Sept., 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 2 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Leamington, 9 Sept., 11 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 July, 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 9 Sept., 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Brucefield, 9 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
38. Bruce, Tiverton, 9 Sept., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Rainy River, Sept.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Crystal City, 2 Sept., 3 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Carmen, 9 Sept.
43. Portage la Prairie.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, July.
46. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 2 Sept., 8.30.
48. Abernethy, Balcarres, 9 Sept., 4 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Moosomin, 9 Sept., 2 p.m.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sept., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina, Moose Jaw, 2 Sept., 10 a.m.
54. Moose Jaw.
55. Saskatoon.
56. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
57. Battleford.
58. Kindersley, 29 July.
59. Swift Current, S. Current, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.

Synod of Alberta.

60. Vermillion.
61. Edmonton.
62. Lacombe, Camrose, Sept.
63. Red Deer.
64. Castor.
65. Calgary.
66. High River.
67. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

68. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Sep.
69. Kamloops.
70. Westminster.
71. Victoria, Victoria, 3 Sept., 2 p.m.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During June | Mar. 1 to June 30 |
|----------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$4,791.28 | \$20,597.63 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 1,983.96 | 18,098.50 |
| Widows & Orphans | 21.00 | 922.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 53.00 | 913.95 |
| Assembly Fund. ... | 35.13 | 389.72 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles. | 270.00 | 1,736.00 |
| Social Service and | | |
| Evangelism | 1,175.51 | 2,732.93 |
| Sabbath Schools & | | |
| Y. P. Societies.. | 121.00 | 387.00 |
| Deaconess Training | | |
| Home..... | 6.00 | 233.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 5.00 | 49.00 |
| Queen's College..... | 3.00 | 144.00 |
| Knox College | 37.00 | 901.00 |
| Manitoba College.... | 1.00 | 125.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | |
| Robertson College... | 1.00 | 51.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 1.00 | 34.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING JUNE

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|----------------------|-----------|------------------------|--------|
| Edmondville | \$ 100.00 | Hanover | 51.00 |
| Harriston, Kx yps | 2.00 | Burk's Falls, ypg | 3.00 |
| Hornby | 57.00 | Kemble | 50.00 |
| Omagh | 12.00 | Tor., Riverdale ylg | 3.00 |
| Lake Road | 29.50 | N. Luther ce | 2.00 |
| Tor., Emmanuel | 134.63 | Woodland | 5.00 |
| Tor., Wm'ster | 2,000.00 | Westport | 33.00 |
| Avonbank ss. | 9.90 | Almont ypg | 4.00 |
| Whitby Guild | 2.00 | Clinton girls' club | 5.00 |
| Smith's Falls, St. A | 35.00 | Rylstone | 20.00 |
| Kingston, Chal yws | 2.00 | Pt. Arthur, St. Pa. | 200.00 |
| Meaford, Ersk | 100.00 | Mrs. D. Cameron | 5.00 |
| H. Graham & Sons | 5.00 | Grand Bend ce | 3.00 |
| Richmond | 18.70 | Mac, Glencoe | 5.00 |
| W. D. & Mrs. Lockie | 200.00 | Hon. R. F. Sutherland | 10.00 |
| Zephyr | 80.00 | Est. Wm. Steen | 200.00 |
| Ethel yps & ss | 4.00 | Sarnia, St. Pa. yps | 4.00 |
| Tor., Cowan | 175.00 | Barton | 30.00 |
| N. Morningson | 28.00 | Mrs. W. H. Suller | 5.00 |
| W'mstown, St. And. | 75.00 | Guelph, Chal. | 600.00 |
| Paisley, Knox | 44.83 | Motherwell | 3.57 |
| Principal Gandier | 20.00 | Collingwood | 145.41 |
| Merivale yps | 2.00 | Mrs. John Adair | 1.00 |
| Mr. C. Clarkson | 5.00 | Kingston, St. A. W. G. | 2.00 |
| Pt. Rv. N. Lindsay | 120.00 | London, friend | 34.00 |
| Ellisvil frnds | 12.00 | Claremont | 19.00 |
| Sonya, St. And. | 50.00 | Caledonia | 130.00 |
| Wallacetown yps | 2.00 | Ham'lt'n, St. John's | 600.00 |
| Beaverton, Kx | 40.00 | Kemptville | 50.00 |
| Bellevil frnd | 2.00 | W. Adelaide | 12.00 |
| Arthur, St. And. | 7.00 | Belgrave, Knox | 111.00 |
| Berlin, St. A. gld. | 3.00 | Stratford, St. A. | 66.00 |
| Miss S Tulloch | 2.00 | Moore Line yps | 20.00 |
| | | Mono Centre | 13.00 |

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------|----------------------|----------|
| Stirling, St. A. | 15.00 | Quebec. | |
| Misses A. Deachman | | Rv. Duncan McLeod | 20.70 |
| & G. McLellan | 9.00 | Mont., Taylor | 149.00 |
| Stittsville | 5.00 | Mont., Wm'ster | |
| Brantford, Zion ypg | 5.00 | Chinese | 40.00 |
| North Bay Guild | 3.00 | Mont., Knox ce | 5.00 |
| Crinan ypg | 4.00 | Mont., Ersk. jun. ms | 260.00 |
| Avontou | 107.00 | Lachute | 100.00 |
| Windham ce | 2.90 | C. A. B. | 1.00 |
| Ham'lt'n, St. Jas. yps | 2.00 | Inverness | 60.85 |
| Englehart, wom mtg | 1.35 | Mr., Mrs. H. Young | 62.50 |
| Berlin, St. And. | 600.00 | Est. Isabella Ander- | |
| Dunwich, ypg | 5.00 | son | 200.00 |
| Petrolca | 4.45 | Verdun | 3.89 |
| Tor., Ave Road | 450.00 | Pte-aux-Trem. Scis. | 80.00 |
| Galt, Central yps | 3.00 | Mont., St. Luke's | 4.00 |
| Lakehurst | 7.00 | Sherbrooke, St. A. | 300.00 |
| Brucefield, Un. | 24.80 | Mont., American | 3,500.00 |
| Streetsville | 5.00 | | |
| F. W. Dean | 12.50 | | |
| Lonsdale | 5.00 | | |
| Arthur | 40.00 | | |
| Miss A. B. Morison | 10.00 | Manitoba. | |
| E. E. M., Brampton | 20.00 | Thos. Harkness | 5.00 |
| Niag. Falls, St. A. | | Orrwold | 25.00 |
| yps | 3.00 | Gilbert Plains | 42.60 |
| Duncan McCallum | 2.00 | Dauphin Presby. | 82.00 |
| Washago | 50.00 | Lenore | 12.50 |
| Fletcher ce | 2.00 | Wpg., St. Pa. Chin. | 9.00 |
| Ayr. Stanley | 10.00 | Teulon | 50.00 |
| Brucefield, Un. | 53.63 | Elkhorn, willg | |
| Gibraltar, friend | 3.00 | workers | 16.00 |
| Jasper | 5.00 | Assessippi | 15.00 |
| E. Wawanosh | 53.00 | Rounthwaite | 50.00 |
| Tor., Bloor | 4,000.00 | La Riviere ss | 25.00 |
| Bellevil, John | 73.18 | Rv. J. Niven | 100.00 |
| N. Easthorne | 14.00 | Rosenfeld ss | 7.50 |
| Atikokan ss | 2.00 | Wellwood, Zion | 23.00 |
| Brown's Corners | 10.00 | | |
| McGillivray | 42.48 | Saskatchewan. | |
| Chatham, Calvin | 8.30 | Hyde friend | 5.00 |
| Tor., Victoria ss | 5.30 | Regina helper | 30.00 |
| Tor., St. John | 782.26 | Rocanville | 50.00 |
| Chatham, 1st | 316.36 | Lake Johnson | 9.00 |
| Alma | 2.00 | Thos. Stewart | 5.00 |
| Tor., Bloor, mem | | Rv. John Jackson | 7.84 |
| minister's bc | 50.00 | Ada | 8.30 |
| Misses Ellington & | | Rv. J. E. Smith | 10.40 |
| friend | 2.00 | Morse ss | 14.60 |
| Ham'lt'n, Chal | 17.00 | Alameda Presbytery | 67.00 |
| Tor., Bloor ymbe | 200.00 | Rv. J. H. Urie | 4.18 |
| Tor., Evangel Hall | 2.50 | Tyner, l. aid | 6.75 |
| Robert Kilgour | 25.00 | | |
| John Penman | 100.00 | | |
| Grace Irwin | 2.00 | Alberta. | |
| Miss Perrot | 1.00 | Strathcona, Kx | 200.00 |
| Paris Presby | 300.30 | Calgary, St. A. ylc | 2.00 |
| China fam relief fd | 277.62 | High River | 50.00 |
| Emsdale | 12.75 | G. McFarlane | 2.00 |
| Waterdown | 51.90 | Miss A. E. Walker | 1.00 |
| Brantford, St. A. | 100.00 | Nanton, wom mtg | 2.00 |
| Lucknow, B.C. | 2.00 | Pincher Crk, wom | |
| Lucknow, guild | 2.00 | mtg | 5.00 |
| Miss Mowat, Mem- | | Med. Hat, wom mtg | 5.00 |
| ory Rv. Dr. Jno. | | Red Deer, yps | 5.00 |
| B. Mowat | 1,000.00 | Strathcona, Kx | 100.00 |
| Est. Robt. F. Dale | 175.00 | Rv. Dr. R. A. King | 14.95 |
| Hawkesville | 3.00 | Jennet McLennan | 10.00 |
| Tor., Old St. And. | 400.00 | Namoo, ss | 4.00 |
| Elora, Kx yps | 2.00 | Edmonton, Wmstr. | 500.00 |
| Campbellville | 56.00 | | |
| N. Morningson | 28.00 | | |
| Shelburne, Kx | 53.00 | | |
| Crinan | 43.00 | British Columbia. | |
| Winthrop, ss | 18.00 | Ahousaht ss | 30.00 |
| Tor. Presby. | 850.00 | Vanc'r, St. John's | 1,500.00 |
| Est. Robt. F. Dale | 175.00 | Vanc'r, St. Jns ss | 50.00 |
| Markham, St. And. | 50.00 | Vanc'r, Wmstr yps | 3.00 |
| Est. Wm. McGinley | 224.67 | Dr. E. D. McLaren | 17.70 |
| Cromarty | 118.00 | Rv. R. J. Douglas | .50 |
| Culloden, Knox | 60.00 | Rv. T. T. Reikie | 10.00 |
| Rv. Cowie | 13.96 | Vanc'r, 1st | 188.65 |
| Otta., St. Paul's | 500.00 | Cranbrook, wom mtg | 2.00 |
| Vankleek Hill | 200.00 | Kamloops, wom mtg | 11.00 |
| Rv. D. McLaren | 9.30 | Creston, wom mtg | 3.00 |
| Mrs. A. L. Murray | 10.00 | Nanaimo, St. A. ss | 3.00 |
| Eden Mills | 15.00 | Vanc'r, St. A. yps | 25.00 |
| Tor., St. Jas. Sq. | 300.00 | Vanc'r, 1st | 40.90 |
| | | Clayburn ss. | 5.00 |

Nova Scotia.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------|
| Per Agent, Hx. . . | 126.87 |
| N. Sydney, St. Matt. . . | 16.09 |
| Per agent, Hx. . . | 104.55 |
| Per agent, Hx. . . | 87.81 |

New Brunswick.

| | |
|----------------------|--------|
| St. John Presby. . . | 247.00 |
| Rv. J. Valentine . . | 11.00 |

Miscellaneous.

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| Pr Rv. S. B. Ro- | |
| hold | 60.00 |

| | | | |
|----------------------|--------|-------------------|--------|
| Pr Rv. S. B. Ro- | 154.55 | Pr Rv. S. B. Ro- | 102.75 |
| hold | | Pr Rv. S. B. Ro- | |
| Pr Rv. D. J. Craig | 33.95 | Pr Rv. S. B. Ro- | 70.00 |
| M. M. A. | 5.00 | hold | |
| W. F. M. S. | 300.00 | Miss Ethel Came- | 60.00 |
| W. H. M. S. | 150.00 | ron, Honan . . . | |
| Topp Auxiliary . . . | 25.77 | Est. Donald McIn- | 500.07 |
| | | tyre, Scotland . | |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During June | Mar. 1 to June 30 |
|---------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$564.15 | \$3,876.93 |
| Home Missions.... | 187.34 | 2,286.34 |
| Augmentation..... | 15.00 | 595.00 |
| College..... | 13.00 | 308.00 |
| Aged Ministers.... | | 68.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | | 107.00 |
| For North West.... | 14.00 | 334.00 |
| Children's Day Col. | | 10.00 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 1.81 | 33.01 |
| Bursary Fund..... | | 532.50 |
| Library Fund..... | | 103.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans | | 251.00 |
| Social Service and | | |
| Evangelism..... | 72.00 | 148.00 |
| Total..... | \$867.80 | \$8,652.78 |

EASY WHEN WE'RE YOUNG.

An old teacher was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants just at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground and the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. The tutor said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first,"

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms to uproot it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, hardly shook its leaves.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits. When they are young we can cast them out readily, but only divine power can uproot them when they are old."

—Ex.

RECEIVED DURING JUNE

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|------------|---------------------|------------|
| Acknowledged . . . | \$7,785.48 | Dartmouth . . . | 19.54 |
| St. James, Union . . | 7.50 | Quoddy, Moser Riv. | 50.00 |
| Alex. Sutherland . . | 25.00 | Sussex Girls' guild | 69.00 |
| Dorchester | 3.77 | Sheet Harbor . . | 15.00 |
| Fredericton Coll. . . | 11.00 | Refund | 53.23 |
| Interest | 150.81 | Natives of Efate, | |
| Hx., Park Ch. . . . | 60.00 | per Dr. McKenzie | 242.20 |
| Pictou Island . . . | 10.60 | French River, ss . | 10.00 |
| Lower Stewiacke . . | 100.00 | | |
| Interest | 40.25 | | \$3,652.78 |

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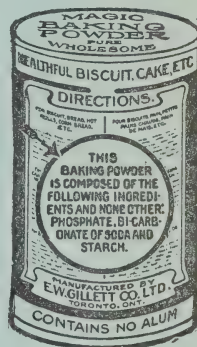
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The golden plover leaves Nova Scotia and flies without a stop straight to South America, wintering on the pampas of Argentina,—a journey of some five thousand miles, 2,500 miles being over the ocean, without a stop even for food.

On the Pacific side, the golden plover leaves the Aleutian Islands and goes 2,500 miles to Hawaii, without a rest, and winters in the southern hemisphere, from the Society Islands to Australia. With this bird it is the northern trip that is slow, and the eastern group crosses the continent of South America, Mexico, the Great Plains, and across Canada to its Arctic nesting-grounds, while the western birds go up to the Malay Peninsula and along the Chinese and Siberian seaboard.

Wonderful as is this enormous journey of 12,000 to 15,000 miles each year, there is at least one bird whose annual trip exceeds the plover's by several thousand miles.

The Arctic tern nests from Maine to within eight degrees of the North Pole, spends its summers in the land of continual day, and in its migration goes to a

region in the Antarctic near the South Pole.

In its round trip it may cover as much as 22,000 miles—nearly equal to flying around the world at the equator. In all this year the only time that it experiences full darkness is during the few nights passed in the neighborhood of the tropics, for its summer about the North Pole is one long day, as is its winter about the South Pole.

But, although this is much the longest journey made by any bird, it is not in some ways as remarkable as the plover's, for the tern is a sea-bird, and can at any time dive into the water and feed on the abundant supply of fishes and other marine animals, while the plover is really a land bird, incapable of feeding at sea. So it has to fatten up before leaving its summer home, and make half of its enormous autumn journey without food.—The Life Boat.

How wonderful the works of the God who created these birds, endowing them with instinct which leads them unerringly from pole to pole, with such marvellous powers to take their wonderful flight.

That place of enjoyment is safe where Jesus may go with us.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life.

The best means of destroying an enemy is to make him your friend.

Life is not so short, but there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

In youth we make our age. Our final years sit in judgment on the past.

Move yourself and you will move the world. It is the only way to do it.

A tyrant is a man who finds his happiness in the unhappiness of others.

He is always making himself better who is endeavoring to make the world better.

Abram did not know where he was going, but he knew with whom he was going.

He who is careful in doing little things will soon find big things coming to him to be done.

Thou must learn to bridle and break thy will in many things, if thou wilt live a quiet life.

They who keep closest to the guide, find the way easiest and hear most clearly what he has to say.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Any service which is done solely from the hope of gain or advantage cannot be of the highest type.

If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like.—Kingsley.

It is always wrong to dishearten any body. You can tell an angel by his habit of saying, 'Fear not!'

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

You may own this plot of ground, and I that, but the horizon belongs to him who can interpret it!—Emerson.

There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh about.—Goethe.

When the devil gains control of the tongue he doesn't care much what is done by the hands and feet.—The Way.

In justice to the requirements of the present, you should not look back and make yourself wretched over things that cannot be undone.

There are people who go about the world looking for slights, and they are necessarily miserable, for they find them at every turn.—Drummond.

Do not expect always to have smooth sailing: then, if the storm comes, you are ready for it, if the calm comes, the greater is your enjoyment.

Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we have. He who wants little always has enough.—Zimmerman.

It's good to put a bother away overnight. It often straightens out by the morning. It takes some people a long time to find out that it never pays to worry.

If, in doing an act, we saw a chain winding around our bodies, we should be alarmed. But habit binds chains by every deed.—William E. Channing.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of strife, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

When you can show me a tract of land ten miles square on the face of the earth which has not come under the influence of Christianity, where you would be willing to live and rear your families, it will be time to disparage the work of the Christian church.—James Russell Lowell.

"I cannot get interested in missions," exclaimed a petulant young lady. "No, dear," said her aunt. "you can hardly expect to. It is just like getting interest in a bank; you have to put in a little something first. And the more you put in—time, or money, or prayer—the more interest grows. But something you must put in, or you will never have any interest. Try it, and see."—The Bible World.

The Presbyterian Record



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WHEN I MET MY MASTER.

I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure
 led,
And then by chance in a quiet place
I met my Master, face to face.

With station, and rank, and wealth for a
 goal,
Much thought for the body, but none for the
 soul,
I had entered to win in life's mad race
When I met my Master, face to face.

I had built my castles, and reared them
 high,
Till their towers had pierced the blue of
 the sky;
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace,
When I met my Master, face to face.

I met Him, and knew Him, and blushed to
 see
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on
 me;
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished, and in their place
I saw naught else but my Master's face;
And I cried aloud—Oh, make me meet
To follow the marks of Thy wounded feet.

My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since alone in that holy place
My Master and I stood, face to face.

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—George Washington.

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A Free Ad. and Free Treatment.

One of our foremost authorities on the deferring of old age, says, "The combination of the three agencies—exercise, fresh air, and sunshine—is the best and most necessary means for the preservation of youthfulness, and for the prolongation of life."

I think we can say that chief of these three is fresh air. We may live for a time fairly well shut in close rooms with impure air, but if such conditions continue long the health will surely fail. Oxygen, which is absolutely necessary to maintain life can only be had from the air, and the more pure fresh air we can take into our lungs the more perfect will our health be.

The red blood corpuscles swarm into the lungs and greedily take up the life giving oxygen and carry it to all parts of the body on its mission of purification, and at the same time throw off the poisons that have been collected in the journey through the blood vessels.

If we want to preserve our youth for a long time and attain old age we must avoid foul, contaminated air and breathe only that which is pure. Breathe deeply. Light, shallow breathing that fills only a third or a half of the air cells of the lungs only gives a third or half a change for life and health.

Take special breathing exercises at least two or three times a day. Inhale slowly and deeply, filling every portion of the lungs, hold the breath a moment and then exhale slowly. Repeat ten times in the fresh air or before an open window. The Canadian Woodman.

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THE HOME IN THE CHURCH.

And

THE CHURCH IN THE HOME.

Upon these two things depends the Church of to-morrow, and, in great measure, the homes, the religion, the morality, the prosperity, the safety of the Canada of to-morrow and of future years.

(1.) The Home in the Church.

What is it? Simply this: the transference, so far as possible, of the home to the church at the hour of public worship; parents going to church and taking their children with them; the family circle in the family pew.

This means of course that the parents should be church-goers. Unfortunately all of them are not such. Various reasons are given. They want the day for rest. They can read a better sermon at home than they can hear at church. They can spend the day quite as profitably in God's good out of doors, enjoying His gifts of sunshine and fresh air. They can worship Him in Nature.

With regard to all this and much more of a similar kind, a few of many considerations are here suggested.

1. It is true that one can worship God anywhere if he be in the path of duty. But it is not a question of what people can do, but of what they do. How many who are absent from church by choice do read the better sermon at home? How many of them do worship God in Nature? How many of them when thus enjoying "God's good gifts," ever bestow a grateful thought upon the Giver? How many?

2. Those who truly worship God in Nature will always desire to be where He is specially worshipped; to meet with others like-minded in the common homage to Him. If one is by choice absent from public worship, it is proof that he is not in sympathy with that worship.

3. Church-going is a reminder of God and of His goodness and of our responsibility to Him; a reminder of our true destiny. The church-goer is kept in weekly remembrance of the fact that he is immortal, that his life here is but a small part of his being. The church may be small and bare, built of logs or sods, the service may be simple and unlearned, but it turns the thoughts Godward.

Those who neglect public worship, as a rule neglect God. The things of time and sense, which they must soon leave behind, are with them all the week, and on the Sabbath as well, filling all the horizon of their thoughts, while their future, which will soon be all that is left to them, is forgotten.

4. In the case of those who have families there is the added consideration that, in neglecting public worship, they are influencing their children in the same direction, leading them to forget that they are immortal, to forget God and their responsibility to Him.

Some may even send their children to church though absenting themselves. That is better than all being absent, but the parent is not doing justice to his own highest interests. Moreover the example is likely to influence the children, and when grown they may follow the example and not the precept.

Neither the parents going to church without the children, nor the children without the parents, is the Home in the Church, and just here is one of the greatest and gravest defects in our modern church life, viz., that in many cases the parents go to church but do not take their children with them. In many of our largest congregations, with hundreds of regular worshippers, there are seldom a dozen children present.

Different reasons are assigned. "They cannot understand. It is a weariness to them. They go to Sabbath School and that is enough, etc."

With regard to all this, and much more of a similar nature here are a few considerations out of many that might be mentioned.

1. The children can understand the reading of the Scriptures, and enjoy the singing of the hymns, and more especially when they are remembered in choosing the hymns and in reading the Scripture.

But the two great reasons for having the children in church are:

1. They understand that God, our Heavenly Father, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, is treated as here present, seeing though unseen, hearing though unheard, and is treated with reverence and confidence and love, and that impression of God is stamped upon their young minds and hearts, and usually stamped for life. They understand and feel the attitude and atmosphere. They understand that goodness is something to be honored and sought after. They are impressed with a sense of a God to whom they are responsible for their use of life, with a sense of the reality of the unseen and spiritual. They are led out of themselves into the consciousness of something grander, higher, better, more enduring than this present life. And even when a child sleeps through a part of the service it is with a sense of the benediction of goodness.

But with some it is not merely impression but decision. Many a child, seated quietly in the family pew, little noticed by those around, has been a centre, the centre of interest and joy to the unseen spirit-world around, as the great battle of life was fought out and the victory won and the young heart and life then and there given to God.

Childhood is the time for decision. Later years may bring larger understanding, but childhood is the time for impression and decision, and the parent does a great wrong to the child in not bringing it under the influence of all that will impress it for the best.

A second result, a most important one in the life of the child, is the formation of the habit of church-going. With that habit formed he leaves home, perhaps for the great city, where temptations to Sunday

pleasure specially abound; and the coming of the Sabbath and the sound of the Sabbath bell are a call to worship which brings to its aid all the memories of home, and he finds his way to the House of God, to safe companionship, to help for the week to come; and with many these first Sabbaths away from home decide the failure or success of all the future life.

The early years shape the habits of a life. The Church workers and helpers of to-day as a rule were taken to church in childhood. Few who in childhood spent their Sundays at home when they might have gone to church are to be found as church helpers to-day. In proportion as parents allow their children to spend Sunday at home when they might be in church will be the future weakness and inefficiency of the Church, and with it the decadence of all that makes for the best and safest and most successful in a nation.

The Home is not in the Church when parents and children spend the day in idleness or pleasure, nor when the parents are in church and the children at home, not even when the children are in church and the parents at home, but when all are there who can be there; when the family is in the family pew; when the attitude and atmosphere is that of worship, where God is named with reverence and love. Then and then only are children trained up "in the way they should go." Then and then only are they started in the way that gives hope for the best both in the Church and in the State, in the days to come.

(2) The Church in the Home.

But a full family pew does not complete the religious duty of the parent to the child. The Home can only be in the Church once or twice a week, and even if the child be in an atmosphere of worship an hour in the week, six days without any worship, with no thanks at meal time in acknowledgment of an all-bountiful Providence, no family altar with its brief message from God's Word, no bowing together in prayer morning or evening to seek His forgiveness, or thank Him for goodness and help,—if there be none of this, and the week be wholly worldly, it will do much to efface the impression

of the Sabbath hour in the minds of the children, and lead them to forget God.

The Church, the time of worship, brief but reverent, can thus be brought to the Home and the attitude of the Home towards God as a Father and Friend and the atmosphere of reverence and love towards God and goodness, will impress the minds of the children and be an abiding memory.

The children that are deprived of family worship, deprived of the "Church in the Home" have done to them a great wrong.

The two chief objections are lack of time and of ability. Lack of time had better be termed lack of will. Where there is a will there is a way for one parent or the other.

The same may be said of lack of ability. There are few parents who cannot read a verse or two of God's Word, and fewer still are there who cannot in their own way thank God for His goodness and ask His help, as they would thank any other friend.

It may be said that children have gone astray from a worshipping, church-going home. This is sadly true. But it is just as true that a very much larger number from such homes have not gone astray. It is such homes that have furnished to the world its best men and women in all walks of life.

The child who is thus deprived of the Church in the Home and the Home in the Church has a right to complain that it has been robbed of the best in life, and by those who claim to love it best.

With the opening of the Autumn and Winter campaigns of church work, let a chief place be given to the Home in the Church and the Church in the Home, these two great factors in the making of the future.

The "Blue Ribbon" for long service for unmarried women in our own foreign missions, goes to Miss Annie L. M. Blackaddar, who, after thirty-seven years of very faithful and successful work, as missionary and teacher, in Trinidad, is retiring from the field. There are few unmarried women, in all the history of modern missions who have laboured so long. Thirty of her pupils now occupy important government positions in Trinidad. Her many friends will wish her a long and pleasant afternoon and evening in the home land.

IN PASTURES GREEN.

BY ARCHIBALD McILROY, EDMONTON.

FOR THE RECORD:

It is four o'clock on Sabbath afternoon, the western Canadian sun is beating fiercely down from a cloudless sky. There is no shelter from his rays in this prairie district beside the Saskatchewan River, on the outskirts of the big city, where quite a little colony has been formed, chiefly old country people of the laboring class, who are engaged in the brick-making and gravel-washing industries of the neighborhood.

From across the flats, men, women and children are to be seen, dressed in their best, wending their way to the Presbyterian Church. The Church, in this instance, is a tent, 12 x 24 feet, with wood floor, and capable of seating fifty people. The furniture consists of chairs, reading-desk and organ. It is in no way artistic as regards either outward or inward appearance, yet when filled by a little company of earnest worshippers it breathes an inspiration of its own. There is a strain of gipsy blood in most people, sufficient to create a longing for tent-life, especially on such a perfect summer day, and by the side of the great river which winds its course through the rolling prairie.

The congregation is now assembled, the last to arrive being old Angus MacDonald, who must needs proceed slowly, leaning heavily on his staff, for he is in his ninety-second year, and nearing the end of a long journey. A fine specimen of the transplanted Highlander is Angus, who holds that no one can properly comprehend the beauty and pathos of the Psalms of David till he has heard them rendered in the Gaelic tongue.

The service has now begun, and just as the people are praising God in the Words of the 116th Psalm, to the old tune of "Artaxerxes," a young couple arrive, dressed in light summer costume, taking their seats modestly at the back. These are none other than Harry Raymond and his wife, who are amongst the leaders of the musical world, so far as this city is concerned, and who have kindly come, amid many engage-

ments, to give the mission a helping hand. With the addition of a couple of trained voices mingling in the praise of the triumphant psalm, the ancient melody seems to have taken on new beauties—even the organ appears to give forth sweeter sounds.

As the service proceeds, still another surprise is sprung upon the audience. A Salvation Army officer who has dropped in is asked to lead in prayer, when Angus MacDonald, whose hearing is a little defective, drags himself slowly to his feet. The Salvationist immediately gives way. The people hold their breath, but Angus has been there before; a more intelligible, comprehensive utterance could hardly be desired, remarkable for so old a man in the humble walks of life.

And now Harry Raymond sings the "Holy City," his wife playing the accompaniment, the tent is altogether inadequate to encompass the rich tones of that powerful voice, which float away over the silent prairie in great waves of resounding song.

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing, Hosanna, in the highest, Hosanna, to your King." No wonder the people sit entranced, and a number of loiterers assemble around the tent door—the like has not been heard in that region before. Old man MacDonald, his Highland instincts getting the better of him, feels impelled to again struggle to his feet, his eyes fixed upward, his feet and hands beating time to the music. He has never felt so near to Heaven as now.

Thus the worship proceeds. There is reading and prayer, and an address that is meant to be helpful, if not of a highly scholarly order, and Mr. Raymond favors again with "Rest for the Weary," after which the audience slowly disperse to their homes.

The sun is still high in the heavens on this beautiful June evening, as he who conducts the mission makes his way west along the river bank to where a ferry crosses to Lauderdale, a small township nestling amongst woods, and the seat of an extensive lumber industry.

Here, again, on a tent floats the flag of the Presbyterian Church, the conditions

being much the same as before, and a true spirit of worship prevails.

The sun is sinking low as the broad, swiftly-flowing Saskatchewan is again crossed. The Western horizon is on fire, the reflection makes the water appear red as blood. The railway track is reached, where a bunch of fine fellows are "bunking" in some disused cars.

There is a welcome on their faces at the prospect of a short service. Hats are doffed, pipes and cards put aside, and respectful attention—is given to the Message. Bibles or hymn books are not usually lying about in such quarters, but some of the men join in the choruses, and it cannot be said that worship is an altogether absent factor.

It is only to be expected that the moment service is ended pipes and cards will be resumed, but who can tell if a seed may not have fallen on good soil, or that a crude prayer may not be offered up from some lowly "bunk," in the silence of the night, to Him who is as accessible from the lumber camp or railway car as from the cathedral desk or the palace of the king.

True, the work is hard in the West—much discouragement, but occasional gleams of promise. There is many a thing the people think they want more than the missionary and his story, but yet there are always some to whom that story comes like rain upon the mown grass and as showers that water the earth.

PICK THEM NOW.

A young girl visiting the country was following the farmer's wife along a winding, half overgrown path amid a winding tangle of wild flowers. The young visitor exclaimed at their variety and beauty. "I mean to gather all I can carry when we come back and have a little more time," she said. "Better pick them now, if you want them," said the elder woman. "It isn't likely we'll come back this way."

It was one of those simple, homely incidents that sometimes seem to epitomize life. We must pick now, if we want them at all, the flowers that God scatters along our way. The pleasant hours, the dear friendship, the offered confidences, the happy gatherings—all the brightness and blessings that we so often push aside, but mean to find leisure to enjoy some time—we must take them day by day as they come, or we shall lose them altogether. We can never turn back to find them.

WELCOMING THE IMMIGRANTS.

At the request of the RECORD, Rev. John Chisholm, our immigration chaplain at Montreal, has permitted the use of some selections from letters he receives. They show what a grand work our Church is doing along this line. They show what it means for a stranger in a strange land to be met and welcomed by the Church of their home and their childhood.

The Manse,
 Willington, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
 July 17, 1913.

Dear Mr. Chisholm:—

I would again bespeak your kindly offices of welcome and hospitality for a young lady leaving here next Wednesday, July 23, for Victoria, British Columbia.

She is travelling alone, is somewhat timid, never having ventured a journey on her own resources before.

Would you do all you can to make the conditions of her journey and changes of travelling as easy for her as you can.

You might also advise our minister in Victoria of her coming. I have only his name, Rev. W. L. Clay, but not his address, or I would have written to him personally.

I would take this opportunity also of thanking you for your kindness and hospitality to past members of my flock committed to your care. The reports sent home by them to friends here have greatly endeared our Presbyterian faith and cheered them by the sense of brotherhood and friendship in a strange land.

Thanking you in anticipation and with kind regards.

Yours fraternally,
 J. D. S. McCUBBIN.

14 Derby St., Leith, Scotland.
 24 July, 1913.

Rev. John Chisholm, M.A.,
 Montreal.

Dear Sir:—

I have to thank you for your communication concerning my young friend, A—A—, and for all your kind attention to him. I am sure his parents will be most grateful to you. I am sending your letter to them.

I have another young man sailing by the S.S. Saturnia from Glasgow on 13th September, my own son. He has assisted me manfully in my church work, and I hope he will find a billet for service in some Church in Montreal, where he expects to make his home.

I happen to be Convener of the Committee for our Church and I can assure you I am doing all I can to see that all our people are made known to the friends in Canada. We are greatly indebted to your Church for all you are doing, and specially for the promptitude with which you attend to our requests.

With brotherly greetings and good wishes.

Ever yours sincerely,
 J. D. ROBERTSON.

7 Ryehill Ave., Leith, Scotland.
 25 July, 1913.

My Dear Sir:—

I have been made acquainted through the Rev. J. D. Robertson of the part that you and your coadjutors have played in befriending my son on his arrival in Canada.

You will not think it officiousness on my part if I append a word of thanks to you personally. My wife and I regard you very tenderly in our thoughts, and we earnestly pray that the work that you have set yourself to do may prosper in your hands and that you may have good encouragement in the doing of it.

It is a laudable and necessary scheme adopted by the Church, and must entail a great deal of personal inconvenience and patience. But, oh, the joy of standing on the quay and welcoming with a friendly grasp the young strangers fresh from the home-land, and guiding their steps in the way of well-doing. You will know that it is not only "lawful to do good," but it is angel's work below.

You will know that a father's and a mother's prayers follow you in your ministry; and, from the point of view of the young folk themselves, the ties that bind them to the Church and to the Dominion are all the stronger by reason of the kindly welcome extended to them.

May God bless you.

Yours very gratefully,

JAMES AITKEN.

Hastings, Minn., U.S.A.

July 27, 1913.

Dear Mr. Chisholm:—

You will be very pleased to know, I am sure, that my mother arrived here in Hastings quite safely and well.

My mother sends her kindest regards to you, and says she can never forget your kindness to her in her hour of need.

Yours is a great work, and we pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon you and yours.

Vegreville, Alta., 8-7-13.

Rev. John Chisholm, B.A.

Dear Sir:—

Please accept my hearty thanks for your kindness and help to my little family while in Montreal.

I am very, very thankful to you for your kind-heartedness and for all you have done in my favour.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very respectfully,

MARTIN ZALIZNIAK.

364B St. Antoine St., Montreal.

30 July, 1913.

Dear Mr. Chisholm:—

I am very grateful to you for the interest you are taking in us, and thank God for sending us one to welcome us, though in a strange land.

I don't feel so depressed, after seeing you, as I did yesterday. May God bless you.

SOCIAL SERVICE AND EVANGELISM.

Resignation of Rev. Charles Stelzle.

This department of our Church work, organized half a dozen years ago, began with the emphasis on Evangelism. That emphasis should continue. Evangelism should ever be first and chief.

An interesting development, in this connection, has been going on in the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. A few years ago it appointed Rev. Charles Stelzle as its agent in this department of work. His writings have been widely published. He has spoken in different centres in Canada, and is recognized as an authority on social problems.

Mr. Stelzle has now resigned his appointment because the church requires the em-

phasis on Evangelism. Concerning his resignation The Presbyterian (Philadelphia) has the following, which will be of interest to many in our own Church:—

Mr. Stelzle and Sociology.

"The 'Continent' expresses the conviction that the Board of Home Missions should pursue its efforts to retain Rev. Charles Stelzle, and to overcome his decision to retire from the work of the Board.

"We believe this would be unwise in the extreme. The Church has formally required that the Department of Social Service should be conducted with more emphasis upon the evangelistic element, and Mr. Stelzle regards this as a limitation upon his plans, and therefore, for the sake of greater freedom to himself as well as to the Church, he resigns. This is manly and wise, and is to be commended.

"The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Its chief aim is the rescue of the individual by putting into him, 'the power of an endless life.' Through this saved individual it would preserve and enlighten society, as with salt and light. Through this improved society, it would improve in a passing way the environment of man.

"On the other hand, sociology would save society by the improvement of environment, working from the outside to the inside; from form to life, hoping, through society, to profit the individual; but the individual is not its chief or direct object.

"These two can never be reconciled. Mr. Stelzle started out in the service of the gospel, but his drift and development has been into and along sociology. His sense of restraint under the action of the Assembly, and his determination to become an out-and-out sociologist, rather than a preacher of the Gospel, is the logical result of his course, which some of his friends have long since foreseen. For Mr. Stelzle to go back to the Gospel requirements of the Home Board of the Presbyterian Church is to reverse himself, and to restrain his plan and purpose.

"We further apprehend that if Mr. Stelzle continues in his present line, he will pass on into socialism, where the individual becomes nothing, and society everything. When he announced that the crime of the McNamaras was not to be charged to any person or persons, but to society, he had gone far afield into the realm of socialism. Such teachings cut the nerve of personal responsibility, and are directly opposite the Gospel.

"Mr. Stelzle is doing the right and manly thing in withdrawing from the Home Board, and all honest men will commend him for this action, however much they may oppose his theories and plans."

S. S. AND Y. P. S.**A Dominion-wide Campaign.**

By REV. ALEX MACGILLIVRAY, TORONTO.

"A Sabbath School and Young People's Society in every preaching Station" is the goal towards which the Board in charge of this department of the Church's work is pressing.

The General Assembly in June instructed Synods and Presbyteries so to organize and direct the activities of their committees that every school and society will be made more efficient, and that new ones be organized wherever possible.

This is a large programme, worthy of a live church, with a wide field where the need is urgent. The to-morrow of the church is in the keeping of the children and youth of to-day. On the faith and thoroughness with which we do our work NOW will depend the number and efficiency of those to whom we will one day pass over the work which must be unceasingly prosecuted with a zeal and thoroughness that knows no decline.

"There remaineth very much land to be possessed." We have over 1,500 pastoral charges and only a little over 800 young people's societies of all types and aims—while our Sabbath Schools number over 3,600. We could add another 1,000, and even then every preaching station would not be supplied.

It is admitted that a large number of our children, probably one-half, if they are to receive any definite religious education and training in practical service, must receive it through the agency of the church.

There is urgent need for consecrated and trained workers. It is perplexing, if not distressing, that with over 300,000 communicants, our Sabbath Schools and Y. P. Societies are under-manned. To get competent teachers and leaders is an acute problem with every pastor and superintendent.

We are "saved to serve." If that be so, the Church is sorely in need of a revival that will both awaken and deepen our sense of responsibility, and constrain Christians to ask "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do"; and to answer "Here am I, send me."

For the past two years the number received into the full membership of the

Church decreased 1,500, while there has been an increase in enrollment of fully 30,000 in the same period! Is not this a situation to cause grave concern? It will be to us according to our faith.

Our children and youth are not being taught to give. Two-thirds of our Schools gave nothing to Missions—the other third gave for 1912 \$51,000—for 1913 it is hoped \$100,000 will be given. The Schools can give half a million and would give it with enthusiasm if adequately informed and courageously led.

Let us make "rally week," which begins with Sunday, Sept. 28th, the time for a new and better beginning.

For some weeks we have been simply marking time or standing still. There are instances where the door has been closed and the flag hauled down. Now there will be an end to all this. Let us take up the work with enthusiasm and begin our fall and winter campaign with a faith that will compel results.

"Rally Day" should see every officer, teacher and scholar in place, with many new recruits in the ranks. It will be an opportune time for "Young People's Societies" to exemplify one of the articles of their creed, and make a thorough canvass for additional members. The invitation of the Church must reach every individual within the sphere of her service.

Pastor and Superintendent are the key men. Success is conditioned by leadership. The work of preparation should begin at once. The service that has been prepared with great care for "Rally Day" is entitled "God's Helpers." The theme is significant and singularly appropriate for a time such as this. Let the imagination dwell on the possibilities before our Sabbath School force of nearly 300,000, helping as they are able! The fields are white, the harvest is plentiful, the time is short. Let us "to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Negligence is enough to condemn a man. In order to go down to the nethermost depths, you do not need to do anything; you have simply not to do something, and down you will go by gravitation.—Alexander MacLaren, D.D.

Our Foreign Missions

A MISSION BAND.

Not a band of children, nor yet old people; not belonging to any one of our congregations, yet belonging to all our congregations; not meeting together week by week to learn something of missions and give their pennies to send the Gospel to the heathen, but already knowing much of missions and giving themselves to carry that Gospel to the heathen.

This Mission Band is the goodly band of young men and women going forth from our Church this Autumn to India, China, Formosa and Korea, to invest their lives in the world's redemption from sin and misery, to make the world a better, happier place for their having lived in it; to make eternity brighter with blessed memories for themselves and for others.

This Mission Band is made up of young, unmarried folk, except one couple, Rev. S. J. and Mrs. Proctor of Montreal, who, with eight others of the band, sail from Victoria, 9 Sept., for China and Korea.

The eight others sailing in that one section of the band are—Miss Edna McLellan, of Noel Shore, Nova Scotia, for Korea; Dr. F. F. Carr Harris, of Bathurst, N.B., for Honan; Miss Esther Smith, M.A., of Quebec, for Korea; Miss Ethel McEachern, of Toronto, for Korea; Miss Margaret F. Walks, Paisley, Ont., for Honan; Miss Margaret A. Brown, of Tiverton, Ont., for Honan; Miss Bertha M. Hodge, of London, Ont., for Honan; Miss Florence H. Langrill, of Killarney, Man., for Kongman, South China.

Besides this one section of ten members of the Band, there are three others, Kenneth W. Dowie, B.Sc., of Montreal, who sailed from Montreal, August 9th, to go, via Siberia, to Formosa; Miss Bertha Menary, of Temple Hill, Ont., who sails from Montreal, Oct. 11th, via Liverpool, for India; and Miss Janet C. Macdonald, of Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, who sails from San Francisco, 11 November, for Honan, to be the wife of Mr. J. B. Hattie, B.Sc.

There is another mission band of eight who have been a term or more on the field,

and home for a little time to recruit, and are now returning again:—Miss E. McLennan sailed from Montreal 2 June, on her return to Honan; Miss Edith McGill sailed from Vancouver 2 July, for Honan; Rev. Milton Jack and Mrs. Jack sailed from Vancouver, 29 July, returning to Formosa; Dr. Jessie MacBean left Toronto, 31 July, sailing from Montreal, en route to South China; Miss G. M. Kinney sailed from Montreal, 9 August, for Formosa; Miss W. G. Ratcliffe, of St. Catharines, sailed from Vancouver, 13 August, for Honan; and Dr. Margaret Mackellar sailed from Montreal 9 August, returning to India.

TWO DESIGNATIONS.

Dr. R. P. Mackay writes of the two following designations:—

Two Margarets, cousins, of Bruce County, Ont., brought up together, went to high-school together, graduated at Queen's University together, will sail, 9th September, from Vancouver together, and are to live together as our missionaries, our substitutes, doing our work at Weihwei, Honan.

Margaret Brown was designated at Tiverton, Ont., 30 July, and Margaret Walks at Paisley, Ont., 31 July. Each was at the others designation, and both services were largely attended for the two lassies are favorites in Bruce County.

Both designations were an inspiration—to the girls themselves, as they go forth cheered by the assurance of following interest and prayers by so many, and to the congregations and communities, who are thus drawn closer to the world's need and are giving of their best to meet that need.

Miss McLellan addressed a series of farewell meetings, from Maitland to Noel, and beyond, and to many of her young friends missions are more real. For all of this band of outgoing missionaries there were similar gatherings; and there is a similar circle of friends at home to whom missions have a new interest, for the young folk who go out as missionaries are usually well known in their community, and almost always general favorites.

ALONE ON ERROMANGA.

By REV. A. B. HUBLEY, WYEEVALE, ONT.

For the Record:—

"Our daughters are alone
On Erromanga," where the lustral wave
Is washing out the sanguinary stain
Persistent as the wall of coral rock.

Here is the record, ineradicable,
Of names that shall be proved illustrious,
Superior to Earth's greatness and acclaim,
When fades the transient glory of the world:
Those heralds of the Cross, from overseas,
Who suffered here, before the set of sun,
Upon the selfsame day on which they came,
Bearing the Love of God to this far shore.

Here from my native province followed
soon
One destined after lonely fruitless years
To share the guerdon of their sacrifice.
And his heroic wife with hand outstretched
Eager to grasp with him the martyr's Crown.

Then the young brother hither came, im-
pelled
By the loved memory of one who shared
The Christian nurture of his boyhood's
home:
Seeking, with strong desire, here to bring
To hearts and hands stained with his broth-
er's blood

Forgiveness measured by the Savior's love,
The healing cleansing power of the Cross.

Their names are borne upon the ocean
winds,
The shadow of the palms falls on their
graves
Dear men and women, much beloved of
Christ.

There was the precious seed, the harvest
gleams
Through this brief sentence from the writ-
ten page,

"Safe as at home, Our daughters are alone
On blood-stained Erromanga."

The Manse, Wyevalle, Ont.

(The above lines refer to a statement some time ago, in a letter from Rev. H. A. Robertson, D.D., when he and Mrs Robertson were absent for a short time from their field. "Safe as at home, our daughters are alone on Erromanga." That one brief sentence told how great the change in the "Martyr

Isle," where Williams, and our own mis-
sionaries, the Gordons, were killed by the
savages, but where now the mission family
is safe as in Canada.—Ed.)

LETTER FROM HONAN.

By Rev. G. M. Ross.

Hsin Wu Hsien, Honan.

Dear Record:—

I am afraid you haven't received very many jottings from my pen for some time. You may be thinking I am on a journey or "per-adventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."

These are historic days for China. Her first National Parliament is now in Session at Peking, and last night's paper brought the news that the United States has recognized the new Republic of China. Doubtless ere long the other nations will "go and do likewise."

Yuan Shih K'ai, the Bismark of China, has done a great work and his name will live in history, as one of the leading men of this generation. Few revolutions have been brought about with so little bloodshed—when we consider the difficulties that had to be overcome. There are many problems yet to be solved; but progress is being made and for China "the best is yet to be."

April 27 was a day set apart for special prayer for China and it was generally recognized as such. At K'ai Feng Fu, the capital of Honan, the governor and other officials attended the service. What a wonderful change has taken place during the past year or two. Only a very short time ago, missionaries and mission work were looked upon with contempt—now the highest in the land publicly come and join in public worship.

Very recently there was a medical conference in Peking, where representatives of medical missions from all over China were gathered together. Before the Conference was over—Yuan Shih K'ai invited the delegates to his palace and fervently thanked them for their services to China.

About two months ago a Y. M. C. A Convention was held in Peking. Here the President again appeared and publicly commended the delegates for the excellent work that is being done. For all these things, every true lover of the King and His Kingdom, ought to thank God and take courage.

In our own field here in North Honan progress is being steadily made. Eight "good men and true" are settled over congregations of their own. Although this is an exceptionally hard year, on account of drought, these congregations are doing very well and standing by their own pastors very faithfully.

The pastor whose congregation is nearest to my field here, in discussing "ways and means" with his little flock, was told by them "you are our pastor and we will do whatever you want us to do." When you hear of Chinese Christians speaking this way to their pastor, you begin to feel that there is some hope for the Church of Christ in China. Loyalty to the under shepherd generally comes from hearts that are first of all loyal to the Great Shepherd Himself.

Now Mr. Editor—I have broken the silence. I hope you will print this little paragraph or two, and that you will long be spared to spread abroad, through the columns of the Record, the glad tidings of the expansion of Christ's Kingdom both at home and abroad.

NOTES FROM KOREA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. D. McDONALD.

Note the value of the Bible Society on the mission field. A most important part of our work is that done by the colporteurs, who are financed by that Society. In most places at home, the Bible Society is not honoured as it should be or given the place its work entitles it to. A couple of young girls are sent around once a year to beg a pittance from door to door. Tell the people that the foreign missionary work simply could not get along without the Bible Society and that they cannot contribute money to a more important cause.

The native part of our work in Korea is almost entirely self-supporting. That is, the people receive no outside help in paying for church buildings, school buildings, salaries of moksas (preachers), etc. The Home church pays for some of the chasas (evangelists). The Bible Society pay the salaries of the colporteurs, who are invaluable in their services, going about the country selling or distributing Bibles and Christian literature.

Church membership cannot be attained here as quickly as in Canada and perhaps is valued more highly. There are three periods of probationary study of six months each. Six months after a man begins to believe and attend church he is examined, and, if the examination is satisfactory he is admitted as a "new believer;" another six months and he may be examined for the catechumenate; and after six months more he may pass an examination that will entitle him to baptism and full church membership.

Among other matters questions were asked about marriage relationships, liquor, tobacco (a Christian in Korea rarely uses tobacco, in the Presbyterian church at least), Bible study, church attendance, family worship, etc.

"It is very desirable to encourage independence and self-support, but in most localities the Koreans are very poor and often not able, no matter how willing they may be, to contribute sufficient for the work. Not long ago our school at Songchin, Korea, found it necessary to dismiss one of the teachers on account of financial depression. He decided to remain and teach for a while without a salary. An admirable spirit, but not an admirable state of affairs."

The church here is in the centre of the city. There is the building that is used for the church and three other small houses in which Kim Moksa, Maria, and the school, respectively, are housed.

Don't picture to yourself a church like those at home. Korean houses are very small, usually one or two small rooms and a kitchen. In one house where we slept one night, Mr. Barker, who is about 6 feet 2 in., standing erect could just touch the ceiling with his head and could touch the walls with outstretched hands on either side. The church would be crowded by fifty people sitting closely together on the floor.

There are no seats in Korean churches, unless one at the front for the moksa (missionary). The Koreans all sit on the floor. The floors are of stone or mud and are covered with straw matting and are warmed from underneath, the fire being put in from the outside and the heat passing through under the floor, the smoke coming out at the other side. This makes the floor warm, too warm for comfort if it is a big fire,

HOUSE TO HOUSE IN KOREA.

BY REV. A. H. BARKER.

Kainei, Korea, June, 1913.

Dear Mr. Armstrong.

There are two ways of going after the heathen, street preaching and house to house visitation.

Not long since we held at this station a "class" for workers. About thirty-five men gathered from all parts of the field. It continued ten days.

On the Sunday they went out to work. About ten of them volunteered to go out street preaching in some of the villages, within six or seven miles. About twenty of them went preaching from house to house in this city. In two or three hours from sixty to seventy families were visited and taught.

This appears to me a very effective method of work, much better than street preaching; especially as the people do not object to your going into their houses, sitting down, making yourself at home, and then, after a very few preliminary remarks preaching the Gospel.

On this particular Sunday afternoon I went with Kim-moksa, i.e., preacher Kim. (moksa means preacher.) Our method of procedure was to walk into the yard of a house, inquire if the master was at home, and, if he was, to inquire if we might enter the house. The permission was always given and in we would go.

Then, after being seated, tailor fashion, with crossed legs, the usual salutations would be gone through:—

"I see you for the first time."

"Yes, is that so?"

"What is your sung mung?" (i.e. surname and name).

"I am Nam Song Chi. Who are you?"

"I am Pak Sin Chi."

"Where was your original home?"

"It was in Whang Hai Do."

"Is it long since you came here?"

And then—or very frequently after the questions re surname and name—

"Are your parents living?" and "Have you any sons?"

The next question is likely to be. "Do you believe in Jesus?"

With our western reticence it is difficult to so approach the subject of religion, but with the Koreans it seems to be as natural to talk along this line as along any other.

After the opening salutations the subject is at once broached. In the midst of the conversation the unbeliever is as likely as not to interrupt by asking how much you paid for your shoes, or some question equally remote from the subject. The preacher, however, answers the question and then resumes his preaching.

This Sunday we happened to meet a number of old men, nearly all of whom said, "I cannot read. I am ignorant, and therefore cannot believe." In each case, after explaining briefly the Gospel and urging belief, we invited attendance at church in the evening and then went on to another house.

Just now work seems to meet with a good reception. The people are willing to listen to the preacher. We can never tell what the result of such a visit is going to be. It is chiefly by such work that the Church has been built up in Korea.

Last Sunday we had a good day in our Hoi Ryung church. In the morning we had an attendance of over one hundred. Four women and one boy held up their hands as an expression of decision to believe. In the evening some more were added to the number, making seven in all.

Wednesday evening at prayer meeting, three more expressed their decision to believe. We do not know how much this means to them, but it is in this way that the majority of the Christians in this land have begun their Christian walk.

Not long since we had the pleasure of a Sabbath at Pyeng Yang, one of the chief Christian centres in Korea. In the morning we visited several churches.

At two in the afternoon we visited Kil moksa's church. He has full charge of the congregation which had an attendance that afternoon of nearly fifteen hundred, the usual number, I believe.

Kil moksa is one of the strongest Korean Christians in the land. He is almost blind, but carries on the work of the large congregation ably and efficiently.

Young People's Societies

SEPTEMBER MISSIONARY TOPIC

MISSION STUDY.

BY MISS CLARIBEL PLATT.

A little five-year old once said to her mother; "I hope the heathen will all be converted before I grow up, or else I know I'll have to go." This was before the day of Mission Bands, but it illustrates the possibilities in the work with the children, a work the value of which can scarcely be over-estimated.

Who will dare to say that children cannot be made to realize the sad plight of children in heathen lands, and to desire to help them? And who will say that the children of our land do not need this training in unselfish thought for others?

Ignorance the Root of Indifference.

We wonder why so many Christians in our churches are indifferent to the condition of the heathen world, refusing to recognize their own responsibility to send the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who still sit in darkness.

May we not believe that this indifference is due to ignorance of the actual conditions prevailing in Christless lands? This ignorance can only be dispelled by missionary education, therefore, we are urging the formation of mission study classes in every congregation, classes for men and women, for young men and young women, for boys and girls, and even for the little ones.

The churches which have tried this plan are enthusiastic in their commendation, and it is observed that the results are such as to justify the effort. Larger givings for missions, young people offering themselves for work in the foreign field, or the home-mission field, communities of Christians at home praying as never before for an outpouring of God's blessing on this work at home and abroad, are not these the results we are seeking?

Boys' Mission Bands.

Do you doubt whether boys can be interested in the study of mission? Try them on a biography like Livingstone The Pathfinder, Tamate, Uganda's White Man of Work or The Black-Bearded Barbarian. It was after reading the last mentioned that one boy said to his father: "Father, I'd like to chalk up my life to that man MacKay."

We cannot estimate the influence of such a life upon a growing, hero-worshipping boy, and if only before the impression has been lost the boy be encouraged to translate the enthusiasm into service, the community will be the richer for the experience and the boy will be given a training which will prepare him for a wider service.

Mission Study Classes for Young

Perhaps you will say it is another matter to interest young men in mission study. Certainly our methods must be different, but it ought not to be impossible to interest intelligent young men in the great world-movements which are going on all around us.

Those interested in the study of history cannot fail to be interested in a discussion of the recent events in China as presented by Dr. Hawks-Pott, in his new book, "The Emergency in China" or in the brief presentation of telling facts in the "Call of the World." Surely anyone acknowledging himself a follower of Jesus Christ must feel that "when his Master's sympathy is world-wide, he cannot afford to be provincial."

From every mission field comes the call for workers, doctors, teachers, evangelists. Where should we look for young men to fill these positions if not among those who, through the study of world conditions, have been led to feel that "a need known, and the ability to meet that need, constitute a call."

Dr. Zwemer, in his book "The Unoccupied Mission Fields," says: "Is there a more heroic test for the powers of manhood than pioneer work in the mission field? Here is opportunity for those who, at home, may never find elbowroom for their latent capacities, who may never find adequate scope elsewhere for all the powers of their minds and their souls.

There are hundreds of Christian college men who expect to spend life in practicing law or in some trade for a livelihood, yet who have strength and talent enough to enter these unoccupied fields. There are young doctors who might gather around them in some new mission station thousands of those who "suffer the horrors of heathenism and Islam," and lift their burden of pain, but who now confine their efforts to some "pent-up Utica" where the healing art is subject to the law of competition, and is measured too often merely in terms of a cash-book and ledger. They are making a living; they might be making a life.

Mission Study for Young Women.

Many will have returned to their homes from the Summer Conferences, filled with enthusiasm, and with a desire to put into practice the principles they have heard discussed. Let us not fail to take advantage of this enthusiasm, by organizing Study Classes, in which these young women may serve as leaders, thus passing on to others what has so inspired them.

Young Women's Mission Circles may study the text book prepared for the Women's auxiliaries. This year the book is "The King's Business," and we know no book that will give a clearer insight into the methods of Women's Societies, and none that presents a stronger appeal for consecrated young women to take up the work awaiting them in the different mission fields.

The younger girls may be formed into a class to study one of the Intermediate Study-books, or that collection of inspiring biographies "Servants of the King." The little ones may be given their first glimpse of life in other lands by the aid of the Japan, or African, or North American curio sets, or the Chinese dolls. They may be taught the games of other

lands from the book; "Children at Play in Many lands," and with an enthusiastic leader will be found capable of real devotion and self-sacrifice.

We should never forget, however, that expression must follow impression. The children (and grown-ups too) must be given an opportunity to express, in the form of service, the impulses that, if left unexpressed, will soon wither, leaving them the poorer. With the little ones the service will be suited to their age and position.

"The aim is to establish habits of kindly service to others which shall be spontaneous in the lives of the young people; therefore, if the boys or girls themselves will suggest as a part of each lesson a service which shall be a natural expression of the lesson learned, it will be far better than for the teacher to name them directly."

Mission Study for Women's Auxiliaries.

The new text book already referred to, "The King's Business," aptly pictures the women of Christian lands as growing up inside a walled garden, from which all unpleasant sights and sounds are shut out.

But once in a while God opens a little window in that garden wall. The eyes of those who look out are met with the sad sights of the heathen world, the endless procession of women passing slowly by. At the rate of one every two seconds, the procession of Chinese women, many hobbling on bound feet, would require seven years to pass; the women of India, five years. How many of us could stand in front of such an open window, and watch that sad procession pass, without a desire to lend a helping hand!

By what right do we enjoy the privileges of Christian civilization, while they are denied to our sisters in Christian hands, and how can we say we have done our Christian duty if we have not done all in our power to improve their condition?

Surely the aim of the Women's Societies, "an auxiliary in every church and all the women of the Church in the auxiliary," is the only possible one, and in order to accomplish it we must bring the facts before

all the women, not simply those who are members of the missionary societies. How are we to do this? Not without much prayer and earnest effort on the part of all who have the matter at heart, a careful canvassing of the women of the congregation, and a consideration of each individual case.

In this connection it would be well to have in mind the advice given in Helen Barrett Montgomery's article on "Ruts" quoted in the June Tidings.

"Labels are dangerous, for it assumes that human beings are as unchanging as a ragbag, when in reality the tag, to be up-to-date, would have to be changed every day. The deep human heart lies open to the sweet influences of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and no one ever knows when the cold and indifferent are ready to become the earnest and faithful.

"But those who have been rebuffed for years quite naturally lose heart and put a permanent tag on certain women. The beauty of a change of officers is that it enables others to try who are not discouraged and who may succeed where the best and most influential have failed."

It is suggested that in addition to the monthly program meeting, at which the text-book of the year is discussed, the members of the Program Committee and the prospective leaders of the monthly meetings should meet once a week to study the text-book that is to be presented; by this means there will always be a number present ready to join in a discussion of the points presented in each chapter.

Some successful Societies have doubled their membership by doubling the number of their meetings. If reading clubs and whist clubs find it necessary to meet once a week, why should the missionary societies be content with one meeting a month? It is impossible to carry the inspiration of one meeting over to the next when they are so infrequent; the very subject under discussion is lost sight of before the month is past, and all continuity is of necessity lost.

If there are weekly or fortnightly meetings it would be well to have alternate meetings in the evening when those would be present who are unable to attend an afternoon meeting. In this way new life

might be brought into a society and the whole church would feel the effect.

Those hindered from attendance at the missionary meetings might be formed into a Home Department, and induced to pledge themselves to read the text-book of the year, and to contribute to the funds of the society.

If we are truly making the "King's Business" our business, we will not rest until our aim has been accomplished. Let that aim be: A mission study class in every Young People's Society.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Who are Thinking of the Ministry.

The young man about to enter the ministry to-day, if his ears are open, will hear an immense amount of jargon—a real babel. Men of the school of Dr. Shailer Matthews and Prof. Rauschenbusch will tell the young ministers to get down in the slums, become reformers, sanctify the sewers, transform the tenements, enter the council chambers of the city, and the legislative halls of the State; study banking and farming and mining, and so bring about the salvation of society through science, art, industry and law.

On the other hand, men like Bishop Gore, of Oxford, and Dr. Jowett, of New York, will tell him to get off the street, quit running about to and fro, get back into the closet, and high up into the Alpine heights, hold communion with God, get visions of his great plan and purpose, and bring down a message to suffering, discouraged men and women and children, which will put new life into them, that they may rise out of the slums, and come up into a growing and conquering life.

Another class who love to sit and survey, tell the young men to do everything, run the streets, stay in the study, descend to the slums, and ascend to the Alps.

If a fourth, though quieter, voice is permitted to join this confusion, it would choose to say softly to each young man:

First of all, decide whether you believe or disbelieve the Bible as the Word of God, the only infallible rule of faith and practice. If you do not so believe it, do not go into the ministry, for you will have nothing for the ministry, and the ministry will have nothing for you. After the flush of the first few years, you will be longing and sighing to get out of the ministry, and wonder why you ever entered it.

If you do believe the Bible, and through it God calls you to the ministry of the Word, go into it, and do what God, through the Bible, commands you to do, remembering the injunction, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

SEPTEMBER CITIZENSHIP TOPIC

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Its Relation to Morals and Religion.

BY REV. ROBERT HADDOW, D.D.

The primary function of a newspaper is to record and disseminate news, and, thanks to the means of communication which now exist between all parts of the country and of the world, that function is discharged in our day with marvellous efficiency and completeness.

Pick up at random a copy of any great daily. Here is a page with the happenings of the locality in which the paper is published. Public meetings have been held, crimes have been committed, accidents have taken place, presentations have been made—everything of general interest that has gone on in the realms of education, religion, amusement, business, is noted here.

But the range is wider than this. Here is news from every part of the Dominion. Parliament is in session at Ottawa—we read an account of yesterday's debate. There was a railway accident in New Brunswick—we are harrowed by the details. Are we interested in sport? We can learn the results of baseball and lacrosse matches, of horse and boat races, whether they took place in Montreal, Winnipeg or Vancouver. Do we follow the stock market? Here are the prices asked and bid at all the important centres.

As we scan the columns we learn that a new church was opened in Halifax, a woman was murdered in Quebec, a bishop was consecrated in London, a noted philanthropist died in Hamilton, there was a great fire in Kingston, a Church Conference was held in Toronto.

But the range is wider yet. The electric cable brings us into touch with every quarter of the globe. There has been a battle in Turkey, a general election in Australia, an important vote in the British House of Commons. The Chinese Government is negotiating an immense loan, the Pope is stricken with fatal illness, the

wheat crop of Argentina eclipses all records, word has been received from an expedition to the South Pole.

Regarding the press, then, for the moment, as a purveyor of news, what is its relation, in this aspect, to religion and morals?

It is evident, first of all, that it serves a most useful purpose by its promotion of a better acquaintance among the different sections of our own country and among the various nations of the world. Human sympathy and goodwill are of the very essence of morals and religion, and it is by mutual acquaintance that these things are cultivated. Race prejudice and antipathy die hard because it is so difficult for those of different language and customs really to understand one another. One reason why people are beginning to feel that war is an outgrown barbarism is because the nations—thanks in large measure to the public press—are getting to know one another better, and as they do so, the idea of injuring and destroying one another becomes more and more abhorrent.

Again, the publicity of the newspaper acts as a restraint upon many forms of evil. There are those who have no fear of God before their eyes, who yet dread the judgment of their fellow men. While neither conscience nor apprehension of God's displeasure would prevent them from injuring their brethren, they are afraid lest their evil conduct should come to light through the press and so put them within reach of the law or under the lash of public opinion. Publicity is rightly regarded as one of the very best preventives of political corruption and commercial crookedness. Hence the demand that political parties should publish the details of their election expenses, and that great corporations should do their business in the light of day.

But when wrong is actually done, when crime, for example, has been committed, what is the effect upon morals of the publicity which is given to it by the press? The answer to this depends very much upon

the character of the publicity. It is quite true that there is a danger lest the description of crime should lead by suggestion to the commission of more crime.

Yet it is desirable, upon the whole, that the wrong doing of society should be recorded as well as its right doing. It is well that we should know what is going on so that we should be able to estimate intelligently the state of social morality and decide what ought to be done about it. We are not to find fault with the newspaper because it reflects the life of our time, its shadows as well as its lights. All we have a right to ask is that the mirror should not be held too close or too exclusively to what is evil and repulsive. It is when the seamy side of life is made too prominent, when crime is dwelt upon with a morbid excess of detail that harm is done.

Fortunately, the law of suggestion works for what is good as well as for what is bad. A good deed recorded in the newspaper says to the one who reads about it, "Go, and do thou likewise."

It may appear to one who reads the daily paper that the space devoted to morals and religion—to the activities of the Church, for example—is not proportioned to the space devoted to other things. But it must be remembered that what a newspaper wants is news. When anything really happens, when anything is really done, it is taken up and published with avidity. What is there in the routine of an average congregation for publication? What happens of religious interest among the thousands of respectable church members who are being carried to the sky on flowery beds of race? Let the members of any congregation turn out in earnest to win their community for Christ, or to fight bare-handed the evils entrenched in their midst and their will be no lack of newspaper publicity.

Heroism in any form makes news; a stand for principle will always furnish copy. One day it may be the story of a young missionary who has lost his feet through exposure in work among the Eskimos; another day it may be the story of a public man who

defies the tyranny of social custom by declining to entertain his guests with wine. Supposing that a Governor-General or a Lieutenant-Governor were some day to refuse his patronage to a public gambling institution like Blue Bonnets or the Woodbine, how eagerly the newspapers would spread the tidings and how greatly the moral forces of the country would be strengthened!

We are far from saying that, as things are, the newspapers give due attention to the Church and religion. Many newspaper men are not sufficiently acquainted with the Church organization or with religious work to know how much is going on that is of genuine interest.

In Canada it is customary for the newspapers to devote considerable space to the proceedings of religious conventions and the larger Church courts. But too often the reporting is assigned to incompetent men who cannot recognize what is really important in the proceedings, and who are not infrequently stupid enough to irritate the section of their constituency to which news of this kind would naturally appeal, by selecting for prominence anything foolish or injudicious that may transpire.

There is one feature of present day journalism that obtrudes itself on every observer. That is the enormous amount of space devoted to news of sport. There can be no doubt that in the prominence thus given to sport the newspapers reflect the spirit of the time. Many of them realize that sporting news claims a position and an expenditure out of proportion to its importance, but notwithstanding the burden and the inconvenience of it they feel obliged to meet the public demand.

In this they should have our sympathy and not merely our blame. We may be well assured that the better class of papers would welcome a saner attitude towards sport in general and would willingly assist the Church in helping to create it. Meanwhile, we may at least urge upon the newspapers that they will endeavor to keep the more brutal and degrading forms of sport as much as possible in the background and

that they will do nothing to aid or encourage the habit of gambling either in connection with horse racing or sport of any other kind.

We pass now to consider briefly the public press in two other aspects. In addition to being a purveyor of news the modern newspaper is also an organ of opinion. Most papers stand for certain political or economic principles, and with regard to these principles they come into conflict with the papers of the opposing party.

We would like to say, at this point, as the result of some observation, that, in the political conflict, Canadian newspapers can generally be credited with reporting fairly the utterances of their opponents. A disproportion there may sometimes be between the space devoted to the speeches on one side and the other, but anything like misrepresentation seldom. This statement does not always apply to the editorial comment. There are Canadian papers which, in their political argument, as distinguished from their political news, are notoriously and persistently unfair.

There are also, in this country, a few papers which reflect the old fashioned idea that patriotism involves an attitude of suspicion or animosity towards other nations. Their influence, however, in this particular, is growing less and less.

With few exceptions the editorial attitude of Canadian newspapers towards questions of morals and religion is sound and sympathetic. One distinguished journalist who went from the pulpit to the editorial desk said that he found among his newspaper colleagues as high a standard of ethical ideals as he had found in the Church. The Church should cultivate a good understanding with the Press, for in the Press she will find her most potent ally in the war against evil.

We have said that the newspaper is a purveyor of news and an organ of opinion. It is also a medium of business. The advertising columns are of value to those who wish to sell and those who wish to buy.

It is at this point that one speaks of the moral influence of the press with most hesi-

tation. The love of money, the desire to make money, is the most dangerous element in the moral life of Canada to-day. And the unscrupulous holders of money, the men who because they possess wealth are able to acquire more wealth at the expense of their fellow citizens, are the most dangerous element in her social life?

To what extent does money love and money power dominate the Canadian press? Why are the advertisements of beer and whisky which have been turned out of all the reputable magazines and some of the newspapers in the United States printed in nearly all our leading Canadian journals? Are our newspapers quite free to discuss social questions such as wages and conditions of labor which may involve some of their largest advertisers? Are they all free to deal with transportation franchises and the development of public good? One does not ask these questions pessimistically. No doubt they indicate dangers rather than fatal and accomplished facts.

We have reason to be thankful for the high standard of honor and independence hitherto maintained by our press in general. And those who care for these things, who care supremely for what is involved in morals and religion, should count it their duty to recognize and support those journals which give evidence that they have the same interests at heart.

WHEN LIFE BLOOMS BRIGHTLY.

A Christian woman was employed in a home where a loved mother lay ill. Her daughter, a girl of 15, had never given her heart to Christ, fearing that by so doing she might lose some of her youthful pleasures, and saying that when she grew older she would give herself to Him.

One day she came into the house bringing a bouquet of beautiful, fresh carnations for her mother. The nurse commented upon their loveliness, and then said: "We will not take them up to mother now; they are too fresh and beautiful; we will wait a few days."

The young girl was surprised, almost indignant, and sought an explanation. Said the nurse: "Is not this what you are doing to your loving Heavenly Father?"

The girl felt the force of the illustration, and yielded her young life to the Master's service.—The Epworth Herald.

Life and Work

PRESBYTERIANISM.

Came to us from the Jews.

BY REV. W. M. CHRISTIE, GLASGOW.

In Scotland we are generally so well satisfied with the excellent working of our Presbyterian Church organization that we seldom give a thought to its origin. As a rule we let the statement that we got it from Geneva pass without question, and it is only when some one bewails our lamentable position beyond the pale of the "historic episcopate" and our scant enjoyment of "uncovenanted mercies," or when, on the other hand, it is declared that no definite church system has been prescribed, that we venture to "look unto the rock whence we are hewn, and to the pit whence we are digged."

It is perfectly true that no system has been commanded in the New Testament, but that only puts the question on the same footing as several others: for example, that of infant baptism, which is not prescribed, but infants were already members of the Church in Israel, and if a change were designed under the New Testament dispensation an express command would have been required.

So also with the Church. The synagogue was already Presbyterian, and the Apostles even before they became followers of the Lord Jesus were members of the Presbyterian Church of Israel. Many years later the Apostle James in speaking of a Christian assembly, calls it a synagogue, and we shall see that in every detail of church government and worship our Church to-day corresponds to the synagogue model.

The Session.

All that was necessary to the starting of a synagogue was a company of ten men ever ready to meet at the stated hours of prayer. The eleven in the Upper Room were therefore sufficient (with one to spare) to constitute a perfectly legal synagogue of the Nazarenes.

From such a "session" of not fewer than three "elders" were chosen, and one of them had to be learned in the Law. This last, doubtless, corresponded to the officiating "minister," who was elected by the congregation, but who had to be examined and have his qualifications certified to by a Commission of the Sanhedrin. He was known in the synagogue as "sheliach hazibbur," the exact equivalent of "the angel

of the Church" (Rev. ii. 1). The session exercised all the powers of church management and ecclesiastical discipline.

There were, however, Courts of Appeal, and a case might be carried from the session to the smaller Sanhedrin, usually of twenty-three members meeting in the larger towns, and corresponding to our Presbytery. A further appeal might be taken to the great Sanhedrin, that is, to the General Assembly.

It is hardly necessary to mention that "bishop" and "presbyter" are one and the same (Acts xx. 17, 28), but it may be of interest to note that in Bible lands to-day those terms are used as synonyms.

We have thus before us the whole Presbyterian system complete, including the College Committee and the much maligned "Exit Examination."

We can understand also the deliberations described in Acts xv. The matter taken up there was a case of appeal from the Presbytery of Antioch to the General Assembly at Jerusalem. The Presbytery evidently consisted of a number of churches, as, in addition to those of Antioch, its membership embraced "the men of Cyprus and the men of Cyrene," and "Barnabas," together with "Paul and other teachers" (Acts xi. 11, 22-24, 27-28). James was the "Moderator" and the Assembly issued "authoritative decrees," while the churches, by their submission, recognized that the authority was competent.

Singing.

The services of the synagogue were pretty well fixed at the beginning of the Christian era, and consisted of singing, prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and the sermon, and connected with each of these there are questions of great interest.

The "singing" was conducted by the Hazzan or "precentor," but he had various minor duties, and during the week generally acted as teacher of the young—a fact which recalls to our memory the old days when the village "dominie" was master of song on the Sabbath.

The music was a kind of cantillation, by means of which the singers were enabled to get over a far greater number of songs than a modern congregation would care to attempt. The Psalms had the principal place, but "piyutim" or hymns were early introduced, and it is not unlikely that in some of the rhythmic quotations of the New Testament we have fragments of such, as used by the apostolic band.

The use of the Shophar or ram's horn, too, in certain of the synagogal services shows that in principle and practice instrumental music was recognized, and is consequently no innovation in the Christian Church.

"Prayer" was at first free, but a few sections of what in the Jewish Prayer Book is known as the "Eighteen Benedictions" were already fixed in the days of our Lord. Rabbis in those days had the custom of giving to their disciples a short form of prayer summarizing these Benedictions, and to this corresponds the form that Christ has transmitted to us in "The Lord's Prayer."

The "readings" were from the Law and the Prophets. Till the time of the Maccabees the former only had been used, but during the persecution it was forbidden, and the Jews sought comfort and help in the Prophets, and when the day of liberty dawned they retained the sections from both, thus giving to the synagogue and later to the church "two lessons" at each service. It was the section from the Prophets that Christ read in the synagogue at Nazareth, and it is remarkable that that section, together with practically all the Messianic prophecies, are omitted from the synagogue readings to-day. A Jew never hears such passages as Isa. vii. 10-16, ix. 6-8, and liii. read in the synagogue.

The "sermon" has a curious origin. Its birth-certificate is to be found in Neh. viii.: 8. Israel in captivity had forgotten their own Hebrew tongue and had adopted the Aramaic, and their old Bible would be to them a sealed book unless the leaders "gave the sense" in the common speech. Literal translation was not always sufficient, and further explanation had to be given which, with the lapse of time, led the way to a "running commentary," and finally to the sermonizing commentary we find in what the Jews call Midrashim or studies.

But we must not omit the "collection." The Jew, fettered by rabbinical rules, could carry no burden on the Sabbath day, and money to the Jew was a burden. Promises, however, were given at the Sabbath services, and the "session treasurer" went round and took up the collection on the Sunday. No change was necessary, for Paul was able to instruct the Christian Church in the enjoyment of Gospel liberty (1 Cor. xvi. 1-3) to see to the collection when they came together on the Christian Sabbath.

All these things we owe to the synagogue, and a full appreciation of that fact should teach us very much. It shows beyond the possibility of a question that the Christian minister has no "sacerdotal functions," that he is in no sense a "mediatorial or sacrificing priest," for such never had a place

in the synagogue. His function is purely and simply to "labour in the Word and doctrine." And in these days, when we hear ever and anon of "apostolic succession," it declares with no uncertain voice where that is to be found, and expounds to us "the Divine Right of Presbytery."

But surely the enjoyment of such liberty and blessing as Presbyterian Christianity has given us implies a debt even to those whom Divine Providence prepared to work it out for us. The synagogal system was hammered out by Israel in blood and tears. The captivity taught the Jew how to worship God in a strange land without the aid of the central sanctuary. The persecutions under Antiochus aided the formation of our order of service, and the very beginnings of the Hebrew Prayer Book—the most beautiful liturgy in the world—re-echo the tolls and the agonies endured till the synagogal system was completed, suited in the Divine Providence in its democratic and representative workings to meet the conditions of every age and clime.

In Israel there is once again a shaking among the dry bones, and soon it is to be hoped that freed from the burden of tradition, they may turn to Him whom their Scriptures reveal, and to whom the deepest aspirations of Israel's heart as revealed in their Prayer Book daily guides them.

There are times in the history of a people and a Church when duty seems so clear that he who runs may read, and surely that is our position. There is no race that can so acceptably approach Israel as our own. In all the persecutions in which Jewish blood has flowed like water we have had no share. Our hands are clean.

And besides, our continued adherence to the synagogal system and our doctrinal position that the Word of God is the only rule of faith and practice has, with all their wanderings, kept us akin to them, and these things can be made helpful. In Eastern lands in dealing with non-Christians and with members of the corrupt Eastern churches I have found it a position of incalculable power to be able to say: "Show me in our church system or doctrine anything 'without or against the Word of God' (Nat. Cov.) and I will abandon it here and now." That is our position, and it is the only position that can deal satisfactorily with Israel, be they still Talmudic Jews or in the way of shaking themselves loose from the traditions and superstitions of the past.

Let us then in gratitude for the Hebrew Saviour, for the Volume of the Book, and for the Kirk we love so well, endeavour in part to pay our debt by seeking to direct them to Him who has long been a "Light to lighten the Gentiles," but who is also "the Glory of my people Israel."—The Missionary Record of the U. F. Church of Scotland.

A "SOCIETY" WOMAN.

And How She Found Herself.

Young Mrs. Harrison was growing infinitely weary of the fashionable world of which she was a part. Card parties, dancing parties, motoring parties and dinners took up every waking hour. She had long been dissatisfied with herself as well as the life she led, but in the whirl of it all she scarcely knew how to extricate herself. She was rich, she was beautiful, she was popular, and she knew no other life. No wonder society claimed her as its own.

She was just leaving to go down to the city in search of a prize to be given at her bridge club that week, when she heard a timid knock at the door. She opened it herself—an unusual thing for her. There, facing her on the doorstep, stood a shabby little woman with a worn, sweet face. She looked at the smartly-gowned woman, hesitating a little. Then she smiled gently. "Mrs. Harrison?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I am Mrs. Lyon. I feel I must apologize for intruding, but," she went on timidly, "I came from our Mission Circle. We"—she hesitated—"we were wondering if you would sing a little hymn for us at our meeting to-morrow. It would encourage us so much."

Young Mrs. Harrison drew back a little. "How do you know I sing?" she added, a trifle abruptly.

The shabby little woman smiled again. "Every one in Randolph knows that, do they not?" she replied, still gently. "Yours is a voice that, having once been fortunate enough to hear, one longs to hear again. My daughter heard you, not long ago, at some sort of musicale. She has been talking of nothing else since. She said to me: 'Mother, if you could get a voice like that into your Mission Circles, they would not drag so.' We do have such hard times," she went on. "There isn't the interest or enthusiasm there should be. So many of the women nowadays have their clubs and their card parties. Missionary meetings are languishing, because other things are being considered first."

Young Mrs. Harrison did not reply. There was a pause.

"It's a great gift to be able to sing," went on the gentle voice.

"Perhaps; but I rarely sing nowadays, I am going out so much. There is a club meeting almost every afternoon in the week, and dinners and the theatre."

She did not herself understand her readiness to talk to this shabby little woman, but there seemed to be something so restful about her face.

"I am going down to the city now to select a prize for my bridge club," she added.

The sweet, pale face suddenly sobered.

Young Mrs. Harrison caught the look, and half resented it.

"You, I suppose, don't belong to any clubs," she added.

The little shabby woman shook her head. "I? Oh, no! I belong to the Mission Circle. I teach in Sabbath-school, and I always try to go to prayer-meeting."

"But your amusements? What are they?" demanded young Mrs. Harrison.

A quiet smile lighted the pale features. "Amusements? Why, hearing the birds sing, reading my Bible, meditating on God's goodness, and the privilege of working for Him. This is my life, and I am so happy in it."

She looked at the beautiful eyes regarding her. "Do you know this life?" she added softly.

Young Mrs. Harrison shook her head. Something moved her to a sudden confession. "I don't know any life, but the same old round," she answered, half bitterly. "I go home from gay gatherings actually sick at heart. Oh, I don't know what is the matter with me, but I'm tired of everything! Sometimes the mood passes, and then I say to myself: 'What is the use?' One must, I suppose, go on in the station one is born in."

The little shabby woman took the jeweled hand in both her worn ones. "Not unless God goes with us," she said earnestly.

Young Mrs. Harrison looked reflective. She had never thought of that.

Was God in her gay parties? Would he be pleased with the life she led?

"No," the answer came itself. "No, no!"

The little woman saw the look. "I'm sorry," she said gently, "sorry. You could do so much. You have such a fine face. Surely a noble spirit lies behind it. Begin now. Give the Lord a portion of your time at least. Ask him to guide you. Shall I tell you the secret of every happy Christian's life? Just one word—surrender."

She smiled.

"What a sermon I have preached!" she added. "And I am detaining you. May I tell the ladies that you will sing for us?"

"Yes," young Mrs. Harrison replied. "I shall miss a bridge party, but I will sing for you to-morrow."

She brought her prize for the bridge party home and put it on her writing-desk. It was a cut-glass candle-stick. She looked at it in silence. "And I must go on doing this for years and years, getting prizes and giving them. How tired I am of everything!"

"What are you doing, Julia?" her husband asked that same evening.

It was after dinner, and she sat under the electric light. In her hands was a red hymn-book.

"You'll not laugh if I tell you?"

There was a note of entreaty in her voice. Her husband felt it.

"No, indeed."

"Well, this afternoon, a sweet, shabby little woman came here and asked me if I would sing a hymn in a missionary meeting to-morrow. It is the afternoon of Mrs. Sales' bridge party, but I promised I would do it. I don't know what a missionary meeting is like, and I never sing hymns. And, do you know, Harry, when I came to look for one, I found I hadn't a hymn-book in the house? I had to borrow one from Norah."

She was turning the leaves of the red book as she spoke.

"I don't go to church, either. But, do you know, of late I've been thinking a great deal? Of what use am I in the world? Around I go, like a squirrel in a cage, without getting anywhere. I sometimes think I was born for a different life."

Her husband looked at her.

Then suddenly she rose and went over to the piano, running her hands over the keys. "I believe I will sing this." And then the exquisitely beautiful voice filled the room.

"Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
Everywhere we hear the sighing
For a little bit of love."

"For the love that rights a wrong
Fills the heart with hope and song.
They have waited, oh so long,
For a little bit of love!"

How grandly the wonderful voice sang the chorus! Her husband almost held his breath as he listened.

"For a little bit of love,
For a little bit of love.
They have waited, oh so long,
For a little bit of love!"

Her husband came and stood near her. "Julia," he cried, "I did not know you could sing like that. I've heard you sing all kinds of popular music, but I never before heard you sing a hymn. It's beautiful, beautiful. Sing it again, dear." And she did.

She went to the missionary meeting, did young Mrs. Harrison, and she sang to those earnest, consecrated women her little hymn.

And in the singing of it, somehow something new and vital took hold of her. She felt her feet set in new paths. She did not herself realize what it all meant. After-

wards she knew. For God had called her—called her to sing with that wonderful voice His songs, songs to lift the burdens of His people, songs to comfort those who mourned, to gladden sad and lonely hearts.

She did not say much; but when she went home from the missionary meeting, she went straight to her husband.

"Harry," she said softly, laying her head on his shoulder, "I'm not going back."

He understood. For a moment he did not speak. There was a silence. He broke it. "It's all right, dearest," he said. "I felt it when I heard you sing that hymn. Of course, you cannot go back. And we will go on together, dear one."

And that was the way in which society, so-called, lost forever the young and beautiful Mrs. Harrison.—In Nashville Christian Advocate.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S PRAYER.

These verses are made up almost entirely of phrases taken from the inaugural address of President Wilson.:

A nation deeply stirred by solemn passion
At sight of wrong
Calls to heroic work of restoration
The brave and strong.

With heart strings swept as by an air from
heaven—
From God's white throne—
We listen to the moan of countless thousands,
Life's undertone.

No day of triumph but of dedication
Is this our time;
Men's hearts, men's lives, men's hopes appoint us
Our task sublime.

O God, here at the hearthstone of the conscience
We seek Thy light;
Justice, and only justice, is our motto—
Show us the right!

—W. G. Ballantine, in the "Springfield Republican."

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. So we are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul.—F. W. Robertson.

The youth who thinks only of his manners attains nothing but manner; he who thinks only of the comfort and pleasure of others is the gentleman.—Child's World.

"TITHES OF ALL I POSSESS."

A lady sat in her quiet, beautiful room. In the early morning she had read the words of the Pharisee: "I give tithes of all I possess," and now, in thought, she was reviewing the busy day's work; but all through the crowded hours the words had followed her persistently, and she found herself continually repeating, "I give tithes of all I possess."

Shopping in the crowded stores, pouring over the wealth of new books, choosing the exquisite roses for her sick friend, and the beautiful picture for her young daughter, sitting in her sunny home with fingers moving swiftly over beautiful fancy work, continually the refrain ran on; "I give tithes of all I possess." It annoyed her, as she had often been annoyed by a strain of a foolish song, caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

"It was a miserable old Pharisee who said it," she reflected, "and I don't know why I should be haunted by it. It is much the easier way to keep the peace between your conscience and so many conflicting claims. When I've laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar."

Silence for a few minutes in the busy brain, and then a laugh, with the thought "The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar or shekel. I suppose the great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes—as if that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure. My tithe is a real thank offering, not a tax."

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay idle in the lap and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room, taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

"Tithes of all I possess," said the mistress of the home. "I never thought before how much that meant, and what a very small part of my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go.

I've always said, 'I will give; but I will not be on committees and take responsibility and get other people to work.' I've paid my subscriptions, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meetings. I've subscribed for our missionary paper, but had no interest in reading it.

I cannot honestly say as much as the Pharisee did. 'All I possess'—that would mean love, human love, that makes one blessed among women. I am sure I never gave that. I never in my life gave any

real love to those women whose lives are empty of it. I haven't taken time to love them. I have just let them be crushed out of my thoughts.

I don't know just what good love could have done them; but it might have done me good, made me more grateful, more generous, more eager to help, and that would have reached to them.

'All I possess' would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home; but how could I tithe that except with those brought in to share it?

If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—"Who loved us and gave Himself for us"—first the love, and then the giving of Himself. Perhaps, if I had the love, really, truly, in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says: 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' Well, I'll never say again: 'I give tithes of all I possess.'"

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the haunting words, a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper, "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." "Wherefore receive ye one another, as God for Christ's sake hath received you."

"The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room, David's prayer of thanksgiving ascended again: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

UNITARIANISM.

"If St. Paul had been a Unitarian, it would not have been necessary to collect his epistles. There would never have been enough market for them to warrant it."—Harper's Weekly.

Unitarianism usually has had a fair proportion of cultured, nice people, and other attractiveness; but it has never had any great measure of vitality or hope or faith, or aught of the kind, to give to struggling humanity.

And wherever this organization has been left alone, it has usually not only not advanced, but has fallen away and been reduced to a very small minority of any community. Unitarianism in order to exist, must develop and feed upon doubt within the evangelical churches. The worst battle the orthodox Churches have had to fight is with laxity and decadence from the Truth, within themselves. Sel.

THE S. S. TEACHER'S HALF HOUR.

What a brief space of time the S. S. teacher has in which to teach the lesson or give his message: only a few fast-fleeting minutes, and not another opportunity for a week. How essential it is that they should be conserved to the wisest use; that each of the thirty should be made to count.

And it behooves the teacher, who desires to make the most of his limited chance, to test his work as well as his motives. One such testing touchstone is the question: does your half-hour of teaching leave the pupil where he was. If it does, all the aim and effort would seem to be futile and a waste of even a brief span of time.

But if the pupil or the Bible Class member receives an uplift for life, a stimulus for service, an inspiration for character, he will not be left where he was, but a step farther along the way the Master opened for His followers.

If he takes away with him a desire to follow more closely in the footsteps of the Galilean and to incorporate more vitally into the warp and woof of his daily life the Golden Rule, then the teacher's half-hour will have been a blessing beyond computation.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.**As a Man-Builder.**

Not long since, we had a letter from a friend, who gave an account of how a prominent man came to embrace the truth of the gospel. He was a leading attorney in connection with one of the largest corporations in this country. He had entertained liberal ideas, and attended a liberal church.

He in some way obtained a copy of the Confession of Faith, studied it, compared it with the Bible, and concluded that it was both in harmony with the teachings of Scripture and with the experience of a man saved from sin, and he accepted it as an honest expression of his personal faith.

He appeared before the session of one of our churches, and stated his accordance with the Confession of Faith, was received into membership, and afterwards was ordained an elder, and is now serving the church with intelligence and fidelity.

This is the way intelligent men used to define their faith. Their belief was no mere impulse; it was a conviction growing out of the knowledge of the truth concerning Jesus and his salvation. These became mighty men, and men of valor.

The present tendency to reduce faith to a mere matter of charity, good feeling and amusement is breeding weaklings. We

trust that this intelligent attorney is one of a whole company of men who will come forth from the modern confusion into a definite unshakable faith in God's Word and God's Son.—The Philadelphia Presbyterian.

A RELIC OF THE "KILLING TIME."

There has just been presented to the library of New College, Edinburgh, a Covenanting relic of singular interest. This is a wooden bowl belonging to John Brown of Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, and associated in a strange way with his death.

The story of the execution of Brown, who was known as "the Christian Carrier," and who instituted the first Sabbath school in Scotland, is one of the most tragic incidents of the "killing time." The common version is that one morning after conducting family worship as usual between five and six o'clock, Brown went out to dig peats, when he was suddenly surrounded by Claverhouse with three troops of horse. They took him back to his own house, and Claverhouse put some questions to him.

"Go to your prayers," said the ruffian, "for you shall immediately die."

Brown calmly knelt down and prayed. Thrice Claverhouse called out to him to cut short and have done.

After he had ended, he said to his wife, who stood by with her infant in her arms, "Now, Isabel, the day is come of which I told you when I first spake of marriage to you."

She replied, "Indeed John, in this cause I can willingly part with you."

"This," said he, "is all I desire. I have no more to do but die."

He kissed his wife and children and blessed them, and stood ready to die. Claverhouse ordered six of his dragoons to fire. Impressed by the saintliness of the man they hesitated, upon which Claverhouse drew a pistol from his holster and led the shooting. One of the bullets went wide and pierced and split a "bowie" or wooden milk bowl which was standing on the sill of the cottage window. It is probable that the wide shot was deliberate.

When Brown had fallen Claverhouse turned, with the pistol yet reeking at touch-hole and muzzle, to the wife and said, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?"

"I ever thought much good of him," she said, "and as much now as ever."

Generation after generation the bowl with its bullet mark has been preserved by the Brown family. One of the last members died in Liverpool twenty-one years ago, leaving a widow who still survives. Having heard that some foreign collector might gain possession of the relic, Mr. McGilchrist of Liverpool interested a few friends, and it was purchased and has now been presented, through Dr. Whyte, to the library of New College.

THE ATONEMENT.

"The cross is central. Ethical and critical preaching has been on its trial for hundreds of years, and has always failed to work out the result for which humanity longs. Hope for the world was born in the deed on Calvary. The pierced hands are no myth, the substitutionary death is no theory, the open tomb is no fancy, the prophetic utterance of Jesus is no dream or delusion: 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' The death of Christ saves the world. The death of Christ! Not merely his life, or his character, or his teaching. Historically, the sacrificial death of Christ is the great saving power in human life."—John F. Carson.

STUDIOUS PASTORS.

The pastor who remains a considerable number of years with the same church, and gives to his people informing and invigorating sermons, must be a very studious man. It is utterly useless for any pastor, however able he may be in a general way, to think that he can do well as a preacher without much close and continuous study.

It is one thing to be able to give an interesting talk for half an hour, in which many true things may be said, and quite another thing to give thoughtful and spiritually nourishing sermons, well intended to make the hearers desirous of attending every service. An intelligent hearer can soon see whether or not the preacher has been studying the Bible with diligence, and making his sermons vital and effective with Gospel truth.

I was recently told that Rev. Dr. I. M. Haldeman, pastor many years of the First Baptist Church of New York, makes a practice of spending seven hours a day in studying the Bible. He is noted as a Bible student, and therefore as a strong Bible preacher. It is not a matter of wonder that his congregations are uniformly large, and that his hearers are greatly edified by his preaching. Such a man is all the while growing in wisdom, and mental and spiritual strength. He has not crossed the dreadful "dead line," even at the age of sixty, unless he be overtaken with some serious physical infirmity.

And what a fertile field for study the Bible is! There is no need of one's going outside the Bible for sermonic material. The preacher who is all the while seeking for subjects in current events, or in secular literature, thereby and thus far neglecting the Bible, is not worthy of being called a Gospel preacher; nor will he properly minister to the spiritual needs of his people. By all means, let the Bible be the book which you most study, and most love to preach.—Sel.

WRITING TO MISSIONARIES.

A lady missionary writes: "One often hears requests for letters from missionaries, but I do not think I ever saw an appeal for letters to missionaries. There must be many people at home who have the gift of writing letters, who have some leisure, and who are really interested in missionary work, and yet perhaps are unable to give much. It may be they are not personally acquainted with any of the missionaries of our Church. What a real living interest they might have in Foreign Missions if they tried to get into direct personal touch with at least one missionary!"

"What a difference it might make in the missionary's life too! I do not speak for myself, because I am specially fortunate in having a very wide circle of friends, but I think of others who have very few in the homeland to remember them, and whose mail-bag often comes in sadly empty, and who are living in lonely isolated places, where a kindly letter comes often as a God-send.

I have many friends on whom I have absolutely no claim, some of whom I have never seen, but who write to me or send books and magazines. Sometimes books and papers are sent without even initials. It would enhance the value of the gift if one knew to whom one was indebted.

"If the people at home only knew how much even a short friendly note means to us out on the field, how much heart it puts into us, I am sure they would write oftener. A post-card does not take long to write, but the receiving and the reading of it may be such an uplift.

"I have a friend who began to write to me after reading a short article of mine some years ago. I have never seen her and never expect to see her. She is not a woman of means or leisure but the wife of a working-man, and the mother of a large family. Her letters are written at odd moments—sometimes while waiting for a pot to boil, or for the children to come in from school, but every one of them has come from her heart, and has done me good.

"The last one touched me greatly. When I opened it a pound note fell out. The writer, after making many kind inquiries about the work, and special individuals for whom she had been praying, said, 'Please accept this pound as a subscription. I got it for a birthday present, but I don't feel at all strong, and in case I may have to go Home before another birthday, I hand it to you with my love, as I have great sympathy with your work.'—Ex.

SERMON ON SUMMER VACATIONS.

The text for the sermon, is found in the book of the Acts, "Now they that were scattered abroad, traveled, preaching the World." Not all of them were ministers; indeed, very few of them were; and it was not for the sake of preaching they were scattered abroad.

But as they went they preached, each of them in his own way. They attended religious services in the various places in which they were spending the summer. They found ways of letting it be known that they were Christians. They did not make it harder for the people among whom they were staying to keep the Sabbath. They gave encouragement to those with whom they sojourned, and left them with a better knowledge of what the religion of Jesus really meant.

There is reason to believe that that outing from the city of Jerusalem, accomplished under circumstances of more difficulty than attend the ordinary summer vacation, resulted in a wide extension of the Gospel.

Beloved, many of you are going forth, scattered abroad. As you go, preach. Let the fact that you are Christians be unobtrusively evident to all to whom you shall come. Into whatever house you enter, may peace enter with you and abide, and when you depart, may there remain behind you the memory of a gracious friend of Jesus who has taught some new accent of his Gospel.—The Advance.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE CHILD

When Daniel Webster was dying his pastor read to him for his comfort the twenty-third Psalm, and Webster said he wanted to feel the staff and see the rod.

In contrast there is told by Dr. M. C. Hazen, a Christian physician of Haddam, Conn., an incident which occurred in his practice. Called to the bedside of a little girl of seven years, he found she had acute pleurisy, a disease which occasionally proves fatal.

The physician had done his best to relieve the child, but she continued to toss about upon her bed, with little prospect of recovery. Suddenly her face grew lighter, and she said to her father, who was a clergyman, "Papa, say my Psalm."

Her father took her hand and began slowly to repeat, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and on to the end. As the familiar words came to her ears, the feverish tossing ceased, the eyelids closed, and she fell peacefully asleep, and made a good recovery.

The faith which the great statesman could not summon came readily to the little maid.

The one, like the doubting disciple, required that the eye should see and the ear hear; the other sweetly and serenely accepted God at His word. The strength and the grace which were His to bestow were hers for the asking. He had promised. She believed, and that was sufficient. There came a sweet peace.

It is ever so with God's great gifts. The rich storehouse of His goodness and love and wisdom is always open to those who ask. The only condition is that we accept Him at His word, and that means believing. It is our lack of faith and our unwillingness to give our very selves that hampers the Father in bringing us into fullness of life.

Reluctantly the Master turned from the region round about Nazareth. Because of their unbelief, He did not many mighty works there.—Zion's Herald.

MISSIONS A DEBT.

"I am debtor, both to Greeks and to Barbarians.—Rom. 1: 14-15.

In these forcible words the great Apostle expressed his own personal missionary conviction and resolve. He confessed himself the heathen's debtor. He owed them the Gospel.

Even though he had already done more along this line than any dozen other men of his time, he laid no claim to merit, nor considered that he was conferring any favour on the Romans in making an added effort to take them the Gospel. It was his duty, his debt, and he was only seeking, as an honest man, to discharge it.

But if it was for Paul a debt, can it be something less for the rest of us? Yet, the majority of professing Christians regard missions with utter indifference, missionaries as an enigma, and their task as self-imposed. They wonder by what strange freak of nature certain pious people choose to go and live among yellow or black folks rather than stay at home. It is to be feared that very many even of those who do profess and possess a degree of interest in this work conceive of it merely as a charity.

Is there any essential difference between regarding missions as a charity and as a debt? Here comes a ragged, unkempt creature, holding out his dirty cap to me. I recognize him as a beggar, so I pull out a coin—a nickel, a dime, anything—and throw it to him. That is "charity." It is cheap: it is easy. It is free from any sense of responsibility, purely a matter of personal choice.

But now another man steps up and hands me a bit of paper. I open it and find it a bill of debt—for \$100. Do I presume to get

rid of this second man as I did the first, by flinging him the first coin that comes handy? By no means. It is a very different matter, for this is a debt, and I am bound to face it seriously, and do everything in my power to wipe it out, to the very last cent.

Missions viewed as a charity—secondary, optional, no serious concern or prayer or effort, spasmodic and insignificant giving.

Missions viewed as a debt—primary, obligatory, deep heart concern and prayer and effort, systematic and sacrificing giving.

Charity foots the list of your expenditure and claims your spare cash. Debt heads the list, if you are conscientious, and cuts out everything non-essential, until it is fully met. You give a little of the interest on your money to charity, but you dip deep down into your principal and give all, if need be, to pay your debts.

In a church where a number of the leading members are all earning liberal salaries, they profess great interest in missions, but that church gives \$25 a year to the cause. On the other hand, I know of a coloured washerwoman who puts \$200 into the missionary offering. It is her yearly custom.

What makes the difference between those two standards of giving? Simply the viewpoint. The church treats missions as a charity, the woman as a debt, and both give accordingly. To the church it is one among a score of equally important (or unimportant!) things; to the woman it is the one supreme thing. They play at missions as a sort of diversion; she works at missions as the business of her life.

In which light have you regarded this work—as expressed by your prayers, your gifts, your efforts to go? Has your conscience been convicted of a debt you owe the heathen, or have only your emotions been stirred at times with a feeling of pity?

We owe the heathen the Gospel; we are their debtors.

Out of gratitude for our own salvation, since only "by the grace of God I am what I am;"

Out of loyalty to Christ, Who commissioned us to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;

Out of compassion for heathen suffering and sorrow; and finally

Out of the realization that in the Gospel we have the only remedy for their temporal ills and the only answer to their soul's eternal needs.

May God convict His children of their debts, and make them "ready, as much as in them is" to meet them! Then, at last, will there be no lack of missionaries to go, or intercessors to pray, or money to send. May this conviction begin with you.—Rev. R. H. Glover, D.D., in *Missionary Review*.

DRIVING AWAY BAD THOUGHTS.

In the matter of breaking away from a habit already formed, especially if one is for the time being under the domination, as we say, of that habit, mental or physical, it is many times very difficult to keep the thought or the recurrence of the thought out of the mind, says a writer in the "Woman's Home Companion."

The one safe rule of action, or the course of action which makes the accomplishment easier, is, as quickly as the undesirable thought presents itself, to put it out of the mind instantly; dalliance with it, and thereby allowing it to assume larger proportions, makes it continually harder to check it. That which at first is but a tiny flame will grow, if we act too tardily, into one of consuming proportions; and we will find ourselves under its domination again.

Fortunately, there is a fact which, if we once fully understand it, will be of tremendous aid at this particular point. It might be called a "law of indirectness," or a "law of substitution." To get rid of an undesirable thought, it is easier to put into the mind some other object of thought which will replace the undesirable one than to tussle with it and endeavour to put it out directly.

So when it presents itself again, instantly to throw the mind along some other line, the opposite of the undesirable one, or along any line that it will follow most easily and naturally, will enable it to be freed from the undesirable one, which will gradually decrease in its power, thereby gradually losing its hold, while the mind is growing continually along the lines of self-control. It is simply shutting out objectionable and undesirable thoughts, and putting desirable, any desirable ones, in their place. If this course is persisted in, the undesirable looses its hold, and disappears in time completely.—Ex.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

He asked for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey.

He asked for health that he might do greater things; he was given infirmity that he might do better things.

He asked for riches that he might be happy; he was given poverty that he might be wise.

He asked for power that he might have the praise of men; he was given weakness that he might feel the need of God.

He asked for all things that he might enjoy life; he was given Life that he might enjoy all things.

He has received nothing that he asked for, all that he hoped for. His prayer is answered. He is most blest.

SHE HAS A PLEASANT ANSWER.

"No matter how busy she is, she has always a pleasant answer ready," was said of a woman who was greatly beloved not only in her own home circle, but abroad.

It is no easy matter to always answer pleasantly, when one is busy or pre-occupied, or the question is repeated with a tire-some persistency. It requires great self-control to be able at all times to answer pleasantly when addressed. Often the quick answer, the impatient response, is made unwittingly, but it cuts, nevertheless, and influences more than we sometimes realize the person to whom we have spoken sharply.

"You always snap a fellow up so," complained a boy to his sister. "I shall not tell you now."

He had come to her brimming over with a piece of boyish confidence. The sister was busy over a household task, which absorbed all her energies. Impatient at the interruption, she made a curt, short response. The brother's confidence was forfeited, and a chance for an elder sister to give sympathy, help and advice was lost. The girl regretted it the instant after, and coaxed her brother to tell her his secret, but the boy's ardor had been dampened by her sharpness, and the confidence was taken elsewhere.

"I know you're mad at me, 'cause you talk cross," lisped a four-year-old to his mother one day.

"Talk cross!" The mother was filled with amazement. She had no such intention. She did not realize that her answers to the childish questions were short and impatient, as she labored on a necessary task. She stopped to think then, and after that she strove to control her tones at all times, and to make her answers kind and patient, so that the child would not think again that "mother was cross" when she was only busy and pre-occupied.

It requires self-control and patience, when one is occupied and is harassed by insistent calls and questions, to answer pleasantly, "I will be there in a few minutes." Sometimes it comes far easier to answer shortly and sharply, "I am coming just as quickly as I can. Stop bothering me!" It requires self-control to suppress the impatient rejoinder, but how it pays in the end, not only in the maintenance of peace and harmony, for the time being, but in the growth of a habit, which in time makes the person noted for a pleasant manner.

It is one of the things we have to watch daily and hourly, this inclination to speak sharply and irritably in moments of stress. It is a habit which grows on one unconsciously, and can only be overcome by constant watchfulness and self-control.

Let us, then, watch our speech, and let us strive for this self-control and ever-present good-will which will make us always answer pleasantly, no matter how we may be engaged or how unwelcome the inquiry or call may be.

The influence of kindly speech, of a pleasant manner is two-fold. It reflects not only upon our own characters, but it makes a deeper impression and wields a more powerful influence on others than we can estimate.—American Messenger.

BOYS LOST!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve, and rouse a nation to frenzied searching! Were that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue, if need be. Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer trivial questions during the years when fathers are the great and only heroes of boys, he let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners, and club programmes, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped and the boy was lost to the home.

Aye, his Church lost him! Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly, the minister and elder were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song for his boyishness, and so the Church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy.

He must be found! He can be found in that particular spot in the Church where interested men were willing to meet him and answer in simple fashion the direct questions of his awakening manhood, concerning the realities of life and duty. Here is where the lost boy will be found by men who are willing to look for him!—Men at Work.

PRAYER.

Almighty God, take us all into Thy care, we pray Thee, and be near each of us day by day, according to our circumstances and duties. Bless any that are in any kind of sorrow or trouble. Comfort and be near such, and give us grace to cast our burdens on the Lord, that He may sustain us. Bless all Christian people and all Thy servants who are trying to do Thy will, and to help others to know Thy will and be upon them, and the pleasure of the Lord prosper in their hand. Amen.

The Children's Record

THE SCOTTISH SAILOR.

"A Highland boy, whose parents had taught him to honor God, became a marine on board a British man-of-war. A battle rages. The deck is swept by a tremendous broadside from the enemy. The captain, James Haldane, a profane man, orders another company on deck to take the place of the dead. At sight of the mangled remains of their comrades, the marines become panic-stricken and ungovernable. The captain raves at them blasphemously.

"Up steps the pious Highlander, a man now full grown, and touching his hat, says 'Captain, I believe God hears prayer; if He hears yours, what will become of us?' When the battle was over, Captain Haldane reflected on the words of the brave marine, became interested in the claims of religion, surrendered his heart to God, became a preacher of the Gospel and pastor of a church in Edinburgh.

"Through his instrumentality, his brother, Robert Haldane, was settled in Geneva, stirred up Protestantism there, and became the means of leading a large number of theological students in the light, among the number being J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, author of the immortal "History of the Reformation."

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!—Sel.

WHAT A BOY'S HOME DID FOR HIM.

BY A RAILWAY ENGINEER IN CHINA.

(These are extracts from a private letter received by a Glasgow minister from one who was some years ago the secretary of his Bible-class. Their testimony to the value of a religious upbringing led to their publication in the "Record" of the U. F. Church of Scotland. May they be true, in increasing measure, of "the Canadian boys abroad.")

My personal experience teaches me that the Church training a boy has at home is the beacon that guides him in after-life. This is specially the case when he lives in foreign countries. It is rubbish to say that one has to drop his morals after leaving Suez. One needs them there more than ever, and it pays one well to keep them.

I have under my control on the railway about 2,000 Chinese, and I have unlimited opportunities of making what the Chinese call "squeeze," or, in other words, making money in an illegitimate way. Of course, I am absolutely straight in all such matters, and the result is that I possess great power over the men. They think there is

something in a foreigner who abstains from making plenty of money in a wrong way when it is so easily done. It raises their idea of a white man and of his religion.

People at home think that young men abroad can live and do as they like. They can, so long as they do the right thing; but in China, and I suppose anywhere else, the actions of a white man are closely watched and discussed in every tea house and evening gathering, and if his life is not morally good he loses "face," and this means that he loses their respect and his power over them.

There is one thing I have done as the result of my old training in Glasgow. The Chinese custom is to work every day in the week. This I found to be unsatisfactory in the workshops, as an average of 30 to 40 men, out of 600, were daily off work without any reasonable excuse. I accordingly put a rule in force that work was to be shut down on Sunday. I paid the men for the day, provided they had worked a full week of six days. This worked well, and the daily average of absentees was reduced to two or three, whilst the men did better work on Monday and throughout the week. They thoroughly enjoy the rest.

Here is another little "Sunday observance" incident. We have a nice little foreign community—five of us—and in order to keep fit in the hot weather we play tennis. We played hard every night, and then the question arose of playing on Sunday. I said I never did so, and declined; but the others went on for several Sundays, and then they complained of feeling "stale." "Knock off your Sunday game," I said. This was done, and they now play the six nights only and enjoy it all the better.

I miss the sermon, the singing of the choir, and the peal of the organ more than I can say. The nearest church for me is a Sunday afternoon meeting of missionary people in ten miles away, but since coming here four years ago I have never missed attending that gathering.

I leave at 2.30 in the afternoon. I get a railway hand trolley car and proceed three miles, which takes us to our wharf. Here a steam launch is waiting and I cross the river, which is three-quarters of a mile broad with sometimes a tremendous swell and current on. Then I go six miles into the city before I reach the church. Service is from 4.30 to 5.30; and, having all connection ready—steam launch, trolley and carriage—I get back about 8 p.m. That is my church trip, and by going I feel it is Sunday, and I enjoy it.

"FROM A MINISTER'S DIARY."

This minister had a church in Scotland. One morning after breakfast he was sitting in his study, planning his work for the day, and, on looking over his sick list written up in his diary, came to a name entered "Elsie Norman, 8 years," and underneath were these words. "Much worse to-day. The doctor says cannot live over to-morrow, a case of bad fever."

After a forenoon's study he started off to visit his sick ones. The last visit was at a little cottage with white washed walls and thatched roof. It has only two rooms, one on each side of the doorway.

He gently lifted the latch and went in. There, lying on the bed, was Elsie Norman, so white, so thin, and yet so beautiful. The mother and the only other member of the family, a brother of eighteen years, watched beside her.

He spoke to them for a few minutes and then taking Elsie's thin hand he said, "Do you love Jesus?"

"Yes," she said, and a happy smile came over her worn face.

"Why?"

"Because Jesus loves me," she said quietly.

"How do you know?"

"My hymn tells me,

Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

He looked at her and said, "Do you know you are very ill?"

"Yes, mother told me so this morning, and that I was going to be taken away."

"Are you glad?"

The little maid closed her eyes. She was becoming very weak, life had all but fled. At length she spoke, "Sometimes I am, and sometimes I am not."

Again she spoke. "When I remember I shall see father up yonder I am happy, but when I feel I must leave mother and brother I am sad."

At times she was heard just breathing, "Jesus loves me," and then the bright smile broke over her face.

"Yes," said her mother, "and you love love Jesus."

"Yes," she breathed. She tried to raise herself from the pillow but could not. She opened her sweet blue eyes to gaze on those she loved, but just for a moment.

"Mother, she said at last, "I think Jesus is coming for me. Good-bye dear mother and brother, we shall meet again, good-bye."

The mother bent down and kissed the child.

Elsie never spoke again, but slept quietly away, so peacefully that they hardly noticed when the little life had fled.

But the look of great peace remained on the face that little Elsie had left be-

hind, while she herself had entered into a gladness that never ends.—Sel.

A BRAVE LADDIE.

Harry Parkes and his mother lived in a small house on the edge of a piece of woods. There were neighbours in sight, but it was a lonely place, and Harry was timid. His school was the other side of the woods on a cross road, and when Harry went through the woods morning and evening he ran all the way. He couldn't tell why he was afraid; there were no wild beasts in the woods, but still, his heart was wild with all sorts of fearful thoughts.

One dark, rainy night, when the wind was blowing a gale, Harry heard his mother calling him in a strange, hoarse voice. He answered her, but she did not speak again, but he could hear her groan as if in great pain, and cough terribly.

Harry was only eight years old, but he had been used to helping his mother in many ways, so he jumped out of bed and ran into her room to find out what was the matter.

"Are you sick, mamma?" he asked anxiously, going close to the bed on which his mother lay, tossing and groaning with pain and fever.

"Yes, dear, very sick," she managed to say. "If I can't have help I'm afraid I shall die."

"What shall I do, mamma?" eagerly asked the little boy. "How can I help you?"

"I must have a doctor," said his sick mother. "Do you think, Harry, you can go for Dr. Carson? He's the nearest. Will you be afraid to go, son?"

Harry hesitated just a minute, but one look at his dear mother decided him. "Yes, I'll be afraid, but I'll go just the same, mamma," he said, and he hurried on his clothes just as fast as he could.

It would have been some comfort if he could have had a lantern, but there was not such a thing in the house. He had to go right through the woods, for Dr. Carson lived just beyond the schoolhouse on the edge of the village, and it was one o'clock in the morning! It was very dark, but Harry knew the way so well, he could have gone with his eyes shut, and never had he run so fast through the woods as he did that night, and never was he so afraid. But he got the doctor in time to save his mother's life.

"I'm afraid, but I'll go any way"—that was when the brave spirit spoke, and that is the kind of courage of which great men are made. "Trust in God and do the right." That was Harry's motto.—The Child's Gem.

UNCLE TOM.

"Johnny!" called his mother.

"Yes'm."

"I want you to go on an errand over to Mrs. Lee's."

"Is it the Mrs. Lee where the great big grape-vine is?"

"Yes."

"I'll go."

He took the little basket she gave him, listened to what he was to say to Mrs. Lee, and set out on his walk, feeling very much interested in the big grape-vine, perhaps they would give him a bunch of those beautiful grapes.

But no one was on the porch as he drew near. He stepped in under the vine, rang at the door, and turned while he waited to look at the grapes.

If they had looked fine from the street, how much more so here!

"There's bushels and bushels of 'em," exclaimed Johnny, gazing up and down and all along the piazza.

No one came to the door, so he rang again. Then he walked around to the back door and knocked. Nobody was there, so he walked back to the piazza, and gave another ring.

"Nobody's at home," he said.

It was a disappointment. No one to say, "Wouldn't you like a bunch of grapes?" Johnny was hot and thirsty after his walk, and he longed for some.

"I don't believe it would be any harm for me to take just one bunch," said Johnny. "I guess the lady would have given me two or three bunches. If she was here, she'd be real sorry for me to go away without some, when I'm so thirsty. It's just the same as taking a drink of water. Everybody has a right to a drink of water."

The bright eyes looked keenly about to make sure that no one could be looking, as the small hands moved near the stem of the large bunch of grapes.

"Who's that? Who's that? Who's that?"

Johnny jumped as if he had been shot as the words were jerked out in a very harsh voice. It sounded like the voice of an old man Johnny thought.

"Quit, quit, quit, quit, quit!" said the voice. "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

"I—ain't doing anything," said Johnny, in a trembling voice, as he hurried away from the grapes.

"Go 'way, go 'way, go 'way!" came next.

"I'm going."

Johnny picked up his basket, and ran from the house as fast as he could.

Mamma was sorry when she learned that he could not find Mrs. Lee.

"But I am going to see her in a few days, and you shall go with me," she said.

Johnny did not say anything about the grapes or the person who had ordered him away from the house. But he wanted never to go there again.

He hoped his mother would forget about taking him; but, when she called him to go with her, he thought he would rather go than tell her about it.

"Perhaps that man won't remember me," he said to himself.

Mrs. Lee was glad to see Johnny's mother, and they sat on the piazza and talked. Before long, Mrs. Lee said to Johnny:—

"Don't you want some grapes, dear? Help yourself, and I must give you a basket, so you can take some home."

Johnny did not care half so much for the grapes as he had the other day; but he picked a bunch, and sat down on the step to eat it.

"Who's that? Who's that? Go 'way, go 'way! Quit, quit!"

It was the same dreadful voice. Johnny dropped his grapes, and looked around in terror.

"There's that noisy Uncle Tom," said Mrs. Lee, laughing. "Do you want to come and see him?"

"What's the matter? Quit, quit, quit!" screamed the voice. Johnny did not want to see Uncle Tom, and did not offer to go to him.

"Never mind, he's coming," said Mrs. Lee. "He sits around there in the piazza all day sometimes. Come along, Uncle Tom."

Johnny felt very much like running away. Here was the person who had seen him just on the point of taking something which was not his own.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," said the harsh voice. Johnny waited for him with a sinking heart. If Uncle Tom was as dreadful as his voice, what a dreadful old man he must be! He would probably tell his mother and Mrs. Lee all about what he had seen the other day.

"Who's that? Who's that?" cried Uncle Tom, as he came from the side piazza.

He was very small, not so high as Johnny's knees. He wore a coat of bright green, with little dabs of red near the tails, and a bit of a red cap on his head.

"I'm coming! I'm coming! Who's that? Who's that?" he cried, as he solemnly strutted toward them.

Johnny stared for a moment, and then laughed and laughed till Mrs. Lee and his mother laughed with him. Then Mrs. Lee brought a cracker, and gave it to him to feed Uncle Tom; and they became fast friends. Tom sang "Yankee Doodle" and Captain Jinks" for him, and talked all the words he knew.

Johnny told his mother afterward how

near he had come to taking the grapes, concluding with:—

"I tell you what, mamma, I'm glad enough that Tom stopped me just in time. And I tell you," Johnny clenched his fists and shook his head with a determined look. "I'm never going to do a thing again that'll make me afraid to go where I'll see an old parrot—or anybody else."—Sydney Dayre, in *Christian Register*.

A LITTLE GIRL AND THE LIONS.

She lives in Africa not far from Pakule. She was about ten years old when this story begins, delightfully black, and as full of energy as a bee.

A few miles from her home a native Christian convert and his wife had opened a station where they were teaching "everything that the white man knew" so far as they understood it; and that was clear into the kingdom of heaven in one direction.

The children on this station went out two by two—in real Bible fashion—calling on all the people within five miles of the meeting houses, and one day came to the kraal where our small friend lived.

She was wide awake to all they had to tell and went home with them at once to see and hear more of what was doing. She saw that each of the station girls had a good denim gown, while she still wore only a suit of peanut oil and sunshine, but what impressed her most was the singing, reciting, praying and all the lively life of the mission school.

The music touched her so deeply that tears ran down her shining cheeks.

The story of Daniel in the lions' den was just the thing for her, for she knew where the lions were, and still worse, they knew where she was! She was glad to learn that there was One who could make even the roaring lions behave themselves.

When she went home she told her mother that she was going to be a Christian and begin right away. But this announcement did not make the mother happy. If her little girl were a Christian she would never grind corn to make beer nor tend the still where strong drink was made; nor would she join the dance any more, nor be but the "one wife" of any man. And was it not the glory of woman to distil rum from plantains and whiskey from corn?

Now the mother believed all these things and was desperately in earnest to save her child from the "medicine" of the missionary.

Meanwhile the little girl returned to the mission, and finally ran away and lived there. This aroused her mother, who went after her, brought her home and whipped her enough to drive out any sort of new spirits, she thought,

But as soon as chance offered, away went the brave child to the mission again; and again the mother brought her home—this time calling in the witch-doctor, who whipped her well, but in vain, as she would not consent to leave the station.

Then he tied her feet to the limb of a tree with her head hanging down, hoping that her religion might ooze out from her mouth, but hers was not oozing-out sort.

Following this he gave her dreadful doses of his medicine calculated to destroy the "religious germs," but all in vain. She lived and gained strength to make a safe rush to the mission station again.

She did not report the dreadful treatment of the witch-doctor, nor her mother's unkindness, until some time after her final tribulation, which she must now endure. For her mother determined on one last terrible resort to save her child for heathendom.

She appeared again at the station and took the little daughter home with her. Toward evening, she prepared some bark rope, took the child to the forest, where, with her own hands she bound the little arms behind her and then tied her to a tamarind tree, hoping that lions would come and either frighten the religion out of her, or, if the worst must come, that they would eat her up. Was it not better so than to have her lost to everything in the home, the tribe and the nation?

No one knows what occurred in the dark, dismal forest that night, but one can believe that the little black martyr bound to a tree was not left alone.

In the early morning a small boy went out to pray, as is the usual custom on all the stations in these parts, and as he began his petition she heard him, and knowing that it was the voice of a Christian at prayer, though she did not know who it was, she called to him. He heard her, came and untied the bark rope which bound her and brought her to the station.

The teacher says that lion tracks were within fifteen feet of where the child was bound. They had lain down, sat down, stood and walked about till they had meditated their toothsome morsel from every point, with never a nearer scent than their fifteen feet of solid distance permitted.

Instead of scaring the religion out, the dark night had proved to be the greatest help to its rapid growth.

When questioned later as to her sensations within this den of lions, she remarked with all the confidence of a modern Daniel, "You taught that the Great God made the lions and that He also made me; and He would never have let us eat each other up!"

Who can think calmly of enduring such an ordeal? Let the philosopher try to explain" if he will, but we prefer to believe that the angel who "shut the lions' mouths" in old Babylon was very near to this little girl—Sel.

OVER AND OVER.

"It's no use—I never can learn to write compositions!"

Uncle Fred looked up in surprise "What's the trouble, Esther?"

"Well, I've written that theme over three times, and I can't get it to suit Miss Kennedy, and now she says I shall have to stick to that one subject till I have it right, and I can't.

"It strikes me that your teacher's a wise woman. Getting you in training for life, as well as trying to put English into your head, isn't she?"

"What has revising the same old theme to do with life?"

"A great deal, Life's just doing things over and over till we get them right."

"Well, I don't like life, then."

Her uncle smiled. "Did you ever hear of Carlyle?"

"Of course. He's the one father is always quoting."

Uncle Fred strolled over to the bookcase, where he drew out a leather-bound volume from a long row. "See this? See the size of it?"

Esther nodded.

"Well, that big book is Volume I of the 'French Revolution.' I'll tell you a true story about it.

"Carlyle had a great friend, a famous man named John Stuart Mill. When this first volume was written, he was anxious for Mill's opinion of it, and sent it to him in manuscript to read. It had taken months and months to write it, and it had meant also an endless amount of research among old French documents and records, hunting out and translating information that no one else had found. The labor and brain work that had gone into it was tremendous.

Well, Mill read it, and thought it was great; but before he had a chance to tell Carlyle so, indeed, just as he finished reading the last page of the manuscript, he accidentally dropped the whole thing, and it fell into the fire before which he was sitting. It was the only copy of the manuscript."

"How awful!" cried Esther, thoroughly interested. "Didn't he save any of it?"

"Not a line."

"Then—then how do we happen to have the book, after all?"

"That's the point of the story. Of course Mill felt dreadfully; couldn't bear to tell Carlyle. But Carlyle was very honorable about it; said it was an accident, and all that, and didn't blame him.

"Carlyle was an old hero. He had some old scraps of memoranda, jotted on backs of envelopes and such, and with those little scraps to help him, he sat down and did it all over again; wrote the whole thing from beginning to end. You see, he wouldn't be defeated in his purpose by accident or circumstances."

The story was ended. Esther sat in silence for a moment, then she jumped up and snatched the English note book from the table where it lay.

"I'll write it all over again," she said, "and make it right this time."—In the Comrade.

FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged; and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighbourhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side; but the little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled; but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come and then turned his face away, too shy or too much astonished to speak.

But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear; he looked at it; and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson. He had another dearer than self, and knew the joy of sacrifice.

Right living and the right kind of work have changed many a stunted boy into a well-developed man. Spiritual growth is not greatly aided by sitting down and thinking about it. Live in the sunshine of trust. Rely on a strength higher than your own. Reach out helpfully to others, and growth in the divine life will look after itself.—Sel.

ELSPETH'S CANDLE.

Everyone in the village wondered what Elspeth Campbell would do with her ruined life. In the lavender-scented drawers of the old family chest lay the wedding garments she was never to wear. Even the bridal veil, a square of net, bought by much careful saving, was ready for the head it would never adorn, and in the little cottage the master's chair by the fireplace stood empty.

Elspeth's grief was twofold, for both her father and her sweetheart had gone down in the fishing boat when it struck on the dangerous reef within sight of the cottage.

That was before the dangerous places along the coast were properly marked by lighthouses. The two men, capable sailors though they were, had lost their reckoning in the darkness, and driven their boat full upon the ledge.

"Poor Elspeth will lose her mind alone in her cottage," said her friends, and they begged her to do this, and begged her to do that—in vain. Naturally, she did nothing at first; but one night a light shone out from the upper window of her cottage, and sent its bright rays across the waves towards the reef on which all the hopes of her young life had foundered.

"If the sailors and fisherman see it, and know that my candle will always be there, someone may perhaps be saved from danger," she told her neighbors. And so night after night she placed her light in the same window, at the same hour! and, lest it might die down or be extinguished, she sat down beside it until daybreak.

As time passed the seafaring folk learned to take warning from the steady light, and Elspeth's candle, tradition says, saved more than one man from the death that had robbed her of the two she loved best.

To keep her mind off her grief, and because she must earn the means of life, she knit steadily all night long. When morning came she would slip downstairs, and lay the finished jersey, or mittens, or stockings, or scarf on her doorstep and seek her bed.

When some neighbor, on his way to the market town, came by he would put the work in his basket, and with the money is brought, he would buy for her the provisions she needed and more candles for her light.

To this day they tell of Elspeth that she grew old in her self-imposed service, and that every seafaring man along the shore blessed the light of her candle, not only because it gave warning of the dangerous reef, but because it told of a heart so loving and so leal. The government now lights that coast. Elspeth is long dead, but in the hearts and memories of the fisherfolk her candle still shines.—Sel.

MARJORY'S SHILLING.

"Mother, what is done with my shilling?" asked Marjory, a girl of ten, one afternoon after the collector had called and obtained the subscription for the Foreign Mission Fund. She always gave a shilling out of her savings to add to her mother's amount.

"Well, dear, it is sent, first of all, to the Church Offices and then it is put in the bank. Some day the Foreign Mission Secretary—Mr. Ashcroft, you remember, who preached for us last month—sends a cheque out to a missionary, say in Africa, and that is his salary which supports him and enables him to live and work among the negroes and tell them about Jesus."

Marjory thought a moment. "So without my shilling and others like it he could not be there."

"Just so. He would not be able to comfort a sick child, or go and speak at an outstation, or—anything like that."

"I see," said the maid, and went on with her lessons.

That night Marjory had a dream. She dreamt that she was in Africa and saw a missionary's house—a curious looking building of wood with a thatched roof coming down like a verandah all round. It was early morning and there was heavy dew everywhere.

A saddle-horse in charge of a negro boy stood at the door, and presently out came the missionary wearing a pith helmet, and mounted and rode off. He went a long way through a dense forest until he came to a mud hut, which he entered.

In her dream Marjory saw, in a corner of the hut, the wasted form of a girl lying on a low bed. She was tossing in delirium. The missionary spoke to a negro woman—her mother—in a strange tongue, and then went over and looked down compassionately upon the restless figure. "Unless she sleeps," he said to himself, "she will die."

He knelt down and, gently taking her hand, he held it while he prayed, the mother standing near with bent head.

Marjory heard the words, so calm, so beautiful, so full of faith; and gradually the girl grew quieter and became quite still. When the missionary rose he was still very grave, but there was a new light in his eyes. "She sleeps," he said.

He led the mother outside and spoke again in a strange language, and then remounted and returned the way he came.

Next morning the first words Marjory said to her mother were: "Mother, I want to give two shillings to the Foreign Mission lady when she calls next time."—Record of the U. F. Church.

WHAT THE OTHER FELLOW THINKS.

SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

By CHARLES T. WHITE.

Few readers of "Tom Brown's School-pale-faced, timid newcomer at Rugby, who was put under Tom's care, and rather who was put under Tom's care, and rather disgusted that young gentleman at first by his babyish ways.

That night in the dormitory, George dropped down on his knees by the bedside, and a dead silence fell over the noisy room. Then, two or three boys laughed, and one rude lad flung a slipper at the kneeling figure. Tom's boot barely missed the bully's head, and a threat went after it.

Tom Brown crept into bed, but not to sleep. He had promised his mother to remember his prayers night and morning, and the promise had not been kept. The brave act of little George Arthur had brought the older lad face to face with his own neglected duty.

He shed a good many tears secretly that night, but something came of it, for the first thing he did in the morning was to kneel down by his bed and to pray. He was so excited, and his thoughts were so busy with what the fellows would say and do, that he could scarcely put two words together, but the publican's prayer happened to come into his mind, and he repeated it over several times—"God be merciful to me a sinner."

When Tom rose to his feet, he felt brave enough to stand alone against the world, and was rather surprised to see two other boys on their knees. Perhaps they, too, had been reminded of forgotten promises and neglected duties. Before Tom and George Arthur left the school-house, prayer was a common practice in all the rooms.

A thoroughly right-thinking boy is not afraid of singularity. To give too much heed to "what the other fellow thinks" is a sign of cowardice. But a fact we often lose sight of is that the other fellow probably thinks much as we do, and, perhaps, needs just the encouragement our example will give him.

The boys in the Rugby dormitory had no prejudice against praying. No doubt half of them, at least, would have kneeled down by their beds every night, if they had been in rooms of their own, but in a place like this, somebody had to make the start.

As a rule, a boy who manfully shows his colors discovers that the other fellow whose ridicule he fears, has colors of his own, which he is backward about bringing to the front. We often go for days, with an unspoken message for Christ upon our lips, which some soul very near at hand is yearning to hear.—The Comrade.

It was early morning, and the busy nurse at the Mission Hospital had just gone into the garden to enjoy the cool air for a few minutes before beginning the day's work.

She was standing there with thoughts far away, but with eye and ear ever on the alert when she heard a faint moan of pain near at hand.

She turned quickly towards the place from which the sound came, and noticed at once that there was something strange and more solid than a shadow lying behind a bush close by.

In a moment she was bending over the shadow and saying sharply, "Who are you? What are you doing here? Where do you come from?"

The thin, wan face of a young boy looked up at her, and again there was that moan of pain.

She bent lower down and looked more closely. "Why, Nabi," she cried, "is it you? What is the matter? Are you hurt? How did you come here?"

But Nabi answered nothing, only looked at her with appealing eyes.

"You must come in," said the nurse, "but you cannot walk, can you? Never mind, let me see if I cannot carry you."

She lifted the boy in her strong arms, and her face grew very pitiful when she found how light he was.

"What have they done to him?" she asked herself, her face white and set with anger.

The chaplain had told her why Nabi had gone home a month ago, and how he feared the boy would never be allowed to return to them. Passing into the hospital, she sent a message to the chaplain asking him to come over as soon as possible.

They did not allow Nabi to speak until he had been bathed and fed and laid in his own bed, and by that time the chaplain had arrived.

"You have come back, my boy," he said.

"I thought I would never get here," said Nabi wearily; "the way was very long."

"Did you walk all the way from the village?" asked the chaplain.

A smile flashed into Nabi's eyes.

"Sometimes walking, sometimes crawling."

The chaplain knelt by the bedside and held the boy's hands in his.

"Tell me," he said.

"There is not much to tell," said Nabi slowly. "They were very angry. They said I had brought dishonour on my family. They tried to make me break my promise. When they could do no more, they gave me

some of the drink that kills, and shut me up. Then Nala came and let me out, and I am here."

There was a pause, and then he began again:

"I would that I could have brought Nala with me," he said. "She is so little, and there is no one to help her when I am not there."

"That is the little sister who is a widow," said the nurse. "We will see yet what we can do. Perhaps she may be allowed to come to us. Who knows, Nabi, but some day she may be in this very hospital, working in the King's service."

Nabi's eyes brightened.

"That is a splendid thought to think," he said.

Then something seemed to trouble him, and a puzzled look puckered his forehead

"I have heard thee say often, that there are many, many soldiers and servants of the King, boys and girls, like Nala and me, in thy own country," he said, looking questioningly at the nurse. "Why do they not then try to help us?"

The nurse turned her face away, for her eyes were full of tears, and before she could try to find an answer Nabi's mind began to wander, and he talked of games and kites, and the lessons he had learned in school. She saw that he was slowly nearing the Valley of the Shadow, and she made way for the chaplain, who stood ready to set the seal of baptism upon the brow of the young soldier of Christ.

Nabi lay quite still now. The tracked look had vanished from his face, and his eyes were shut as if he were sleeping, but ere the chaplain had finished, while the water was still wet upon his forehead, he sat straight up as if he had received new strength, and listened eagerly.

"Dost thou not hear it?" he cried. "It is the music of the King's soldiers. They are marching up to the ivory throne. They will take me with them, for am I not also a soldier of the King?"

Then his face lit up with such a look of joy and wonder as that which had shone upon the face of the first martyr, when those who looked upon him "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

"It is the King Himself," he whispered, "and He is holding out His hands to me."

Then, like Stephen also, "fell asleep, and the faithful soldier had won his crown.

The nurse knelt down by the bedside. She wondered when the time would come when this wonderful land and this wonderful people would ever learn to serve the King. The unanswered question still rang in her ears. Then as she knelt there she, too,

seemed to hear the strains of music, and thought she was back again in the little church at home, and that the village choir was singing—

"The Son of God goes forth to war,

A Kingly crown to gain;

His blood-red banner streams afar,

Who follows in His train?"

Triumphantly swelled the last verse, but she was back again in the Mission Hospital now, and it was the chaplain's voice she heard as he stood there with bowed head.

"They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,

Through peril, toil, and pain;

O God, to us may grace be given

To follow in their train."

—In Day break.

A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother! Mother! There's something in my eye! Please take it out, quick!"

"Why, what is it?"

"I don't know; it's an awful thing. The wind blew it in my eye a minute ago.

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully but could find nothing except tears.

"I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it's there, mother; please get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable."

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor; "too small to see, unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after, Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors and Flossy was in a bad humour: nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window pouting. In a little while her face brightened and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that grain of sand, mother, don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, truly, and I would not hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand could not help itself, but I can, and I will, right away."—Our Boys and Girls.

World Wide Work

(Note—The Mormons are increasing much more rapidly in our own western land, in population to their numbers and to Canada's population, than ever they did in the U. S. A., and they are becoming much more rapidly a menace. We would, therefore, earnestly commend to our readers the following articles. Ed.)

THE MORMON MENACE.

BY JOSIAH STRONG, D.D.

An ecclesiastical machine which is at the same time a political machine is an institution with which Americans have not yet learned how to deal.

The man who carries the consciences of his religious followers in one pocket of course carries their votes in the other. When he is attacked as a politician he at once assumes the role of the ecclesiastic, raises the cry of "religious persecution," and is safe.

The lens of publicity, when it exposes the rascality of the regular political boss, serves at the same time to concentrate the heat rays of public indignation with an intensity that makes the man at the focus squirm. But when publicity is applied to the politico-ecclesiastical boss, it becomes "persecution," and is frowned upon by all "liberal"-minded people.

The patriotic citizens who are trying to expose the lawlessness, the perfidy, and the nefarious political designs of the Mormon machine are branded by the press and the public as "religious bigots" and "narrow sectarians," and are asked, with infinite commiseration for their ignorance, whether they are not aware that the Constitution of the United States guarantees religious liberty to all its inhabitants.

The press and the people insist on being fooled, and the Mormons are more than willing to oblige them. We advise any who wish to remain comfortably ignorant of Mormonism not to read the following pages by those who write with the authority of personal acquaintance and long experience.—J. S.

OUTLINE OF MORMON HISTORY.

DUNCAN JAMES McMILLAN, D.D.

For Ten Years a Missionary under the Presbyterian Board in Utah.

Mormonism had its origin in Western New York, in 1830, among a few obscure

and illiterate people. Joseph Smith, Jr., a restless and somewhat enterprising youth, much given to fortune-telling and treasure-hunting, claimed to have been visited frequently by a divine messenger who finally led him to a hillside where he discovered, hidden in the earth, a series of engraved plates of either brass or gold (witnesses are not agreed as to the metal) together with a pair of exaggerated spectacles, called Urim and Thummim, by which he was able to translate the hieroglyphics. The translation was called the "Book of Mormon."

Joseph proclaimed himself a prophet, called of God to restore to the world the gospel which had been lost 1,400 years—the angel which John, in his apocalyptic vision, saw flying through the heavens having the everlasting gospel.

After a period of dreams and visions, he and Oliver Cowdery, a young blacksmith, were one day walking in a forest when they met John the Baptist, who laid his hands upon them and ordained them to the holy priesthood. By his direction Smith baptized Cowdery and Cowdery baptized Smith. The date is given as May 15, 1829.

On April 6, 1830, Oliver Cowdery, two Whitmers, and three Smiths met at Fayette, N.Y., and organized the Mormon Church. There was not a female in the original membership. Of eleven men who testified that they had seen and "hefted" the plates, only five entered the organization. In six months the membership reached seventy-five. The movement attracted little attention in Fayette and Palmyra, where these young men lived and were personally known.

Mentor.

Through the friendly offices of Parley P. Pratt, an itinerant preacher and tinker, the Mormons were conducted to Mentor, O., and were hospitably received by the Rev. Sidney Rigdon and his peculiar church.

Rigdon's congregation, as described by President Garfield, were mostly honest, earnest, and industrious, with good homes and farms for that time, but narrow-minded, intolerant, and daily looking for some great event to occur. Their pastor had prepared them for this event frequently predicting that new light would soon break forth from the divine mind.

This congregation was absorbed by the Mormons. The doctrines of this new church were at first simple and vague, and their organization imperfect, but Rigdon soon put these matters into definite form.

Kirtland.

Westward the company went to Kirtland, Ohio, where within a month they received and baptized 120 converts. Before spring they numbered 1,000. Within a few years five of the original members of the church were excommunicated for gross sins, among them Oliver Cowdery. At Kirtland a temple costing \$40,000 was erected.

A bank was established without capital or stock, but it issued currency which was received by a credulous people. When a gentleman from Pittsburg presented some of the currency for redemption he was told by the cashier that the issue was for circulation, not for redemption. Smith, the cashier, and Rigdon, the bank president, were driven from the community at midnight by an infuriated mob.

Independence.

The next settlement was made at Independence, Mo., which their prophet declared was "the center of the earth," "the site of the garden of Eden," and that it was to be the capital of God's kingdom on earth. They found this region settled by hardy frontiersmen who regarded the Mormons as intruders. A bloody conflict followed and the Mormons were expelled. They fled eastward to the Illinois bank of the Mississippi.

Nauvoo.

Here they founded the city of Nauvoo and built a temple in which endowment ceremonies were performed. Efficient missionaries were sent abroad and 15,000 "saints" gathered to "Zion." Here the prophet took to himself spiritual wives, and here celestial marriage was instituted.

Elated with success, Joseph Smith proclaimed himself a candidate for the presidency of the United States; but the prophet was nearing the end of his career. Domestic jealousies among the families of prominent saints resulted in his imprisonment and death at the hands of a mob.

The question of succession arose. Rigdon, first counselor to the prophet, and Brigham Young, president of the quorum of apostles, were the chief contestants for the place. By authority of a "revelation" which he claimed to have received, Young forced the saints to accept the principle that the succession must descend by presidencies. Accordingly, he succeeded Joseph Smith. Rigdon quit the community forever.

The new prophet-president of the church had a vision of an isolated and independent kingdom in the uninhabited valleys that radiated from the Great Salt Lake which explorers had described.

But a formidable difficulty confronted him. The Indians of the plains were hostile, and Young was no fighter. He was resourceful, however. He offered President Polk a bat-

talion of young Mormons for service in the remote south west, where there were active Mexican hostilities, under whose protection the Mormons might cross the plains. The proposition was accepted as an easy solution of the "Mormon problem."

Salt Lake City.

The advance group of Mormons entered Salt Lake valley July 23, 1847. Orson Pratt and two associates selected the site for the city. Young arrived the next day and approved the site. July 24 ever since has been the great Mormon anniversary.

The city was surveyed in blocks of ten acres; each block divided into four lots. The lots were assigned to families. Young's plan was to extend the city over the entire valley and, connecting through the canons, over adjacent valleys, thus making virtually one immense community, every family possessing a glebe sufficient for modest support, so that there should be no paupers and no rich.

A territorial government was erected, and the President of the United States appointed Brigham Young governor and Indian agent. To prevent intruding "gentiles" and disaffected mormons from defeating his colonization plan and dream of absolute dominion, Young invented the doctrine of "blood-atonement." In order to commend this doctrine to the saints, he explained that those who refused to be saved by the offices of the priests could obtain future salvation by having their blood shed as an atonement.

The most notable application of this doctrine occurred at Mountain Meadows in September, 1857, when 129 emigrants, bound for California, were "blood-atoned" by the Mormon battalion assisted by Indian allies, all under the command of three Mormon officials. The booty of this wealthy company materially added to the possessions of the Mormon Church.

After the Mountain Meadows massacre Young was removed from office and Alfred Cummins, of Georgia, was appointed governor. Judges, a marshal, and other officers were appointed for Utah. An army under Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston was sent to protect all interests. Under this protection enterprising gentiles entered Utah and, strengthened by disaffection from the Mormon ranks, formed a strong and enterprising non-Mormon party. The natural resources of Utah were then developed, and a new industrial and social era dawned.

In 1869 the Union Pacific from the east and the Central Pacific from the west met in Utah and formed the first transcontinental railway. Congress enacted antipolygamy laws which ultimately became effective and broke the political power of the Mormon hierarchy.

In order to save their system from collapse, the Mormons promised to abandon polygamy and to become decent, law-abiding citizens if Utah might be made a State. In 1896, upon these promises, Utah was admitted to the Union.

Then the disfranchised polygamists were restored to citizenship by executive clemency, and the political power of the hierarchy was repaired. The Mormons again became the dominant party and polygamy was restored. Then the old strife between the Mormons and the loyal Americans revived, and will be irrepressible until by constitutional amendment or some other effective means polygamy is swept from our country.—In "Homiletic Review."

THE HEARTS OF MOSLEM WOMEN.

By MRS. LABAREE, MISSIONARY IN PERSIA.

We sat in the apartment of a Mohammedan princess, with our feet tucked under the handsome quilt that covered the pan of charcoals, we sat on cushions on the floor and listened while she told us of her severe illness, of how she was going to Russia to see a specialist, and of her awful fear lest she should soon become blind.

Suddenly she exclaimed:—"Will you pray for me? Your hearts are good and pure, and God will hear you. He would not listen to me, for my heart is impure and bad."

It was a longing cry from the heart of a Mohammedan woman, a heart which she felt to be utterly unworthy of addressing her Maker, but a heart that reached out with intense desire to a Divine Power and to those who could put her in touch with that Power.

Shall I tell you something about the heart of the Mohammedan woman?

Their Suffering Hearts.

Listen, then, and try to realize first what a suffering heart it is. Why should it not be sad and sorrowful, when one of the Mohammedan holy books says, "The threshold of the house weeps 40 days whenever a girl is born"?

Unwelcomed, considered inferior to her brothers and father and husband, and surrounded by so much in her religion and circumstances that simply means degradation and humiliation—who can blame her if her heart is not happy and care-free?

The very physical trials which come to her because she is a Mohammedan woman add greatly to her suffering. The Koran itself allows a man to beat his wife, though with the distinction that he "must not beat her as he would a slave."

In Moslem lands there are no institutions for the care of the insane, the crippled, and

others who are helpless, except such institutions as have been introduced through Christian missionaries or in imitation of their example.

There came once to our dispensary in Urumia, Persia, an old woman with a girl of 16 or 17, who was deaf, dumb and blind. She appealed for help to the physician, and to her deep sorrow, found there was nothing that could be done to cure the girl. In despair, the old grandmother asked, "What can I do? Must I kill her?" The lady physician talked to them lovingly and sent them away. They came again and again, but nothing could be done to effect a cure.

Some years after, a woman arrived on dispensary morning whose face seemed familiar. She brought a girl of about twelve, who was deaf and dumb, and something about the case caused the doctor to look more closely and to ask, "Were you not here once before with another granddaughter? What has become of her?" With the tears streaming down her face, the poor, old woman answered, "I had to poison her. There was nothing else to be done."

Their Fearful Hearts.

It is not only a sorrowful heart that the Moslem woman carries, but it is a heart full of suspicion, dread, and horror. We can scarcely realize how many things have to be avoided in order not to bring the "evil eye" upon her, nor how real and terrible is the suffering on the part of those subjected to these superstitious fears. If, for instance, some one in the room sneezes once, it is sure to bring misfortune; two sneezes are all right. It took me some time, when in company with my Mohammedan friends, to learn to invert a second sneeze when it did not come naturally!

There is the fear that hangs over the young girl as she is sent out from her father's home to an unknown husband, an unknown mother-in-law, and the absolutely unknown future. The little, shrinking girl, after a question has been asked by a priest outside the curtain or a window, and some old woman has answered for her, must sit, silent and almost motionless, through the long festivities, awaiting the moment when her husband comes into the room where she has been placed, lifts the veil and looks at her face.

In some regions she knows full well that if he does not like her appearance, he may spit in her face and send her back to her father. Even when this does not occur, she knows that if she fails to bear him a son, if her health or her beauty is lost, he may, at a word divorce her, or may bring in another wife who will take the first place in his affections.

There is horrible, grinding fear all the time, and these women look into our faces and say:

"Do you mean to say that your husband can not divorce you?"

"No, it is against the law of our religion."

"Oh! that must be a good religion!" exclaimed a woman once, after such a question and answer. A few moments before she had been mourning that I was not a Mohammedan, and thus could have no hope of heaven.

Their Jealous Heart.

We will not be surprised to find the heart of the Mohammedan woman a very jealous heart when we learn something of her home-life.

Never can I forget the scenes in some of the homes visited in Persia, where there were two or three wives of the same man, and the superior wife, the one in special favour, would receive her callers and do all the honours of the home, while some older woman, who had borne children to her husband and had at one time been at the head of that home was not even allowed to sit in our presence.

These conditions very often result in the poisoning of some favoured wife by others, or in inflicting some terrible injury. The results are disastrous, not only to those who are injured, but in the reaction upon the hearts of those whose jealousy drives them to desperate deeds.

Their Impure Hearts.

Do you wonder that we must speak of an impure heart after we have visited these Moslem homes? It would be impossible for me to describe to you the sin and impurity of thought, word, and deed which are revealed to us who try to take something of the light of Christ into Mohammedan homes.

Once, as a man suddenly came into the room, and the women who were not of the household cowered away in the corner and pulled their chudders over their faces, the incident led to conversation, and I can not forget how one woman exclaimed, "It is all right for you to see and be seen. Your hearts are pure, but ours are not."

Their Hungry Hearts.

Not only do we find a sorrowful heart, a heart full of fear and jealousy and impurity, but it is a hungry heart as well.

One day a Mohammedan woman, the sister of a high ecclesiastic, called on us with her daughter, daughter-in-law, several children, and a number of servants.

It was a call of curiosity, and one of the most uncomfortable I have ever received. They refused to drink our pussy-willow water because anything wet belonging to a Christian defiles one so much more quickly than something dry; a few felt obliged to drink our tea, but hurried home to rinse their mouths from its unholy contamination.

They found fault with us and what we said and did, and it was with no pleasant anticipations that we started out to return their call.

No one received us at the gate, nor at the threshold of the house. In the ante-room we had to pick our way around one of the daughters, who was ostentatiously saying her prayers toward Mecca. The atmosphere of the large reception room was absolutely icy; and though the proper refreshments were served with all due ceremony, our remarks and questions were answered with monosyllables or not at all.

Suddenly one of the missionary ladies overheard the old grandmother asking, "How do these people pray?"

Shouting across the large room, the missionary told of how we go to our Heavenly Father with all that concerns us, of family prayer, and secret prayer; and then we were electrified, as our hostess asked, "Did you bring the Book? Will you read us something?"

Next day they said to a mutual friend of ours, "Those women seemed so free and happy, while we—we are just like animals caged in."

Their Responsive Hearts.

Yes, they are hungry for something bigger and better, and as we see how many of them use the opportunities they have, we realize that we are dealing with responsive hearts.

See how they are responding in various Mohammedan lands—Turkey, Egypt, Persia where changes are taking place with startling rapidity. It seems strange, indeed, to read of the "New Woman in Persia," and to hear that in 1912 the American School in Teheran enrolled more than 160 Persian girls alone, while there are said to be 70 schools for girls in that city—schools that have sprung up suddenly in response to the eager demands for education and enlightenment for women.

At the closing exercises of the mission school for little Moslem girls in Urumia, the mothers, older sisters and neighbours sat listening in wonder and delight as the children told Bible stories, sang Christian hymns, recited their lessons in various languages and displayed their needle-work. One mother was overheard to whisper to another, "We are like animals, but just see what our daughters are going to be!"

Their Grateful Hearts.

Many a grateful heart have I found among my Mohammedan friends—a heart that tried in some way to express warm appreciation for love and sympathy and help.

A woman who had accepted Christ as her Saviour came one day with her young daughter, whose wailing, sickly baby was improperly nourished, and who was forced

by her mother-in-law to keep it quiet at night with doses of opium.

After I had shown them how to prepare the baby's milk and had given them a much-prized American medicine bottle as a nursing bottle, the grandmother exclaimed, "Jesus Christ told us to take all our troubles to Him. We bring ours to you and you help us!"

Story of one Moslem Woman.

People in Christian lands ask us in tones of doubt, if it is possible for a Mohammedan to become a Christian. Yes, indeed, for we have to deal with a heart capable of receiving Christ.

Let me introduce you to a Moslem woman, who had, marvelous to say, learned to read, and was married to a renegade Christian. He proved to be superior to any of the husbands of her friends, so that after his death she could never be persuaded to marry again lest a Mohammedan husband should not measure up to his excellencies.

One of my missionary neighbours became acquainted with her, and after some effort prevailed on her to read the New Testament. However, as she insisted on beginning at the book of Revelation, and was unable to understand all its contents, she declared the Koran to be far superior to the Bible.

After a while, however, she began to study the Gospels, and there she found Jesus Christ and learned to reverence and to love Him.

After finishing the New Testament she was with difficulty persuaded to read the Old Testament, for she did not want to stop reading about Christ. But soon she came with a shining face to say she had found Him in the story of the creation.

The book of Leviticus thrilled her deeply. She came to say how she had been comparing it with the book of Hebrews, and the matter seemed to her like this: The book of Leviticus was like a person who had a great, terrible debt (it is the chronic condition for a Persian to be in debt which rolls up at 10, 20, 60, or 100 per cent. of interest) and who was trying to pay it half a cent at a time, while the Epistle to the Hebrews showed how Christ paid it once for all!

Could any of us have explained the matter more satisfactorily?

One day Miss Van Duzee learned of an old Mohammedan woman lying sick, her eyesight gone. So she began to call on her regularly and to read her some of the beautiful Bible stories. Slowly the woman began to understand the "good news" through the glorious simplicity of those Gospel words, and when one day the reading was about the "many mansions," it really seemed as though a new light had burst in on that darkened soul.

The next week, when Miss Van Duzee

made her call, the woman was too weak for conversation or reading, but she drew her visitor down by the bedside and whispered, "I am going, and when I get there I am going to sweep out a mansion and have it ready for you when you come!"

And the next week when Miss Van Duzee called, she learned that her old friend had died calling for forgiveness on the sinless Christ who had died for her sins.

Oh, as we think of these sinful, sorrowing, hungry, responsive hearts of the more than 100,000,000 Mohammedan women and girls, may our hearts be stirred by the love of Christ to an eager response until each one of them has learned that for her there is a mansion waiting in the home above! From an address by Mrs. Labaree at a Parlor Meeting in New York.

GEMS FOR MISSIONARIES.

From a Missionary Conference.

"Western civilization can give sanitary houses, humane methods, outward things; Christianity alone can give the inner revelation, the things of the Spirit."

"We must be sincere, earnest, noble. Our hearers copy us, not what we say but what we do. They must believe not because we tell them but because they know Christ in their own hearts."

"Men are saved through 'the foolishness of preaching,' but not through foolish preaching. Show them the Father. Show the Light, it will drive out the darkness."

"Don't feel that you are only a drop in the bucket. Think 'I am only a drop but I am in the bucket!'"

"The science of missions is living, growing, changing from hour to hour. The missionary and the home-worker must progress with it. The Board, the Secretaries, church societies, individual workers, the whole organization—all center around the Missionary."

"Perhaps the easiest stage of a missionary's work is when he is founding a church. It is hard to know when and how much to let go of the control. You are not a dominating priesthood, the new church must feel its own powers and responsibility. Don't mother your child too hard!"

"Don't think of the millions of non-Christian people as a mass, get close to individuals. Don't think only of what sinners they are. 'He hath not dealt with us after our sins!' Don't cherish the fallacy that the Holy Spirit works only through white men. The Bible was written in Asia by Asiatics. Christ Himself was an Oriental."

No life can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BY SYLVESTER HORNE, M.A., M.P.

We celebrate his fame for many reasons. It is good in these days of wasting luxury to emphasize the noble product of a simple, poor, and pious home, where there were more sacrifices than shillings, and where education had to be fought for and saved for, and stinted for, where it was accounted a greater prize to buy a book than see a football match, and where the extension of the Kingdom of God was a far more real and intense interest than what was "on" at a theatre.

It is worth remembering that no home life and no home training can ever be narrow where the vision includes God and humanity; and where the governing ideals are of sacrifice and service, not for one land only, but for the world.

It is good to remember, also, what fateful destinies may rest upon a single decision for Christ. It was just the heart-whole decision of loyalty to the Saviour which is the highest choice any of us can ever make, and the best thing any of us can ever do.

It will be no purpose of ours to deny, or to disguise, the effects produced upon him by other influences in the course of his eventful and adventurous life. But nobody who reads his life-story, can doubt for a moment that this first, deep, memorable decision made Livingstone. This it was that gave us Livingstone as we know him. It was that Lord and Leader to whom he gave himself in his young manhood; and to whom, in the silence of that hut at Ilala, he surrendered his soul.

On his gravestone, in the Abbey, he is commemorated as "Missionary, Traveller, and Philanthropist." We do not understand that he began as a missionary and ended as a philanthropist, or that there was a time when he was merely a traveller and nothing more, but it is right to put the word Missionary first; for he was that always and everywhere.

There were those who would have persuaded him to put his missionary work into the background, and on the principle of art for art's sake, science for science sake, would have had him a discoverer and geographer and a botanist, simply for the sake of these things. But he would not do it. He was a man of many interests, but a single aim. He was a citizen of many worlds, but only as a citizen of the Kingdom of God.

He told his scientific friends in England before his last great journeys, that he could only "feel in the way of duty" if he went out as a missionary. The cap he wore might be a consul's cap, but the head under it was

thinking out the strategy of a Christian campaign; and the heart that lies buried at the foot of Lake Bangweolo burned and glowed with the love of Christ and of Christ's "other sheep."

He was a great discoverer—not so much because he discovered great areas of Central Africa, as because he discovered the African, discovered the virtues that were scornfully denied by those who valued the African only as a chattel and a beast of burden. It was Livingstone who, by his death as well as by his life, showed to all the world the devotion, the fidelity, the honour, the heroism, of which the native Africans were capable.

It was Livingstone who inspired the greatest chapter in the history of that continent, which was not when forced labour built the Pyramids, but when voluntary labour, inspired by purest love, carried his body and all his personal property 1,000 miles from Ilala to the coast.

Honour and Fame sat lightly on him. His heart was set on the supreme values. The world was hot and cold towards him, as its custom is; reserving its acclamations for the achievements that mattered least, and its criticisms for the endeavours that mattered most; becoming his eulogist when he discovered a lake, and his detractor when he championed the slave; pronouncing his science magnificent and his humanity deplorable.

Governments were willing to do everything if he would explore rivers, and nothing if he persisted in rescuing the oppressed. Geographers asked for maps: they did not want to hear about men. Tell us, they cried, about the river-systems, not about the slave-system. But this man, thank God, was a Puritan, and knew how to put first things into the first place, and make religion and humanity supreme.

It was not to solve the problem of the Nile, or complete the circuit of the inland lake that he endured incredible fatigues, marching with bleeding feet and slackening strength through swamp and forest, and across the blistering plains. It was primarily to end a coloured oppression, to save perishing and suffering humanity, and to preach the Gospel, in which he well knew lies the only permanent guarantee of human freedom.

It is recorded that when the father of the late Queen Victoria, the Duke of Kent, lay dying, he expressed some anxiety about his soul. His doctor endeavoured to comfort him by reminding him how admirably he had deported himself in the conspicuous position in which he had been placed in this world. But the Duke checked him, saying: "No, if I am to be saved, it must be not as a prince, but as a sinner."

WHAT INDIA READS.

Four thousand sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica sold in India to Indians, is the statement of the publishers of that great work.

Commenting upon this act, Stanley A. Hunter, a missionary professor in a Christian College in Allahabad, writes in *Woman's Work* that it should not cause surprise. In every city in Hindustan are to be found many educated men able to appreciate the best in English literature. Indeed, one of the early impressions which a newcomer gains is that of the widespread knowledge of our language and literature among the higher classes.

Macaulay is partly responsible for this in having laid the foundations, in 1837, for a system of English education in the colleges.

It would be a great mistake to think that the college students of India spend much time with their own classics. Very few know much about the Vedas, although they think they represent the highest achievements in the world's literature. Even well-educated Hindus are quite willing to believe some obscure words in the text refer to flying machines and wireless telegraph instruments. These all must have existed in their golden age.

Both the Moslem and the Hindu student need the inspiration of good literature. One often feels ashamed of the cheap, paper-backed novels of the lowest type that are flooding in from the West. Tommy Atkins has sold some of them to second-hand shopkeepers in the bazaar. Their contents are often as sordid as their covers. When English and American writers were penning these, did they ever stop to consider that some day young men in the Orient would be drawing their pictures of the West from these pages?

Atheistic books are also to be found. The series of the Rationalist Press Association in England is well known. In Singapore one evening the Presbyterian chaplain showed me two shelves of their cheap publications. Indian students, like the Chinese of this city, are full of the idea that agnosticism and atheism go hand in hand with Western science.

Yet there is a brighter side to the picture. The venerable Dr. J. J. Lucas of Allahabad, while itinerating in a town a few miles down the Ganges last year, came across a postmaster who knew a little English. The book he loved to read again and again was *Thomas à Kempis*.

Even though our Scriptures suffer in not being translated into indigenous poetry, yet their sublimity calls out many a response. The mission presses have had a creditable record in translating and disseminating the

Bible, and along with it, secular books. When William Carey unpacked his first press he danced around it with great joy. His Bengalee friends thought the white man had received a new idol from home, so great was his delight.

There have been generations of achievement since that day. Pick up *The Bookman* of the Christian Literature Society and you read that, for example, for the Christmas trade this year *The Swiss Family Robinson* will be available in Tamil, and that new publications in geography, science and travel are soon due.

If you were to make the rounds of our college dormitories at Allahabad this summer night you would find the students on the roof, enjoying what evening breezes there were. Over the tops of the trees may be seen the mighty Jumna, a river of silver in the moonlight.

Each student, sitting tailor-fashion on a rug, is preparing the lesson of the morrow. On a little stand is his earthen saucer, filled with oil. The wick flickers, but he probably is too poor to buy a lantern. One draws near and finds him deep in the pages of Wordsworth. His body sways from side to side in rhythm with the lines of the great poet.

Does he catch its spirit? I think so. Incomplete the insight into Western literature must necessarily be. On the examination paper one may say, "Milton wrote *Lost in Paradise*," and perhaps another suggest that "Shakespeare is the author of *Mr. Hamlet*," but we do wrong to think there is not true appreciation for the best in our language. After a hard day's work one sophomore friend of mine used often to drop in to the room for a few minutes to read "*In Memoriam*," and every teacher in India can find many boys with whom to read the Bible in the spare moments, if he will only try.

NO TIME.

A minister who was riding outside a London omnibus got into conversation with the driver, and, after a time, asked him, "Do you love Jesus?"

With a contemptuous look he replied, "No, sir, I've no time to think of such things!" "Are you married?" was the question. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "How many hours in the day do you work?" "Sixteen, sir." "Then I'm very sorry for your wife."

"Why are you sorry, sir?" asked the astonished man. "Because you have no time to love her," was the answer. "Love her," said the driver, "Why I loves her every yard I drives!" The zealous worker took quick advantage of the very reply he wanted to deliver the Gospel message. The love of Christ should underlie every act of daily life.—*Christian Budget*.

MARRIED TO THE SWORD.

"Married to the sword at six years old—redeemed by the Lord when twenty-four!" Such in brief is the history of Durgamma, a village goddess and devil priestess in an Indian village.

The story of the years between is a romance of pagan realism. It is typical of that Hinduism which is extolled in lecture-rooms by theophists and by various exponents of non-Christian cults.

The whole story is frightful, and helps us to realize what a mockery is presented to us by the importers of Vedantism and other oriental caricatures of religion. The whole superstition involved is as unclean as it is cruel.

The advocates of these cults would have us listen with patience to overtures which invite us, if we would be "broad and liberal," to surrender our faith in Christ for the doctrine of karma and its eternally progressing transmigrations, and for the worship of Kali, a deity whose hands and feet are daily steeped in blood, and whose temples are scenes of the degradation of little girls as ministers of religion.—Ex.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Church people, ushers and others, are often criticised for lack of courtesy and attention to strangers. The following story, from the Delineator, gives a glimpse of things from another and rare viewpoint.

A gentleman spent several weeks in "our town," where he was an entire stranger. During this time, he attended "our church" every Sabbath. A day or so before leaving, he had occasion to enter a shoe store, and recognized in the man who came forward to wait on him the usher who had seated him the previous Sabbaths.

After making his purchase, he spoke of the pleasant little church, said he was about to leave town, and thanked the usher for his kind services to him every Sabbath he had been there.

The latter was greatly pleased and touched by the stranger's appreciation, and said that he had ushered in "our church" for eighteen years, but could not remember that any one had ever before spoken a word of thanks to him.

It is partly this thoughtless neglect of expressing our gratitude which makes church work so discouraging. The observance of little courtesies suggested by this incident will not fill "the church in our town," or other churches in other towns, immediately, but it will strengthen a few weak portions of our armor, and send us forth better equipped for the conquest of the world for Christ.

HEART AND HOUSE.

REV. DR. CUYLER.

Heart-keeping is much like house-keeping. There must be continual sweeping out of dirt and clearing out of rubbish—a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle with all sorts of vermin. If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces and have an easy time of it.

And just because the assaults of subtle temptations are so constant, and the uprisings of sinful passions are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be, is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged, and makes a wretched failure.

The question with every Christian is: Shall these accursed Amalekites of temptation burn up all my spiritual possessions, and over-run my soul? Shall outward assaults or inward weakness drive me to discouragement, and disgrace me before my master and before the world? Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ, who will give me the victory?

WHAT CHRISTIAN PROGRESS IS.

Advance in the divine life is not by leaps and starts, but it is progressive and onward. Christian character is no manufactured article, but a gracious product. It is not a miraculous accomplishment, but results from a right use of means under the direction and blessing of the Holy Spirit.

It is a Christ-resemblance which comes from a study of His character and life and from an abiding with Him in sweet and holy communion. It is a growth in knowledge and in grace that follows prayer and effort.

If we are to have a ripe, Christian development, we must pray and work for it. We must be faithful to duty as well as fervent in spirit, day by day and hour by hour, if we are to attain the ripeness of Christian experience and the fulness of gracious life.

FUTURE DESTINY.

Wickedness, unrepented of, estranges from God and fills the heart with despair. It needs no evangel to foretell the doom of the wicked. Science declared it in unmistakable terms. That the same destiny awaits a Nero and an Apostle Paul is not only against revelation, it is repugnant to reason.

The Gospel does not pronounce the doom of the hopelessly wicked, it only proclaims the destiny which follows the free choice of those "who love darkness rather than light, and because their deeds are evil." Jesus Christ came to save the wicked, not to condemn them.—Rev. J. R. Nichols, D.D.

TESTING IN A LEPER ASYLUM.

She was an Indian woman of high caste. When baptized by English missionaries in Allahabad there came the breaking away from all her relatives; her husband had turned her out of her home. In the midst of her trial she stood firm.

Many were troubled about a mysterious disease that seemed to have attacked her, and to the horror of all it was thought to be leprosy. After a medical examination she was taken to the leper asylum across the Jumna River.

In those days the asylum was not, as it is now, the home of two hundred and fifty beings who are as happy as they can be under the circumstances, and who are given comfortable quarters, good food, and a little plot of ground for individual gardening. It was, as Professor Higginbottom said when he later took charge of it, a place of horrors.

It took rare courage for a woman who had been accustomed to a fairly good scale of living and who was of a high caste family, to leave her surroundings and enter this place.

When night came and daylight departed the hopelessness of it all came upon her and she could not sleep. In her disturbed mental condition she seemed torn and perplexed by awful thoughts. In the middle of the night she thought she saw the mocking face and heard the sneers of her unconverted husband for whom she had been praying for many years and who she thought had come to taunt her for having accepted the new faith.

In the midst of this mental anguish she heard the sweet sound of the voice of her Lord. Only one word was uttered, "Imtihan—Imtihan"—a testing, a testing. At that moment peace came into her soul and this vision of Christ brought her the assurance, "Be of good cheer; it is I: be not afraid." Her religion won, and she saw all this trial as a testing of her faith.

The next morning the lady missionary who had been looking after her came, and another medical examination was held. The doctor pronounced that the disease had been wrongly diagnosed as leprosy, and she went out from the gates of the asylum back across the Jumna River with her faith only strengthened by the imtihan.

Her prayers for the husband's conversion were not answered during her life, but after she had died he came forward and offered himself for baptism, accepting Christ, in whom his wife had found comfort during the first and only night she had spent in the leper asylum.—Stanley A. Hunter, Christian College, Allahabad, India.

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

A RECORD IN HEREDITY.

A study in heredity has recently been completed under the auspices of the Training School for the Feeble-Minded at Vineland, N.J. It is the history of a certain family to which is given the fictitious name of Kallikak.

A certain Martin Kallikak, who lived in Revolutionary days, was of good English ancestry. He became the father of an illegitimate son, whose mother was feeble-minded. This son, also feeble-minded, married a normal woman, and they had seven children, of whom five were feeble-minded.

Following these came a host of others, and out of a total of 480 only 46 were found who were apparently normal. The others, 434 of them, were all either alcoholic, epileptic, immoral, criminal, or feeble-minded.

But this same Martin Kallikak, after the Revolutionary War was over, married a girl of good Quaker ancestry, and from this union came 496 descendants, of whom all but two were of normal mentality. These two were insane. In all the 496 there was not one case of feeble-mindedness, and they have furnished no criminals nor ne'er-do-wells.

This is a most striking record, and needs little comment. The fact that from one feeble-minded girl have sprung in about a century and a half no less than 434 descendants of defective mentality and morality, speaks volumes.

It is surely time that the State protected itself by proper and effective measures against the propagation of feeble-minded folk. Mercy and self-interest both point the same way. And the record suggests also that the criminal, the drunkard, and the immoral, may often be the product of heredity, needing pity more than condemnation.—The Christian Guardian.

BE CHRISTIAN WHILE SHOPPING.

A little Jewish girl from the East Side of New York, who secured work in a store during the holiday season, met with an accident and was ministered to in her sufferings by a trained nurse. She looked appealingly into the face of the nurse, and asked incredulously, "Is it true that you are a Christian?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, she replied, "You are so polite and gentle, I didn't think you could be; but then, the only Christians I've seen are Christmas shoppers."—C. E. World.

Real knowledge, like everything else of value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked for, studied for, thought for, and, more than all, must be prayed for.—Thomas Arnold.

Our Church Register

CALLS, INDUCTIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from

Dundalk and Ventry, Ont., to Mr. MacLeod
Harvey of Worcester, Mass.
Tara, Ont., to Mr. J. R. Brown of Carstairs,
Alta.
Lower Stewiacke, N.S., to Mr. D. C. Ross of
Trenton, N.S.
Kilsyth, Ont., to Mr. John Russell of Ox-
bow, Sask.
Listowel, Ont., to Mr. J. M. Nichol, B.D., of
Wiarton, Ont.
Strathalbyn, P.E.I., to Mr. Alex. Ferguson
of West Bay, C.B.
Mt. Brydges, N. Caradoc, Ont., to Mr. D.
Robertson of St. Albert, Alta.
Carmichael Ch., Regina, Sask., to Mr. R. J.
MacDonald of Cobalt, Ont.
Westminster, Ont., to Mr. J. W. M. Craw-
ford of Windsor, N.S.
Glenelg, N.S., to Mr. J. H. Kirk, of Dal-
housie, N.B. Accepted.

Inductions into

St. Luke's, Montreal, Sep. 5, Mr. A. D. Mc-
Kenzie.
Nanaimo, B.C., Aug. 20, Dr. A. K. McLen-
nan.
Eldon, Ont., July 23, Mr. G. Graham.
Geneva Ch., Chesley, Ont., Aug. 1., Mr. J.
A. Hitts.
Dalhousie Mills, Ont., Aug. 29, Mr. John
Mathieson.
St. Andrew's Ch., McLeod, 1 Aug., Mr. Ed-
win Smith.

Resignations of

Manitowaning, Ont., Mr. J. H. W. MacLeod.
Rice Lake, Ont., Mr. J. R. Black.
Watrous, Sask., Mr. E. A. Corbett.
Enderby, B.C., Mr. D. Campbell.
Glenboro, Man., Mr. J. L. King.
Wawanesa, Man., Mr. Robt. Dewar.
Kkotoks, Alta., Dr. McIvor.

Death in the Ministry.

Rev. John Gray, D.D., minister at Orillia
for thirty years, 1851 to 1881, and minister
emeritus since that time, died there 8 July,
in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

AT THE "CHRISTIAN SYNAGOGUE."

The First Presbyterian Hebrew Christian
Church in the world was organized, 24th
July, in the Christian Synagogue, Toronto.
Rev. J. McP. Scott, Interim Moderator, to
whom our Jewish mission is so largely due,
presided.

It is five and a half years since Mr.
Rohold, the pastor, began his work there,
and now there is a new "Christian Synago-
gue" and a regularly organized congregation.
The "Synagogue," which was formally de-
dicated during the meeting of Assembly, was
on this occasion, well filled with Hebrew
Christians and non-Christians.

Psalms were sung—which to the Jews
would be familiar, forming a link between
the old and the new. The Scriptures were
read, and there were several impressive ad-
dresses.

Mr Rohold writes, "All the Hebrew Chris-
tians were enthusiastic, and there is every
hope that this will become one of the strong
congregations in the city, and will be what
it is expected to be as a Hebrew Christian
testimony to Israel, to reconcile Israel with
Christ and also to be a blessing to the whole
Church of Christ.

A happy incident not on the programme
was the following:—A Jew who was in-
terested in Christianity came into the ser-
vice and he was so touched that he stood
up and asked if there was not room for the
congregation to admit him as a member
right there and then. The Moderator ex-
plained to him that there was an orderly
way to proceed, and that we would be most
happy to receive him if he would proceed
in the right order, after being examined of
his faith in Christ.

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Woodstock, 1st Wednesday, June, 1914.

Synod of Maritime Provinces, Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Sydney, at Synod.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 16 Sep., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Yarmouth, Sep.
8. St. John.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, 8 Sep. 10.30.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 1914.

11. Quebec, Quebec, 2 Sep., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal, 9 Sep.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 2 Sep., 1.30 p.m.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Arnprior, 8 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
16. Brockville, Merrickville, 16 Sep.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Belleville, 9 Sep., 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 30 Sep., 9.30 a.m.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Sep., 10 a.m.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 15 Oct., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 9 Sep., 10.30.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 9 Sep., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Sprucedale, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
25. Temiskaming, Haileybury, Sep.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sep.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 30 Sep., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen, Palmerston, 16 Sep., 9 a.m.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 16 Sep., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London, St. Thomas, Last Monday of April, 1914.

30. Hamilton, St. Cath., 2 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Ingersoll, 9 Sep., 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 2 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Leamington, 9 Sep., 11 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 3 Sep., 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 9 Sep., 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Brucefield, 9 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Sep., 10.30 a.m.
38. Bruce, Tiverton, 11 Sep., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Rainy River, Sep.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Crystal City, 2 Sep., 3 p.m.
42. Glenboro, Carmen, 9 Sep.
43. Portage la Prael, Gladstone, 16 Dec., 2.30.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Oak River, 8 Sep., 8 p.m.
46. Brandon.

Synod of Saskatchewan, 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 2 Sep., 8.30.
48. Abernethy, Balcarres, 9 Sep., 4 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Moosomin, 9 Sep., 2 p.m.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sep., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Oxbow, 16 Sep., 1.30 p.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina, Moose Jaw, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
54. Moose Jaw.
55. Saskatoon.
56. Prince Albert, Pr. Albert, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.
57. Battleford, Wilkie, 9 Sep.
58. Kindersley, at call of moderator.
59. Swift Current, S. Current, 2 Sep., 10 a.m.

Synod of Alberta.

60. Vermilion.
61. Edmonton, Edmonton, 23 Sep., 10 a.m.
62. Lacombe, Camrose, Sep.
63. Red Deer.
64. Castor.
65. Calgary.
66. High River.
67. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

68. Kootenay, Cranbrook, Sep.
69. Kamloops, Salmon Arm., Sep.
70. Westminster.
71. Victoria, Victoria, 3 Sep., 2 p.m.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During July | Mar. 1 to July 31 |
|------------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$1,982.55 | \$22,580.18 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 3,225.10 | 19,321.60 |
| Widows & Orphans | 64.00 | 986.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 80.90 | 997.85 |
| Assembly Fund. | 31.20 | 400.92 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 114.00 | 1,850.00 |
| Social Service, etc... | 361.27 | 3,094.20 |
| S. S. & Y. P. S. | 31.00 | 418.00 |
| Deaconess Home.... | 6.00 | 244.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 14.00 | 73.00 |
| Queen's College..... | 26.00 | 170.00 |
| Knox College..... | 48.00 | 949.00 |
| Manitoba College.... | 20.00 | 145.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | |
| Robertson College... | 12.00 | 63.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 2.00 | 36.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING JULY

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|--------|----------------------|----------|
| Mrs. A. Gibson . . . \$ | 5.00 | Baden S. S. . . . | 3.00 |
| Woodstock, Chal. . . | 150.00 | Crowland. . . . | 4.25 |
| Seaforth, First . . . | 65.70 | Stirling, St. And. . | 21.00 |
| Rodney. | 30.00 | Elmsley, Bethel. . | 56.00 |
| Paisley, Knox. . . . | 18.29 | Elmsley, St. And. . | 18.00 |
| Beaverton, Knox. . . | 40.00 | Markham, E. B. C. . | 25.00 |
| Bothwell. | 1.50 | St. Mary's, First. . | 176.00 |
| Sunderland. | 14.00 | Brantford, Zion . . | 1,000.00 |
| Tor., Runnymede . . | 120.00 | Guelph, St. And. . | 34.00 |
| Rev. Arpad Govan. . | 17.70 | Wyoming. | 23.00 |
| Dunblane. | 6.00 | Guelph, St. And. . | 200.00 |
| Blake. | 25.00 | Strabane. | 22.00 |
| Robert Little. . . . | 2.00 | Bear Creek | 16.00 |
| Parkhill. | 250.00 | Peterboro, St. Pa. . | 1,400.00 |
| Cambridge. | 51.54 | Bracebridge, Kx. . | 62.00 |
| Napier. | 74.00 | Eramosa, First. . . | 58.00 |
| Petrolia. | 145.00 | Tor., Rosedale. . . | 1,250.00 |
| Billings Bridge . . | 72.72 | Woodstock, Kx. . . | 539.00 |
| Owen Sd., Div. . . . | 568.00 | Ham., St. Pauls. . . | 800.00 |
| Valetta, Fletcher . | 70.00 | Weston. | 100.00 |
| Lancaster, Kx., two | | Holstein. | 63.50 |
| ladies | 100.00 | Sarnia, St. Pa. . . | 35.00 |
| Est. Johel S. Ma- | | Dutton. | 40.00 |
| ginnis. | 87.15 | Newburgh, yps. . . | 2.00 |
| Tor., Evangel Hall. . | 7.08 | Ventnor. | 8.00 |
| Brantford, Balfour. . | 59.00 | Heathcote, friend. . | 100.00 |
| Keene. | 164.74 | Caledon, Mel. . . . | 20.00 |
| Bolton, Caven. . . . | 100.00 | Bayfield. | 45.00 |
| Rev. W. J. Dey . . . | 20.10 | New Glasgow. . . . | 43.00 |
| Perth, Knox. | 256.00 | Clifford. | 123.00 |
| Dorchester. | 33.65 | Rev. T. W. Goodwill | 19.00 |
| 2nd W. Gwillimbury | 160.00 | Verschoyle | 46.00 |
| "A." Sarnia | 2.00 | Flesherton. | 34.00 |
| Dracon, Knox | 33.00 | Oneida. | 34.00 |
| Winterbourne, Chal. | 15.00 | Oneida ss. | 26.00 |
| Barrie. | 84.00 | Mt. Forest. | 109.00 |
| Fairbank, C. E. . . | 5.00 | Stratford, Kx. . . . | 400.00 |
| | | Arnprior. | 587.00 |
| | | Maple Grove ss. . . | 5.00 |

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|-----------------------|----------|
| Normanby, Kx. . . . | 24.00 | E. Templeton. . . . | 35.00 |
| Balderson, Drum- | | West Lorne. | 25.00 |
| mond. | 95.65 | West Lorne ce. . . | 25.00 |
| Avonbank. | 95.00 | Tor., Victoria. . . . | 400.00 |
| Rev. G. S. Scott. . . | 8.00 | Corunna, ss, yps . . | 5.00 |
| Methodist Dept. T. . | | Hampden. | 26.00 |
| & M. R. | 172.19 | Ham., St. Giles. . . | 400.00 |
| Tor., Chinese. . . . | 30.55 | Alvinston. | 55.00 |
| Tor., Bonar ss. . . . | 300.00 | Brussels, Mel. . . . | 300.00 |
| Zephyr ss. | 11.00 | Chandos. | 12.22 |
| Roslin. | 5.00 | Glencoe. | 350.00 |
| London, King St. . . | 97.00 | North Bay | 300.00 |
| Aylmer, Kx. | 84.30 | Tor., Knox. | 1,150.40 |
| Vasey. | 12.00 | Port Elgin. | 168.00 |
| Vasey ss. | 1.50 | Seymour. | 60.00 |
| Collinville. | 2.00 | St. Thomas, Alma. . | 100.00 |
| A. A. McFall. | 5.00 | Shannonville. . . . | 4.00 |
| W. F. M. S. | 7,000.00 | Kirkhill. | 130.00 |
| Port Credit. | 53.00 | Thames Road. . . . | 77.00 |
| Anonymous. | 10.00 | Duart. | 28.00 |
| Exeter. | 127.25 | Kippen. | 100.00 |
| Guelph, Chal. | 20.00 | N. Bruce & St. And. | 100.00 |
| Auburn. | 50.76 | Bobcaygeon. | 37.00 |
| Thamesville. | 150.00 | Ripley abc. | 54.00 |
| Smith Falls, St. A. . | 40.00 | Dundalk. | 30.50 |
| Springfield. | 11.70 | Drumbo ss. | 40.00 |
| N. Mornington. . . . | 29.00 | Erin. | 70.50 |
| Milliken. | 30.60 | Cobourg, St. A. . . | 123.87 |
| Guthrie ce. | 25.00 | Newburgh mb. . . . | 3.00 |
| Ospringle. | 27.75 | Goldsmith. | 20.00 |
| Durham. | 118.00 | Arnprior, Miss McI., | |
| Miss Mitchell. . . . | 1.00 | Class. | 10.00 |
| Ballinafad. | 15.25 | Whitby, St. And. . . | 100.00 |
| Parry Sound, St. A. . | 113.00 | Brown's Corners. . . | 10.00 |
| Elmvale. | 21.00 | Depot Harbor. . . . | 8.00 |
| Oakwood. | 14.00 | Burlington. | 72.00 |
| Monkton. | 43.00 | E. Normandy | 20.00 |
| Dundas, Knox. . . . | 299.41 | Claude | 50.00 |
| Thamesford, St. A. . | 110.00 | Unionville. | 14.77 |
| Greenbank. | 24.00 | New Glasgow. . . . | 26.00 |
| Tor., Dovercourt. . . | 300.00 | Lumsden's Mills. . . | 10.00 |
| Belwood. | 65.50 | Oro, Central. | 15.00 |
| Amos. | 145.00 | Tor., N. Broadview. . | 200.00 |
| Branchton yps . . . | 2.00 | Tor., Riverdale . . . | 220.00 |
| Tor., W. yps. | 3.00 | Guelph, Kx. | 400.00 |
| Brooksedale. | 59.00 | Gravenhurst. . . . | 100.00 |
| McDonald's Cors. . . | 48.93 | Bookton. | 26.00 |
| Grand Bend. | 10.00 | Seaford, 1st. | 43.20 |
| Ventry, Knox. . . . | 8.75 | Yarmouth. | 66.00 |
| Tor., St. John's. . . | 328.28 | Belmont. | 94.00 |
| Smith's Falls. . . . | 200.00 | Avonbank yps. . . . | 25.00 |
| Daywood. | 3.00 | Drummond Hill ss. . | 9.00 |
| Ham., Erskine Jr ce | 3.00 | Ham., Laidlaw ss. . . | 30.30 |
| Strathroy, St. And. . | 123.45 | Ayr, Knox | 53.00 |
| Ingersoll. | 700.00 | Cedar River. | 2.00 |
| Pembroke, Cal. . . . | 225.00 | Cedarville. | 15.69 |
| Ayr, Knox. | 156.00 | Allenford. | 5.00 |
| Wardville wfms. . . | 30.00 | Richard Landing ss. | 6.25 |
| Rev. J. McDougall . | 17.00 | Mooretown. | 6.00 |
| Edenvale ce. | 2.00 | Mitchell. | 278.96 |
| West King. | 14.50 | W. Puslinch. | 30.00 |
| Glenmorris. | 34.00 | Summerstown. . . . | 65.00 |
| Ham., St. And. . . . | 25.00 | Rev. A. J. Macgilli- | |
| N. Caradoc. | 30.50 | vray. | 18.40 |
| Melrose. | 9.50 | Tor., Old St. And. . | 300.00 |
| Port Hope, St. Pa. . | 100.00 | Barrie | 60.00 |
| Tor., Morningside | | Richard Landing. . . | 7.50 |
| yps | 30.00 | Metcalfe. | 25.00 |
| Wroxeter. | 83.65 | Quaker Hill ss. . . . | 3.10 |
| Maxville. | 140.00 | Culloden ss. | 25.00 |
| North Brant. | 20.00 | Peterboro, Kx. . . . | 200.00 |
| Streetsville | 100.00 | Merrittion. | 50.00 |
| Nassagaweka. . . . | 84.00 | Chatsworth. | 44.45 |
| Ottawa, Chal. . . . | 400.00 | Ayr, Stanley. | 200.00 |
| Almonte. | 200.00 | Brockville, St. Jno. | 200.00 |
| Cochrane | 11.00 | | |
| McIntyre. | 5.00 | | |
| Athens. | 9.00 | | |
| Toledo. | 16.61 | Quebec, French ss. . | 5.00 |
| Ridgetown. | 100.00 | French missionary.. | 3.00 |
| Port Stanley. | 60.00 | Kingsbury. | 48.00 |
| Rev. John Smith. . . | 25.00 | Point Fortune. . . . | 10.00 |
| Port Colborne . . . | 31.00 | Mont., St. Giles. . . | 300.00 |
| Carluka ss. | 25.00 | Athelstan. | 109.00 |
| Corunna. | 10.00 | Lachute. | 100.00 |
| Bury's Green. | 32.00 | Verdun ss. | 6.09 |
| Cumberland | 65.00 | Richmond. | 61.73 |
| Peterboro, St. A. . . | 300.00 | Ormsdown. | 327.00 |
| Leith. | 15.50 | Ormsdown Vill ss. | 30.00 |

Quebec.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|--|--------|--------------------------------|--------|------------------------------|-------|
| Westmount, Mel. | 200.00 | Winnipeg, Robertson memorial | 50.00 | Mrs. A. McKenzie | 20.00 | Pleasant Point. | 3.00 |
| Anonymous. | 10.00 | Pr Rev. E. Lee. | 60.00 | "Edmonton". | 10.00 | Lunenburg. | 19.10 |
| Mont., St. Mark's. | 20.00 | Mrs. (Senat'r) Young Brant. | 14.40 | Med. Hat., Kx. | 15.00 | Ada S. Powers. | 10.00 |
| Mont., friend | 500.00 | Ninette. | 15.00 | Fairview, l. aid. | 4.50 | A friend | 5.00 |
| Montreal, McVicar, Men's ms. | 450.00 | Cadurcis. | 32.00 | Fairview. | 5.70 | Rev. C. J. McInnes. | 13.60 |
| Verdun, Jas. Smith cl. | 2.43 | Rathwell. | 25.00 | Pollockville. | 3.60 | | |
| Friend. | 50.00 | Sperling. | 73.55 | Calgary, Grace | 900.00 | | |
| Marlow, Kennebec | 9.00 | Foxwarren. | 170.00 | Strathcona, Kx. | 100.00 | | |
| St. George. | 13.00 | | | | | New Brunswick. | |
| New Richmond | 5.00 | Saskatchewan. | | British Columbia. | | Rev. E. E. Mowatt. | 9.00 |
| Mont., Stanley. | 13.60 | Elbow, Ypg. | 10.00 | Vanc., 1st yps. | 40.00 | Jacquet River | 6.40 |
| Dundee. | 58.00 | Prairie Lawn ss | 11.20 | Armstrong, Zion. | 50.00 | Blackville. | 3.96 |
| Hemmingford | 45.00 | Kamsack ss. | 5.00 | Victoria, 1st. | 300.00 | Black Riv. Bridge. | 5.00 |
| Mont., Knox | 500.00 | Zealandia | 6.05 | Miss L. McIver | 10.00 | Kouchibouguac. | 3.00 |
| Quebec, Chal. | 400.00 | Expanse. | 8.15 | Grand Forks. | 35.50 | | |
| Lachute. | 100.00 | Melfort ss. | 9.30 | Rev. J. A. Dow. | 10.00 | Prince Edward Island. | |
| Hampden | 20.93 | North Portal. | 50.00 | Trall, Knox. | 15.50 | Rev. E. J. Ratte. | 9.50 |
| Masham & Quyon | 25.00 | Regina, Kx., 1 b cl. | 28.00 | Cedar Cottage ss. | 83.00 | | |
| Montreal West. | 200.00 | Lumsden. | 35.50 | New Westm'ter St. Ste. | 100.00 | | |
| Aylwin | 8.00 | Stoughton. | 11.60 | Victoria, St. Paul's. | 69.00 | Miscellaneous. | |
| Georgetown | 25.00 | | | Vanc., Chal. | 395.00 | Rev. J. Anderson | 2.00 |
| | | | | Nanaimo ss | 4.00 | Woman's Miss. Soc. 1,322.75 | |
| Manitoba. | | Alberta. | | Nova Scotia. | | "Blyth". | 10.00 |
| Nesbitt ss. | 13.00 | Loma. | 45.00 | Rev. J. McIntosh | 11.40 | "Anonymous". | 1.00 |
| Wpg., Wms't'r | 479.80 | Lethbridge | 190.25 | Geo. C. Sweet. | 83.00 | "In His Name". | 7.00 |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During July | Mar. 1 to July 31 |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$2,128.59 | \$6,005.52 |
| Home Missions.... . | 997.50 | 3,283.84 |
| Augmentation..... | 285.35 | 880.35 |
| College..... . | 50.00 | 358.00 |
| Aged Ministers.... . | 35.00 | 103.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. . . . | | 107.00 |
| For North West.... . | 385.00 | 719.00 |
| Children's Day Col. | 7.00 | 17.00 |
| Assembly Fund | 16.34 | 49.35 |
| Bursary Fund..... . | 18.00 | 550.50 |
| Library Fund..... . | | 103.00 |
| Widows' & Orphans | 5.00 | 256.00 |
| Social Service, etc... . . | 50.00 | 198.00 |
| Total..... | \$3,977.78 | \$12,630.56 |

RECEIVED DURING JULY At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax, by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D. and divided among the Funds as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------|--|-------------|
| Acknowledged | \$3,652.78 | Wolfville. | 55.00 |
| Interest. | 19.35 | Whycocomagh. | 40.00 |
| Dep. Public Instruc- | 100.00 | "A Friend" | 500.00 |
| Que. | 100.00 | Mont., Erskine, Juv. | 50.00 |
| Lunenburg ss. | 20.00 | Miss. Soc. | 16.00 |
| Hx. Park. | 90.00 | Interest. | 273.00 |
| Bay View. | 3.00 | Campbellton | 20.00 |
| Geddie Memorial Fd | 115.00 | "Friend". | 150.00 |
| Scotch Ridge | 9.00 | St. John, St. David's Refund | .50 |
| New Glasgow 1st | 475.79 | Thankoffering | 200.00 |
| Hartsville, Jub. ms. | 11.00 | N. Glasgow, United | 1,144.55 |
| Cape John. | 4.00 | Margaret Ross. | 50.00 |
| Hantsport. | 10.00 | T. F. | 40.00 |
| Caledonia ce. | 10.00 | Fredericton. | 362.50 |
| Barneys River. | 59.00 | | |
| Summerfield. | 100.00 | | |
| R. H. Montgomery. | 50.00 | | \$12,630.56 |

The Presbyterian Record.

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The moment I fret about a thing I am its slave instead of its master. And there is no slave-master in the world like worry. Another master may grudge the dinner hour, but he must give you time for sleep. Another master may grudge the dinner hour, but some time you must eat. But worry will work you twenty-four hours a day and spoil your appetite into the bargain.—Mark Guy Pearse.



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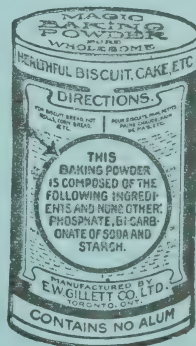
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"Doing nothing for others is the undoing of oneself."

Work is our business, its success is God's.—John Ruskin.

It is better to fail in trying to do good than not to try.

Pleasure is far sweeter as a recreation than a business.

The load becomes light when it is borne with cheerfulness.

What you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

That place of enjoyment is safe where Jesus may go with us.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life.

The best means of destroying an enemy is to make him your friend.

Life is not so short, but there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

In youth we make our age. Our final years sit in judgment on the past.

Move yourself and you will move the world. It is the only way to do it.

"Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself."

Thou must learn to bridle and break thy will in many things, if thou wilt live a quiet life.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Any service which is done solely from the hope of gain or advantage cannot be of the highest type.

Life is an earnest business, and no man was ever made great or good by a diet of nothing but broad grins.

The chief qualification of a guide is that he shall know the way. The Lord never leads His people over any paths which He has not traversed Himself.

It has been reported to the Home Mission Committee that there are 200,000 Ruthenians in Canada. That in itself constitutes a big missionary problem.

If you stand half a mile off from a man and throw the Gospel at him you will miss him, but if you go close to him and lay hold on him, giving him a hearty grip!!!

What we want is to feel that God knows what happens to us, and is with us while it happens, and loves us steadily and tenderly through it all.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Let us not forget that life is brief; that time hurries; and that what we do to make our memories of earth beautiful in heaven, and heaven itself more populous than ever, must be done at once.

It is a good, safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.—John Ruskin.

"No man is honoured by others quite so much as the man who never seeks honour. Nothing kills a man's prospects in this direction so completely as to have it known that he is after all the honour he can get."

If ever you get light it will be in this way: Christ must be a great light to you. Nobody ever found light by raking in his own inward darkness—that is, indeed, seeking the living among the dead.—C. H. Spurgeon.

We never know for what God is preparing us in his schools, for what work on earth, for what work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be.—Lyman Abbot.

If you hear a bit of good news, pass it on. The only news worth passing on in this world of ours is good news. When you think of it, the word gospel may be defined by the two familiar words, "Good news." The Gospel news is sent to us from heaven.

Looking back on a long and useful life, a college president said to his students: "The Bible is a necessity for every boy. If I were a boy again I would study it even more than I did. I would make it a mental companion. I would study the life and character of our Saviour persistently, that I might become more and more like unto Him."

Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds that he is doing—when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire, to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—Phillips Brooks.

The Presbyterian Record



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CHRIST MY PEACE.

I drifted past the harbour bar,—
No light mine eyes could see;
Out wide and far, no trembling star
Came through the dark to me.

Black waters swirled beneath my feet,
And black were earth and sky;
No comrade sweet my heart to greet,—
Alone in the night was I.

Then Fear across the silence broke,
With tearful tones, afraid;
And Love awoke, but sorrowing spoke.
"Thou'rt gone from me," she said.

Death passed me on the hurrying wind,
"Thou'rt mine," he whispered low.
"Dumb, dull, and blind, thou canst not
find
A way from this thy woe."

But One came faring out from land,
And laid His spell on me.
He raised His hand and gave command,
And peace sank o'er the sea.

To shores of calm He drew me on,
He gripped my broken spars;
Ere He was gone, His five wounds shone
Above me like five stars.

Five wounds my pride and sin made
smart,—

They glowed through my despair;
And in my heart, till life depart,
I wear them, hidden there.

—Lachlan McLean Watt in Church of
Scotland Magazine.

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THE GIVING THAT TELLS.

There are two ways of looking at giving for God's work. It is possible to look upon it as a luxury, and therefore one of the first things to be cut off in time of financial pressure. Not much dependence is to be placed on such fairweather givers.

Fortunately, however, there are those who feel that giving to God is one of the foundation necessities, without which life cannot be enjoyed. These are the cheerful givers, whom God loves; they give because life would not be worth while without the privilege of giving.

Of such a giver a New York business man has told. In time of great personal financial disaster, this man doubled his former gifts and when a friend remonstrated, he answered, "Retrenchment must not begin at the house of God."

"Like him was a Chicago woman who was building a chapel for a school in Minnesota, when a large part of her property was destroyed in the great fire. Those in charge of the school thought she would not complete the work.

But she wrote: "I promised to build the chapel. I owe but one debt, and that is to God. I have collected enough of insurance money to complete the building, and here it is."

God blesses such givers abundantly, giving them ever-increasing joy in life, and showing them how to appropriate more fully the gift of love.—The Westminster Teacher.

The Presbyterian Record

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No. 10

"SATISFIED" WITH LIFE.

One of the striking statements regarding Jesus Christ—spoken long before, and fulfilled in His suffering and triumph was that He should "see of the travail of His soul," and should "be satisfied."

Think of it! Think of the years of it, culminating on the cross! Think of his review of that life of toil and suffering and its results, and His satisfaction in that review! He was "satisfied" with His life, with what it had brought to Him, with its results.

The satisfaction was not in the toil being past and the present being free from it, but the satisfaction was with the results of the travail, in what life had accomplished.

Furthermore it was not in what that toil had accomplished for Himself but for others. He had suffered. They were saved.

A notable picture appeared not long since in a newspaper. An old man stood alone on the top of a steep, bare, barren mountain. Overhead and around were clouds, dark and drear. It was as if he stood alone on the summit of the world.

His face was strong but hard, anxious, and distressed. On his back were strapped great boxes, labelled with memories of the methods by which he had climbed. He had toiled, but for himself. He had reached the top, but he was alone. He had not helped others upward. He reviewed his toil, but there was no satisfaction in the results. Memory brought no satisfaction.

Standing there alone, once strong, now aged and bowed under his burden, no look upwards, for he was on the top of his search, as high as his aim and vision had reached, anxious, fearful, remorseful, he was a picture never to be forgotten. He saw of the travail of his soul, but he was NOT "satisfied."

Soon each reader of these lines will be through with the "travail," opportunity

will be past. Then all that will be left of life will be the looking back over it. Will that retrospect bring satisfaction?

Let it be remembered that the only life over which we can look back and be "satisfied" is a life such as Christ's was. He was satisfied, not with what it brought to Himself, but because it had enabled Him to help others.

Think of it; the only thing that can give satisfaction in a review of life, is in what that life has brought to others. The life lived to self may give some pleasure at the time, but it cannot give satisfaction in the review. And the life is very short, but the review is eternal. If that eternity would be a "satisfied" one, the life must be one that will, in review, give satisfaction.

What an opportunity for such lives the Christian people of Canada have; opportunity that few people in the world ever had or ever will have. There is our opportunity to give the Gospel to our vast immigration and to mould the future of our land. There too are our opportunities in our foreign fields, greater than ever before, in that China and Korea are changing, and greater than ever hereafter, in that they will be steadily and rapidly taking on their new shape. "Now is the accepted time."

Then too life is short, and our opportunities are day by day growing less. Yesterday's opportunities will never return, and if unimproved there will be no satisfaction in the review.

Question; as we look back over life and see of the travail of our soul, how will we be "satisfied?"

The only part of life's travail that will give satisfaction in the retrospect, is that which has been like Christ's, and the satisfaction will be in the way in which that life has been of help to others. Even the "cup of cold water only" will do its part in lighting with brightness and satisfaction the eternal "Looking Backwards."

THE RECORD FOR 1914.

The year 1913 is drawing to a close. The Record hopes for a larger visiting list for 1914; especially that many additional congregations will place it in every family. If all who kindly interest themselves in its distribution were to do the work before the end of the year, which is usually crowded, it would help both themselves and this office.

Will every reader please study the following statement with regard to the Record's Contents, Circulation and Cost.

Statement to the Last General Assembly.

To the Venerable the General Assembly:

This Report completes twenty-one years of the Record under the present management. Review may be grouped under three heads, Contents, Circulation, Cost.

(1) Contents. The Assembly established the Record as a monthly bulletin, in which the different Boards might keep the Church informed of their work, and the price was fixed at a low rate to enable congregations to take it in quantities for distribution. The contents, are, therefore, first and chiefly the work of the Church, and they are not for the few who can get their knowledge from other sources, but for the great body of the people.

But Life and Work go together, Life always leading the way. Many homes have few good books or papers to help the religious life, and the aim is to supply a part, however little, of this need by giving some selections of good reading matter of a general kind. This feature of the Record is appreciated by many, aids materially in its circulation, and should help in some small measure, both the Life and the Work of the Church.

(2) Circulation. The monthly issue for the year was 67,000 copies. For 1913 it is 68,000. Of these, nearly 65,000 are on the regular mailing list, though not quite all paid, for with the utmost care, a small percentage of loss is inevitable. The remainder are used for distribution, with a view to increase and, while they serve as samples, they do their measure of good where they come.

This circulation, in proportion to the Church membership, is nearly the same as that of the U. F. Church of Scotland; and it is very much larger, per membership, than the circulation of any other similar monthly magazines of any of the leading churches on this continent.

This large circulation is not merely a free distribution of the Record by congregations, but a taking of it by the people. For example, the Maritime Synod, with less than one-sixth of the total membership of the Church, takes about one-sixth of the whole issue of the Record, and of these, not one-sixth are given free by congregations, while five-sixths are by individual subscription.

But there is room for increase. The stronger congregations, wherever possible, should follow the repeated instruction of the Assembly to place its monthly Bulletin in every home of the Church. To give the Record to a family that has not been receiving it, costs little, and is a good investment for Missions.

(3) Cost. The Record was established thirty-eight years ago at twenty-five cents in parcels to congregations, and its price has never been changed. In the last twenty-one years it has been enlarged three times; and by these and other changes its reading matter has been increased about three fold.

Since the last enlargement, by sixteen additional pages, a dozen years ago, it has cost more than its subscription price, and the balance, accumulated in earlier years, when it was smaller, has been gradually reduced.

The receipts for the past year, 1912, were \$16,065, the expenditure \$17,990, leaving a credit balance at the end of the year, of \$5,950. At the end of this year, 1913, the balance will be less than \$4,000, not enough to publish three monthly issues of the Record. This is quite as low as should be permitted in a working balance.

There are three ways of equalizing income and expenditure; one is to reduce the Record in size, nearer to what it formerly was; another is to devote more of its space to advertising; and a third to increase the price by five cents.

To adopt the first, making it smaller and less useful, would not be wise, nor worthy of the Church. As to the second, much of the best opinion in the Church does not favour it. The value to the advertiser depends chiefly upon his advertisements being read on the Sabbath, and some church magazines eschew them altogether, or accept only a few, and of a special character.

Five cents increase would be immaterial to the subscriber, and would not affect the circulation. With the increase in recent years in the cost of labour, and in almost all else, thirty cents is relatively much less than twenty-five cents was thirty years ago, and the Record would still be, for the reading that it gives, the cheapest self-supporting, subscription supported, magazine of its kind.

It is therefore recommended that after the present year, 1913, the price of the Record be thirty cents in parcels to congregations.

Note.—The above Report was adopted unanimously by the Assembly.

PRESBYTERIANISM.

BY PRINCIPAL GEORGE ADAM SMITH.

Principal George Adam Smith, in his opening sermon at the recent World's Presbyterian Council in Aberdeen, Scotland, paid the following splendid tribute to Presbyterianism:—

"Presbyterianism means organized life, regulated distribution of forces, graduated recognition of gifts, authority to control, agency to administer. It is a system for a free people who love a regulated and self-regulated freedom; for a people independent, yet patient, considerate, trusting much to the progress of discussion and consultation, and more to the promise of a much-forgiving and watchful Lord.

"It is a system for strong churches—churches that are not afraid to let their matters see the light of day—to let their weakest parts and worst defects be canvassed before all men that they may be mended. It is a system for Catholic Christians who wish not merely to cherish private idiosyncrasies but to feel themselves identified with the common cause while they cleave directly to Him whose cause it is.

"Presbyterianism has helped to prepare

more than one people for the sacred duties of self-government. 'In Scotland,' said Froude, 'the Commons as an organized body, were simply created by religion.'

"By their resistance to royal aggressions upon the Church, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Church's sole Head and King, their fathers at the same time broke, beyond all repair, the tyranny of the Crown in the civil affairs of the nation; and in their ecclesiastical discipline and institutions they anticipated and prepared the way for very much of the constitutional government now happily prevailing.

"That they founded a system which organized the civil and spiritual interests of the whole nation, that this system continued to work in part even under the government of their Episcopal opponents, and that it finally came to prevail in the land by the common consent of the rulers and the people; that it had spread across the world everywhere, contributing to the national strength of the peoples to whom it ministered, and always zealous to carry the religious truths which inspired it to the heathen and the ignorant—all that, stretching across the centuries and round most of the world, was the measure of the foresight and of the faith of their Presbyterian fathers.

"The distinctive saints of Presbyterianism have been saints of action; men like Thomas Chalmers, who have walked with God through the length and breadth of their nation's life, who have engaged themselves with its civic economy, with the education of its youth, with crusades against its powers of evil and indifference, whose public service had been as broad as their life of prayer had been deep and powerful."

A HEATHEN WOMAN'S THANKS.

A woman who had been in the hospital at Kiu Kiang a long time with her sick son returned one day bringing her son with her. "Together they went up-stairs through the hall into the ward, and to the very bed upon which he had lain sick so long, and there knelt together to thank God for his recovery." Another, a woman of high rank, spent many weeks with her little son in the same hospital. She was won to the Christian faith, and as proof of her change of heart, she threw away her idols and ancestral tablets. To the doctor she said: "I have just fallen in love with your Jesus."

SOCIAL SERVICE AND EVANGELISM.

BY REV. J. G. SHEARER, D.D.

In the September RECORD under the heading of "Social Service and Evangelism—Resignation of Rev. Charles Stelzle of the American Church," the RECORD said, "This Department of our (Canadian) Church work, organized half a dozen years ago, began with the emphasis on Evangelism. That emphasis should continue."

With this last statement I am in hearty accord. The emphasis should ever be on Evangelism. The former statement, however, is not correct.

The Department of Social Service and Evangelism in our Church did not begin with the emphasis on Evangelism. It was organized by the Montreal Assembly of 1907 purely as a Department of Social Service, then called Moral Reform. The Church had then no Department of Evangelism.

The following year at Winnipeg the Assembly appointed a special Committee on Evangelism. This was done on the initiative of the Department of Social Service but was not connected with it excepting that the writer of this article, being General Secretary of the Board of Social Service was also Secretary of the Special Committee on Evangelism.

Two years later still, at Halifax, the Assembly united these two, forming the Department of Social Service and Evangelism. Evangelism grew out of this beginning and has now its permanent place in the New Department.

Our Church thus recognises the vital importance of both Evangelism and Social Service and their vital relation each to the other. The individual must be regenerated. Only the Evangel by the Grace of God can accomplish this.

But the regenerated individual must be given a healthy atmosphere in which to live the new life. Social Service aims to supply this. The regenerated individual too must engage in the service of God and he must serve God in ministering to men. This is Social Service.

Again, the unevangelized can often be won to Christ only by ministering to their needs, whatever these may be. This also is Social Service, which thus is a means of Evangelism. Our Foreign Mission Board and other such Boards have long recognized this.

Hence its varied educational, benevolent and medical mission work.

Our Assembly was surely guided of God in wedding in one work Social Service and Evangelism. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Was not Social Service closely, and almost constantly, associated with Evangelism in the ministry of our blessed Saviour? Did He not meet sore physical needs that He might confer spiritual powers?

THE APPEAL OF THE CROSS.

Upon the cross the Son of God redeemed us by the sacrifice of Himself. From His death springs our sure hope of life eternal. Ransomed at the cost of His life, we are not our own, and His self-forgetful love should constrain us to surrender ourselves with all our powers and resources to Him.

He died to reconcile the world also to God, and has committed to us the Word of reconciliation. It is the high privilege of His church to serve Him in the gospel. We must publish the message of His grace to Jew and Gentile. God's woe will rest upon us, our own souls will be impoverished, unless each of us cheerfully takes his share of the responsibility.

Our Presbyterian Church in Canada must make the offer of Christ to her own people, whether in congested cities or in lonely hamlets. She has a special obligation to give the ordinances of the gospel to the large numbers of immigrants of Presbyterian stock.

It is of national, as well as religious consequence, that she should take her part in commending the word of the cross to our new citizens who are not of Anglo-Saxon origin.

The whole Christian Church is confronted with the dark masses of the heathen. We should eagerly desire to stand beside our sister churches who are seeking to give them the light of life. Hitherto, our efforts have not corresponded to the greatness of the work which the Providence of God calls us to do. Our zeal must not slacken while the knowledge of Christ has not reached all over whom it is His divine right to reign.

Let every one offer, as he has been prospered, that the Lord's treasury may be filled and His purpose of love be accomplished.—A.S.G.

Our Foreign Missions

The Assembly recommends that Sabbath October 26th, be observed as "Honan Sunday" to commemorate the Semi-Jubilee of the Honan Mission.

The following literature will be found helpful in preparing sermons and programmes for the day. Write to the Foreign Mission Office for suggestions and for literature:

1. "Twenty-five Years in Honan," by Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie, cloth, 50c., postage, 9c., paper 35c., postage 7c.
2. "A Quarter Century in Honan," by a Committee of the Honan Presbytery. A handsome, illustrated booklet, 15c. postpaid.
3. Reports on Honan in Assembly Blue-books.
4. Articles in various Church papers.

HONAN SUNDAY.

By REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

There is nothing small about China. Viewed from any angle, geographically, historically, politically, religiously, China stands out distinctly and alone amongst the nations. In territory she occupies about one-tenth of the surface of the globe; in population she has one-fourth of the human race, and of the nations she is the most ancient. When our barbarian forefathers were wandering savages the Chinese were skilled in literature and the fine arts. The imperial library of 80,000 volumes was old when the Alexandrian library was burned.

The Chinese invented the mariner's compass, the printing press and gun-powder centuries before these things were known in Europe. There are four hundred canals on the map of China and the Grand Canal is six hundred and fifty miles long with a varying width of from 200 to 2,000 feet.

China has a bridge which is five miles long, stretching over an arm of the China sea. It is built of stone, has three hundred arches, seventy feet high, and a roadway seventy feet wide. The pillars of the parapet stand seventy-five feet apart, and each pillar supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion twenty-one feet long made of one block of marble.

Thus it is evident that the Chinese are not a race to be despised. They have shown themselves to be possessed of gifts of the highest order, and for many centuries to have been as progressive as the most advanced of European nations, but strangely, some centuries ago this progress was arrested. The national character became stereotyped. Since then until recently they have been looking backwards, worshipping the past, and of course have fallen behind in the race.

Now China has burst the shell in which she was encrusted, and has set herself to the recovery of lost opportunity. The rapidity with which she is moving is seen in the remarkable series of revolutions of the last eight or ten years—any one of which if it stood alone would be accounted as amongst the greatest revolutions in the history of the world.

In 1905 the ancient educational system of China was rejected, and the western system of education adopted. This means that an effort is to be made to provide public school education for forty-five millions of school children.

In 1907 opium decrees were passed, requiring that in ten years the opium trade should cease.

In 1909 it was decreed that municipal government should be established in China, and thus has started the struggle for constitutional and popular government, which has been in process in Europe for centuries and has not yet been fully attained.

In 1911 came the almost bloodless revolution that laid aside and pensioned the reigning Manchu Dynasty, and established a Republican form of government.

In 1912, the first President of the Republic, Yuan Shi Kai, proclaimed liberty of conscience, and thus threw wide open the doors for Christian activity.

And, to crown all, the 27th of April, of the present year, was appointed by the President as a day of prayer, on which Christians and Christian missionaries were asked to intercede in behalf of China, and Chinese officials were instructed to join in these seasons of intercession.

It is in the midst of such a country, of such a people, and in conditions of such extraordinary intellectual activity that our Honan Missionaries are working. It is surely not extravagant to say, that in no country and at no other period were conditions so interesting and responsibilities so great. It is not speaking too strongly to say, as has often been said, that a decade or two just now will determine the character of centuries to be.

The appeals made in behalf of the mission in Honan, are in line with Providential leading and historic developments. "Twenty-five Years in Honan" by Dr. Murdoch MacKenzie, as well as "A Quarter Century in North Honan" by our other missionaries will be read, and much else will be spoken and written, in preparation for the 26th tober, appointed by the General Assembly as *Honan Sunday*.

A few general impressions by one who enjoyed the privilege of seeing with his own eyes may be accepted as a slight contribution to this period of preparation.

The Country.

From the day one sets foot on Chinese soil, the country is interesting. The city of Shanghai, that magnificent river the Yangtze, the cities on either side of the river, the splendid stretches of rural scenery—everything impresses one with boundless natural resources. That impression deepens as one passes north in the train, hour after hour, from Hankow to Peking, through what seem illimitable wheat fields, under thorough cultivation from the Chinese standpoint.

A few years ago this scenery was decorated and enriched by what happily is not so generally prevalent now, great fields of poppy in bloom. Nothing more exquisitely and delightfully beautiful could be seen, were the sense of pleasure not marred by the knowledge that from these brilliant flowers opium is extracted, which has been the curse of China for seventy years. May all loyal Britons pray that our Empire may speedily be extricated from further participation in this unspeakable traffic.

Villages.

The Chinese live in villages and there are twenty thousand of these villages in that

portion of Honan in which our missionaries labour and for which our Church stands responsible. A population of eight millions in twenty thousand villages means an average of four hundred souls in each village. Of course many of the villages are so large as to be worthy of being called towns and cities whilst many others are much smaller.

In a beautiful, richly cultivated country, with no fences, with roads winding everywhere, and with each village in the midst of a grove of trees, the landscape is enchanting, although it must be said that so far as the villages are concerned, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

Nevertheless, the park-like appearance of the scene, reaching to the horizon in the glow of an evening sun, on a cool autumnal day, is rapturous. All days, however, are not like these. There is cloud as well as sunshine in China.

It is amongst these villages our evangelistic missionaries do their work. They visit village after village and deliver their message. The attention of one and another is arrested. Little by little the conscience is awakened, the sense of sin is deepened and there dawns upon them the need of a Saviour. "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me" is true in China as elsewhere. Christ and Him crucified is the hope of the world. He can and does save.

From these small beginning have grown many Christian communities and nine of them have become self-sustaining churches, having their own settled pastors. The possibilities of such work are practically unlimited, as is evident from the large number of villages.

Education.

It has been said that there are forty-five millions of children in China, which means, reckoning by the same proportion, about one million children in North Honan. If that work is to be done teachers must be developed, and to that end a Normal School has been opened in the Mission. If it were possible to provide Christian teachers the next generation might be captured, at least so far as having a knowledge of Christianity is concerned, and coming to regard Christianity sympathetically.

In addition to the village school there are many thousands of young men who are

students in Government schools in the capital cities of the provinces. There are about five thousand of these young men in Kai feng fu, the capital of Honan, and of these about five or six hundred are from the northern part of the province in which our missionaries labour. It is a question yet unsettled whether or not one of our missionaries should not give his time to these students. The opportunity is there, and yet the staff is insufficient for the work at hand in our own field. Of two pressing claims which is the more urgent? The answer must soon be given.

The Hospital.

Poverty and disease are closely related, especially where laws of sanitation are little known. Disease is much more prevalent than with us, and native skill is very limited. The medical missionary can therefore be appreciated more readily than the evangelist.

The number of treatments in our Honan hospitals in 1912 was 67,407, which suggests much relief; and yet what are these amongst so many?

The value of the medical work is greatly enhanced by the fact that the doctor is also a Gospel missionary, and the afflicted are often most susceptible of impression. Many Chinese, in seeking healing for the body have found the salvation of their souls. What an opening for medical men! The man whose purpose is to *get* as much as possible from the work cannot hope for riches in China, but the man whose ambition it is to *give* to the world his best can scarcely hope for a larger field for service than is found in China to-day.

Changed Attitude.

Figures do not tell the whole truth. It is easy to say that there are nearly three thousand who call themselves Christians in North Honan; that there are 264 pupils in mission schools, 115 native agents ministering in various Christian ways to their own people and many patients treated day by day. That is very good but it is a small part of the results. We need but to compare the attitude of China twenty-five years ago with her attitude now.

Hudson Taylor told our missionaries then that if Honan was to be entered it must be upon their knees, and they found it true.

It took them three years to secure a foothold, hatred for the foreigner was so intense. This opposition has largely vanished. As already stated, the President appealed to Christian missionaries and Chinese Christians to pray for the Republic, which was such a public recognition of Christianity as will make it yet easier for timid believers to declare themselves on the Lord's side.

The Cost.

Every great thing in this world costs. It was said long ago by a great missionary that Africa must be possessed by stepping over graves. That was true from the beginning. It was through the Cross that the world's redemption was purchased. It will be true in China and elsewhere, victory must be won by way of sacrifice.

Our church has already given valuable lives for the redemption of China. There are hallowed graves in Honan. Others whose lives are spared had the martyr spirit but were compelled to withdraw. They gave their best and to have remained longer would have been waste of life. We cannot live always. What better place in which to close a consecrated life? Those who cannot go can yet share in the sacrifice and in the reward when the glory comes.

TRIBUTE TO DR. MARION OLIVER.

BY A SISTER MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

The news of Marion Oliver's going brought real sorrow to many out here. She is sincerely mourned and will be long remembered. I think it is safe to say that no other missionary was so beloved by so many of the Indian Christian women of our mission.

I feel so thankful for her life. There is so much to remember about her that gladdens one—gentle, patient, forbearing—and she did so faithfully and unostentatiously her long day's work, without seeking or desiring praise or publicity.

And I am thankful for the friendship, close, unbroken, almost unclouded, for nearly twenty-five years. Her death, like her life, was quietly triumphant, and the more I think of her going the more satisfied I am that God has done well by her. In exchange for years, perhaps, of semi-invalidism, she has entered into the Glory, and I am persuaded it is well with her beyond our poor powers of reckoning.

FOR HONAN SUNDAY.

By REV. J. MCP. SCOTT.

From the brief visit it was my privilege to make to Honan in December last certain distinct impressions remain.

China's Size.

The journey through from the North to the South leaves an overwhelming sense of the magnitude of the country. The throngs of people are appalling. In the great cities—through the country districts—the crowds are never out of sight. Her uncounted millions with her present social and moral conditions make plain the tremendous tasks still facing the Christian Church. However well informed one may have become in an academic way through maintains that prior to the Boxer uprising home on furlough, one cannot appreciate the limitless reaches of China until one sees things at first hand.

China's Change.

The country is rapidly changing. Bishop Bashford speaks of the strange phenomenon of China's arrested civilization, and maintains that prior to the Boxer uprising in 1900 there was little or no advance upon the civilization of 2,500 years ago.

But there is no doubt, whatever, that the country is now awakening. The new life may throb feebly yet, but still a wonderful change has set in. Railways and the telegraph, once so strenuously opposed, are now generally sought.

In 1876 in all China there were only fourteen miles of railway—in 1912 there were 6,300 miles of railway.

A dozen years ago a few centres at the coast had the advantage of the telegraph—now 40,000 miles of wire connect the principal centres. Reuter's telegrams go to every part of the land.

The Government has accepted the Christian calendar and Sunday is observed as a day of rest in all public offices.

The political changes have been of a decidedly revolutionary character. That the abdication of the Manchu rulers, and the proclamation of the Republic was accomplished with so little bloodshed was very remarkable in the light of China's past history.

Strong leaders are now working in the face of unusual difficulties for a stable Republican government, though at the present time it is not much more than an oligarchy under Republican forms and titles. Whatever the success of the present movements, China will never go back to her former type of Government.

Changed Attitude to Christianity.

A great change has come over China in her attitude to the Christian religion in the general national upheaval. New ideas are possessing the people and whatever the activities of the Christian Church may be, there must of necessity be the gradual disappearance of stagnant thought and lifeless institutions.

This, of course, means an immediate and great gain to the Christian propaganda. The spiritual welcome to new ideas involved a welcome to the preaching of the Gospel. The official disapproval of missionary work in the past has been the root of the opposition the missionaries met with. When emperor, viceroy, magistrate and scholar branded the doctrine as bad, the people had no alternative but to drive it out. Now all this is changed.

Good Work in Honan.

These great changes reflect themselves in the province of Honan as in every part of China and issue in great gain to the missionary work of our Church.

The splendid accomplishments of our Honan staff are at once evident from a visit to the field. The Church at home has done well in providing equipment for the evangelistic, educational and medical work as well as for the comfort of the missionaries.

The large area already occupied, the substantial numbers who have been led to accept the Christian faith and the evident confidence in which our missionaries are held by all classes of people show the large place our Mission has taken in the life of North Honan.

When account is taken of the number of the staff, their training and equipment, their zeal in the work and definite accomplishment, the conviction follows that our Honan Mission is one of the most successful in China.

KOREA'S RARE OPPORTUNITY.

"Not since the time of our Lord has the Christian Church experienced such progress in any land as in Korea just now. The opportunity is so great that no words can adequately convey the urgency of the situation."

Such is the statement of our Foreign Mission Board, both sections, East and West, in their united appeal for suitable qualified men and women in our Church to offer their lives for this very attractive field of Christian service.

There are many young men and women in our Church, who have received much, they have their life in trust, they have good health, a good education, and, best of all, they have received Jesus Christ into their hearts as their Saviour and King.

The question now is what use they shall make of these lives. Will they pause and listen, and see whether the voice of that Jesus who has redeemed them is not calling them to Korea where such need exists and such opportunity offers.

The staff there is very small, the laborers very few. "Who will answer, gladly, saying, 'Here am I, send me, send me.'"

OUR SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

LETTER FROM REV. T. A. BROADFOOT.

Kongmun, South China.

Dear Mr. Armstrong,—

During the past three weeks I have visited eight chapels. Four of these are in our own mission, four in another district, under the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. Their missionary will soon be back so that these four centres will be no longer under my care.

The American Presbyterian Church has helped us greatly in the past so we are pleased to have this opportunity of showing some of our gratitude.

The work in these chapels has been encouraging and interesting. Let me give a few details that throw light on our mission work.

I visited one of our chapels, Tung Tseng, in the Sun Ui district. Mr. Ch'an Yik Laam is our preacher there. His wife, one son and four daughters are all Christians. These five women are doing faithful work in trying to influence and lead the women and children into the church.

There were five men baptized in that chapel the Sabbath I was there. They were all farmers living about four miles distant from the chapel. Their ages were from twenty-five to forty-six. They were first examined several months ago. Whenever possible Mr. Ch'an gave them special training in addition to the regular services. They are a sturdy group of men. Their opportunities for study have been very limited. They can all read some. I have not been able to visit them in their homes yet but hope to do so.

Here is a company of farmers. If visited encouraged and taught who can tell what their influence will be in that district. Tung Tseng has formerly been a discouraging centre. We are seeing better days now and a new life is manifest in the congregation since Mr. Ch'an and his family have gone there. He is one of our own graduates. He was formerly a school teacher.

It is not often that the offering is so large or heavy that the collection plate gives way. Mr. Ch'an had passed a small wooden tray for the offering at the close of the service, and was about to place the tray laden with copper cents and "cash" upon the table, when one of the small sides of the tray gave way and tray and offering came to the floor with a crash.

Mr. Ch'an being a man of decorum, was overcome with confusion. Some other faces could not repress a smile for the Chinese have a keen sense of humor.

I spent two nights at the Feng Na chapel and dispensed the sacraments there. The usual hour for Chinese services in the daytime is at twelve o'clock.

There is a C. E. Society at Feng Na. Eight or ten young men attend. Some of them take part in the service. At Bible study one evening we read part of the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. The subject was the resurrection. Several young men took part.

Two managers were appointed at Feng Na to help in looking after the affairs of the chapel. One of these two is anxious to go to Canton to study as a preacher.

He will partly support himself. He would like the mission to help.

At the last communion service in Kongmun Port nine of the boys in the boarding

school were examined for baptism. Some of them are from Christian homes. The ages of these boys are from twelve to eighteen years. Three or four of these students in the boarding school are even now looking forward to studying as preachers.

HONAN SUNDAY.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

The resolution adopted by the Pre-Assembly Congress has the following:—

"Whether we consider the immensity of the population affected, the character of the change that is taking place, the magnitude of the interests which are involved, the comparative peacefulness of the crisis, or the significance of the fact that a great and ancient race is undergoing in a decade a great and radical intellectual and spiritual adjustment, it is evident that it is given to us to witness and have part in a vast movement whose consequences will affect the whole world and be unending.... Never has there been such a transformation as this in any other nation..... And as there has been no other such great racial upheaval in the past, so there can be none to succeed it, for there is but one China. No other single mass of humanity remains to offer to the Christian Church an equal opportunity."

That seems a strong statement of the situation in China, but not too strong. It was under the impression of that urgency that the Congress added the following appeal:

"In the face of such exigency it is the opinion of this Conference that the Presbyterian Church in Canada should within the next three or five years double its missionary force in China and provide \$100,000 or \$200,000 for the adequate equipment of her missions in that great land; and we call upon our Church—and hereby solemnly pledge ourselves as its representatives—to give of life and wealth and prayer, as grace may be given us of God, to carry to China in this day of her need and desire, the Gospel which alone can bring to her the greatness of a righteous nation and fulfil her mission to mankind."

That is the resolution and appeal pledged, by the entire ministry of the

Church with representative laymen, in circumstances that were peculiarly solemn, when the house seemed full of His glory. Was there ever by any of us a pledge more solemnly taken?

That action was confirmed by the General Assembly, and this Assembly instructed that Sunday, 26th October, should be set apart as Honan Sunday. That means of course the use of literature, and concentration of thought upon China and especially upon our own Mission in Honan.

But it means more than literature. Above all it means united intercession on behalf of China. Much as we need the enlargement of our staff, much more do we need enlargement of faith, and an increase of spiritual power in the Home Church and in the missionaries that represent us in China as well as elsewhere. Will not all the members of our Congregations—old and young alike—combine in one supreme effort at this time and make an honest attempt to fulfil our solemn vows?

Suitable literature can be got at the Foreign Mission Office. "Twenty-Five Years in Honan," by Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie, is up to date, and is available at low rates. The Honan Presbytery has also issued an excellent report, which is available.

When Israel was in captivity, and the obstacles to her return seemed insuperable, the prophets did not minimize the difficulties, but they magnified the greatness of Israel's God.

We may well stand dismayed before the problems in China and in Canada as well, but it is not too great for the God in whom we believe and whom we preach. "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts." Let us put Him to the proof. There is available power. We have tasted and seen enough to assure us. Let us drink deeply.

The more we know of the world, the more doubtfully we ask, "Can such a world be saved?" And the more we know of Christian nations, the more incredulously we ask, "Can these be the saviours?" But the more we know of Christ's Cross for ourselves, the less we can believe that anything is beyond its power or any soul outside its destined range.—P. T. Forsyth.

IN PERILS OF ROBBERS.

Rev. T. A. Broadfoot, our missionary in Kongmun, South China, writes of the recent perils of travel in that neighborhood.

Some weeks ago, Miss Dunk, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, was travelling on one of the steamers from Hong Kong to Kongmun, when pirates took charge of the vessel.

"There were probably 300 or 400 passengers on board, all Chinese with the exception of Miss Dunk who is from England. The captain, first officer and chief engineer were foreigners. The pirates went on board the steamer at Hong Kong at 7 p.m. as passengers. All went well till, about 10 p.m. or earlier, at a given signal, some seventy or eighty armed men took possession of the vessel and ransacked the belongings of all, carrying off money and jewelry and clothing to the value of many thousands of dollars.

"The Chinese pilot was shot with seven shots because he refused to change the course of the vessel. Several Chinese passengers were shot and wounded. One little fellow, because he recognized one of the pirates, was carried and thrown overboard.

"Miss Dunk, on hearing the firing, at first got up to close the shutter of her cabin window. Several shots were fired into her cabin, one bullet whizzed past her cheek, almost deafening one ear for the rest of the proceedings.

"The robbers threatened to strike Miss Dunk and were about to bind her as they afterward bound the foreign officers of the ship. They did not bind her though nor injure her in any way. They took her watch and other valuables with about \$60.00 in money.

"Miss Dunk being a fluent Chinese speaker, talked with the bandits and implored them not to shoot the officers. She said that she was a missionary, told them where she was working, and asked them why they wished to harm her. One young man among the pirates who had been abroad did much to protect Miss Dunk and the others from the most hardened and criminal looking of the band. Speaking with Miss Dunk this evening, she said:

"I think we often underestimate the kindly feelings in the Chinese toward the missionary and towards the work being done

by the missionary." From the conversation of those pirates that night during that awful time of uncertainty, because it looked at times as if the officers were going to be killed, Miss Dunk gathered the suggestions that even these men, engaged in this life of highway robbery, recognized that mission work and missionaries should be treated with more consideration than might be accorded to others.

Miss Dunk has been living for several years in Hok Shaan city. She is the only foreigner there. She has a successful girls' school. The Chinese are devoted to her and she is happy in her work among them.

A NOTE FROM FORMOSA.

"We are having a most profitable time at Bible study in College," writes Rev. Duncan MacLeod, our missionary in Formosa.

"We have called in the pastors and over thirty preachers for three weeks' study. I feel certain it is to prove a time of real quickening for their consciences, their spirits and their mental powers.

"A native pastor takes up church history with them, another native pastor takes up pastoral theology.

I am taking them through II Corinthians and New Testament doctrines, also discourses on the Holy Spirit.

Like students at home few of them find Church history a very stimulating subject. They have asked me to-day to drop it and give them Bible teaching instead. Of course native teachers cannot make Church history very interesting. Their knowledge is very limited. These Bible Conferences since we started them have proved most helpful to the preachers.

Mrs. Gauld comes every day for an hour with the preachers in music and they like it immensely.

At the beginning of August I am going to the east coast. Mr. Gauld was recently on the east coast and helped through a request for a piece of land on the southern plain on east coast, for the erection of a church. It is government land and we can have it free. Mr. Gauld says it is in the choicest spot of the town.

Never tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, "Why should I tell it?"—Laverter.

Young People's Societies

OCTOBER MISSIONARY TOPIC

MISSION WORK IN OLD QUEBEC.

BY REV. J. U. TANNER.

(District Superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.)

Mission work in Quebec is so diversified in character that one must speak of that work under different heads to give any conception of its extent and importance.

As this diversity in work and methods is due to the peculiar conditions obtaining in this province we have to consider at the same time some of the conditions that make that work or method necessary.

Immigration.

As this work is under the direction of the Home Mission Board a passing word in regard to it will not be out of place.

Last year about 400,000 immigrants came to these shores. There is good evidence now that there will be 500,000 this year. The seriousness of such a rapid increase to our Canadian populations is self-evident, as is also the importance of relating those of our own faith to our church as early as possible. To this end Rev. Dr. Patterson is stationed at Quebec and Rev. John Chisholm in Montreal as immigration chaplains.

They meet all Presbyterians possible among the newcomers, secure their names and destination and forward this list to our Home Mission office in Toronto. From this office the ministers of the different places to which they go are provided with the names and locations of the newcomers. If the ministers, acting on this information, get in touch with them they should not be long strangers to the life and work of some congregation of our church.

The Foreigner.

We have quite a different proposition in the foreigner. We believe that the large majority of these come to this land in an honest desire not only to make good in material things but to live an honourable life

and become good citizens of our country. But they lack knowledge of our customs, language, laws and religion. On the other hand some care neither for our God nor for our King.

Unless these people can be led quickly to understand the spirit of our laws and institutions this rapid influx is a menace to the future of our country. Some means must be found to unite them with us in citizenship and brotherhood. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only effective means to that end.

Accordingly, we have Rev. John Bodrug working among six thousand of his fellow Ruthenians and three thousand Russians who have congregated in Montreal.

Among the Italians in the same city we have Rev. R. DePierro directing a work of an institutional character. In connection with this mission we have an Italian Y. M. C. A. which attracts and enlists the services of some very bright and promising Italian Christians there, a school conducted very satisfactorily by Miss Richard.

Scattered English Families.

The problem of keeping Protestant churches and schools within the reach of English speaking Protestant families, scattered widely and thinly about the province, is one requiring a great deal of thought and effort.

This situation is due partly to the fact that where new industries are established a few Protestant families are sure to be among the number attracted by the enterprise. But it is due in large measure to the rapid growth of the French Roman Catholic population crowding the English speaking Protestants from districts once wholly occupied by them.

About one hundred and fifty years ago there were sixty thousand French Canadians in Canada, now there are about three millions. Twenty years ago eleven counties in Quebec had a majority of English, now the majority in all is French.

This growth is rapidly spreading to the neighboring provinces. Ontario now has fifteen counties in which the preponderant voice is French and in New Brunswick one fourth of the population is of French origin.

When we consider that the birth rate among the French is forty-two per thousand of the population and among the English twenty-two per cent., we must prepare to meet a continuance of the growth of the French population in the future.

One result is that the English speaking Protestant population has become so replaced by the French that the few remaining in some districts are no longer in a position to maintain their churches and schools. We know of one district where in four concessions, thirty years ago, every family was English speaking and Protestant, and they had a school in each concession. To-day, but two English families remain there and the four English schools are replaced by two French schools. Our duty here is to come to the aid of our fellow Protestants.

In earlier days the importance of this was not realized or if realized it was neglected. The deplorable results of that neglect are seen in the fact that there are thousands of the descendants of these neglected families who speak only French and know only the religion of Rome.

In passing through a French village I saw, over a store door, a large sign board on which was painted the name "Alex. Grant." I entered the store and addressed the proprietor in English; but Alexander Grant shrugged his shoulders and replied in French that he could not understand English. He said he was not a Protestant though his grandparents had been.

This is but one of many similar instances that could be given. If you visit the cemeteries on the lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, hundreds of tombstones bearing English names stand as monuments to the vigilance of Rome and to the neglect and apathy of the Protestant churches in those days. These shafts of granite are like voices from the dead, pleading that our churches hasten to the succor of those who still remain.

French Speaking Families.

Besides the English speaking groups scattered throughout the province, we have here

and there small communities of French Protestants. These are people who have accepted the faith of their Protestant fellow citizens and appeal to the Presbyterian church to send them ministers and school teachers. Some missions in these localities are bilingual; the minister preaching both in French and English.

We also have to consider the needs of a large number of French speaking people who have become quite indifferent to religion of any kind, and are consequently drifting into godlessness. This class gives us much concern; for while we cannot count them among our Protestants yet we seek to relate them to our churches so as to save them and their children from infidelity and lead them to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

The work of our French missionaries is not confined merely to pastoral duties. In some cases they conduct a school for the children of all who care to receive an education under Protestant auspices.

They seek also, by preaching and by the distribution of suitable literature, to so permeate the province of Quebec with the real knowledge of the religion of Christ that its people shall not, through ignorance of its place and worth, throw it from among them, as has been done by so many in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe.

We cannot overstate the importance of spreading this knowledge in Quebec. The strategic mistake of the Balkan war was made when Bulgaria left Adrianople unsubdued and passed on, leaving behind her a force that later threatened the lines of communication and made extensive military operations towards Constantinople impossible.

The conditions that produced so many enemies to religion in France are entrenched in Quebec, and though we win the rest of Canada if we leave Quebec without the light of evangelical truth, legions will later rise from its darkness to make war on religion throughout Canada.

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.—Seneca.

OCTOBER CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

WHY I AM PROUD OF CANADA.

BY REV. R. G. MACBETH, PARIS, ONT.

At the urgent and emergent request of the Committee in charge of the immensely important department relating to the welfare of youth, I gladly essay a short article on the topic "Why I am proud of Canada."

I say "gladly" because the subject is one that appeals to our love of God and home and native land and because the opportunity of saying a word to the young people of the Dominion is one to be greatly prized.

The privilege of saying or writing anything that might help to throw the intense enthusiasm and daring strength of youthful Canadians into a good direction should be highly esteemed. For one is not wholly without fear that young people amongst us feel the strong pull that would drag them into doubtful tendencies. The very ardor of youth, with its peculiar susceptibilities, must be disciplined to withstand the temptations to plunge into the tremendous materialistic directions which a country of unparalleled outlook indicates.

And the pleasure-loving spirit too, is easily cultivated to excess in our land and our day. The very seasons that mark the year in our zone make appeal to the taste for outdoor and indoor recreations and pastimes.

But we want our young people to feel that such occupations, good in their place if kept there, are not the main business of life. There are seasons of the year and seasons of the soul but they are intended by God to contribute to the crowning glory of a harvest. A fruitful life is the end to be kept in view if we are not "to be cast as rubbish to the void when God has made his pile complete."

And so it is well to have our young folks feel that this Canada of ours is a land worth while. The Latin poet cried to his age in the famous words "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" which being translated is "It is a sweet and glorious thing to die for one's country."

But we would like in our better day to have our young people realise that it is a more splendid thing to LIVE for one's coun-

try, and that Canada is a land worthy of our best service be it through life or death on her behalf.

Of course, we need to use the word "proud" in a chastened way so that we may be delivered from the "frantic boast and foolish word" of a heathenish worship of the land we live in and we need to remember that our proper frame of mind is to exult fittingly in the presence of an unequalled opportunity to make the very highest and best use of our allotted span of life.

We ought to be proud of the fact that Canada is a land of almost illimitable dimensions extending from sea to sea. The French King who ceded Canada "with a light heart" because it was "only a few acres of snow" has not been without successors, even amongst public men in our own generation. It is not many years since statesmen in the republic to the south of us looked upon Canada as an insignificant country but they have come to discover that we own the most important section of the continent.

It is not long since men in our own land spoke with disdain of the "hyperborean regions" to the west of the older Provinces, but they have lived to see this supposedly frozen desert become the granary of the world.

One of the first great men to call the attention of the world to a land whose dimensions "confound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verifications of the explorer" was that brilliant Irish Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, who saw that Canada "was no longer a mere settler by the banks of a single river, but the owner of half-a-continent and, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, the peer of any power on earth."

This of itself is not a guarantee of the true greatness of a people, but the size of Canada gives us room for expansion. We do not need to have over-crowding in this land of magnificent distances. The rapacity of men should not be allowed to develop slums and tenements in a country where every creature of God ought to have room and breathing space. We are not hemmed

in by mountains nor cramped upon an island. Let us be glad that we have an area that affords the most abundant scope to the energies of even the millions who come to our shores.

And let us be glad that Canada is a land of tremendous and varied material resources even though this condition of things has its perils. But a country rich as ours is in forests, fields, mines, fisheries, factories and all the rest, need not be a peril if people will only understand the doctrine of relative values and the creed of stewardship. It is not necessarily creditable to be poor. Poverty, we say, is no crime and that is true under some circumstances, but poverty is a crime if a man knows that he is camped on a gold mine out of which he is too indolent or indifferent to dig for himself and those dependent on him. A rich country like Canada may be a benediction to the world if our people can be made to feel the enormous responsibility that attaches to living in such a land.

We should be proud of the fact that Canada for the most part was settled by God-fearing pioneers who sought homes rather than riches and who laid foundations in righteousness. We have descended from a godly ancestry and should be proud of it in the best sense. We shall show our proper pride by being worthy of our forbears. If we are the children of Abraham we must do the deeds of Abraham or lose our right to the name.

And we should be proud that our Dominion to-day is the Mecca of the world's immigration pilgrimages. This will give us abounding opportunity for mission work, and we should not be alarmed because the incomers are not all of the Anglo-Saxon type. They can and, no doubt, will make their high contribution to the welfare of the country. They will have to be met in Christlike spirit because many of them are now on lower levels than we ourselves.

But when we look into the past history of these races we find what great men have appeared amongst them. If the Jews have produced Spinoza and Neander and Paul, the Italians Dante and Garibaldi, the Hungarians Kossuth, the Bohemians John Huss

and Jerome of Prague, the Poles Kosciusko and the Hungarians Munkacsy, etc., these people can help us to build a great nation if we are true to our opportunities with them.

'And we are proud that Canada as a new country is free from many of the abuses and evils of older countries. This is a democratic country where antecedents and class privileges do not hamper men as in other places but where through merit men can press forward to the front rank.

And we are proud above all that Canada is a land where religious ordinances and educational advantages are within reach of all, where there is no persecution, where men can have their rights and be trained to value them, where the unseen things are not allowed to be forgotten, and where our children can grow up with the full and peerless advantages of church and school. The hope of Canada lies in these higher things and our young people must be true to them if they are to see here a great nation.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AN ABSTAINER.

The Kaiser of Germany has joined the ranks of teetotalers. He has foresworn the fatherland's favorite beer, and cut out its choicest wines.

Persons who are in close contact with him say that this is the result of the Emperor's conviction that alcohol lessens the working capacity of a man. He often expresses the opinion to members of his entourage that immoderate drinking is one of the greatest factors in retarding the development of nations.

Some time ago, the Kaiser demanded the latest alcoholic statistics as to suicides, accidents and crimes which resulted from immoderate drinking. After a study of these statistics, he experimented on himself, and found that even small quantities of liquor lessened his energy and capacity for work; whereupon, with characteristic impulsiveness, he cut out alcohol entirely.

He never misses an opportunity to descant on the value of temperance; and the result is that the members of his suite who like their wine touch it lightly when dining in his presence.

While he was swearing in the naval recruits at Wilhelmshaven recently, the Emperor took occasion to deliver a lecture on temperance, and drank a toast in and to water. He also recently told army officers who asked if there would be any objection if his health were drunk in water, that, on the contrary, he would be well pleased.—Ex.

PLANS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

By REV. J. C. ROBERTSON, SEC. S.S. AND Y.P.S.

The young people of our church will be interested in knowing the most up-to-date plans for Young People's Societies. The following is a complete list of the plans approved by the General Assembly's Board of Sabbath Schools and Young People's Societies during the past year. Sample literature on any of these may be obtained free of charge on application to the General Secretary, Rev. J. C. Robertson, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

1. Name and Constitution.

Presbyterian Young People's Societies are not asked to adopt a uniform name or constitution.

The Board very heartily endorses both the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor and the Presbyterian Guild, or any other form of organisation approved by a local congregation, and which fulfills the conditions indicated below, especially in the Standard of Excellence. The Board does, however, very strongly desire that every such Society shall recognize itself and be recognized as a Presbyterian Young People's Society.

2. Topic Card.

Up until the present time, the Board has provided two separate Topic Cards, one, the Y. P. S. C. E., with special missionary topics, the other, the Presbyterian Guild. It has been decided for 1914 to issue only one Topic Card which will continue the best features of these two. All the Devotional topics will be the same as the Y. P. S. C. E.

The Missionary topics will be selected in consultation with representatives of the Home and Foreign Mission Boards.

The Citizenship and Social topics will be similarly selected in consultation with the Board of Social Service and Evangelism.

The Literary topics will not be included in the regular Topic card but will be provided as a supplementary list.

3. Helps.

During 1913 "The Pathfinder" has provided articles on the topics each week, both for Y. P. S. C. E. and Guild. With only

one series of topics for 1914 the space available for each topic will be about double that of the present year. This with many interesting and helpful articles on Young People's work each month will make "The Pathfinder" more than ever the recognized "Help" for all Young People's Societies.

The splendid series of articles each month in the RECORD on the Missionary and Citizenship topics, which have been so much appreciated this year will also be continued, as well as articles in all the other Presbyterian papers.

4. Standard of Excellence.

A Standard of Excellence has been prepared and approved by the General Assembly. This is intended to apply to all Presbyterian Young People's Societies of whatever name or constitution. It represents the Standard that all Societies should reasonably be expected to attain, at an early period in their career.

5. Order of Service.

A suggested Order of Service has also been provided. This is intended to serve two distinct purposes: namely, to keep the devotional side clearly before all Societies, and to provide a helpful guide in the conducting of meetings for Societies, when the minister may not be able to attend, and where there are not many experienced leaders.

6. Installation Service.

A very brief Installation service has been prepared, suitable for all Societies. This would usually be conducted by the minister in connection with one of the regular Church Services just after the officers had been elected for the year. It should help in keeping the Society in close touch with all the other departments of the Church.

7. Missionary Policy.

Very careful thought has been given to providing an outline for a suitable missionary policy for our young people. The following plan has been unanimously approved by the Board, to provide Missionary instruction, activities and giving:—

1. *Missionary Instruction—*

- (a) By mission study classes.
- (b) By regular monthly missionary topics, such as are provided in Y. P. S. C. E., Guild, etc.
- (c) By missionary addresses, illustrated where possible.
- (d) By an annual social or banquet, where the young people might discuss their missionary policy.

2 *Missionary Activities—*

- (a) By increasing the membership of the various organizations of the Church.
- (b) By work in the community.
- (c) By definitely giving themselves for ministerial, missionary, or deaconess service.

3. *Missionary Giving—*

- (a) All plans for missionary giving should be made with the sanction of the Session, and in conference with the missionary committee of the congregation, where such exists.

(b) The following suggestions are made for the guidance of missionary committees:—

(1) The young people should be encouraged to assume a definite share of the congregational budget, and to be responsible for the canvassing of the young people of the congregation for this purpose.

(2) The young people should be encouraged to use the duplex envelope and give through the regular channels of the Church.

(3) The contribution envelopes of the young people should be so marked that a separate report could be given if desired of their total contribution each week, month or year.

(4) For the most successful carrying out of this policy some form of Young People's Society is necessary in each congregation; and the carrying out of such a policy should be the most important work of that Society.

(5) Each Presbytery Committee on Sabbath Schools and Young People's Societies should use all diligence to have a Young People's Society organized in connection with every congregation and to encourage every such Society to adopt this missionary policy.

(6) Where a Presbyterian Young People's Union exists, its missionary budget should represent the sum total of the missionary givings of the individual societies through the regular channels of the Church. The Union would not handle any of these funds, but should receive a report at its annual meeting of the total givings for the year.

MOTHERS GOOD AND BAD.

Immeasurable for good or evil is the influence of mothers.

Prof. H. H. Goddard has traced the offspring of one man by two wives.

His first wife was of weak mind and low morals. In five generations, 480 descendants were traced. Of these, at least 143 were feeble-minded, and among the others were drunkards, paupers and criminals of sorts. They have cost New Jersey alone hundreds of thousands of dollars. What they have cost in that which is of far more value than money cannot be estimated.

His second wife was "healthy in body, mind and morals." Of nearly 500 descendants who have been traced, all but three have been of good character and ability, and many specially so.

Such facts suggest weighty considerations for governments, churches and individuals.

1. A man who finds himself captivated by beauty or other attraction should ask: Is this the kind of person whom I should choose to be the mother of my children?

2. Whatever difficulties may lie in the way of governments drawing a line and preventing unsuitable persons from cursing a country with their progeny, governments should certainly grudge no expense in encouraging such education of girls as is proved to fit them to be good mothers. And experience proves that no other is to be compared with the education and training which is based on the Bible.

3. Churches should make special effort to train and watch over girls and young mothers.

4. Good mothers should not be drawn off to other work, even as Bible-women or teachers, to the neglect of this their highest duty, the upbringing and training of their children.—Satyarth Patrika.

It is always easier to begin than to continue, to work than to wait, to mount up with wings of eagles than to walk and not faint. The years of our youth, when our hearts are full of dreams and we are eager and active in the fields of high endeavour, do not strain us so much as the years when our steps are slow and we can only wait. Yet God remembers us. He understands the strain of our waiting hearts.

PRAYER FOR YOUNG MEN.

A Story for Young People's Societies.

Rev. Lachlan Weir listened to the tick of the little gold clock in the great doctor's consulting room. It was a musical tick, yet at that moment it sounded loud and harsh. The doctor was speaking, but his voice seemed to come from a far distance.

What was he saying? A year, perhaps less, of city life, with its strain and stress, and then,—the end. A quiet country life, without worry and distraction, and the possibility of living for years.

A few more questions and answers, and with the words of hope in his ears Lachlan passed out into the open. Along the quiet tree-lined street he made his way toward the heart of things. To him the city had a music of its own. The very stones seemed to throb and thrill with life—life at its best and worst.

He had hoped to live and die in the city, spending and being spent for others. Even now, when he knew the worst, he would have poured out his life in one desperate charge against the forces of evil he had fought so long. But he was not alone. His wife and child were to be thought of and cared for, and for them he must live.

As he walked along, troubled and perplexed about his future, his eye noted the drinking dens, with their swinging doors opening to admit young men and old, women and girls, and a great pity filled him. He passed a church, gloomy and smoke-begrimed, the great heavy doors fast closed. Next to it was a drinking saloon looking as attractive as bright paint and plate glass could make it.

Suddenly a thought struck him and something came over his spirit,—a great wave of light and joy. A moment before he had been mourning that his life-work seemed over; now he knew that it was just beginning. Many of the young men who entered these drinking dens came from country homes. Wherever in the country he made his home, it would be his business to care for the boys and youths, to gird them round with prayer, so that, when they left for the city, it would be hard for them to sin...

Two years after, a group of young men gathered round the table in Lachlan Weir's study. During the previous six months they had come together for an hour on Monday evenings to pray for blessing upon the meetings. Lachlan was there, the fire and energy of his soul revealed in his eyes, and seeming to belie, with their look of strength, the tale of the pale pain-worn face.

"There are six lads sailing for Canada in a fortnight," he was saying, "and not one of them is saved. None but Christ can save them. Let us each take one and pray

mightily for them, that before they sail they may take Him with them as their Saviour. I'll take Kennedy as my man."

"I'll take Scott," "I'll take Gray," "I'll take Simpson." So spoke the others; and they got to their knees. Slowly Lachlan repeated the words, "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. ... Whose souls ye desire—when ye pray—believe—and ye shall have." With quiet insistent power all of them prayed. ...

The Sunday following, Lachlan stood facing a large audience in the Burgh Hall, where the meetings were held. Very earnestly and very tenderly he pleaded with all to give their hearts to Christ.

Then he did what seemed to many there a strange thing; he asked those who would choose the way of the Cross to come forward in order that he and others might help them. As he finished, a young man rose and made his way unsteadily to the front. He was Kennedy, and Lachlan's face lit up with a smile that was beautiful to see. Others followed, amongst them the five who had been specially prayed for.

There are times when God draws so near, when His presence is felt in such power, that it is not possible to put into words the experience of the moment. Such was that hour to these six praying saints as each led a soul out of darkness into light. That was but the beginning of the awakening in the country town. The end is not yet.—In The Missionary Record of the U. F. Church of Scotland.

NO HALF PROVIDENCES.

DR. A. G. GORDON.

God never makes half a providence any more than man makes half a pair of shears. He fits a preacher to declare His Word; He fits a hearer to receive that Word; if He moves one soul to cry, "What must I do?" He has always moved some other servant of His to direct him what to do.

Let us ponder the story of Paul and Ananias, of Peter and Cornelius, of Philip and the eunuch, if we would observe the mystery of the Spirit, His twofold ministry to preacher and to hearer, to counsellor and to inquirer.

And, noting this, we shall understand the intimate relationship between the season of renewal in the heart of the individual believer and the time of reviving in the Church. If two harp-strings are in perfect tune, you cannot smite the one without causing the other to vibrate; and if one Christian is touched and agitated by the Spirit of God, think it not strange that all who are like-minded in the Church are moved by the same Divine impulse.

Life and Work

IS THE PREACHER PASSING?

By REV. BINNEY SIMPSON BLACK, TORONTO,
For the Record,

The rapid advance in education, the diffusion of culture, the absorbing interest in the world's inventions and discoveries, the domination of the material side of life, the social unrest, the love of pleasure, threatening to invade the cherished sanctities of the Christian Sabbath, the critical spirit which, in the special realm of religion, results in diverse interpretations of Scripture and opposing system of doctrine,—these are some of the observations that give rise to such a question.

But, strange to say, the preacher has not yet passed. His place is assured in the light of Scripture warrant, and in the history of the Church, which had its beginning in preaching, and has ever since been enlarged and enriched and won its most splendid victories especially by this agency. Evidence to this affect comes constantly to hand from many quarters.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the great Bible expositor, can be assured of immense congregations almost any where on both sides of the Atlantic. The Mundelsey Bible Conference now going on is held in a huge tent, which is invariably overcrowded, for motors bring contingents and large numbers cycle from all parts of the country. A preacher is the center of attraction, and if the preacher is passing, Dr. Morgan does not seem to have received notice to pass on.

Dr. Jowett, of New York, is in the Old Land, preaching with his usual vigor and vividness. It is reported that an hour before a mid-day service begins a huge Church is far too small for the besieging throne of eager listeners. Is the preacher passing?

Wm. J. Bryan goes to Chicago to talk religion. It is a racing Sunday, but he gets an immense crowd out to hear him in the afternoon, and in the evening he

preaches to a Sunday Evening Club and the big hall is taken by storm.

Later, Mr. Bryan goes to Princeton, to talk on "Faith." The audience, so the Press said, was the biggest ever assembled in Princeton. If preaching is losing its hold on men and the preacher is passing, then this man, at least, has failed to discover the fact in turning from the current issues of politics to the everlasting verities of religion.

Is the preacher passing? One would not think so if he went with the multitude every Sunday to the City Temple, London, to Westminster Church, to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, to Whitefield's Mission, and other leading churches, where preachers like Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Rev. Silvester Horne, Broughton, Horton, Gibbon, Yates, Clifford, and many more, give large congregations a taste of preaching that is both satisfying to the heart and stimulating to the mind.

And it is worthy of note that the attraction in these men is not that they preach a sensational sermon. They rely on no tricks of popular oratory to catch the fancy and tickle the palate of the curious. They are all men of conspicuous faith. They have mused over the deep things of the spirit so long that their hearts burn. A consuming fire gives their message power. This is eminently the case with the preaching of Rev. John McNeill, Toronto.

One leaves these churches impressed by the fact that the best preaching in the Old Land and the best preaching in the new world are substantially the same. The Gospel is the Old Gospel we have heard from childhood. The new scholarship and changed conditions have effected modifications in interpretations and emphasis, but the fundamentals are those once for all delivered to the saints. Through the Christian pulpit "the common people" still listen with burning hearts to the old but ever new and divine message from men who sit at His feet, and who teach to-day what He taught in Galilee.

It is doing gross injustice to the ever present Spirit of the living God, who never leaves Himself without witnesses, to look over the past, and, seeing preachers and their audiences, to proclaim the passing of the pulpit. Let such a short-sighted observer open both his eyes and keep them right in front, and he will see great preachers still drawing great crowds. We venture the conviction that the day has never been when a man of pulpit power could get a larger audience than now.

The great need of the time is preaching. Not only that we should erect houses of worship, but that in every church there should be a pulpit which is its centre and its life. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, says: "What the Church is in the world, the pulpit is within the Church itself. It is the standing-ground of the Gospel. No work done in any church is comparable with preaching of the right kind."

We need living voices for the living needs of to-day. We may not all agree as to the relation of Church and State, but it must be acknowledged that the Church with its pulpit has been the animating spirit of nearly all reforms since liberty and religion were rocked in the same cradle, for our ancestors on this continent were too poor in material things to build a town-house and a meeting-house. The latter had to serve for both. And where a church has been planted a school has sprung up. Even yet the citizen looks to the Church and the Church's representative, the minister, for leadership in all affairs affecting the higher interests of the commonwealth.

The Church has not had its day nor the Gospel lost its ancient power nor the pulpit ceded its place of thrilling opportunity. The preacher who makes men admire and covet the beauty of holiness, and refreshes their souls with the water of Life from the deep springs of piety, who lifts them above the commonplace of thought and achievement, who persuades them to rejoice in "the law of the Lord" which is "perfect, converting the soul," who by the irresistible eloquence of lip and life constrains them to follow the Christ, this man adorns and elevates the pulpit and is doing the divinest work

to which a living man can devote his powers. Eternity hangs upon the issue of his speech, and any Sabbath in the sanctuary men may witness authentic scenes of mental and spiritual transfiguration, the influence of which can never die.

As long as human nature is what it is, as long as men are yearning for direction and help and encouragement and light to see through all the tangled maze of their often unintelligible and perplexing every day life, so long will they need a preacher who is, as Dr. Joseph Parker said, "a Voice, a Fire, a Herald bold and eager in his sacred work, an orator speaking in Heaven's name and strength."

THE CRY OF THE CITY.

About 80 per cent. of the population of Scotland live in cities and large towns, where the Home Mission problem grows more complex and urgent.

There is a constant exodus of the well-to-do citizens to the suburbs, accompanied by the incoming into the lower-rented districts of multitudes, of unsettled habits, depending too often on casual employment, and unfamiliar with our religious services.

The influx from our rural districts, and especially the young people thronging to our industrial centres, call for protection from evil and preservation to the Church.

The lapsed and the lapsing need constant attention. Practical heathenism in many forms requires missionary effort extensive and arduous.

Congregations have to be maintained in working efficiency as mission centres in districts which cannot meet the necessary expenditures; and agencies, well and wisely adapted to the ever-changing situation, need to be created, fostered, and effectively worked.

The Church as a whole must listen to this cry of need, and must respond to it promptly and generously. The Church stands or falls as it proves itself effective as a Home Mission agency, mastering the situation at its own door.

No success abroad will compensate for neglect of the home field. And success abroad will become impossible if the Home Church is weakened and baffled by the inroads of home heathenism. Home Evangelization is therefore the Key to World Conquest. As in Paul's Missionary Campaign, so also in the twentieth century, the work in cities and large towns is the most effective for overtaking the mission to all the world.—Missionary Record of the U. F. Church of Scotland.

HOW A HARD HEART WAS WON.

A Scottish Minister's Story.

I had but lately been settled in the parish and was engaged in house-to-house visitation. As yet I knew practically nothing about my parishioners, having resolved to acquire my knowledge at first hand, and thereby avoid a rock on which so many have come to grief.

One afternoon I knocked at the door of a little cottage. Receiving no immediate response, I knocked again, whereupon I heard indistinct mutterings from within. Opening the door and making my way through a little passage, I found myself in the presence of an old man, evidently bed-ridden.

The place was somewhat dark, but by the light which fell upon his face from a window in the roof immediately above, I could see the man was blind. I could see also at a glance much in his countenance to repel. I could see, too, that I was a most unwelcome visitor.

I was on the point of speaking, when in the gruffest of tones he said, "Wha are ye? And what do ye want?"

"I am the new minister," I said.

"The new what?" he shouted. "Minister! a curse on you! a curse on the kirk!"

The eyes were lustreless, but there came into his face such a fierce light as I had never seen on the face of mortal, and trust I may never see again.

"But," I said—

"Nane o' your buts,"—and here the old man raised himself on his elbow—"nane o' your buts; out o' the hoose this verra instant! A curse on you! A curse on the kirk!" So I took my departure.

I had to make inquiries. Old Cub, they called him. His real name was Jacob, but the boys at school had called him Cub, and Cub he was to the last. He had been a weaver; the loom was still in the other end of the house, but it had been silent since his darkness came, long years before.

His means were scanty, but his wants were few, and two elderly spinsters who lived next door—the only persons suffered to hold converse with him, tended him with loving care. He had been an elder in the kirk, but upon a false charge had been deposed. It was then Cub began to curse ministers and kirks.

Amongst other things I learned that Cub had been a keen angler, who could catch fish, no matter almost in what weather or river conditions. In this I thought I saw a ray of hope.

So one day soon after, the river being in order, I had a cast and landed a two-pounder. Immediately I made my way to old Cub's dwelling, which this time I entered without knocking. Hurriedly going up to his

bed-side, I said in broad Scots, "I hae brocht ye a troot."

"A what?" cried the old man eagerly, by an effort raising himself up. "A troot! Eh! man, let me feel him. Eh! but he's a braw yin! in the verra pink o' condition, and onything from a pun-and-a-half to twa pun. Whaur did ye get him?"

"I hooked him near the tap o' the lang stream below the weel."

"Ay! ay! said Cub. "I ken fine: he jist dairted out frae aneth the big stane, an' scurried up and awa' intae the weel—up an' doon, an' across, an' a' the angles o' the compass. Fine I ken. Years syne—afere it was a' dark wi' me—it's a' dark noo—I had on his verra neebour, frae 'neth the same stane an' foul-hookit by the back fin, Man, he was like a whale!

"An' jist as I'm playin' him, doon comes Geordie Smith tae tell me the bees was castin'. Sic a predeecament! Here's me wi' a big fish on and foul-hookit an' the queen bee skelpin awa' gudeness kent where! What could I dae? I had tae cut the cable an' let him gang. But I've aye grudged that troot!"

"And noo," said the old man, "that I've time tae speir, wha are ye?"

"I'm the man you cursed last week. I'm the new minister."

With an effort—I could plainly see it was an effort—he said, "I tak back the curse!" Then he added, "It was kind o' ye tae think o' bringin' me a troot. It was rale kind o' ye, especially after the way I treated ye. It was kind. Forby, there's aye something better aboot a man that fishes. Oor last man didna fish. I was the only fisher in the session."

"Ay!" repeated old Cub, "there's something better aboot a man that fishes. It's no a'tgether the catchin' o' fish. It's contact wi' natur'. It's the rinnin' water, an' the wild flooers, an' the birds, an' the bit rabbits an' the lights an' the shadows on the stream aneth the trees. An' though it's a' dark wi' me noo, I can see it a'; an' when I'm lyin' here my lonesome I'm affen by the waterside, enjoyin' a' the sights o' natur'—ay! an' catchin' fish an' haein' the satisfaction that the puir things are no feelin' ony pain. For I niver yet cam' hame frae the fishin' but I was sorry for the puir bits o' troots, and vowed I wadna gang back again. But I aye gaed back as lang's I could—which owe often happens wi' ither things as weel's fishin'."

As I left he said, "Ye'll come back!" Which I did, and frequently I went to see him. With each successive visit I found him more genial, and by and by I discovered in him a most lovable soul, who had suffered a cruel wrong to bar his heart against the approaches many had tried to make, and to bar his heart against the outgoing of so much that therein was truly beautiful.

What delightful times we had! When I got to know the river well, we would in

imagination fish every stream and pool. My old friend knew every yard of the river, and every lurking-place of the trout.

One day, as we were talking about the river, which was at first the great subject of conversation, I said to him, "I think I'll read to you about a wonderful river mentioned in Ezekiel." Without further preface I read. But when I finished Cub said never a word. From which I concluded that the fitting time was not yet.

Some months after, when he had uttered the oft repeated words, "It's a' dark noo!" I said, "Would you not like me to read to you about the land where there is no night!" To my great joy he said, "Ye nicht. Man, meenister!"—and it was the first time he had called me "minister"—"it's thirty years since I read aboot it, for I closed the Bible the night they pit me oot o' the session."

So I read the concluding chapters of the book of the Revelation. When I ceased he said, "Ay, but it maun be a fine, fine place; and, meenister, if I'm tae get there, it's aboot time I was tryin' tae mak' mysel' ready."

By this time I was fully aware he was making himself ready. The hard expression on his face had faded away, into the voice there had come a gentler tone; and once, as I quietly entered, I heard him pray with great fervour, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

One day I knew he was ready. As I finished reading the second paraphrase he said, "I'll arrive noo in peace." And he added, "There's nae nicht there. I'll see the licht."

I was away from home when he died. But his ministering angels from next door were by his side. They were greatly distressed, however, about the manner of his going. His mind, they said, was taken up with worldly things, for he kept repeating to himself, "It was a troot that did it!"

So they thought—but the city "had twelve gates."—The Church of Scotland Magazine.

SEEKING THE LOST.

A student of human nature, visiting a prison one day found his greatest interest in trying to read the faces of the men behind the bars. One of these faces, the story runs, affected him strangely, so gentle was it, so sensitive, so delicate.

"Friend," he said "you have no look of a criminal. Why, may I ask, are you here?"

"I am here awaiting trial," was the answer. "I am unjustly accused."

"You have the appearance of an artist," said the visitor. This was true, for the man's coat was of velvet, his hair was long and his fingers were bedaubed with paint.

"I am an artist," he replied. "I was taken from my studio while at work. Do you not see my palette and brushes?" He pointed to where they lay in a corner.

"Is there no small service I could do for you?" asked the stranger.

The artist's eyes filled with tears. "I would to God," he said, "that I had but a piece of canvas."

The visitor knew that it would be impossible to bring anything from outside for a prisoner, but he saw on the floor of the hall a soiled and wrinkled napkin, dropped from a tray. "Take this, he said, smoothing it out and pushing it through the bars. "Paint me a picture upon it."

Every day while the artist awaited his trial the stranger came to see how his picture grew. The napkin was nailed upon the wall, and every day the artist prayed, as he painted, "Lord God, help me to paint a picture of Thee that shall win men to Thee."

And every day the touch of the brush brought out more clearly against the dull wall of that cell the radiant face of Christ in a picture so beautiful that afterwards it was hung high in a cathedral to draw the reverent gaze of thousands. Yet before it was touched by the transforming genius of the artist it was only a soiled and wrinkled napkin, tossed aside into a dusty corner.

The story is a prison parable. There are lives, soiled and wrinkled and dusty, tossed aside, outcasts from the world, waiting only to be lifted by some friendly hand into the presence of the Master Artist to be transformed by Him into his own glorified likeness.

Pray for the vision and the passion, then will come the peace and the power.—The Missionary Survey.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

The construction of character is the work of a lifetime. It is a daily privilege and task to add material to character. We can hardly make a forward move in that which is right but will add something to one's character structure.

Every good thought cherished is putting a stone into the building. Every good impulse, every laudable ambition, every noble deed, aid in the rearing of character. The most commonplace duty faithfully performed, and every opportunity carefully and conscientiously improved, will add to its symmetrical development.

Nothing should be allowed to go into the structure that could in any way mar its beauty and symmetry. Character is really man's best and only asset, it is his best investment.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that one's character is strengthened or weakened by association and co-operation with people, with books and ideas, thoughts and ideals of good men. One's association should be choice, choice in the sense of being good and pure. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," yea, good characters. When character is lost, everything is lost.—Ex.

FAMILY PRAYER.

The family altar is one of the oldest and best institutions in the world, and blessed indeed is that family where such is established, for they always find a blessing in prayer. It is better to live in a cot or cabin, with an altar, than in a palace without one. The altar of prayer in the home is a tie that binds the family together, as a tire on a wheel binds all the spokes in a circle.

It makes the Lord a welcome guest, and a member of the family, and it is very comforting to know that we can confer and fellowship with him, as the Man of our counsel. Although we cannot visit with the kings of this world, we can call on the King of heaven. It is an awful thing to be without God in the home. It is like being in a tempest tossed ship without a compass or rudder.

Samson became weak as other men, and an easy prey to his enemies, when the Lord left him. So it will be to all those who discard the family altar. The altar is as much needed in the home, as a fire on a cold day, or a lamp on a dark night. Think how cheerless and gloomy a home would be, without a light at night, or a fire when the weather is below zero, and you may have a faint idea how desolate it is to be without God.

No home is complete, no matter how elegantly adorned, without an altar of prayer. Minus this, it is like a watch without a mainspring. As parents are interested in the mental education of their children, so they should be in the spiritual culture of the heart. The family altar is a connecting link between our earthly and our heavenly home, and if it was more generally established, there would be fewer drunkards, divorces, and suicides than there are.

The Lord says, Them that honor me, I will honor, so if we honor him by worship at home, he will bless us openly. Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it, and if the Lord is not in the home, there is a great lack; it would be like a house without windows.

As the builders of the tower of Babel got into confusion and failure, so will those who try to make a home without religion. Look at the wealthy families of the land, where divorce has crept in and split the home asunder, and where the children have been wicked and brought disgrace to their parents. It is also the case in homes of the poor, for where sin prevails, happiness and contentment cannot be.

Let us have a revival of family prayer, and Bible reading everywhere, and witness the great transformation that will follow.
—Ex.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

A very able man of affairs was ordered by his physician to take a year's absence from his office. Instead of grumbling, the man welcomed the advice. "I'll do it gladly," he said; "I've wanted all my life to read, and I've never had the time. Now I'll read all the books I have put aside for my leisure."

A few weeks later a friend met him and found him greatly depressed. The friend was surprised, and suggested that surely he must be having great pleasure out of his magnificent library. "No," was the sad rejoinder, "I'm miserable. I cannot read. I cannot keep my mind on the page."

Our habits are always forming, and we forget that, while they fit us like a glove now, the moment we attempt to break away from them they grip us like bands of steel. We think we are free, and we dream often of what we will do when circumstances permit; but when our circumstances have become favorable, we find to our utter dismay that we ourselves have changed. The future deceives us; it is only a continuation of the present. This man had lost the power to enjoy books, as Darwin lost the power to enjoy poetry and music.

And there are thousands of young men and women who are travelling the same path toward the same goal. One had better be content with lesser material success if thereby he may retain a life enriched by a thousand avenues of contact with wider and higher life. This is one of the tragedies of life, and it is being enacted around us every day. Men and women are succeeding, as we call it, and at the same time they are losing the power to enjoy life. They are focussing their entire vital energy upon one point, and the gain is more than matched by the loss; they gain in possessions, they lose in being.

Not long ago a well-known college professor was lamenting to his class that he had for years postponed the day when he would enjoy life. To him early life had been a serious problem, and he had foolishly imagined that happiness lay at the end of toil, and years of his life were barren and dreary, with few, if any, cheerful memories, simply because he did not know enough to enjoy each day's blessings as they came. It is a mistake to pile too much upon the shoulders of the future, for it can carry little more than the present, and the man who postpones his happiness is apt to miss it entirely.—Ex.

One of the most insidious dangers in our country is Mormonism. It is all the more dangerous because it is deep-seated and uses the most unscrupulous agencies. Concerning it, "The California Advocate" speaks as follows:

THE SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT'S FLOWERS.

Samuel Guthrie loved his flowers. In his earlier years he had been gardener at the "Big House," but falling heir to a small fortune, he and his wife Isabel bought a pretty little cottage where he tended his own plants.

He had no family of his own, but would smilingly say: "Isabel and I have a big family. All the village children have a corner in our hearts," and so it seemed, for they were seldom without some young folks about them. He was never tired of telling them about the formation and habits of one or other of his favourite plants. The mothers would proudly say, "There's no' a floerie by the wayside but the bairnies ken a' aboot. Mr. Guthrie has them filled wi' his ain knowledge."

The children all loved and revered the old man with the silvery locks and the kind eyes. He was their superintendent in the Sunday school, and they vied with one another in learning their lessons. Their chief aim was to be able to repeat a chapter correctly—and that for a very good reason, as will be seen.

"I am surprised to find such lovely flowers in the village gardens here," said a lady once. She was taken to see one.

"What a beautiful Madonna lily!" she exclaimed. "I have never seen so fine a specimen."

"That is the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians," said the young girl who owned the plot.

"I don't understand you," replied the lady. "It is certainly a Madonna lily," and she looked curious.

"And this is the eighth chapter of Romans," continued the girl, as she tenderly touched the petals of a perfect blossom on a La France rose tree, while the lady looked incredulous.

"You must explain, Gracie," said her friend.

"The superintendent of our Sunday school rewards those who commit certain chapters in the Bible to memory, and satisfy him that they understand the meaning of them, with one or other of his most prized flowers, and we, in turn, name the flowers after the chapters which won them," said Gracie.

"What a pretty idea!" exclaimed the lady. "Could any flower in the world more fittingly represent that chapter than this lily? Its fragrance, its beauty, its purity, its humility, as it hangs its lovely cups with their golden hearts, the whole an emblem of charity. It is a perfect idea."

"I believe that is Mr. Guthrie's favourite chapter. He always gives this lily when we know it well," said the girl.

"And does this explain why there are so

many fine flowers to be seen in the cottage gardens?" asked the lady.

"Nearly all the plots can boast of some of Mr. Guthrie's favourites," was the reply.

But the minister grew old, and the superintendent did not grow younger, and changes came. A young man was ordained as colleague, and the old ways in the Sunday school could not be tolerated. Mr. Guthrie raised the tunes with the pitch-fork, and the music was sweet and heartfelt. But "we must have a younger man, and music, and an organ, and some one to play it," and so he had to go. His wife by this time was dead and he was lonely.

One day a little lassie came to him in deep grief. She had not managed to get her lily yet, and now there was a new superintendent.

"Ah," he said, "I'll see that you get your lily, Nessie," and he gently dried her tears.

"Come to-morrow, and I'll have it ready for you. And you'll learn the chapter, dearie, and never forget what it teaches."

After the child had gone he set about procuring the bulb. Nessie got her lily, the last the old gardener ever gifted.

Before Sunday came round again he had joined his Isabel. Towards the end he wondered if the Master would give him his loved work "up yonder." And with the words, "Charity suffereth long and is kind," on his lips, he entered into rest.

The flowers he bestowed blossom to-day in the village gardens, and his memory is as fragrant as the flowers. But the Sunday-school is not what it was: there is a lack of interest on the part of the children; while as for the singing, the organ does most of it, and one is forced to admit that in this case the old ways were better than the new.—Sel.

THE STRONG MAN.

Self-control is self-mastery. It is kingship over all life. At the center of your being sits yourself. Your seat ought to be a throne. If you are not in control, if there are any forces in your nature that are unruly, that do not acknowledge your sway, you are not the king you should be. Part of your kingdom is in insurrection. The strength of your life is divided. The strong man is he whose whole being is subject to him.—Ex.

The Lord loves to use "the weak things," and "things that are despised." He loves to put the treasure of His grace into the feeble, that the world may be compelled to ask, "Whence hath this man power?"—Rev. J. H. Jowett.

THE THINGS WE CANNOT BUY.

BY REV. JAMES RUTHERFORD, B.D., EDINBURGH.

"It might have been sold." Surely there is coarseness here which mars the beauty of the whole situation. The remark of Judas is like a quick jar from without heard in the midst of exquisite music. Judas entirely fails to comprehend the significance, the beauty, and worth of what he sees.

It was the absence of calculation in the action that made Christ praise it. The joy and the comfort of it lay in the absolute unsparingness of the gift. If prudential considerations had come into it, if Mary had thought of the pence-value, it would not have been the same. There was more than ointment in the alabaster box. There was love, and as such it could not be sold. Money could not measure its worth.

It is too often the material price that counts with us. A man dedicates his life to a great cause, and some say he has wasted an ability that might have won him fame and fortune. I have heard it said of a great preacher, "He might have been Lord Chancellor." If he had gone to the Bar, what a fortune might have been his! If David Livingstone had gone to Africa for gold and diamonds he might have been a millionaire.

I am not hinting that the world's method is anything but sound. We live by buying and selling, but there is possible for us an enlargement of whatever is ours that raises it above all price. Sell or give—do you feel the difference? Which makes life richer, a bargain or a gift? Take it to the market and turn it into money, or take it into life and spend it in service. Which is the loftier value?

A workman's labour may be worth so many shillings a week in the market, but if there is character and love put into it, it is worth infinitely more. A teacher's training and special gifts give him his place in life and brings him his salary, but when he works in the true spirit his service takes on a value beyond all material measurement. The fruit of it is away in the far-off years in the moulding of men and women.

In my own line of life no man can do his work at all if he does it merely for the sake of the stipend. He must give that which can never be sold. Do we not see it in humble ways, in the lifelong devotion of a faithful servant or nurse. Where does money come in in that relation? The wage looks ridiculous beside the life that can never be paid for.

We do want to think of love and prayer, righteousness and purity, beauty and truth, God and the immortal spirit of man. Is it not true that the disease with which this country and this generation is sick to the very heart is the love of money? Mammon is the ruling spirit; we turn God's world

from a sanctuary to a shop where all things are bought and sold.

We are inclined to measure things by utilities, by what helps a man to get on in the world. We speak about "useful information," "useful knowledge," about education. We teach mental arithmetic. What would a boy be worth in this world without mental arithmetic. We have just seen Judas at his mental arithmetic.

We judge of education by the test, "Will it pay? Can it be turned into money?" Whereas we ought to say, "Will this enrich the nature of the child? Will it elevate the life of the man?" There is a life that is more than meat—or money—more than the abundance of the things which a man possesses.

The priceless things are the things that cannot be bought and sold. You buy a book, but there is something in the book which you cannot buy. The book is yours in its material form and substance—the book of the printer and binder, but not the book of the poet or the thinker. There is something here which you may miss, which you may never see and never taste even when the work is in your hand: and this is the priceless thing about the book.

So of the best of books. You say, perhaps, "I've bought a Bible." Have you! You paid so much for the Bible which lies before you now. But not a man among you ever bought the Bible. It has that for you and me of which neither man nor angel can say, "It might have been sold." So of high thoughts and love, and happiness, and peace, and the visions of faith and hope. By these things men live—and they are given away:

"Earth has its price for what earth gives us;

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in;
The priest has his fee who comes to shrive us;

We bargain for the graves we lie in.
At the devil's booth all things are sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bell our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy for a whole soul's tasking;

'Tis heaven alone that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking:
No price is set on the lavish summer:
June may be had for the poorest comer."

Yes, the best things are not sold: they are given—not because they are cheap, but because they are priceless, and because nobody can ever pay for them.

It is now historically a commonplace to affirm that the non-missionary church decays and dies, and that the missionary church lives and grows; that the institution that has no power of self-propagation has no resource of self-support.

The Children's Record



In reading the following story of "The Love Gift" will the boys and girls please remember two great love gifts which are all important to themselves.

The first is from God, His love gift to the world, the greatest gift that ever was or ever will be, the greatest gift that even God could make;—"God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."—"He loved me and gave Himself for me."

The second is your love gift to God, the greatest gift you can ever make, giving yourself to Him. "My son, give me thine Heart." Have you made this gift? If not will you do it NOW?

THE LOVE GIFT.

"Mother, what does it mean to be a life member of the Missionary Society?"

"It means that as long as you live, and wherever you are, you are a part of the Society."

"Aren't you a life member, mother?"

"No," was the answer.

"Then why don't you make yourself one?" Frances asked with evident surprise.

"We don't often make ourselves life members; that is usually done by those who love us."

"Does it cost very much?"

"Just twenty dollars, little daughter."

That night two heads were put close together and a deep laid plan was agreed upon between Frances and her sister Katherine. As a result for several months visits to the candy store were very few; the soda fountain was neglected; no "treats" of peanuts and pickles were encouraged, and long walks were taken to and from school where formerly the street car had been patronized.

Meanwhile, a little leather bag and a small box, carefully concealed in a desk drawer, in their own room, became the receptacles for many nickles and dimes, and even quarters and half dollars.

At stated intervals the door of this room was locked and the drawer opened. Then the bag and box were lifted out and the contents gravely counted. There was rejoicing when the sum seemed large, and lamentation when the amount was less than had been expected. After such a discovery a stricter economy was practiced, and many

opportunities were sought for earning small sums of money.

Ten days before Christmas Frances said, "Let's count it to-night. I'm sure I have enough."

"And I think I have too," agreed Katherine, so for the last time the little leather bag and the small box were taken from their hiding place.

Frances poured out upon the bed the contents of her bag and the counting began.

"I need only twenty cents more—Hurrah!" she exclaimed joyfully, "and I know I can save that."

"Won't you count, too, and see if I haven't made a mistake?" One, two, five, seven, eight dollars and ninety-five cents was absolutely the whole amount. Must their plan fail because of that lacking dollar and five cents? Not with two such heads and hearts in the project! Katherine spoke with a determination that was good to hear.

"I can save the nickel, but I'll have to earn that dollar; I *must* do it."

The next morning she looked wistfully into her father's face, and exclaimed eagerly, "Father, I've got to earn a dollar before Christmas! How can I do it?"

"What can you do, Katherine?"

"I can crochet bags, and knit shawls."

"Very well, I think I need a shawl, and I will pay you a dollar for one."

How the knitting needles flew for the next few days! There were no moments wasted in idleness or spent in play, for the small maiden meant to win. Three days before Christmas a package nicely wrapped in tissue paper was placed in her father's hands, and a dollar was added to Katherine's precious fund.

The Christmas tree reached to the ceiling and filled the bay window. It was gay and beautiful as Christmas trees should be, and the family was happy as families ought to be on Christmas eve. Near the top of the tree was tied a small white envelope. Father took it down, looked at it a moment, and placed it in the mother's hands. In the envelope these words were found.

"This is to make Mother a life member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." And there inside the envelope were two shining ten dollar gold pieces! They were given by "*those who love her.*"

The mother says that her life-membership certificate, and the envelope with its messages written in red ink are to be framed together and hung on the wall of her bedroom as long as she lives.—In The Message.

A BOY'S BODY.

(NOTE.—A boy's body is the only body he has or ever will have to fill his place and do his work in the world. His happiness as well as his usefulness in life will depend in some measure upon what kind of a body he has.

Further, the Scripture tell us that our bodies are temples for God to dwell in, and we should be very careful not to do anything that would weaken or injure or dishonor them.

All this is a good reason for printing in the Record the following, on—

The Worth of Deep Breathing.

If every boy would really try to understand and practice deep breathing he would soon discover that his physical condition was improving by leaps and bounds.

As near as I have been able to estimate, there are twenty-seven different ways in which deep breathing affects the entire physical system for the better. I will mention the most important ones.

How to breathe deeply is not easily learned. Before the habit is acquired it must be long practised until breathing from the bottom of the lungs and stomach instead of the top of the lungs is second nature. No deep breather uses the mouth to take in air. The nostrils are solely employed for that purpose. The mouth is for speech, but not for inhalation.

The first perceptible effect of deep breathing, of making a practice of drawing in large quantities of air, is to keep the channels of the nostrils clear. Poisonous deposits which accumulate there are not allowed to stay. There is a free passage to the lungs, permitting them to secure all the oxygen they need.

The second effect is to give the blood a faster circulation. People who do not exercise, who eat heavily, who sit a great deal, have their blood go stagnant. This produces indigestion, headaches, and nervousness. By deep breathing in the morning and evening and keeping up the practice during the day, the blood receives the oxygen it requires and then flows freer. The brain is kept from clogging and the body muscles feel alert.

Baseball players, runners, swimmers, all understand this, and where they are successful all reveal the value of deep breathing.

Another effect of this practice is to extend the chest. The human chest and abdomen or stomach is the great machine shop of the body, above which sits the chief engineer, the brain. The chest cannot be

too much abnormally expanded. The heart, the lungs, the liver and kidneys and the stomach require space. If they are confined they will not perform their duties properly. Deep breathing expands the space above them and their operation is freer and more healthy.

Deep breathing extends its benefits beyond the lungs and the stomach. If one has made some practice with it, it will be found that the muscles of the groin and the back muscles of the calves of the legs begin to harden.

For maintaining good health it is absolutely necessary that the stomach should digest the food. The liver distributes it, and the lungs must be free to take in all the fresh air possible. No one of these three functions can approach regularity without the regularity of deep breathing.

It is as closely allied with their good conditions as an engineer is with the running of his locomotive. When the oxygen supply furnished by deep breathing is diminished, then the strength of the body and brain is immediately weakened.

I will illustrate this by the boy who eats a hearty supper. Shortly after eating he becomes sleepy. He has his lesson to study or other duties to perform, but he is drowsy. This is due to two facts—he has taken too much food into his stomach and there is not enough oxygen in his lungs to keep up the proper circulation of the blood which is to digest the food.

If he would throw open a window and stand before it, inhaling with deep breaths fresh air for fifteen minutes, or would go out of doors and walk briskly, breathing deeply all the time, he would feel better shortly; then his mind is alert and his body ready for its work.

There are few races in the world that have so great a power of endurance under hard strains as the Japanese and the American Indian. What the Japanese experienced and endured in the war with Russia would have destroyed an ordinary army in no time. What the unclad American Indian faced in snow, ice, and cold, few white men could pass through without dying or being crippled for life.

These two races are naturally deep breathers. In a thousand individuals of either race it is rare to find one that ever opens his mouth in breathing. This is one of the principal reasons why they have such extraordinary vitality under hardships.

Deep breathing is the enemy of all kinds of poison that naturally accumulate in the channels leading to the lungs. These poisons in the form of germs are powerfully caught up by the deep breaths and either forced through lower discharge channels of the body or ejected through the nostrils. Very few of them can survive any attack of a deep breath.—"Boy's World."

THE STORY OF A CHINESE GIRL.

BY DR. JAMES L. MAXWELL, FORMOSA.

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ."—I Peter i. 18, 19.

It is difficult for you children at home to grasp fully all the meaning of some of our familiar texts because, in a Christian land, much of the evil is never seen that was an every-day experience of the writers of the New Testament.

So, when you read the text at the head of this letter, you need to live in a country like this to get the full meaning of all the text implies. Perhaps this little story, e in every word, will make this text more living to you.

Lai-ho is the name of my heroine, though she would have seemed a poor heroine indeed if you had seen her when she was brought to our hospital three years ago, a bag of skin and bones. For weeks we thought she would die, and when at last she did begin to get better, it was so slowly that a year had passed away before she began to look at all like the bright, healthy girl she is now.

Lai-ho sounds a strange name, and stranger still when you understand its meaning. Perhaps we might translate her name into English as—"All right, she'll do"—and the meaning of her curious name is that her parents, though disappointed she wasn't a boy, were content to put up with her.

How, girls, do you think you would like to be born in a heathen land where girls are of little or no value? Did you ever think of thanking God that you have Christian and not heathen parents?

Unhappily, Lai-ho's parents were not content very long, and, while she was still little more than a child, her father and mother sold her as a slave to another Chinaman, and he brought her down here two hundred miles away from her home.

But what was worse than this was that her master was a cruel and bad man, and when she grew up to be a little older he treated her very badly and made her do what was wrong. As a result of his treatment and the life she had to lead, she got very ill, and as she was now only a burden to her master, he brought her to the hospital and left her here.

In our hospitals, unless the people are very poor, we expect them to pay a very small sum for their food, and for a few weeks Lai-ho's master paid for her keep. Then he thought she was sure to die, so for a very long time we heard no more about him, and we just had to pay for her ourselves.

As I told you before, after a time she

began very slowly to improve, and in about a year was beginning again to look herself—a nice, lively, bright, attractive girl. Then her master appeared once more on the scene, and demanded to have Lai-ho back again.

But all this time she had been hearing and very slowly understanding about the Lord Jesus and His love, and she knew that the life she had been leading, though not her own fault, was very wrong, and she had learned to love those who looked after her in hospital and to know what it was to be happy again. So she begged and begged us not to let her go back to her old master again, and we promised to try and save her from him.

Then began a long struggle between this man and myself. First he tried to persuade Lai-ho to run away, promising her all sorts of nice things if she would only go off with him.

When that failed, he came when he thought I wasn't there and frightened her, saying that if she didn't come with him, he would get her sooner or later, and when he did he would beat her to death, and poor Lai-ho was very frightened and cried for days together.

When I heard of this I was very angry, and lay in wait for the man, and caught him next time, and, I'm afraid, rather roughly turned him out of the hospital, saying that if he turned up again I would hand him over to the police, which frightened him in turn so that we were left in peace for a little time.

Then he sent some one else to see me, saying that he was going to summon me before the courts to answer for detaining Lai-ho in hospital, but as by this time I had found out several things about the man's evil doings, I told his friend that he was very welcome to do this, and we would engage a lawyer to fight the case for us. For one thing, I now knew enough about the man to feel sure that he would not care to appear in the court himself.

So at last, to get the matter settled, I offered to buy Lai-ho from him for £5.

This didn't satisfy him at all, as he said that he paid £25 for her, and would not accept less.

We told him that he was owing us for Lai-ho's keep in hospital for nearly a year, and this with the £5 would come to half that amount, and we did not intend to pay more for her.

So we talked backwards and forwards about it, and at last he appealed to the Japanese authorities and they sent up a man to see me about the matter.

We told this man, who was quite nice about it, that we were determined whatever was done, not to let Lai-ho go back to her master, and he agreed that it would be difficult to compel us to do so, so at last we offered to increase the money to £6 10s. if

the man would settle on the spot, otherwise we would withdraw our former offer.

So at last, with a lot of grumbling, he agreed, the papers were drawn up, the money paid over, and Lai-ho was redeemed—*Redeemed with silver and gold*—you see what a vivid picture the text calls up to us now.

But our story of Lai-ho does not stop there with the joy of her redemption, which was very sweet to see. She is now by Chinese law our daughter, and having learnt a good deal about the sick people during the long time in hospital, we started her training as a regular nurse. She is active and bright and likes the work, and should make a very good nurse in time.

But the redemption in silver and gold is not, the apostle tells us, the true redemption—not with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ. If Lai-ho's redemption stops at the silver and gold stage, we have after all been able to do but little for her.

But thank God, we have every hope that Lai-ho has been twice redeemed, first with silver and gold, and then with the precious blood of Christ. She professes herself to have found the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and before long will, we believe, be baptized as a member of our Church here.

That she has not been accepted already is not the doubt of her conversion, but that, coming from the life she led before, she is only slowly getting that knowledge of Christian truths which has been familiar to you since your babyhood, and which is naturally asked for before admission to the Church.

Will you pray for our Chinese daughter, that she may be able boldly and truly to confess the Lord Jesus, Who has redeemed her with His precious blood?—Medical Missions.

THE OLD PIANO.

"I wish I could have a new piano to play on to-morrow night," said Miriam Halstead, in a disconsolate tone. Our old one has such a shabby case."

"The case is rather dingy and scratched," agreed Mrs. Halstead, "because it has been sent to and from the school such a number of times, but the tone is certainly sweet. Professor Damon said just yesterday when he heard you and Jamie playing together that he had never heard a sweeter toned piano, and that it seemed to improve with the years, and it sounded so well with the violin. We cannot afford to buy you a piano this year I'm afraid."

"It has got a sweet tone," assented Miriam, "but I would like a fine new instrument to use the first time I play before an audience here where everyone knows us.

"You should try to play so well that your

audience will forget the piano and the player, and think only of the music," suggested her mother.

"The audience may not think of the looks of the piano, but I shall, Miriam declared.

Mr. Halstead laid down a book that he was reading. "You remember about David, the shepherd boy, who became Israel's great king, don't you, Miriam, and about the giant Goliath?"

"David and Goliath!" exclaimed Miriam, "I always liked that Bible story. Go on, father."

"The Israelites had been filled with dismay at this great giant, and not a man had offered to fight him. David said to Saul: 'Don't let anyone be afraid because of him. I am your servant and I will go and fight this Philistine.'

"So it was decided that David should go to fight Goliath, and Saul gave his armour to David, and put a helmet of brass on his head, and armed him with a coat of mail and a strong, sharp sword.

"When David had all this armour on he saw at once that he could do nothing because he was not accustomed to it, so he said to Saul: 'I cannot go with these because I have not proved them,' and he unbuckled the sword and took off the armour. Then he took his staff, his sling and five smooth stones that he had searched out of the brook, and went out to fight the giant.

"Goliath was very angry when he saw the Israelites had sent such a boy to fight him, and he laughed and mocked David.

"David answered the taunts with, 'I come to fight you in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom you have defied.' Then he slung a stone that struck the Philistine right on the forehead and killed him.

"Now David was young, but he was too wise to try to fight in armour that he had never used. This armour looked strong, and it would impress Goliath, and the sword was sharp, but David was not accustomed to use it. He used the sling that he had used so long and knew all about, and he was successful.

"You know your old piano because you have practised on it every day. You understand how much pedal power to use, and it responds to your touch. If you had a new piano you would not have time to prove it, as David said, before to-morrow night," finished Mr. Halstead.

"Thank you, father, for the story. The old piano is best for me to use, I see it now. The Professor always made us use our own pianos in our recitals because he knew that we did better work with an instrument that we knew thoroughly, and I suppose a new piano is stiff and difficult to play. I have learned a lesson from David and his sling, and I will use the piano that I have proved."—Messenger For The Children.

"FOUR WOULD KNOW."**A Story from the Chinese.**

BY C. CAMPBELL BROWN.

Author of "China in Legend and Story," &c.

The "second gun" had thundered curfew upon the night air, and the courts of the Chief Yamen within the city lay dark and silent. Lights were out in the Secretary's room, and a last smother of voices had drowned itself to sleep within the runners' quarters.

Mr. Yang, the official in charge of the district, sat within his library. He was thinking deeply.

A sound in the roof overhead recalled the solitary watcher from his reverie. The wind, or perhaps a rat moving along the rafters under the tiles, thought he, as he raised his head.

Another moment, and he was sunk in thought once more. A subordinate official had applied for an important post of which he had the disposal. People of consideration supported the place-hunter's petition; sums of money had been offered to pave the way to the appointment; and the offices of the yamen underlings had been showered with silver.

Mr. Yang was perplexed and disappointed—perplexed by the serious nature of the issues to be determined; disappointed by a certain hesitancy which he felt in dealing with these issues. He was poor, he needed money at the moment, and what tried him most of all was that personal considerations made it peculiarly difficult to view the offers which had been made to him with indifference.

It was midnight. The rising wind swept the trees outside the yamen wall with sudden volleys and battered the corners of the house. The chill shudder which tells a man that he has overdrawn the hours of sleep touched the lonely thinker, and he stirred uneasily in his chair.

There was the almost inaudible sound of naked feet, a sudden shadow moved across the lamplight, and Mr. Yang looked up to see a man standing within a yard of the place where he was sitting. The intruder prostrated himself and knocked his head upon the floor.

"Let His Excellency grant favour. Let His Excellency grant favour," gasped the man, as if his lips were pressed too close upon the surface of the tiles for proper speech.

"What business brings you here?" queried Mr. Yang, in a tone of quiet authority, as he gazed at his unexpected visitor.

"Let not His Excellency be angry. The despicable slave has ventured hither upon a matter of great importance."

"Ventured! How did you pass the yamen doors? Who brought you to this room?"

"The despicable slave took his life in his hand and climbed the roofs; no one led him hither."

Mr. Yang watched the kneeling figure and waited in silence.

"The most devoted of the servants of His Excellency has sent the slave here upon a special errand," said the crouching suppliant, half turning his head as he produced a bundle from his jacket, and his hand, adroitly working at a difficult angle, spread many slips of gold upon the floor.

"A trifle for 'tea money,'" fawned the man, "if His Excellency will but——"

"No need to ask what the business is," broke in Mr. Yang. "I will not touch your master's money."

"Let not His Excellency mistake the sender's meaning; if he will but accept the gift as a token of respect the donor will be satisfied."

"How dare you speak such words? If your employer has no thought for his own reputation, he might at least have some respect for our good name."

"Be pleased to keep the gold. The despicable slave cannot carry it away again. He has climbed these walls unnoticed, and will disappear forthwith into the darkness as though he never had been here. No one need ever know of this visit."

Mr. Yang sat in his chair with the thief grovelling upon the floor before him, whilst the night wind sighed in the high-peaked roofs and rattled the woodwork of the yamen.

No one would know. The words had gone home. Years of upright dealing had left him poor enough. Provision for his family, comfort for old age, lay here within his grasp. Few, if any, of his colleagues would hesitate to accept the money. The sender of the gold might fill the post as well as, or better than, any of the other candidates.

Besides, to refuse so lavish an offer would be to create resentment. This thief, for all his silken speeches, would make mischief. The petitioner himself, the neighbouring officials, who batted on such bribes, would seek out ways and means to make him suffer for declining to do as others did.

The gold lay glittering in the lamplight, and the teaching of the sages seemed far away at the moment. Then the diabolical cleverness of the scheme which made it possible for him to accept a gift without damaging his reputation came home to his mind.

Again the thief raised his mouth from the floor and said—

"Did not 'The Master' (Confucius) enjoin benevolence as well as justice?"

"Those who put such words into your mouth knew their business well, but bribery tends neither to benevolence nor justice."

It was a curious scene. The yamen, with its peaked roofs and square courts, lying in the midst of the wide walled city like a camp transformed to stone and lime. The lonely room. The two men so strangely met, so widely different from each other. The one, calm, urbane, noble in face and bearing, the other, quick, astute, furtive in look and spirit. The one, quietly facing a great temptation; the other, fevered by fear and lust of gain beneath the presumptuous obsequiousness of his outward manner.

Mr. Yang smiled inwardly as the irony of the situation struck his fancy. The very presence of this fellow demanded his arrest; the yamen guard lay close at hand, and yet, according to the methods of his craft, so skilled an artist had a "life door" behind him—a way of retreat, so perfect that there, within the yamen, he was probably as safe as if he were within his own den.

In spite of appearances, also, the rascal certainly was armed. At the first sign of an attempt to seize him his claws would flash forth and he would spring into the darkness.

Yes, it was impossible to detain this fellow, who, in spite of guards and gates, and the fear commonly inspired by a representative of the "Dragon Throne," had entered the yamen and was making dishonourable proposals to him in his own room.

"Take up the gold and get you gone," said Mr. Yang.

"Let His Excellency grant favour," persisted the thief. "It is for him to do as he pleases, only let him accept the gift."

"Be gone."

"Nobody would know."

"Nobody would know, you say nobody? Why. Four would know—Heaven would know, Earth would know, you would know. I would know. Be gone."

The man gathered up the shining slips of gold with a look in which perhaps a gleam of admiration chastened the wondering contempt which played about his mean features. Another moment and he had disappeared.

A stone slab, with the inscription "Four Would Know," long commemorated the famous interview here recorded, and the memory of the incorruptible official is still perpetuated as well in the literature of China as by the proud addition to their surname, which, after more than a thousand years, distinguishes his descendants from the other families of their clan as the "Four Know Yang."—In The Messenger of The Presbyterian Church of England.

An African boy of about thirteen years of age, who had just been baptized, went to work for ten hours a day for thirty days in order to earn enough money to buy a Bible and hymn-book of his own.

GETTING EVEN.

"I'll get even with him. You see if I don't."

"Who is it you are going to get even with?"

"It's Frank Lane. He's always playing some low-down trick on us because we won't let him play on our nine. We were using my ball to-day—it was a dollar ball, too—and Harry batted it clear over the fence. Frank got it and threw it as far as he could out into the lake."

"And you want to get even with such a low-down trick, as you rightly call it."

Uncle John's pencil had been moving swiftly over the paper as they talked. Now he motioned Fred to step nearer. A few lines had marked out a high road and near it a low, marshy ground. "If a fellow does a low-down trick he lowers himself. He must be down here," Uncle John explained, making a mark for a figure down on the marshy ground. "Now, if you are up here, what will you have to do to get even?"

Fred's face grew thoughtful as he studied the sketch. "I suppose I'd have to get down as low as he is," he said slowly.

"Exactly. Now tell me, wasn't that just what you intended to do—to do something just as mean to him as he had done to you; to lower yourself to his level?"

"Yes, it was," Fred admitted.

Uncle John said no more. He had a way of leaving a fellow to think things out for himself.

Two days later Fred came in, his eyes dancing. "Well, Uncle John, I got even with Frank," he announced.

Uncle John looked surprised. He turned sharp eyes on the laughing face.

"It was just this way, you see: I got to thinking how I'd feel if the boys wouldn't let me play on the nine, and I made up my mind I'd feel just as Frank did. And, likely as not, I'd throw their old ball away, too. So day before yesterday I told Frank he could play in my place. He wasn't going to do it at first; he seemed to think it was some kind of a trick. Then he went into it, and, say, but he can play ball! He made more home runs than anybody else. Charlie Strong is going away next week, and Frank is to have his place.

But what I started to tell you was that Frank came and brought me a new ball to-night—just like the other one. He went out into Mr. Nelson's field and pulled mustard in the hot sun all day yesterday and to-day to get the money to pay for it with. So, it seems to me, he is up on the level again, and we're even up there. And I tell you, it feels a lot better than getting even the other way."

Uncle John's face had lighted up. "I should say it was better. Shake hands on that, young man. I'm proud to shake hands with you."—Sel.

VISITING THE DWARFS.

By a Lady Missionary in Africa.

I am going to tell you how Miss Sudermann and I went to see the dwarfs.

We got off at nine o'clock. For three hours we walked west on a good forest path. Then at noon we turned off toward the Malumba hills, through old gardens and up a steep ridge by a little trail.

We ate before we got to the town because if we had eaten in that community we ourselves would have absorbed all the interest that we meant to arouse by the Word of God. I imagine we absorbed a lot of it, anyway.

On the top of our little ridge we came into an open space and a fine view of the precipitous Malumba hills. We were among them. Here was a little clearing—two shelters without a front wall, pole beds beside a fire smoking under the thatch.

Nothing doing in that little clearing, nothing but sunlight and the thread of smoke from the embers.

We went on a few hundred yards to another clearing—two bark houses and two shelters. In one of the houses, on a bed, was a dwarf, who looked up and did not answer, and then did answer. A dwarf woman lay on a bed in a dark corner, sick with measles.

A quarter of an hour further on we came into the town of Mapvundi, whose son, Mampuer, we used to know in the old days.

This is a very orderly little town surrounded by a plantain garden. Dwarfs do not as a rule build towns or plant gardens. The houses are the common bark houses, leaf thatch, smaller than usual.

There was in every house a hunting net—one of those long, long nets, made of a hemp cord, with which the hunters fence in a section of the forest.

In the palaver house, low, open on every side, a number of hairy-legged dwarfs sat, with faces that are more like the gorillas' than the faces of other men. These were men, some of them with babies on their knees. They were very friendly.

Presently the women came in from the gardens, some of them very little persons. They came into the village single file, wagging their little bustles; dived into their huts and emerged in dresses. Yes, *dresses*,—and clothes.

The women have so much less than the men that curious look of melancholy that comes like a shadow over the shallow brightness of a dwarf's face.

There were something like thirty in and out of the palaver house by the time we got down to business. Even the women understand Bulu, though their affiliations are all with the Ngumba.

We talked together for perhaps an hour.

I was telling them how a person of God says: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Just as a woman is glad when her husband says, 'Let's go to see your father.'

And does she go with shame or with fear to her father's house? And what father, when he has sent for his girls, but looks for the last and the least one to come, before his heart sits down? And what girl is so heartless as to hate to rise and go to her father's house?"

So we talked along, and learned our verse with giggles and with sudden lapses into an aspect of profound and anxious melancholy.

At the end of our time we were much approved. We went away into the forest with friends to show us the path, and when these fell away one by one the peace of the forest was all about us.

In one deserted clearing we found a little dwarf woman putting her bit kettle on the fire, filled with plantains. She was eager with a smiling and nervous affability. Her husband was out hunting. To please me she told me that he was a person of God. I asked her if she knew who Jesus is, and she pointed with her finger to the sky, looking at me with that sudden and haunting melancholy.

When we got down the hill into the Yemvum towns every one asked us, "Did you see them?" and laughed as real people always do when they speak of dwarfs.

And what did they give you?" because no one goes to the dwarfs except to beg—for nuts or honey or a piece of meat. I heard a Yemvum woman ask my little Bulu boy, "And did Ngiamba really do no more than say, 'Go in peace?'" Ngiamba is the wife of a dwarf.

BURNING THE CHILD WIDOW.

It was in the days before the British Raj, or rule, when none knew in Kathiawar, what a day or an hour might bring forth; when robbers scoured the land and the people dwelt within strong walls; when the day that dawned brightly often ended in desolation and sorrow for many a darkened home.

So had it happened this morning at Sihor, and with the rapidity necessary in a tropical land, preparations were hurried on that ere night fell the bodies of the slain, father and son, might be burnt. As the hours passed, an unusual excitement began to pervade the town, for was it not whispered that both widows would perchance become Sati, *i. e.*, be burned on the funeral pile, and the tiger strain in human hearts rejoiced at the thought.

Too true was the rumour. In the dark inner rooms of the house the elder widow, her bangles and jewels broken off and dis-

carded, brought up from childhood in the belief that widowhood was disgrace, and knowing the wretched lot of the widowed, realised that her happiest days were now gone. Remembering, too, the reputed benefits to be gained by Sati, she desperately resolved to share with the dead husband of her youth, who had ever been kind to her, the dreadful funeral pyre.

Great was the rejoicing in the household and amongst the connected families, for did not seven generations gain by such a sacrifice merit untold and salvation to the uttermost from the pains and penalties of sin.

Then as the hours passed the lust for blood aroused cried out for more, and fierce eyes turned to the innocent child-wife of barely twelve years, playing in a corner, hardly aware of her sad loss, wondering why her bangles and ornaments had been roughly torn from off her.

And as the cruel eyes fell on her, whippers passed, "Why not she too?" "Let her be Sati also." "Nay, she will never consent" objects a loving sister. "There are ways," comes the significant answer.

And the discussion waxes into a battle of words between the little one's sister and the others all ranged against her.

"Let her be drugged. What will she know?"

"And if she cry out?" "Will there not be wind instruments and drummers many? They shall be instructed to drown all. Let her be Sati. Shall we not profit?"

So pitiless cruelty and a selfish desire to gain something through the merit of helpless victims carried the day.

As the sun set the procession is formed, first the drums, then the bodies wrapped in white cloth and sprinkled with red powder, the mourners follow, and in their midst the two widows decked in fine array, whilst a vast multitude streams along to the Gourtli River bank outside the city wall.

Two huge piles of wood stand ready. The older woman, with drawn pale face bedewed with cold sweat, takes her seat at the end of one, and her husband's head is placed in her lap. So also the little girl is placed, but her face shows that some merciful drug has rendered her oblivious to the preliminary proceedings, if not to the agony which lies ahead.

More wood is heaped up, melted butter poured over all, and the torch applied amid tumult and din so terrific that no slightest last sound is heard from the writhing figures in the leaping flames. The living and the dead mingle their ashes as the flames subside. A gloomy heap alone remains while the pitiless throng hasten home with laughter.

The families of the dead, proud of the

honour done them, rejoicing at the thought of the sin they may now indulge in, secure of salvation at the cost of two poor women's lives, place carved stones to the memory of the dead. On one is portrayed the father warrior on his camel, on one the horseman son, on other two are women's arms covered with bangles, and to this day they and others like them may be seen where on the left hand by the west gate of Sihor, careless and gay, or sad and sorrowing, the women still as of old pass daily to draw water from the river bed.

TELLING STORIES STRAIGHT.

"When you tell things so carelessly, getting truth and untruth tangled, you embarrass your friends to a deplorable degree, my boy, said an uncle to a nephew with whom he had recently renewed acquaintance.

"How is that, Uncle Harry? I certainly don't intend to be a nuisance to my friends when I'm spinning yarns."

"No, I suppose not, but, for instance, just before you told your story about your escapade yesterday, Marvin had been giving an account of it. Your accounts failed to agree in a good many details. You'll perhaps remember that I asked you some rather close questions, and the further I went the more your story modified and began to harmonize with Marvin's. You made up some things almost out of the whole cloth, didn't you?"

"Then, after you had been telling what you and Howard did about the lost boat, I asked him some questions and he seemed very unwilling to make any statements. I discovered that he was afraid of contradicting you."

"Oh, well, those fellows are old plodders, anyway. What difference does it make to anyone whether he gets the exact facts or not?"

"Not so much difference about the facts, but a considerable difference about reputations and confidence in one's ability to tell the truth. The situation was perfectly clear to-day that either you or Marvin couldn't tell things quite straight. Suppose the matter had not been straightened out; it is very likely that suspicion would have rested upon Marvin, who, you know, hasn't had all the advantages you have."

Telling the truth simply, accurately, does not give others reason for lack of confidence in you, neither does it involve others' reputation for veracity. One needn't be prosy or tedious, but to avoid tangling truth and untruth for the sake of telling a big story is the way of justice for self and others. Truth itself is too beautiful and useful to be traded off for the tinsel of display and sensation making.

"STAND IN LINE."

One day a man went into a bank to deposit some money. There was a long line of people ahead of him, and as he was in a great hurry—or thought he was—he slipped around the rail at the head of the line and attempted to push his bank book into the receiving teller's window. But the teller noted the action, and said:

"Stand in line, please." The man—who was in a great hurry—was angry at once. He stepped back, waited a moment, and again tried to crowd in ahead of his place. Again the teller admonished him. "Stand in line." Meanwhile the line was lengthening, and the man had really lost his place several times, while trying to get what was not rightfully his own. He finally strode away, muttering:

"I don't like this idea of 'standing in line.' No matter how much of a hurry a man is in, he has to wait his turn. It's an imposition on the hurried business man. I feel like taking my money out of this bank and putting it where I'll receive some consideration." Those standing nearest to him looked over their shoulders to see what sort of a man this might be. Some smiled, some sneered, some pitied.

The fact that he was forced to "stand in line" rankled in the man's consciousness. It annoyed him all the rest of the day. The thought intruded itself into his business, and followed him home at night.

And when he lay down to sleep he dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he had passed out of this life and was trying to get through Heaven's gate. A group of people were clustered about the entrance, and he hastened to push ahead lest he be debarred. But as he was about to pass in St. Peter said, "Stand in line."

Astonished at the sound of the familiar words, he dropped back. But presently, as he saw others who had stood in lowly places on earth passing into what seemed to be a place filled with glory, he again crowded forward; and again came the words, "stand in line."

He dropped back and meditated. He imagined that soon the gates would be closed, and he would be left outside. Some old race belief that some would be left in "outer darkness" enveloped him. And once more he made desperate effort to enter. And this time, the voice came, in stern command, "stand in line."

Vanquished at last, he passed slowly down the line and meekly took his place at the foot. Then suddenly the whole scene dissolved and he awoke. For the first time ever, he realized that there were others who also had their rights. We cannot be sure that this man changed his nature in an hour, or a day. But his vision had been broadened by means of a forced act of justice. If he did not profit by it, he missed his opportunity.—Ladies' Review.

A KOREAN COURTSHIP.

BY THE REV. J. S. GALE, KOREA.

Among the earnest, quiet men who live at the foot of the Yellow Dragon Mountain, Kaysunnie is most beloved.

He had a brown beard, easily noticeable in a darkly-bearded land, and his pitted face was extremely homely. But he had given over into the keeping of his Lord his homely face, his thatched hut, his fields at the foot of the Yellow Dragon, his wife and his little baby girl.

I called on Kaysunnie frequently, and was always handsomely entertained. A clean mat was unrolled for me, and I dined on the best Korean rice, sea-weed, and pickled cabbage. Kaysunnie would ask me to pray with him, to pray that his heart might be all given to God, and that his home might be a Jesus' home.

The winter class came, and Kaysunnie was present. He had come twenty miles that morning to join the opening service, but he had to go home after, for his wife and little baby were sick of smallpox.

Next morning came the news, "Be it known to all the brethren that the wife and child of Kaysunnie have gone home to heaven." His brown beard and pitted face appeared no more at the sessions. He was home alone on his vacant, cheerless kang, wondering how it was that the old devil ma-ma (smallpox), which he used to worship, could come with such a high hand rob a Jesus' home. No doubt his faith had been too weak and poor.

Through a long succession of lonely days he prayed away his sorrows and doubts, and came forth with tears dried, saying, "The Lord has been so good to me."

Usually Koreans marry in a week or so after burying a wife, when they are as well off as Kaysunnie, but a year passed around, and the headman of the village said to me once, "Poor Kaysunnie, he has no wife." Once, when the subject was raised, Kaysunnie said, "God will give me a wife when the time comes."

On an unexpected day Kaysunnie called at my study door with smiling face. We passed our salutation of peace, and he said, "I have some very important news for the moksa that I have not told to anyone but the Lord. I am going to be married."

"Indeed," said I, "to a Christian, I hope."

"Of course! To no other than Mr. Oh's daughter."

This daughter, called Pobay, or Treasure, was quite a beautiful girl.

"I've carried on a correspondence with Pobay," said Kaysunnie, "and I want to ask the moksa if I have done it in accordance with the laws of the Church. She has answered me, and we are going to be married," and here he unrolled a number of crumpled papers, their complete correspondence.

"This is the first note that I sent her," said he. All that was on it was Mark x 7: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife." It had neither address nor signature.

"But how did Pobay know who it was from?" I asked. "Know?" Why, she knew from the man that brought it."

Pobay's answer was Matthew xxii. 3 and 7: "And he sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come. But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city."

"Was not that a wonderful answer for her to send?" asked Kaysunnie. I said, "Really, it is wonderful. I don't understand it at all." "No?" said he. "It simply means that if I have the faith to believe, I'll be present at a wedding."

Again Kaysunnie sent i Peter iii. 7: "Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered."

Pobay at once answered, John i. 8: "He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light."

Again Kaysunnie remarked that her answer was "very deep."

I said, "I don't understand that, either."

"The moksa does not understand it?" he asked with surprise. "It means that our letters are bearing witness, even though we have not yet decided."

Still another answer was Matthew ix. 1: "And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city."

"But, truly," said I, "that is past my comprehension, too. What does it mean?"

"The thought here is that we will sail together to our own city of heaven."

On a crumpled piece of paper the final answer, which completed the correspondence, was Matthew vii. 1, evidently written by Pobay's own hand: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I appealed to Kaysunnie for an interpretation, hoping that he might make his prospects a little clearer.

"This also is very deep," was the answer, "and shows Pobay to be a wonderful girl. It means, 'Do not say anything about our plighting our troth to anybody as yet, or give them a chance to judge.'"

Kaysunnie's dear face was so happy and trustful that I had not the heart to say, "I'm afraid you have built a castle in the air." He was evidently disappointed that I should be so slow to see the "deep" meaning of the notes. He asked me if he might tell others without breaking Church rule. I said, "Certainly."

He then called on Yi in the outer room, and told him, but Yi laughed and said, "Have you asked her father?"

"No!"

"Well, you are mad," was Yi's reply. "She evidently has no idea what you mean."

Kaysunnie, much cast down, went home to pray.

I went up to the capital and lived for six months, and on my return a note came on the familiar crumpled paper: "Please come to the Yellow Dragon Mountain and marry Pobay Oh and Kaysunnie Kim."

Two weeks later, before a concourse of wondering people, I officiated at this wedding.

Kaysunnie said, "I'd like you to preach straight at these town-folk, for I never had a chance to draw such a crowd before. Tell them about the marriage, and the good time that's coming in Jesus' Kingdom, and then could we not sing. "'Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come?'"—Women's Work for Women.

WHAT THE BIBLE DOES.

"Read the Bible, and it brings you into the association of the best people that ever lived. You stand beside Moses, and learn his meekness; beside Job, and learn his patience; beside Abraham, and learn his faith; beside Daniel, and learn his courage to do right; beside Isaiah, and learn his fiery indignation toward the evildoer; beside Paul, and catch something of his enthusiasm; beside Christ, and you feel his love."—Spurgeon.

There is only one right way of asking men to believe—to present to them what they ought to believe because it is true. And there is only one right way of persuading—to present what is true in such a way that nothing will prevent them from seeing it except the desire to abide in darkness. And there is only one further way of helping them—to point out what they are cherishing that is opposed to faith.—John Oman.

World Wide Work

THE MORMON MENACE.

The Present Place of Polygamy in the Mormon Church.

R. M. STEVENSON, D.D., SALT LAKE CITY.

For a number of years the Mormon leaders stoutly denied that any plural marriages had taken place since the Manifesto. Then they were driven to admit that "sporadic" cases occurred, but when the Salt Lake "Tribune" gathered the evidence of more than two hundred cases, naming the men and the women, the leaders quit denying and made the turn that plural marriages did not take place with the approval of the church.

When on April 6, 1911, the president of the church cried with so much emphasis, "plural marriages must stop," it was an admission that they had been taking place despite the denial of the authorities.

In order to make a show of opposition to the further practise of plural marriage, Apostles Cowley and Taylor were deposed for it, but when Cowley was the orator of the day on the next Fourth of July in one of the Mormon towns, it became evident that the authorities were not much displeased with him.

Twenty years after the Manifesto, Alpheus Higgs took Miss Badger as a plural wife. He had been associated with Joseph F. Smith in editorial work and the young woman was his stenographer. He and she fled to Canada, fearing arrest; and the former legal wife was left alone to take up the struggle of supporting herself and five children. This took place in Salt Lake City.

The church again made a show of displeasure by disfellowshipping Higgs, but a gentleman who has recently come down from Canada brings word that Higgs is making addresses before Sunday-schools and receiving such recognition that one would not think of him as under any ban.

The Salt Lake "Tribune" claimed that for every case it exposed there were ten cases of which it had not got the evidence, and doubtless the claim was true.

The leaders of the church have had abundant opportunity to demonstrate opposition to plural marriage by delivering guilty parties to the civil authorities, but instead of this there is every reason to believe that the Mormon people have concealed them and aided them in escaping. What the city of refuge was in ancient times, Mexico was for many years to the plurally married, and, in a lesser degree, Canada.

Charles W. Penrose, an apostle, ought to be an authority on the place of plural marriage in the church, for he has practised it and taught it. In an affidavit made by Miss Ada L. Shepherd,* she says, "On March 29, of this present year (1911), I had a conversation with Apostle Penrose on the subject of polygamy, and he informed me,

"(1) that President Wilford Woodruff did not receive a revelation from God, commanding its discontinuance, but seeing the disaster that was likely to come upon the church in consequence of the action of the United States Government, he felt inspired to issue the manifesto.

"(2) That this did not prohibit those who had formerly married plurally from living together in the marriage relation, and that those who did so were willing to take the risk, as evidenced in the case of President Joseph F. Smith, who a few years ago had to pay a fine of \$300 for this offence.

"(3) Also that while the church authorities would excommunicate any one who now entered into polygamy, it would be extremely difficult to prove any such case, as the contracting parties usually made covenants (took an oath) that they would reveal neither the time nor place of the ceremony nor the name of the person who officiated."

And this position of Charles W. Penrose seems to be sustained by George F. Richards when he says, "No revelation that has ever been given from God has been rescinded." ("Deseret News," April 14, 1913). So that the revelation given through Joseph Smith, Jr., the prophet and founder, is still in force, Wilford Woodruff to the contrary.

The present place of polygamy in the Mormon Church is demonstrated by the book containing the Sunday-school lessons now being used in Mormon Sunday-schools. Five lessons found in that book are devoted to the subject of plural marriage by taking concrete cases. Five notorious polygamists are held up as ideals before the pupils and their excellencies magnified.

On the last page of this book the pupils are told to "See *Doctrine and Covenants*, Section 132; read this revelation in its entirety." This is the section entitled, "Reve-

* Miss Ada L. Shepherd came from London in 1909, a convert to Mormonism, but finding that she had been deceived, left the church in 1911, united with the Baptist Church, and is devoting her whole time to Christian work. She is known personally by the writer as an earnest Christian disciple.

lation on the Eternity of the Marriage Covenant, including the Plurality of Wives."

If the pupil reads it in its "entirety" he learns that plural marriage is such a supreme thing that exaltation in the future world is made to depend upon it. By practising it one may "pass by the angels" and become a god and the maker of a world which he may people with his own progeny.

The one who fails to enter plural marriage has no exaltation, but occupies a servile position. Indeed, if in order to accomplish plural marriage one must commit any sin or crime, except the shedding of innocent blood, he is justified in doing so and will enter into his exaltation.

"The Continent," in its issue of May 1, 1913, says, "The latest 1912 edition of the official Mormon theology *Compendium of the Doctrines of the Gospel*, still prints unabridged the chapter commending plurality of wives, from which this is one characteristic quotation: "If plural marriage be unlawful, then is the whole plan of salvation through the house of Israel a failure, and the entire fabric of Christianity without foundation."

Mormonism as a Political Power and Peril.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL PADEN, D.D.

(For fifteen years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Salt Lake City.)

The typical Mormon settlement is not an aggregation of drift, but a steel-ribbed raft. The settlers are not only grouped together, but lashed together to make a living, marry and give in marriage, have a good time, subdue the soil, and keep the Mormon cult in the saddle as regards the business and political management of community, county and State in which they reside.

Not only does this policy hold the Mormon people to their faith and protect them in their practises, but it gives them an influence in politics which is proportionately much greater than their numbers would suggest.

The Mormons are good subjects rather than good citizens. What the Mormon leaders or Mormon society say means more to them than what the law says or the conscience of the individual may urge. The dictates of his cult are more to the Mormon than the dictates of his conscience. Indeed, the Mormon conscience is clay in the hands of the Mormon president or prophet.

This subjection to the Mormon president is mediated through the Mormon priesthood. "Men who hold the priesthood," writes Mr. Roberts, "possess divine authority thus to act for God. They are in reality a part of God. We can not honor the priesthood if we do not honor those who hold the keys. They are indeed the living oracles of our time, and the voice of inspiration from them is as the voice of God to us."

As Apostle Heber Kimball once put it, "If Brother Brigham tells me to do anything it is the same as though the Lord told me to do it. This is the course for you and every other saint to take."

As Joseph F. Smith said a few years ago at Provo: "When a man says you may direct me spiritually but not temporally he lies in the presence of God."

So when the president of the cult says to Moses Thatcher, "You must not run for the senatorship," if he disobeys he is at once defeated and unfrocked. When President Smith sets apart Apostle Smoot as apostolic delegate and United States senator, though some of the Mormons may object to this combination of apostolic and senatorial honors—this union of Church and State—the president's candidate is elected.

When a young business man with a young family is drafted to go on a mission he may make faces, but he leaves all and goes. When a lawyer is needed to train for county attorney in a colonized county down in Arizona, a Utah Mormon is drafted, and forthwith moves to the Arizona colony.

When the church wishes to set up or strengthen a stake in Wyoming or Alberta, certain men are given to understand that the church authorities wish them to "trek" for the new colony, and they "trek."

The majority of the Mormons vote as the church counsels rather than as American citizens. The Mormon vote is therefore looked upon by politicians as an asset which they must secure from the church authorities.

The temptations this condition offers to the would-be winner are seductive. He need not get up an organization or go to the trouble and expense of voting the Mormon community in blocks of five. All he has to do is to get in right with the president of the Mormon Church.

He need not make large use of money or even make large promises of patronage. All he has to do is to give security that he and his party, if they get into power, will let the Mormons alone. This means that the party will not try to interfere with Mormon domestic institutions, such as polygamy, or make trouble in case the Mormon community or State wishes its elective officers to represent both State and Church.

Recently the bargain proposed has been, "Accept our apostolic delegate as United States senator, side-track all attempts so to amend the federal constitution as to make polygamy a crime against the nation, and the Mormon vote is yours."

So in Utah and the States adjoining, especially in Idaho, Wyoming, and Arizona, the Mormons have the politicians thoroughly buffaloeed; they are afraid to say "Boo!" about polygamy or the interference of the Mormon Church in politics lest they lose the Mormon vote.

This is true of the large body of Gentile Jack-Mormons, men who hobnob or affiliate with the Mormons for revenue or votes. These men do not care how many wives a Mormon has, provided that they can get his business or vote him and his wives for themselves or their party.

One of the most menacing aspects of the Mormon situation is the increase of Gentile Jack-Mormonism. As one who knows has said, "In the States, counties, and cities under its influence the Mormon Church co-operates with and uses either party at pleasure; frequently it commands both; sometimes it trades the promises of one to get favors from the other."

It may be said that we can not interfere with a Mormon's belief save as it is related to his teachings and practice. Belief in the rightfulness of the anarchistic use of dynamite or in the Mormon practice of polygamy is, however, belief which endangers the best interests of society. Men and women who harbor such beliefs are undesirable citizens. Our immigration laws may deal with such undesirables and refuse them admittance at our ports. This is true whether the would-be immigrant be a Moslem or a Mormon. That the Mormon may claim that his belief in polygamy is a religious tenet does not alter the situation.

The people of the United States can, at any rate, prevent polygamists from holding federal office. This they did when they refused Mr. Roberts a place in Congress. This was the least the people could do and also the most they could do, without amending the constitution of the United States in such a way as to make polygamy a crime against federal law.

The matter of church domination and representation in Congress is harder to deal with and needs quite as much attention. We have now a Mormon apostle, Reed Smoot, in the United States Senate. There he now serves as senator from Utah and apostolic delegate for the Mormon Church.

According to Mormon law, the apostles are under the immediate direction of the president of the church, and so plenary are their powers that when acting abroad there is no appeal from their decisions. Their specific calling is to be special witnesses in all the world with power to build up the Mormon Church and regulate all the affairs of the same in all nations.

As for polygamy—an amendment to the federal constitution is our only sure way of getting at this iniquity. Nothing save the congressional legislation possible under such an amendment will put counterfeit marriage where we now put the counterfeiting of money, under the surveillance of the judicial and executive forces of the federal government.

MORMONISM.

By DR. R. F. COYLE, OF DENVER.

"More than 10,000 people in the Stadium at Portland, Oregon, during the Christian Citizenship Conference, heard the great speech of Dr. R. F. Coyle, of Denver, in which he arraigned and condemned Mormonism. He did not condemn the Mormon people as such, but the Mormon system.

Mormonism is an intensely centralized system, a closely articulated piece of hierarchy, in fact, a type of Oriental despotism.

As a religion, if by any conjuring terms Mormonism can be called religion, it could not long endure, but as a communistic commercial system, entering into the commercial life of the nation, owning large interests in mines, in railroads and other stock companies, Mormonism is a system deeply rooted in the business life of the nation.

It is not only a commercial system, but it is also one of the most perfect of political machines. It votes the Mormons in a block and in that way holds the balance of power in every closely contested election in several of the Western States.

It is a social power. Mormonism projects itself into the veins of its followers. The children born of polygamous parents are under the social dominion of polygamy. The children grown to manhood and womanhood cannot condemn polygamy, no matter how much they may hate the system, without seeming to be disloyal to their parents. The children grow up to think polygamy a necessity, and long familiarity with the system miseducates the moral sensibilities.

Mormonism as a religion is a well-organized system of hypocrisy. It has sophisticated the teaching of the Old and New Testament and wickedly introduced a fictitious revelation, which is supreme over the revelation of the Bible, and which is made to serve the selfish purpose of the hierarchy.

There were a considerable number of the Mormon representatives present. They had great bundles of Mormon tracts, and circulated them at the close of the service.

One of the most hopeless phases of the Mormon question is the utter complacency and absolute imperviousness of the propaganda. Mormonism takes refuge in a sort of mock innocence. No matter how vigorously you may assail its alleged principles, the Mormon is taught to meekly and piously consider himself persecuted, and therefore he turns every assault on his system into a glorification of its principles.

Mormonism is a disease, a religious disease if there is such a thing. Attacks upon it seem to have the minimum effect on the system. Dr. Coyle's address had the effect of stirring up the public mind to the danger of Mormonism. His address will close the door of decent society to emissaries of this most insidious enemy of modern civilization.—"The California Advocate."

MARY LIVINGSTONE.

In our estimate of the trials of missionary life, do we take sufficient account of the part borne in them by the wives and children? When they are unveiled to us as Mary Livingstone's have been, we see that to the missionary's family, as well as to himself, Christ's service is a costly service.

Well do they know the meaning of the Scripture: "Yea! a sword shall pierce thine own soul also." So Mary Livingstone's name ought always to be associated with her husband's, and held in the same honour. The eye that seeth in secret has recorded her service side by side with his in the book of His remembrance.

In wedding Livingstone she wedded the Cross, and in her lifetime bore as great a strain of its kind as he did, and bore it as nobly. When they took up house to the north of Kuruman, her father's station and her own birthplace, it was to settle down, like the other agents of their Society—the London Missionary Society—to ordinary missionary labours. Little did either of them dream what a different lot had been appointed them.

Livingstone was one of those spirits who think more of the land of promise than of the land possessed; and when the spell of travel came upon him, his wife had to share the unrest of it. It is well that the future is so gradually unveiled to us that we have our strength disciplined to meet it.

The four or five years spent at Kolobeng among the Bakwana were the only period when Livingstone and his wife enjoyed home life with their children round them. There she, by her devotion to the work of the Mission among the women and children, gave powerful aid to her husband. "My wife has always been the main spoke of my wheel. She is familiar with the language.... She is able to work. She is willing to endure.... my guardian angel."

When Livingstone resolved on his first great journey of exploration—up through the heart of the continent from the Cape to Loanda, and thence across its whole breadth to Quilimane, on the opposite coast, his home was broken up, never really to be resumed. His wife with her young family came to England, and they resided there for the next five years.

This was a heavy time for Mary Livingstone. She was never at home in England. Her feeling of loneliness was greater than it had ever been in Africa during the absences of her husband. Her health was broken. She was much perplexed how most wisely to arrange for the education of her children. Keenly did she feel

the loss of the shelter and support alike for herself and for them of the strong soul to whom they were the dearest.

She bore a still heavier burden, owing to the suspense in which she was held as to her husband's safety when he was so long out of sight in the heart of Africa, and passing through the toils and perils and privations and bodily sufferings and mental anguish that made that expedition such an unparalleled triumph of endurance and courage.

She knew enough of the risks of the great adventure to fill her with dread. Her heart travelled with him, and by as fearful a way, in which she found her only resting-place in prayer. This was a period in which she "never passed a dreamless night nor knew an easy day" (her own words). There is little wonder that, with all her faith, a deep gloom often settled in her heart.

Sometimes, too, a darker shadow than any cast by earthly anxieties fell upon her; she had troubles of the soul, and it was then she felt most the absence of the one she trusted, next to heaven, as her confident and comforter.

No word of reproach, "no syllable of upbraiding," as her husband testifies, did she ever utter for the long and weary years he left her alone with their children. She realised the greatness of his spirit, his noble aim, the note of necessity that impelled him to bear and make them bear the loss of "love's companioning" and all the dear delights of home.

He had to be merciless to his own to become the first messenger of Heaven's mercy to a people who were dwelling in darkness and the shadow of death. Such contempt of costs and balancing of sacrifices often "marks the path of heavenly things and the doings of the children of light."

In verses written on the eve of her husband's return to England after their long separation (1852-56) she gave the most impassioned expression to the joy with which she welcomed him, and not less to her hope that thenceforth there would be no sundering of their lives.

"Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows that I bore,
Since the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once more;
And there's nothing but the gladness and the love within my heart,
And the hope so sweet and certain that again we'll never part?"

"A hundred thousand welcomes! how my heart is gushing o'er.
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more.

How did I live without you these long, long years of woe?

It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

"You'll never part me, darling, there's a promise in your eye;

I may tend you while I'm living, you will watch me when I die;

And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,

What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky!"

MARY.

Often in his life, as in all our lives, God kept the "softening veil" mercifully drawn over the future. She accompanied him, little more than twelve months after these lines were written, to Africa, when he set out to explore the Zambesi and the Shire. parted from him at the Cape to reside with her parents at Kuruman during his absence, rejoined him for but three months on the completion of his journey, was taken ill and died, and left in her lonely grave on the breast of a brae that "beeks forenent the sun" at Shupanga by the waters of the Zambesi.

And now I come back to what I began with. Of all the crosses Livingstone and his wife had to bear, the hardest was their separation from their children. How it weighed on the father his letters and journals show. "I have orphanised my children for Christ's sake.... My bowels yearn over them. They will forget me.... In regard to even the vestige of a home my children are absolutely vagabonds..... The mark of Cain is on your foreheads; your father is a missionary. Our children ought to have both the sympathies and prayers of those at whose bidding we become strangers for life."

His biographer has good ground for saying that separation from his children was the last of the sorrows over which he was able to say "Thy will be done."

But was the sorrow of it not as great for the mother? She felt the separation as much for her children's sake as for her own. What mother needs more to let her into this mother's sorrow in this respect than to be told for example, that one of her children was more than a year old before the father heard of her birth, and that another was five years old before her father saw her.

It was like a heart-stab to her, every thought of the gladness and guidance of which they were deprived in being forsaken of a father who had in him such a wealth of love and of inspiration to all that was noble. The tremendous claim of Christ fell with all its severity on Living-

stone and his wife. "If any man come to Me and hate not his children——" Who can bear it? They bore it.

Yes, and in bearing it, they proved, as they never could have otherwise done, how profoundly and wisely they loved their children. When the children of such parents come to realise for whose sake and for what divine ends they have made such a resignation, it becomes the most powerful appeal of God for the surrender of their own lives to Himself, and draws them into the same path of sacrifice, and through their very separation brings them nearer one another in those affections which abide for ever.

So one of the ways in which we can best honour the memories of David and Mary Livingstone is by remembering their appeal in the name of all the missionaries of the Church: "Our children ought to have both the sympathies and prayers of those at whose bidding we become strangers for life."—In the Woman's Missionary Magazine U. F. Church of Scotland.

OLD AGE OF INDIA'S WOMEN.

One of the saddest things in India is the cheerless, hopeless condition of aged women, who are visibly drawing near to their journey's end and who, in Christian lands, are considered especially entitled to all the respect and loving attention that the younger generation can lavish upon them.

As soon as a person in India—a woman in particular—becomes too old or infirm to perform the duties required of her, it is her business to die and not to encumber her relatives. Her toil for husband and children in the days of her strength are forgotten, her self-denials which meant increased comfort to them are no longer remembered. Her day is over; she is no longer needed; she is overcrowding the home; and, as an Indian proverb says, The house says, "Go, go," the burning-ground calls, "Come, come."

There are happy exceptions, but the usual attitude toward the aged and the infirm is one of contempt, and the people seem to forget that they, too, will grow old and tottering.

We honor white-haired servants who have grown old in the service of the home, but the inhabitants of India have no such feeling toward theirs. Old people in India live loveless lives and have no hope for joy in the life lying beyond.

When the life is closed, the sound of the funeral horn announces that "only an old woman" has died, and few care, and still less sorrow.

Surely, these neglected aged ones need the Gospel in their lives of systematic neglect and of utter lack of sympathy, and the Zenana missionaries are messengers of joy and hope to them.—Missionary Review,

Our Church Register

CALLS, INDUCTIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Calls from

South Pres. Ch., Syracuse, N.Y., to Mr. J. M. MacInnis of Halifax, N. S. Accepted.

Rosburn, Man., Mr. Chas. McKay of Stornoway, Sask.

Pincher Creek, Alta., to Mr. H. Wright of Elkhorn, Man.

Innerkip, Ratho, Ont., to Mr. N. Stevenson of Latonia, Ont.

Kamsack, Sask., to Mr. R. J. Campbell of Lockport, N. Y.

Lunenburg, etc., Ont., to Mr. L. E. Gosling of Trochu, Alta. Accepted.

East River, St. Mary's, N.S., to Mr. J. H. Kirk of Dalhousie, N.B.

New Carlisle and Pt. Daniel, Que., to Mr. Wm. McLeod of Sheet Harbour, N. S.

St. And., Lunenburg, N.S., to Mr. A. J. MacDonald, of Truro, N.S.

Mt. Zion Ch., Ridgetown, to Mr. J. E. Thompson of Cheltenham, Ont.

Inductions into

Napier and Brooke, Ont., July 23, Mr. K. M. Easson.

Carmichael Ch., Regina, Sask., Mr. R. J. McDonald.

Strathalbyn, P.E.I., Mr. Alex. Ferguson. Scott and Phippen, Sask., Oct. 2, Mr. H. G. Rice.

Churchill, Ont., Aug. 21., Mr. D. A. McKenzie.

Esson, Willis, Ont., Aug. 28. Mr. David Smith.

Cowan Ave. Ch., Toronto, Sep. 23, Mr. Alex. MacLurg.

First Pres. Ch., London, Sep. 18, Mr. J. Knox Clark.

Mt. Brydges, Ont., Sep. 12, Mr. D. Robertson.

Lower Stewiacke, N.S., Sep. 25, Mr. D. C. Ross.

Resignations of

St. Elmo, Ont., Mr. A. Lee.

Sonya, Ont., Mr. H. N. Konkle.

Sherbrooke, N. S., Mr. V. M. Purdy.

Lothoed, Alta., Mr. I. H. Beatt.

Coldwater, Ont., Mr. Wm. Scott.

Alliston, Ont., Mr. W. T. Ellison.

Kenton, Man., Mr. S. E. Beckett.

Riverdale Ch., Toronto, Mr. J. A. Miller.

DEATHS IN THE MINISTRY.

Rev. James D. Murray died at Moruya, N.S. Wales, Australia, 13 July, in his 68th year.

Rev. John Eadie, died at Atlantic Highlands, N.J., on Sep. 7th, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Eadie was the father of our missionary, Rev. Gillies Eadie, of Honan.

PRE-ASSEMBLY CONGRESS REPORT.

The report of the great Pre-Assembly Congress has been delayed a few weeks because of the absence from the country during the Summer of certain of the speakers and the consequent inability to have the proofs of their addresses examined by them.

This report will be ready for mailing early in October, and will be a volume that will become of historic value. It is in fact a reference work on the present day problems, achievements and plans of our Church.

It will consist of about 400 pages, substantially bound in cloth, and will contain verbatim reports of all the addresses delivered at the Congress and at the Convention of the Layman's Missionary Movement on the day following. It will be illustrated with photographs and charts, which will be a valuable feature of the book, and increase its permanent worth.

The low price of one dollar makes it available for every Presbyterian family. It should be secured for Autumn and Winter reading in large numbers of Presbyterian homes. If ordered before publication the price is One Dollar, postpaid, from the office of the Foreign Mission Board, 439 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Woodstock, 1st Wednesday, June, 1914.

Synod of Maritime Provinces, Sydney, 1st Tuesday October, 1913.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Sydney, at Synod.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 4 Nov. 10 a.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro, Truro, 16 Dec., 10 a.m.
6. Halifax.
7. Lunenburg, etc.
8. Se. John, St. John, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Chatham, 9 Dec., 2 p.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 1914.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 2 Dec., 2 p.m.
12. Montreal.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 18 Nov. 10.30
16. Brockville, Brockville, 2 Dec., 2 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tuesday of October, 1913.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 30 Sep., 9.30
19. Lindsay.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 15 Oct., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues. each month.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 21 Nov., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Perry Sd., March 3 p.m.
25. Temiskaming, Cobalt, March.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sep.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 30 Sep., 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen.
29. Guelph.

- Synod of Hamilton and London,
St. Thomas, Last Monday of April, 1914.**
30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 4 Nov., 9.30 a.m.
 31. Paris, Brantford, 9 Dec., 11 a.m.
 32. London, London, 2 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
 33. Chatham, Chatham, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
 34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 2 Dec., 11 a.m.
 35. Stratford, Stratford, 18 Nov., 10 a.m.
 36. Huron, Exeter, 11 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
 37. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Dec., 10.30
 38. Bruce, Paisley, 2 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Port Arthur, Feb.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Minto, Feb.
42. Glenboro, Sperling, 3 Feb. 3.30.
43. Portage la Prael, Gladstone, 16 Dec., 2.30.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Newdale, 1 Mar., 3 p.m.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 16 Feb., 7.30

Synod of Saskatchewan, 1st Tuesday of Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 9 Dec., 8.30.
48. Abernethy, Saskatoon, 4 Nov., 6 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle.
50. Arcola, Stoughton, 16 Sep., 8 p.m.
51. Alameda, Estevan, 10 Feb. 9 a.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Moose Jaw, Moose Jaw, 10 Dec., 11
55. Saskatoon.
56. Prince Albert.
57. Battleford, Scott, 2 Oct., 7.30.
58. Kindersley, at call of moderator.
59. Swift Current.

Synod of Alberta.

60. Vermilion.
61. Edmonton, Edmonton, 9 Dec.
62. Lacombe, Wetaskiwin, 28 Oct. 2 p.m.
63. Red Deer, Olds, March.
64. Castor.
65. Calgary.
66. High River, High River, Feb.
67. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

68. Kootenay.
69. Kamloops, Armstrong, 17 Feb. 4 p.m.
70. Westminster.
71. Victoria, Victoria, at call of Modr.

THE GODERICH CONFERENCE.

By REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

This has been a new thing in two senses. It was the first Conference held in Goderich, and it was the first arranged and controlled by the Synod. Hitherto Conferences have been arranged for by representatives of Departments in Toronto acting jointly. The suggestion that at least one Conference should be held in each Synod, to be controlled by the Synod, was a good one and proves satisfactory. The Synod of Hamilton and London placed the matter in the hands of a committee of which the Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Niagara Falls, was convener, and the Rev. J. R. Hall, of Sarnia, secretary. They were cordially supported by the ministers of the Synod, and especially it may be said by the ministers of Goderich—the Rev. Jas. Hamilton and the Rev. G. E. Ross.

Goderich is an attractive town, popular as a summer resort, and Knox Church has an accommodation suitable for such assemblies. It might seem invidious to name any of the teachers in particular when all the work was so well done. They took their work seriously, made thorough preparation, greatly to the profit and enjoyment of their classes. There were four classes daily, conducted by men who may fairly be called experts, and it is one of the interesting developments of the times that we are rapidly developing experts.

Dr. Myers on Sabbath Schools, Rev. W. R. McIntosh on Y. P. S., Rev. F. S. Sharp on Social Service, and Rev. Gillies Eadie on Foreign Missions, guaranteed intelligent and stimulating discussions, and such they were. An institute hour as well as evening addresses on the work of the different departments by such men as D. C. MacGregor, R. G. McBeth, H. Matheson, and R. W. Dickie, as well as W. F. M. S., W. H. M. S. and Deaconess representatives provided a rather heavy but exceedingly profitable programme. Special mention ought to be made of a series of addresses on the Holy Spirit, by Dr. Dickie, of Chatham, which will not be forgotten. Dr. Dickie did not spare labor on the preparation of these addresses, and what is even

better he appreciated experimentally that whereof he spoke.

Each day began with a quiet devotional half hour conducted by the Chairman which helped to create an atmosphere for the day.

The registration numbered 147, which was remarkably good for the first. The enthusiasm guarantees a much larger attendance next year. Of course, everybody says—"were it possible to avoid the holiday season, the attendance would be larger." That might or might not be, but it is worth while even in the holiday season, and to many people it is the best kind of outing, combining as it does, intellectual and spiritual stimulus with physical recreation.

FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING.

The missionary committee of the Young People's Societies in planning missionary meetings for the Fall and Winter, may find a suggestion for an interesting missionary meeting in arranging a programme consisting of three addresses on the following topics:—

"Why I am a Missionary Layman and am standing by the Home Base":—

"Why I am a Student Volunteer and am going to be a Missionary:—

"Why I am a Missionary and am going back to my field."

Where it is not possible to get speakers for these three topics, the society could arrange to have others impersonate the Layman, the Volunteer and the Missionary. Where the society is near a College centre it will not be difficult to secure a volunteer.

Almost any society will have little difficulty in securing a layman who will be very willing to speak. The returned missionary may be harder to secure, but even that can be arranged in many cases by corresponding with the Foreign Mission office.

Another address that might be substituted or added is:—

"Why I am a missionary worker in my own Congregation."

With missionary music, and the meeting well announced, this will make a very effective and profitable missionary meeting.

A. E. A.

GENEVA PARK SUMMER SCHOOL.

By REV. A. E. ARMSTRONG, M.A.

The third annual Presbyterian Summer School was held this year at Geneva Park in the territory of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston. A similar school was held for the first time under the direction of a committee of the Synod of Hamilton and London at Goderich. It is hoped that next year one or more other schools will be started in other Synods. The Geneva Park School will probably be held next year under the direct supervision of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston instead of under the Assembly's Departments as heretofore.

Geneva Park is an attractive Muskoka resort on Lake Couchiching, six miles from Orillia. The point comprises seventy-six acres and is owned by the Canadian Training School of the Y. M. C. A. It is an ideal location for a Summer School, as physical recuperation and holiday can be delightfully combined with spiritual stimulus and intellectual advantages.

The attendance was about 120, a little less than last year, probably owing to the great Congress in May and to the commencing of the Summer School at Goderich which started off with a splendid registration of nearly 150 delegates. The delegates, however, were of a mature class who came for earnest study of the Church's work.

The programme was of a high order and the various delegates did not hesitate to express their appreciation of the enjoyable nine days spent amid such beautiful surroundings in God's school of nature.

Each morning family worship was conducted by the Chairman of the Conference, Dr. R. P. MacKay, followed by breakfast.

At 9 o'clock Professor Jordan of Queen's led the whole school in the study of "The Missionary Idea in the Old Testament" based upon his recent little volume "The Song and the Soil." These studies were highly praised as serving to enhance the value of the Old Testament as a book which bears on the many problems of our modern life.

At 10 o'clock the School divided into three study classes and again at 11 o'clock

into other three study classes. The subjects and leaders of these classes were:—The Rural Church, Rev. Hugh Matheson; Home Mission work, Rev. J. A. Donnell; China, Rev. Gillies Eadie; Social Service Problems, Rev. J. W. MacMillan; Social Survey, Mr. Bryce M. Stewart; Religious Education, Rev. C. J. W. Myers; Young People's activities, Rev. W. A. Mactaggart.

At 12 o'clock an Institute hour was held at which the work of the various departments of the Church was outlined. This was the programme for each forenoon except Sabbath, on which day Professor Jordan preached in the morning, Rev. D. C. MacGregor in the evening, and a meeting was held for men and another for women at 4 p.m.

Each afternoon was left free for recreation. Each evening one address was given. The speakers for the various evenings being, Rev. J. D. Byrnes, on Home Missions, Dr. Murdoch MacKenzie, on Honan, Dr. J. M. Duncan, on Making Sunday School Papers (illustrated with lantern slides), Rev. J. McP. Scott, on Korea, Rev. Hugh Matheson, on Church Praise, and Rev. J. C. Robertson, on Sunday School Work.

A new and interesting feature of the programme was twenty minutes instruction each evening on the great psalms and hymns and their tunes. These talks were greatly appreciated and helped to increase one's estimate of our Book of Praise. Conference was favored with the presence throughout, of the Convener of the Assembly's Committee on Praise, Dr. W. J. Dey.

A more ideal outing for Christian people can not be suggested than attendance upon the Geneva Park Summer School. Those who attended it are so much pleased with their experience that one wishes that a larger number could know of the profitable time in which they might share. Already plans are under way for the securing of a good programme for next year's School at the same point, the aim being to seek for suggestions from delegates and improve as experience makes possible.

The Presbytery of Maitland, Ont., is now without an augmented charge. All its congregations are self-supporting.

AFTER THE CONGRESS.

Editor of the Record.

Could not the Church throughout the Dominion make more use of the mid-week prayer-meeting to carry on the work begun at the Congress? Is there a law, written or unwritten, which demands that a prayer-meeting should be conducted now and always as prayer-meetings were conducted fifty years ago? Do not new problems demand new methods? Is there not some way in which the whole membership of the church could be brought together for one or two hours during the week to study the problems that confront us as a church NOW?

And as we study may we not pray more earnestly and more effectually? And may we not only pray but watch and work intelligently to bring about the Revival of True Religion, so much needed and longed for.

One who reads the Record from cover to cover.

AN APPEAL FOR PRAYER.

By REV. R. P. MACKAY, D.D.

The many appeals for prayer are surely an encouraging sign. They testify to the deepening conviction that the Spirit of God alone can meet the issues of to-day, and bring to pass what needs to be done. When men despair of the arm of flesh, there is hope. When we are weak then are we strong.

The following appeal issued jointly by missionary leaders Home and Foreign of the United States and Canada is worthy of attention. It is a vast campaign, contemplating a spiritual quickening in thousands of churches of all denominations on this continent. The very bigness of the project suggests the daring of faith. God loves to be entreated and trusted.

The appeal is in part as follows:

"The Home and Foreign Missionary leaders of the United States and Canada have decided to engage this winter in the most extensive and important piece of co-operative work which they have ever undertaken.

"The object in view is to enlist a far larger number of church members as intelligent missionary workers, supporters and intercessors. Of the more than

twenty millions of Protestant Church members in North America, less than one-half of them are doing anything or giving anything to meet the missionary needs either at home or abroad.

"This extensive campaign is planned to lead up to a simultaneous personal canvass for all missionary purposes, on the part of all the churches of all denominations, so far as they will undertake it.

"The entire effort should mean a marked quickening of the spiritual life of many thousands of churches, resulting in greatly increased Christian activity and liberality.

"In view of the vast issues involved, the Executive Committee of the United Missionary Campaign appeals to Christian people everywhere to join in frequent prayer for God's clear guidance and manifested presence and power in connection with this entire undertaking.

"In private prayer, at the family altars, in the stated church services, and in many other meetings called especially for the purpose, it is most earnestly urged that unceasing prayer be offered for a mighty spiritual quickening that will enable the church to strengthen and enlarge its work so as to meet worthily the present critical and stupendous opportunities both at home and abroad.

"Nothing less than a general and profound spiritual quickening among the churches will meet the present emergency. This quickening will come, and can only come, when fervent prayer is offered unceasingly to God, to this end. 'In any land a revival will come when enough people desire it enough—that is, above everything.'"

"Concerning the work of my hands, command ye me."

"The harvest is great,—therefore pray ye."

"Ye have not because ye ask not."

JEWISH IMMIGRATION.

A Jewish alderman in Montreal estimates that there are sixty thousand Jews in the city. Twelve or fifteen years ago, when there were but six or seven thousand, the Protestant School Board agreed to take and educate the Jewish children, provided no change be made in the regulations of the Protestant schools. For the past few years about forty per cent. of the children attending the Protestant schools are Jews, and they have cost the Protestants one hundred thousand dollars a year over and above the taxes received from the Jewish rate payers.

OUR COLLEGES.

We have planted our Colleges at the University centres of the Dominion, and at these centres of influence we dare not have poorly equipped institutions. If we are to secure missionaries for the fields abroad, and if our work in Canada is to keep pace with the growth of the country, and the ever more exacting demands of modern civilization, we must have an ever increasing number of men for the ministry, and these men thoroughly trained at the centres of thought and life.

Not only are we to seek in that student body the men who are to study for the ministry, but we must hold them all to worthy views of life, and help claim them all for Christ and His service, whatever the profession they may have chosen.

To-day our Presbyterian Church has:
 The Presbyterian College, Halifax, affiliated with Dalhousie University.
 The Presbyterian College, Montreal, affiliated with McGill University.
 Queen's Theological College, affiliated with Queen's University, Kingston.
 Knox College, Federated with the University of Toronto.
 Manitoba College, Federated with the University of Manitoba.
 Robertson College, Federated with the University of Alberta.
 Westminster Hall, to be Federated with the University of British Columbia.

At Saskatoon a beginning is being made by the erection of a hostel for Presbyterian students in connection with Saskatchewan University.—Board of Finance.

OUR S.S. AND Y.P.S.

The religious education, and training and guidance in Christian service of the children and youth of our Church, by the unanimous decision of the General Assembly, has been placed under the direction of one Committee.

The extent, importance, and possibilities of the work of the Committee cannot be over-estimated; over 3,600 Sabbath Schools were reported for last year. If the recommendation of the General Assembly is carried out, and a "Sabbath School is

organized in connection with every preaching appointment," 1,000 new schools will be established. To this, and increase the efficiency of existing schools, is the Sabbath School end of the work that challenges the faith, skill and resources of the Church and the Committee that acts for the Church.

Equally urgent is the need of the work that can be done for our 75,000 young men and women through our Young People's Societies. There is serious peril of the Church losing many of her young people. To retain them, they ought to be organized for study, fellowship and service.

The existing 800 societies ought to be doubled, and would be, if the Church realized her full responsibility, and placed at the disposal of her Committee the necessary funds—not only for the maintenance of the office of the General Secretary, but also for the employment of field-workers, and the holding of Summer Schools, Institutes, Conferences, etc. To meet, at all adequately, the work before the Committee, \$18,000 should be available. It is a modest request, and not in proportion to the great interests that are to be served and conserved.—Leaflet.

MONOTONY WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

"How monotonous your life must be!" a man said to a friend from whom he had been separated for years.

"Not a bit of it!" was the answer. "The monotonous days were days before I became a Christian."

This was like the reply made by Dr. Grenfell when one who had listened to a lecture on medical work in Labrador asked him if he did not find existence there lonely.

In answering the man, he told of one who had not seen for seventeen years until the doctor operated on his eyes, long afflicted with double cataract. And the man saw.

"Opportunities like that do not make a very monotonous life!" he observed, and added, "There can be no monotony in seeing re-enacted through the Christ in our own lives the deeds which some people argue could never have happened." The sure way to avoid monotony is to become an earnest Christian.—Ex.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During August | Mar. 1 to August 31 |
|------------------------|------------------|------------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$3,181.30 | \$25,761.48 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 2,249.74 | 21,571.84 |
| Widows & Orphans | 35.00 | 1,021.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 87.00 | 1,084.85 |
| Assembly Fund, | 35.59 | 436.51 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles. . | 112.00 | 1,962.00 |
| Social Service, etc... | 602.77 | 3,696.97 |
| S. S. & Y. P. S..... | 45.00 | 463.00 |
| Deaconess Home.... | 11.00 | 255.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 19.00 | 92.00 |
| Queen's College..... | 15.00 | 185.00 |
| Knox College..... | 21.00 | 970.00 |
| Manitoba College... | 20.00 | 165.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | '..... |
| Robertson College... | 5.00 | 68.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 5.00 | 41.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING AUGUST

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|-----------------------------|----------|
| Fios | \$ 35.00 | Paisley, Kx. | 30.00 |
| Hawkesville | 18.95 | Tor., Y. P. Union | 12.00 |
| Fairbank | 5.35 | Tor., Emmanuel | 153.86 |
| Doon ss. | 3.50 | Orillia | 1,000.00 |
| Hamlt'n, St. And. | 450.00 | X. | 15.00 |
| Sarnia, St. Paul's | 25.00 | Mrs. W. C. Brown | 62.50 |
| Brooke | 19.00 | Perth, Knox | 5.00 |
| Stratford, St. And. | 79.00 | Hamilt'n, Barton | 8.00 |
| Newmarket | 43.00 | Galt, 1st | 210.00 |
| Est. Finley McBride | 4,313.40 | Est. Miss E. M. | 1,060.00 |
| Tor., Evangel Hall | 7.50 | Scott | 36.00 |
| Southwold | 65.00 | Sydenham | 50.00 |
| J. Dinwoody | 500.00 | Indian Lands | 100.00 |
| Goderich, Kx. | 325.00 | E. Puslinch | 19.00 |
| W. Adelaide | 14.00 | Columbus | 10.00 |
| Star's Corners | 18.00 | A. Deviney | 50.00 |
| Michipicota Hrbr | 15.00 | "H. A. J." | 30.00 |
| Harriston, Guth. | 26.35 | Richmond Hill | 2.00 |
| Chatham, 1st | 127.61 | Moore, ss. | 3.00 |
| Molesworth | 80.00 | Cornwall, Kx. | 12.00 |
| Tor., Kew Beach | 425.00 | Stirling | 300.00 |
| Port Arthur, Kx. | 55.00 | Cornwall, Kx. | 349.36 |
| " " yps. | 7.00 | Collingwood | 525.57 |
| Dunwich | 231.00 | Simcoe | 15.00 |
| Oro | 60.00 | Dunblane | 37.35 |
| Mitchell m.b. | 5.00 | Norval | 55.60 |
| Bells Corners | 16.00 | Cargill | 101.00 |
| Lottie St. George | 1.00 | Tor., Bloor | 78.25 |
| Hanover | 25.00 | Scarboro, St. A. | 19.50 |
| Carholme | 6.50 | Brooklin | 14.00 |
| Otta. Bethany | 50.00 | Crawford | 100.00 |
| Lancaster, St. A. | 150.00 | Edmondville | 300.00 |
| Hollen | 25.00 | Lon., New St. Jas. | 27.00 |
| Drummond Hill | 195.00 | Vt. Forest, ss. | 6.00 |
| B. B. B. | 10.00 | Woodlands, ss. | 5.00 |
| Lonsdale | 8.00 | Roslin | 37.15 |
| | | Brucefield, Un. | 60.00 |
| | | Kenyon | |

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------|------------------------------|--------|
| E. Adelaide | 42.00 | Ste. Sophie | 14.00 |
| Tor., Chal. | 1,000.00 | St. Valier | 10.00 |
| Tor., Dale yps. | 30.00 | Lachute | 100.00 |
| Tor., Bloor ymc. | 40.00 | Point Fortune | 11.00 |
| Bolsover | 25.00 | Elgin | 52.00 |
| Rv. H. H. McFarlane | 6.20 | Montl., Wmstr. Chin. | 20.00 |
| Parry Sound | 250.00 | New Glasgow | 60.00 |
| W. Williams | 38.80 | Bristol Corners | 52.00 |
| London, 1st | 400.00 | Shawville | 10.00 |
| St. Cath., Knox | 400.00 | Rv. G. W. Thom | 15.00 |
| Guelph, St. A. | 150.00 | Rockburn | 5.00 |
| Dunnville, Kx. | 100.00 | New Glasgow | 4.00 |
| Bathurst, S. Sherb. | 63.00 | Aylmer East | 50.00 |
| Tor., St. Enoch's | 67.80 | Mont., St. Luke's | 5.00 |
| Kintyre | 148.00 | Bristol | 50.00 |
| Grand Bend | 8.00 | Mont., St. Jean | 50.00 |
| Dorchester | 13.00 | Riverd., Howick | 133.00 |
| Kendal, Oak | 20.00 | | |
| West King | 2.00 | | |
| Niag.-on-Lake | 5.00 | | |
| Wingham | 219.00 | | |

Manitoba.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------|--------|
| Braeside | 30.00 | Souris ce. | 14.60 |
| Rv. A. J. W. Myers | 2.00 | Reston | 46.00 |
| Browns Corners | 10.00 | Elgin mb. | 5.25 |
| Smiths Hill | 42.00 | Wpg., Riverview | 50.00 |
| Hamilt'n, Macnab | 475.00 | Deloraine | 100.00 |
| Blyth | 58.00 | C. A. Coleman | 20.00 |
| Scotch Bush | 25.00 | Murchison | 10.00 |
| Beaverton | 50.00 | Roland | 184.30 |
| Aberarder | 57.00 | J. K. McLennan | 302.00 |
| Winchstr Sprngs | 30.00 | Ochre River | 5.00 |
| Jas. Falconer | 5.00 | Rv. J. L. King | 25.00 |
| Tor., Evangl Hall | 4.08 | Kenville | 13.00 |
| Vankleek Hill | 150.00 | Prospect | 59.95 |
| Shelburne | 77.00 | Greenridge, Newbdge | 17.00 |
| Peterboro, Kx. ss. | 20.00 | West Hall | 25.00 |
| Tor., Old St. And. | 300.00 | La Riviere | 39.50 |
| Palmerston | 112.00 | Vista | 18.00 |
| Dunbarton | 50.00 | Wpg., St. Giles' | 200.00 |
| Tor., St. Paul yps. | 50.00 | Souris | 100.00 |
| Roy's | 100.00 | | |
| London, Presby. | 446.00 | | |
| Thorold | 180.00 | | |
| Camden East | 28.00 | | |
| Creemore, ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Hallville | 300.00 | | |
| Vellore, ss. | 6.00 | | |
| Dunblane | 4.00 | | |
| R. W. Reid | 25.00 | | |
| North Gower | 100.00 | | |
| Miss H. I. Graham | 1.00 | | |
| Loring | 10.00 | | |
| A Friend | 8.00 | | |
| Sault Ste. Marie | 59.76 | | |
| Burgoyne | 42.00 | | |
| Leaskdale | 81.00 | | |
| Warwick | 20.00 | | |
| Hamlt'n., St. Paul yps. | 5.00 | | |
| Essex | 37.43 | | |
| Jarvis | 79.00 | | |
| Walpole | 15.00 | | |
| Ashburn | 20.00 | | |
| Tor., Morningside | 50.00 | | |
| Braeside, mb. | 30.00 | | |
| Thedford, Knox | 44.50 | | |
| Pine River | 70.00 | | |
| Tor., Dovercrt | 300.00 | | |
| Charlotte Chiles | 5.00 | | |
| Valetta, Fletcher | 100.00 | | |
| S. Kinloss | 78.00 | | |
| Douglas | 45.00 | | |
| Lake Charles | 12.00 | | |
| Cobalt | 23.00 | | |

Saskatchewan.

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Bladworth | 25.00 |
| Underwood | 3.00 |
| " ss. | 5.00 |
| Abbey, Mapledale | 3.00 |
| Langham | 50.00 |
| Carlyle ss. | 6.25 |
| Forres | 25.00 |
| Miss L. E. Norris | 10.00 |
| Brayton | 30.00 |
| Radisson | 10.00 |
| Caron, Knox | 50.00 |
| Aneroid | 5.50 |
| Davidson | 25.00 |
| Miss J. I. Guthrie | 5.00 |
| Forres ss. | 35.00 |
| Saskatoon, St. Thos. | 300.00 |
| Sidewood | 10.00 |
| Browning | 3.70 |

Alberta.

| | |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Calgary Presby. | 182.00 |
| Sturgeon | 40.00 |
| Rathwell, Ald. | 20.00 |
| Sarcee | 6.45 |
| Edmonton, 1st | 1,500.00 |
| Strathcona, Kx. | 100.00 |
| Grande Prairie | 70.00 |
| Prairie Park | 5.00 |

Quebec.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Bryson, St. And. | 15.00 |
| Rv. G. W. Thom | 10.00 |
| Kennebec Road, St. Geo. | 14.00 |
| Kennebec Road, Marlow | 16.00 |
| Valcartier | 5.00 |
| Stoneham | 2.00 |
| St. Phil. de Chester | 5.20 |
| North Ham | 2.00 |

British Columbia.

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| N. Vanc'r, St. Stephen's | 48.00 |
| Port Hammond ss. | 10.00 |
| Prince Rupert | 30.00 |
| Grank Forks, Kx. ss. | 11.00 |
| Vanc'r, Cedar Cottage ce. | 16.00 |
| Vanc'r, Mt. Pleasant | 400.00 |
| Slocan | 30.00 |

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------|
| Creston | 5.00 | Nova Scotia. | New Brunswick. | Pr Rv. Dr. Milne | |
| " ss. | 6.00 | Pr. Agent, Hx. | 493.34 | Rae, Scotland . . | 839.05 |
| " mb. | 9.00 | East Jordan | 1.03 | Anonymous | 10.00 |
| Midway | 12.50 | Lockeport | 2.66 | W. H. M. S. | 3,317.50 |
| Albarni, St. And. . . | 59.00 | Yarmouth, wctu. . . | 14.09 | Pr Dr. Leslie, Honan | 242.52 |
| Collingwood E. . . | 25.00 | South Maitland . . . | 2.06 | Pr Rv. S. B. Rohold | 3.00 |
| Denman Island . . . | 9.00 | Maitland | 11.59 | M. M. A. | 20.00 |
| | | | | Miscellaneous. | |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During August | Mar. 1 to August 31 |
|-----------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$1,328.08 | \$7,333.60 |
| Home Missions.... | 1,292.18 | 4,576.02 |
| Augmentation..... | 388.00 | 1,268.35 |
| College..... | 4,111.05 | 4,469.05 |
| Aged Ministers ... | 24.00 | 127.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 7.00 | 114.00 |
| For North West.... | | 719.00 |
| Children's Day Col. | | 17.00 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 4.92 | 54.27 |
| Bursary Fund | 485.50 | 1,036.00 |
| Library Fund..... | 146.22 | 249.22 |
| Widows' & Orphans | 1.00 | 257.00 |
| Social Service, etc.. | 22.00 | 220.00 |
| Total..... | \$7,809.95 | \$20,440.51 |

RECEIVED DURING AUGUST At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax, by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D. and divided among the Funds as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| Acknowledged . . . | \$12,630.56 | Lower Stewiacke . . | 50.00 |
| "From New Mills". | 10.00 | Alex. Kerr | 5.00 |
| Bass River | 66.00 | New Annan | 65.00 |
| Waweig | 12.00 | Chebogue | 5.70 |
| Black River, Napan, | | Hx., Park St. | 60.00 |
| Hardwicke | 40.00 | R. D. Ross | 20.00 |
| St. James, Union . . | 10.00 | Rv. A. McLean, D.D. | 30.00 |
| Noel | 10.00 | Mrs. A. A. Smith . . | 3.00 |
| Noel Miss. Soc. . . | 20.00 | Country Harbor . . | 5.00 |
| Noel ce. | 10.00 | Clifton, New Lon. . . | 124.00 |
| "A Friend" | 1.00 | North Salem . . . | 9.87 |
| Springside | 107.00 | Neil McPherson . . | 5.00 |
| Marble Mt. ce. . . | 15.50 | Sheet Harbor . . . | 23.00 |
| Brookfield, N.S. . . | 60.00 | Norton | 17.00 |
| Lower Stewiacke . . | 75.00 | "A Friend" | 1.00 |
| Hx. Park St. ss. . . | 125.00 | Bedford | 33.00 |
| Arch'd McKenzie . . | 60.00 | Proportion of Con- | |
| Westville, Carmel . . | 171.00 | solidated Revenue | |
| Mabou | 25.00 | divided among | |
| Carleton, N.S. . . . | 8.85 | schemes | 6,428.03 |
| Orangedale | 23.00 | | |
| Maitland | 71.00 | | \$20,440.51 |

The Presbyterian Record.

Published by the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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Some diseases are "catching." If you
had measles or whooping cough, you would
not try to give your disease to anyone else.

But there are other things that are
catching, that you may give without think-
ing. Crossness and bad temper are catch-
ing, too. One child can give them to a
whole company of others, for they spread

very fast. When you feel cross and quar-
relsome, it is better to stay by yourself till
you feel pleasant, or make up your mind to
be pleasant, than to go among others and
harm them.

But good temper and sunshine, love and
joy are catching, too, and can be spread
ever so far. Be careful what you give,
then. Let others catch happiness, and not
the sulks or bad temper, from you.—Ex.

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CAMP

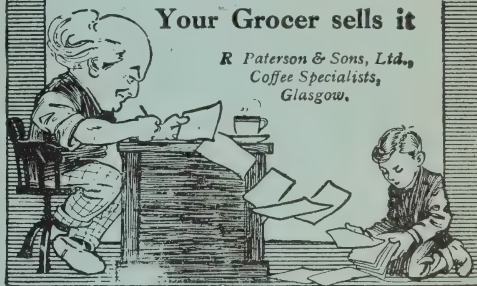
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Never put thyself in the way of temptation.—The Talmud.

Human improvement is from within outwards.—Froude.

An opportunity unimproved is a coin thrown into the sea.

"Cleanse thy thoughts and they will cleanse thy actions."—Confucius.

The man who is willing to have only a little religion will never have any.

What we really are, somehow or other will ooze out.—F. W. Robertson.

The common deeds of the common day are ringing bells in the far away.—Burton.

Lost time is never found again. What we call "time enough" always proves little enough.

Take every chance you can to be kind, because some day there will be no more chances.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

No man can be wholly uneducated who really knows the Bible.—President Schurman, of Cornell.

There is no middle ground as regards influence. Your influence either helps or hinders; lifts up or pushes down.

"Perseverance means, firstly, to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly, to nebbber let go."—Negro preacher.

God basis his rewards not on conspicuousness of service, but on fidelity to opportunity.—G. Campbell Morgan, D.D.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.—Beecher.

When one-half of the Sabbath is given to pleasure—religion is not likely to share much of the other half.—Sir Walter Scott.

The face is made every day by its morning prayer, and by its morning look out of windows which open upon heaven.—Joseph Parker.

It is easy to be patient and gentle when everybody is treating us kindly. But it is nobler, and shows finer character, to be patient and gentle when some one is wronging us.

Our anger and impatience often prove much more mischievous than the things about which we are angry or impatient.—Marcus Aurelius.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.—H. W. Beecher.

Love him and keep him for thy friend, who, when all go away, will not forsake thee, nor suffer thee to perish at the last.—Thomas à Kempis.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

There is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slow, endures.—J. G. Holland.

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live and be happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital, safely invested, and richly productive of interest.—Goethe.

God loves beauty, and has made the little Alpine flower to grow where none but God and the angels can see it. There is something better in life than dollars and cents and straight lines and angles neutral colors.

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given away or kept, only as by giving and keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity.—David Livingstone.

A man told me how he once went home and, with tears and bowed head, said to his wife: "All is gone; we are ruined!" "All?" said she. "Yes," he replied, "everything, all is lost." "But," she said, "I am not lost, the children are not lost, you are not lost. If it is only money that is lost we are not ruined!" And in the strength of that thought, he wiped away his tears and began to toil with a good heart.—Selected.

The Presbyterian Record



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THE GREATEST WORK.

He built a house; time laid it in the dust,
He wrote a book, its title now forgot,
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched lot,
Who, on the State, dishonour might have
brought,
And reared him to the Christian's hope
and trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, and preached for human
need.
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent,
The work was multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens. Every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.
—Ez.

Canadians should ponder the above lines. Tens of thousands of "foreigners" are pouring into our land. Soon Canada will be more "foreign" than "Canadian."

Many of these people from Europe know little of God and have scarce an ideal, religious or national, beyond themselves.

They are a strong, virile people, with large families.

Not so much can be done for the adults. The hope for future is to establish Christian mission schools for the children, giving them the opportunity to become Christian citizens.

In a few years they will be a controlling factor in our country. Neglect these children now and Canada will suffer always. Gather and teach them now and the future we hope for as a nation may be ours.

Ottawa Ladies' College

This College is owned and controlled by the Presbyterian Church and commended by the General Assembly.

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The Committee of Union and Progress of the Young Turk party (so called) is made up of educated Turks, Albanians, Armenians, Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks and others.

Hyanas are the walking graveyards of Africa. When a man dies, his body is taken back into the bush and left there.

Before the Revolution of 1908 in Turk there was no freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, or travel.

Large numbers of Christians in Japan have positions of trust in business, banks, and the Government.

The population of South America is 40,000,000.

The Presbyterian Record

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No. 11

PRAYER AND WORK.

Guthrie's "Work as if all depended upon yourself and pray as if all depended upon God" expresses an essential truth.

Many who hold this truth think that the prayer end of Christian effort is largely neglected. There is meeting together—and teaching—and exhorting—and making new plans—and organizing campaigns—and collecting and giving—and praising and blaming—and predicting and hoping and fearing; but how much is there of prayer—real prayer—the individual heart alone with God—self-surrendered—pleading for others and their best good? Yet herein lies the strength and the secret of accomplishment, of any individual and every church.

It needs not here to discuss the "why" and "wherefore" of prayer and answer, the many questions and problems and mysteries of it all. For the Christian there are two outstanding facts, (1) The promise of God, repeated in so many forms and ways "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find"; and (2) The age-long and world-wide fulfilment of that promise in the fact that the men and women and churches of prayer have been the men and women and churches of power and accomplishment.

Of the families of praying parents a larger proportion have been praying children than of any other kind of families. Of the classes of praying Sabbath School teachers a larger proportion have made profession of their faith than of any other classes. Of the congregations of praying ministers a larger proportion have been won to Christ than of other congregations. The Home and Foreign Mission work of praying churches has been more successful than other missions.

And it is the same "yesterday, to-day and forever," so long as there are men and women and children to win to Jesus Christ. The parent, the teacher, the minister, the congregation, the church, that travails in soul for others, will "see of that travail of soul and will be satisfied."

In the stir and noise of plans and campaigns and speeches and banquets let us ever remember that God is in "the still small voice," that the way in which real work is going to be done, is in the individual heart getting hold of the strength of God.

New methods of Christian work may supersede old methods but there is no new source of strength and no new method of getting hold of that strength, and without it, all methods, old and new, will be alike ineffective. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

Just one question. What is real prayer? Prayer is real when one is doing one's utmost to bring about the thing prayed for. Parents' prayers for their children are real when they themselves, by their life and example and instruction and leading are doing what they can to make their children what they are praying they may be. Teachers' prayers for their classes are real when they are offered upon the farthest reach of their own efforts. The prayers of ministers for conversions and confessions are real when that for which they pray is the supreme aim in their own heart and life and work. The prayers of a church for her Missions, Home and Foreign, are real when that church is doing its utmost for the conversion of the world.

For parent or teacher or minister or church to ask of God things they are not trying their utmost to do themselves is to mock Him with unreality.

FORWARDING COLLECTIONS.

The good habit is growing in our Church of giving for missions, each Sabbath, in the Duplex envelope. This giving, if "as God hath prospered" is true worship.

But there is a bad habit, all too common, which largely neutralizes this good habit, viz., that of keeping these offerings in the congregational treasury till the end of the year, and then forwarding them in one sum to the general church treasury.

What is the result? The missionaries, home and foreign, whom we have asked to go as our substitutes, and do our work, must be supported. Money has to be borrowed, sometimes with difficulty. Those who have charge of the work are burdened with anxiety. Interest has to be paid for this borrowed money, when, all the time, there is money lying unused, kept in the congregation, money which the people have given for that work but which is kept back from the work. There is needless anxiety and no small needless loss.

Congregational collections should be forwarded at least monthly, and at the end of the year the congregation can allocate all its givings as it may desire and they will be credited accordingly.

TORONTO AND KINGSTON SYNOD.

This largest of the eight Synods of our Church met in Toronto, 14-16th October. Rev. D. A. Thompson, of Hastings, was chosen moderator in succession to Rev. A. M. Hamilton, of Winchester.

Opinions differ as to the best time and place of meeting. It used to be spring then changed to autumn. It used to "meet round" then chose Toronto permanently.

Both spring and autumn have their advocates; and as to place, some think it would do more local good in a centre where big meetings do not so often come.

The whole round of church work was faithfully reviewed and effort planned for betterment.

The reports on S. S. and Y. P. S. showed room for more and Synod recommended a campaign in every presbytery, to secure, as far as possible, a Sabbath School and

Young People's Society in every preaching place.

Home, Augmentation and Foreign, all showed receipts increased, but not yet in proportion to means or needs, and there was but one mind as to the duty and privilege and ability and necessity for advance.

Social Service, purifying life, saving and uplifting the white enslaved, received earnest attention and response, as some of the sad facts of life, especially in the great cities, were told by those who are working for betterment.

THE MARITIME SYNOD.

Geography, History, and Responsibility continue to give this Synod an interest all its own.

Geographically it is removed from the other parts of the Church by the R. C. Province of Quebec. May the time soon come when there will be a broad and continuous line of French Protestant congregations linking East and West.

Historically, a meeting of Synod has, for nearly a century, been the chief church event of the year to the Maritime Presbyterians, and the interest does not lessen with passing time.

Responsibility has given and continues to give interest to its meetings. The Synod has its own college, which reports to Assembly but which the Synod supports and in effect controls. For its Home Missions and Foreign Missions it has always been responsible. They have always been its very own.

Latterly the West has been taking part in the work in Korea and has recently assisted hospital work in the mission stations of this Synod there, but the Synod still has the support and management of its own work.

Its meeting this year, 4-6 October, was one of its best. It was Sydney's first meeting of a Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The Synod of the P. C. L. P. met there forty years ago. There was then no railway. Stage coach and boat carried the members to and fro. The fingers of one hand would probably more than number all who were present on both occasions.

The opening sermon this year was by Rev. Anderson Rogers, retiring moderator, after which Rev. Dr. Jack was chosen his successor.

One item of more than usual importance was the resignation of Rev. Dr. McCurdy, after fourteen years of service as Agent of the Church, and the appointment of Rev. Prof. T. Stewart of the Presbyterian College to that work. Drs. Macgregor, Morrison and McCurdy, a worthy trio, have filled the office since its first inception, and in Dr. Stewart the traditions of the past will find fitting continuance.

An interesting feature was the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Annand after forty years in the New Hebrides. And it seems but yesterday since their designation in Fort Massey church, Hx., when Mr. Annand's brother-in-law, Rev. A. J. Mowatt, then minister in Stellarton, gave an address of rare eloquence and power.

The chosen work of Mr. and Mrs. Annand did not then seem attractive to look forward to; but how attractive to look backward to, forever, with its many gathered from heathenism to Christ.

The leading departments of church work, Sabbath Schools, Y. P. Societies, Augmentation, Home and Foreign Missions, etc., were all in turn reviewed as to their past and planned for as to their future.

These reviews had their lights and shadows, one of the latter being a falling off in the proportion of families observing family worship. The value, in the past, to the church and to the world, of this simple service can never be realized. It has sent forth its multitudes of men and women, with the idea of God indelibly stamped upon their characters and moulding their lives. It will be of equal value in the days to come to the families that observe it.

The planning for the future along the different lines of work was all for better and larger things, the true apostolic ideal, "leaving the things that are behind and reaching forth."

The Synod adjourned to meet next year at Moncton.

LIBERTY GAINING IN QUEBEC.

A few weeks ago, a French newspaper, *Le "Pays,"* published in Montreal, was put under the "ban" by the Church of Rome. The Archbishops of Montreal and of Quebec, each issued a decree, to be read on a given Sunday in all the churches of their dioceses, forbidding their people to buy or sell or read that paper under penalty of the displeasure, and therefore the discipline, of the church.

Le "Pays" while not attacking the church in any way, has for some time been advocating improvement in the public schools. These schools, that is, the French R. C. ones, are wholly under the control of the church. The children are taught their church duties, but often little else, and *Le "Pays"* has but voiced a dissatisfaction that is widespread among many of the more thoughtful and intelligent French people.

But anything like independence of thought or freedom of discussion is not regarded with favour by Rome, and her authorities have exercised their power, as often before, in Canada and elsewhere, in seeking to stifle this voice.

Two or three times, in recent years, have French newspapers been "banned" in the Province of Quebec and, so far as we are aware, the "ban" has always been effective. The people were obedient to the church and would not sell or buy or read a paper that was "banned," and it had to cease publication, often involving the publishers in considerable loss.

But this time results are different. *Le "Pays"* in the words of the publisher, when asked concerning it, at this writing, is "going on as if nothing had happened."

It is a victory for freedom in this province, and a blow to the prestige and power of Rome in civil affairs. Her claims to supremacy, and to the absolute obedience of all men in all things, can only find acceptance in lands and times of darkness and ignorance, and it is a token of the spread of light and knowledge in the Province of Quebec that French R. C. people will continue to buy and sell and read a paper that the church has put under the ban, and that it is "going on as if nothing had happened."

THE MORMONS IN ALBERTA.

By REV. WM. SHEARER.

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Dr. Scott,

Joseph F. Smith, of Salt Lake City, Utah, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon), is at present on a visit to Alberta. His visit is in connection with the erection of the \$250,000 temple which his church is building at Cardston. He speaks of Alberta as "this paradise," and predicts that Cardston will be a better and larger city than Salt Lake City." He advises Canadian Mormons to build "so strong that it will last until the second coming of Christ."

He is said to be accompanied by Mrs. Smith. Which Mrs. Smith?

According to his own sworn statement at the time of the Smoot trial, when the chairman asked, "Then you have *five* wives?" he replied, "I have."

"Do you obey the law in having five wives at this time?" asked the chairman. And Mr. Smith's reply was, "Mr. Chairman, I do not claim that in that case I have obeyed the law." (See p.p. 133 and 197, Vol. I of Senate Document No. 486, 59th Congress, First Session).

Mr. Taylor asked "Do you mean to say that you, at your pleasure, obey or disobey the commands of God Almighty?"

Mr. Smith replied: "Yes, sir. I obey or disobey at my will."

"Just as you please?"

"Just as I please."

"And that is the kind of a God you believe in?"

Mr. Smith: "That is exactly the kind of a God I believe in."

And this is the kind of a man who claims to be God's vicegerent on earth and who can do no wrong. This is the kind of man who comes into our "paradise" with the avowed purpose of proselytizing it for his church which is a

Polytheistic and Polygamous Paganism with Powerful Political Proclivities for Its own Benefit.

It is said the Mormon Church has already purchased 122,700 acres of land west of Cardston. And now Joseph F. Smith has his covetous eyes on that magnificent tract

of land, covering 500 square miles, and known as the "Blood Indian Reserve."

He is reported as having said, "This land here we will pay for. When the Indians are ready to sell we will pay for it. We won't begrudge any money they ask for it. The land is worth it."

All land which is bought and sold in trust by Joseph F. Smith for the Mormon Church is sold to its members at the original purchase price. The purchaser then pays ten per cent. of his net profits perpetually. It is this system of tithing, which is carried on everywhere, that has made the Mormon Church the wealthiest institution on the continent of America; and enables them to carry on their proselytizing so persistently.

When the Mormons first established themselves in Alberta a letter to the Montreal Star said: "Let the Government nip the evil in the bud. No other people can live with them in peace, as has been fully demonstrated in Missouri, Illinois, and Utah The Government will have enough to do after a while to attend to the saints if they are allowed to settle in Canada." That prediction is coming true.

HONAN ITINERARY.

As Planned for Orangeville Presbytery.

1. The whole presbytery of some twenty-five charges was divided into ten districts.
2. One minister in each district was chosen by the committee to take charge of the work in his district. He should enlist as many others as possible.
3. A lantern and slides should be procured for each district so that the itinerary may be carried on simultaneously.
4. A free-will offering will in all probability meet the expenses.
5. It has the advantage of enlisting many men in the work and of being done under the direction of presbytery's committee.

One of the biggest questions before our Church at the present time is how to get more men and women for the Home and Foreign Fields.

In Korea at the present in our own mission there are wanted ten evangelistic missionaries besides doctors and unmarried women.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada

Its Preservation and Continuance

(Note.—The following Statement, from Committees representing a part of the Church, has been sent to the Record, with request, as is their right, for its publication.)

Statement to the Church.

At the last meeting of the General Assembly, a majority of that court, representing the expressed desire of thirty-seven per cent. of the total communicant membership of the Church, resolved "in the hope that Union may be consummated with no unnecessary delay" to press forward the matter of Organic Union with the Methodist and Congregational Churches, and the consequent bringing to an end of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Thereupon, those opposing that resolution immediately convened and,—inasmuch as the Assembly of 1905 had decided that "a union to be real and lasting must carry the consent of the entire membership"—and inasmuch as more than sixty-two per cent. of the total membership of the Church, although urged to do so, had expressed no desire for Union—resolved that the Presbyterian Church in Canada should continue, and appointed committees to that end.

In pursuance of their appointment and instructions these Committees respectfully lay before the Church:

- (1) A brief historical statement.
- (2) The question at issue.
- (3) Some reasons for continuing in Canada The Presbyterian Church, and for discontinuing the present agitation.

In doing so they desire to say that nothing in this document is to be construed as manifesting anything but kindly feeling for brethren in our own Church who differ from us, nor as reflecting in any way upon sister churches, for whose zeal in the work of the Lord we have the highest regard and for whose continued prosperity we hope and pray.

(1) Historical Statement.

After eight years of discussion the vote was taken in our Church at the end of 1911,

with the result that of the 306,061 communicant members and elders reported in the statistics of that date (Dec. 1911), 115,968, thirty seven and a fraction per cent., a little more than one third of the whole, voted for Organic Union; 138,400, forty-five and a fraction per cent. of the whole, did not vote, expressed no desire for change, while 51,691 members and elders voted against Organic Union.

In many of the centres where the subject was most fully discussed, the majority vote was against Union. For example, the Presbytery of Toronto had, at that date, a membership of 30,566, more than one-tenth of the whole Church; and the vote for Union on the present Basis was 4,690, while the vote against Union on the present Basis was 5,002.

In the city of Montreal, the majority vote of the membership in most of the larger churches was against Union. In the historic Presbytery of Pictou, the people gave a majority against Union, as did those of many other places throughout the Church.

When the vote was taken in the Methodist Church the total membership, as reported in the statistics of that date (May, 1912) was 343,104. Of these, 192,334, fifty-six per cent., voted for Union, 119,929 did not vote, expressed no desire for change, while 30,841 voted against ending the Methodist Church in Canada.

When the vote was taken in the Congregationalist Church, the total communicant membership was 11,253. Of these, 2,933, twenty-six per cent., voted for Union; 7,507, over 66 per cent., did not vote, expressed no desire for change, while 813 voted against Union.

(2) The Question at Issue.

(A.) WHAT THE QUESTION IS NOT.

It is not a question of Unity, of a right attitude of heart and life towards others, for all true Christians, though differing in preference and in judgment as to some matters of Doctrine, Government and Worship, are

one in Christ as completely as are members of the same church.

It is not a question of putting away unseemly sectarian envy and strife and living as brethren, for the great Evangelical Denominations in our land are now, in large measure, living and working as becometh their high calling; congregations and individuals of different name showing their brotherhood in Christ as do those of the same name. If there be any lack in this respect the remedy is not Organic Union but more of the Spirit of Christ.

It is not a question of preventing waste of means and energy in small or diminishing populations, for a wise adjustment between the churches, as has been proven in the past, will accomplish the desired end.

It is not a question of majority or minority rule inside the Church, but of some wishing to remain in the Presbyterian Church and others seeking to end it and form a new one. If some wish to change their church connection, others are under no obligation to follow them.

It is not a question of overlapping or waste in the foreign field, for the negotiating churches have no foreign missions in the same territory.

(B.) WHAT THE QUESTION IS.

The question at issue has had three stages, or aspects. Prior to the vote of the Church the question was simply whether we should live and work, side by side, in harmony and co-operation with all other evangelical churches; or give up our Presbyterian name and organization and join with some others in forming a new church.

The vote of the Church added another aspect to the question. Only thirty-seven per cent. of the membership expressed a desire for Union, while more than fifty thousand voted against it; and the Union Committee, on counting the vote at its first meeting thereafter, decided that Union was not feasible at the present time. An additional question then was whether it was better to continue the agitation or, giving our energies without distraction to the work before us, allow the matter of Organic Union in the meantime to rest.

Still another aspect of the question has been added by the action of a part of last

Assembly, in the decision to press forward the consummation of Organic Union. This action made necessary the resolve to organize for the continuance of our Church; and the special question now is—whether we shall, as a Church, give ourselves unitedly to the great work to which our Lord is calling us, or whether some, by devoting their energies to the ending of the Church, will thus divert the energies of others to her defence and continuance.

The whole question at issue may be summed up as follows—whether it is better that the existing denominations in Canada, including Anglican, Baptist and others, all living and working in harmony, avoiding needless overlapping, co-operating where necessary, preserving their individual liberty, genius and outlook, fostering true Christian unity, should march forward, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, the army* of the Lord; or whether there should be forced into the field a new additional denomination, with the cause of true Christian unity turned backward for an indefinite period.

(3) Some Reasons for the Continuance of the Presbyterian Church and the Discontinuance of the Present Agitation.

(1) The Presbyterian Church is the oldest type of Christian organization in the world, that of the Church of the New Testament; and patterned after the Church of God in the Old Testament. Its system of Doctrine we believe to be more closely based upon Scripture than that of any other Church. History attests that Presbyterianism has always and everywhere produced a type of character eminently fitted to establish and maintain a religious and virile nationhood. It is to-day, as represented in the Alliance of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system, the greatest and strongest organized spiritual power for righteousness in the world.

Such a Church, so Scriptural in its doctrine and polity, so age long in its history, so world wide in its extent, so efficient in its working, so well fitted to secure collective order with individual freedom, so large a factor in the development of the world's civil and religious liberty, should not be lightly banished from our land at this formative period in her history.

(2) Christian Unity does not demand uniformity of name and organization. True Christian Unity is not of the outward and physical but of the inward and spiritual, and it does not therefore constitute a call to surrender that system of church organization which we think best fitted to advance the Kingdom of God.

(3) There is no warrant in Scripture for making Organic Union an obligation of the Church of Christ upon earth, nor for claiming that all Christians should be in one outward organization.

(4) The proposed change would mean less effective work. While the chief end, the only end, of the Christian Church is the up-building of the Kingdom of God, denominational loyalty is helpful as a means towards that end, and the three churches will appeal to and win and hold a larger number, and will accomplish more for Canada, working side by side, each along its own lines, than would such a combination as is proposed by Organic Union.

Especially at the present time, with a large Presbyterian and Methodist immigration from Britain and elsewhere, should the church of their home and childhood be here with a welcome, for to such welcome will larger numbers respond.

Moreover, the lack of denominational impulse and historic momentum, the weakened sense of responsibility, the inevitable friction and unrest, the loss of some who would, in a spirit of protest, join other churches, and of others who would lapse into indifference, would all mean the lessened strength and efficiency of the Church of Christ in Canada.

(5) Historically, the lands where one church has had exclusive sway have always suffered from steadily increasing spiritual deadness so long as that sway continued; and there is a growing volume of testimony from religious thinkers throughout the world that the effort to achieve Christian Unity by means of ecclesiastical uniformity and consolidation can never be effective, because contrary to the laws of spirit and of life.

(6) The proposed basis, which would supersede our Confession of Faith and Catechisms, is seriously defective and ambiguous in doctrinal teaching. It does not magnify

sufficiently the Inspiration and Authority of Scripture, nor the Holy and Loving Sovereignty of God. It provides no catechetical instruction for the young. It is distinctly prejudicial to the rights and liberties of the people.

It acknowledges that many important questions of administration would have to be settled in some undefined way after the union. Great Benevolent, Missionary and Educational Funds, now hedged around by different rules, regulations, deeds of gift and trust, are to be thrown together in the hope that they will emerge in some definite shape.

This is a perilous chance and holds within it possibilities of confusion, bitterness and litigation, which would inevitably cause unrest and disruption in the most critical years of our country's history.

The fact that no minister or office-bearer is required to declare adherence to the proposed new creed would make the confusion complete.

(7) The vote of the three churches shows that none of them is prepared for Union. On such a vote no union at all complete or harmonious would be possible. Both the Union Committee and the General Assembly stated this clearly in 1905, when they said, as already quoted "that a union of the churches to be real and lasting must carry the consent of the entire membership."

Further, to ask another vote in the near future, so soon after the previous one, with its eight years of discussion and preparation, would be a grave discourtesy to an intelligent people, for nothing has since arisen to change essentially the conditions that then existed; while the very large cost of continuing negotiations and taking the vote would be a serious diversion and expenditure of funds which have been contributed for the proper work of the Church, often at no small sacrifice. Hence those who continue to press forward Organic Union are assuming a very heavy responsibility.

Those who have sought to preserve and continue our Church have hitherto been content with simply expressing and recording their views and desires, while waiting and seeking for light. They have earnestly sought that the question be allowed to rest until the leading of the Head of the Church should be made more plain to all.

They regret that their plea has been disregarded and that the decision of a part of the Church to press forward the consummation of Organic Union has now compelled them to take the position which they have done in their resolve to continue the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in the full possession of all her rights and privileges, and to take all necessary steps towards maintaining and defending the same.

We recognize humbly and thankfully that, in the past, God, through our Church, has done marvellous things whereof we are glad. Out of our Zion God hath shined. Upon our action at this time we invoke His Gracious blessing and the prayerful judgment of all Christian people.

Signed on behalf of the Joint Committees.

R. G. MACBETH, Chairman.

T. WARDLAW TAYLOR, Secretary.

Our Foreign Missions

WANTED, A SEMINARY.

When Rev. Wm. Wilson, D.D., our veteran missionary in Indore, was leaving India recently on furlough he went to the Maharajah, the ruler of the native Province of Indore, and said,—

"Your Highness, you know the work that we have been trying to do for the uplift of your people all these years. You know that our work and our teaching and preaching has done good, and only good, to the lives of your people.

"Now we want a place, a building, a seminary, where we can teach and train your young people to do this work for their own people, and thus we can accomplish far greater good for India.

"I would like to be able to tell our great Church in Canada, when I go home, that your Highness is willing to give land for a site for such a building,"

"I will do it" was the reply, and Dr. Wilson came away with a thankful heart, for a site could not be obtained on any terms without the consent of the Maharajah; and there is now not only the consent, but the gift, provided the building is placed upon it.

Now Dr. Wilson puts the same question to our Church. The Foreign Mission Board, at its recent meeting heartily endorsed the proposal, but cannot spare the money out of our ordinary F. M. Fund, as that Fund is all too small for our wide and varied foreign mission work now dependent upon it. But if some rich Christian man or woman, or both, or several of them, would only realize the great opportunity of so grand an investment for the future of In-

dia and the world, and would respond to the appeal and put a few thousands of their surplus wealth into the building of this Seminary, the gift would yield eternal dividends to the millions of India and eternal dividends of thankful satisfaction to the givers.

If any rich heart with a good purse is interested in the proposal, please drop a note to Rev. Wm. Wilson, D.D., care of the Foreign Mission Board, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and though this is written without his knowledge, he will be glad to give full information.

Those great Empires of the East must be evangelized by their own people. The privilege of foreign churches is to start them in this work. Now is the opportunity of the ages, when the wealth of time can be exchanged for the wealth of eternity as never before.

A word of explanation may here be given. The present Indore College, is for general education under Christian influences. It is overcrowded. The Seminary that is wanted is for the training of young Indian students for the ministry, and correspondents to our Theological Colleges in Canada.

Who, in Canada, will echo the words of Marajah, and say "I will do it"?

Under the new republic, the old dragon flag is China's flag no longer. The new flag consists of five stripes representing five peoples. Reading from the top downwards, the colors are red, yellow, blue, white, black, representing in order Chinese, Manchus, Mongolians, Mohammedans, Thibetans.

A QUARTER CENTURY IN HONAN.

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN HONAN IN THE EARLY DAYS.

BY REV. J. FRAZER SMITH, M.D.

The place and power of medical work in missionary effort, has been recognised by the different branches of the Church for a considerable time. It is not surprising, therefore, that when our Church was planning for the opening of a mission in Honan, so much attention was given to this department of work. The only regret has been that the provision made was not more adequate, and that all the departments of the work have too often been hampered owing to lack of funds.

Amid the many drawbacks and difficulties that confronted the pioneers in these early days, the medical men had to encounter their full share, and the medical work was carried on under the most trying conditions.

Until an opening was secured for permanent residence in Honan work was carried on by touring, the missionaries going out two and two, a medical man and a minister, each accompanied by a Chinese helper.

When possible, two rooms were secured in a Chinese inn, in one of which the doctor opened up his medicines and instruments. Generally the room was small, ten feet by twelve, with brick or mud floor, two small paper windows and a rickety door opening on the inn yard.

When all was ready a chair was placed right within the door, and the first patient was invited to take a seat.

Why place the chair in the doorway? It acted as a barrier to the over-curious, surging crowd without; it also afforded better light, and, besides, which was a matter of considerable moment, it was an attempt to assure the people that all the work was going to be done above board and in the open.

While the climate of Honan is fairly good and the people, as a rule, as vigorous as can be found anywhere in that vast empire, yet diseases of all kinds are prevalent. Daily the inn yard was thronged with a vast number of poor, halt, maimed,

lame, and blind, suffering men, and women too, waiting for their turn, hoping that something might be done for them in their distress and despair.

Native doctors both near and far had already been applied to and native nostrums of all kinds had been tried, with the usual result—that much injury had been done, and seldom if ever any benefit received.

In that inn yard, almost any day, was to be found clinical material sufficient for five or six specialists in as many different departments. Tumours of all kinds, sizes and shapes were much in evidence; while abscesses, ulcers, wounds and running sores, together with loathsome skin diseases were never absent.

Look around and you will find probably twenty patients or more, from the infant in arms up to the old man of eighty years, who have been blinded by one cause or another. There, too, are numbers of cases that may be classed under the head of "general," both medical and surgical.

The doctor will attempt to do the best possible for one hundred and fifty or more of these poor sufferers during the next ten hours.

If the people, themselves, were suspicious their officials were doubly so, and the cynical sneering busy-body was ever present, ready to scoff and jeer at the patient for being so foolish as to allow himself to be bewitched by the hated "foreign devil's magic pill." Thus much of the medicine given was never used by the patients.

Many of the chronic cases under the most favorable circumstances might be expected to be helped only after a lengthy course of the most careful treatment.

The surgical cases formed the most satisfactory part of the work, but even here the majority of the operations were performed under conditions that no surgeon at home would dream of attempting.

Hand in hand, the Medical and Evangelistic work thus went on, for five, ten or fifteen days. Just as soon as the people became too boisterous, and began to show signs that an unfriendly outbreak was

imminent, the missionaries moved away to another place.

The immediate result of such work was that large numbers of those sorely afflicted ones, and many of their friends who had accompanied them, returned to their homes much happier and more hopeful because of the sympathy shown and the encouragement and help given in their helplessness and often abject despair.

Little by little also deep rooted prejudices were being removed, the confidence of a few here and there was being won, and the door to residence in Honan was swinging a little more widely open.

But this was not all. One day in the Spring of 1890, a man was led by his son and grandson into the inn yard at Hsui Hsien, and took his seat in the doctor's chair. This man, who was called Chou (Joe), had been told by the other mission doctor when on a short visit there a few months before to come back the next time the doctor came and possibly something might be done for his blind eyes.

He was now told that nothing except cutting with the knife would do his eyes any good. On hearing this he became angry and stormed and reviled. He had heard the false stories freely circulated about these foreign doctors taking the eyes of the Chinese to make medicine, but to be told it to his face was an effrontery beyond words fittingly to describe.

In this case "a little child shall lead them" was literally fulfilled. The grandson, a little boy of ten, had been spoken kindly to by the doctor, and he pleaded with the old man, and ventured to suggest that as his eyes were no use now, it would be worth while trying.

If sight were only restored what did it matter what became of the old eyes, and if perchance they were turned into good medicine and did other people good would it not result in all the more credit to him.

Eventually he was willing to have his both eyes operated upon for cataract.

Day by day he was kindly spoken to by the doctor and encouraged to commit to memory the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer, all in Chinese. When at length he knew that sight

had been restored his joy knew no bounds.

When about to leave for his home he asked what he could do to show his gratitude. The doctor answered, "Believe on my Saviour, read the portion of Scripture given you (the Gospel of Mark in Chinese), pray daily to the Living God, thank Him for all His goodness to you and ask Him as He has given sight to your eyes to take the burden of sin from your heart. Keep on praying until the answer comes."

He promised to do so, and the next time the doctor arrived at Hsui Hsien the first man to greet him was old Joe, now able to use both eyes and move about freely.

He thanked the doctor for what he had done, adding, "But best of all I did as you told me, and your God heard my prayer and lifted the burden off my heart and I am so happy all the day and read the Word of God and pray three times a day."

In due time the doctor had the pleasure of baptizing old Joe and his son, and receiving them as the first members of the native church in North Honan.

For over twenty years old Joe has remained staunch and true, and has proved himself a great preacher of the Gospel.

One such life won for the Lord Jesus Christ is worth the whole life time of any minister or doctor and is surely an encouragement to others to consecrate their all to the Master in this needy field.

After work was commenced in Honan in rented premises the medical and evangelistic work still kept closely in touch with each other. The waiting room of the dispensary was turned into a chapel and every day the Gospel was faithfully preached to the waiting patients and their friends for several hours at a time.

Many of these patients came from long distances, and carried back to their homes portions of Scripture and religious books and not unfrequently a fair knowledge of the Gospel, learned in the dispensary or chapel and in the hospital wards.

Afterwards the evangelists, on visiting these distant places were cordially received and found quite a number ready and willing to receive further instruction.

As in the beginning so it has continued throughout the years. God has abundantly blessed the ministry of healing. Scattered

throughout North Honan to-day are scores of communities and thousands of homes where individuals and families are grateful to Almighty God for health received, strength regained, sight restored, and above all for the knowledge they possess of Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour and the joy of service for Him.

And those who have had the joy of taking part in this glorious work never cease to praise His name, that He led them to heed His own command "Go ye into all the world" "Heal the sick and preach the Gospel."

1888-1913.

THEN AND NOW IN HONAN.

BY REV. MURDOCH MACKENZIE, D.D.

Paul and Barnabas were called of the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel of Christ among Gentile peoples. They were sent forth to their work from the Christian Church in Antioch. Animated by loyalty to Christ and love to men, they went out and followed God's guidance. Pioneer workers of the conquering Christian hosts, they had a remarkable share of most varied experiences. Returning to Antioch at the close of their first missionary journey, "they gathered the church together, rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how He had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles.

Our Church is this year listening to the record of God's providential dealings with one of her missions. The Church and her commissioned workers are reviewing twenty-five years' work among another Gentile people. The quarter century just closed has been full of varied activities, the workers have had a fair share of ordinary pioneer missionary experiences, and it is fitting now that our Church should know what God has done and how He has opened the door of faith unto the Honanese.

The pioneer worker of the Honan Mission reached Chefoo in 1888. He was joined by three others that year. The Assembly of 1889, sanctioned the establishment of the Presbytery of Honan. The second band of workers were presented in person to that Assembly, and, on their arrival in Lin Ching

in December, 1889, were invited to take part in constituting the new Presbytery.

The first station in Honan was opened in 1890, and was followed by the second in 1891, and in 1892, work was begun at two centres within Honan Province. It is with devout gratitude that the early workers now compare and contrast the conditions as they existed in 1888, with those in 1913.

Honan was first visited in the Autumn of 1888. Messrs. Goforth and Smith then travelled by Chinese cart, entering the Province from the north, and going as far as the Yellow River. Entering his future field of labour, Mr. Goforth had Isaiah 55:8-13, given him as God's message. Verse 11 has been to him the Divine promise concerning Honan all these years. Both brethren were profoundly moved by what they saw and learned of the conditions in Honan.

It took from eighteen to twenty-one days to reach Honan by Chinese houseboat from Tientsin in 1888. The journey is now made by train in less than two days.

Couriers then took ten and twelve days in carrying mail from Tientsin overland to Honan, and the arrival of the bi-weekly mail was quite an event. Mail is now delivered daily in our compounds.

The nearest telegraph station was then some days' journey distant. Now it is almost at our doors.

The door into Honan was then closed and footholds were difficult to obtain and retain. The Mission now occupies three Prefectural capitals, two county capitals and one large commercial city.

Then officials were usually unfriendly and often decidedly hostile to the Mission. Now a marked change is apparent in the friendly attitude of very many leading officials.

The gentry despised and scoffed at all missionaries, as well as other foreigners, in 1890. In 1913 they welcome friendly visits, desire to learn more concerning foreign ways, and admit that Chinese have much to learn from peoples they once despised.

Scholars lauded Confucius, reviled Jesus, and regarded with contempt all western learning in 1890. They enquire as to the actual worth of Confucianism and Christianity, and are busy acquiring the rudiments of western learning in 1913.

The common people flocked in multitudes to hear the Gospel tidings at first but soon

became panicky, listened readily to missionary traducers, and, in many places, became suspicious and ready tools in the hands of our foes. Now they hear the Gospel gladly, know the truth concerning the missionaries, and think of the benefits of Christianity.

We entered Honan believing God's promises. We have seen many of these abundantly fulfilled. There were no Christians to greet us in 1890. In every village we were saluted as "foreign devils." Now there is a Christian community of over two thousand souls, scattered throughout scores of villages, in each of which some regard the missionary with favour, while in not a few he is beloved.

Sufferers met us everywhere in 1890, and no one knew of any satisfactory method of cure. Many thousands of patients have been successfully treated in our dispensaries and hospitals, and the reputations of our physicians is known for hundreds of miles.

The Bible was an unknown book in 1890. There are thousands of portions of Scripture, and many hundreds of complete copies now being read daily by many.

Some of our number hoped to itinerate in the Chinese villages as pioneer Gospel seed sowers; we have had the joy of visiting hundreds of villages, sowing in these the good seed of the Kingdom of God, and are already taking part in reaping some of the golden harvest. Canadian missionary pastors ministered to Chinese congregations for two decades and now there are eight organized Chinese congregations, ministered to by eight ordained Chinese pastors, supported from Chinese funds, and aided in their work by Chinese elders and deacons. We began, believing in the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation. We have seen its saving power demonstrated in a large number of once degraded heathen lives in North Honan. We saw the magnetism of Christ draw to Him men and women in Europe and America, and now we see Him drawing to Himself from many varied classes in China. The Honanese were averse to change then. Change is now the order of day now there and elsewhere. Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord have been promised and Honan has been sharing in these.

Workers in Honan are now familiar with a gradually changing order of things. The Manchu dynasty is gone and a Republic, presided over by a Honan man, has taken its place. The queue is going with the dynasty which introduced and commanded it to be worn. The age-long examination system is gone. Anti-foot binding societies are springing into existence. The nucleus of a Chinese army exists now. The daily newspaper is in evidence in many districts. Provincial and National Legislatures have been established. Religious toleration is sanctioned and will soon exist throughout broad China.

Meeting so many evidences of change we see also that which is changeless. The appalling needs of multitudes in Honan is as urgent as ever. Spiritual destitution is everywhere apparent. Idols are as helpless as before. Christ is as mighty to save as ever. Prayer is as mighty an agency now as in past ages.

Each missionary in North Honan still has over 300,000 persons to evangelize. The command of Christ to preach the Gospel to them is as imperative as before. Our church is responsible for the evangelization of between seven and eight million souls in North Honan. Canada was never as prosperous in material wealth as in this year of grace 1913. Our Presbyterian Church is sharing in that abundant prosperity.

The Honan staff, with all the Chinese evangelists they can employ, cannot overtake the evangelization of North Honan. Nor can they compel the Church to send out more workers. They see the shepherdless multitudes. Their hearts are moved with compassion for them. They pray to the great Lord of the harvest for laborers. The fields are white unto the harvest.

COULD OUR GREAT CHURCH OBSERVE THE QUARTER CENTURY OF THE HONAN MISSION IN A WORTHIER WAY THAN BY INAUGURATING A MOVEMENT TO SEND OUT AT LEAST ONE ORDAINED MISSIONARY FOR EVERY 100,000 PERSONS IN NORTH HONAN? That would be a forward movement worthy of the Church and well pleasing to God.

THE TURMOIL OF THE PIONEER PERIOD IN HONAN.

JOHN H. MACVICAR, D.D., ST. JOHN, N.B.

We started our fight for a foot-hold in one of the most rowdy provinces of China at a time of general suspense throughout the Empire. The roar of riot was growing weekly along the Valley of the Yangtse, and almost every province, including Shan-tung, where, through the kindness of the American missionaries, we were familiarizing ourselves with the language, betrayed symptoms of dangerous upheavals.

We had our policy for working Honan from great Fu centres all mapped out in advance, and afterwards, by marvellous providences, nearly every detail planned was actually carried through and realized, though not till years later.

But in those early days we had to be satisfied with any kind of a foot-hold we might succeed in gaining in such hostile territory. First, we squeezed in at the tumble-down market-town of Ch'u-wang, almost toppling over into the neighbouring Province of Chih-li. A little later, and with increased difficulty, we squeezed into the slightly more substantial market-town of Hsin-chen. Both of these original centres have since been abandoned in the larger development of the work.

At Ch'u-wang, a looting riot followed the noisy signal of a huge drum sounded at the front gate of the Mission Compound. Dr. McClure and Mr. MacGillivray had all their belongings carried off as a practical hint to make themselves scarce. They didn't. They held their ground.

After that riot I spent some time with Mr. MacGillivray in Ch'u-wang, negotiating a settlement of the case, which, through the intervention of Li Hung Chang, secured by Dr. McClure in Tientsin, proved so effectual that no further serious trouble ever occurred there.

With Mr. MacGillivray, I also passed through a more or less serious riot in Hsin-chen, in which glittering daggers and knives were flourished over our heads and various rough expedients resorted to in

order to drive us off; but, in spite of all, we managed to hold out. For several hours a large mob had possession of the premises, doing their utmost to intimidate us.

We stuck stubbornly to our position in a very conspicuous spot at the front of the compound and refused to go into hiding, as we were advised to do by professing friends amongst the natives, advice we had every reason afterwards to feel thankful we did not take. For about the same time, some Swedish missionaries in the South acted on similar advice, which they supposed to be friendly, and were ferreted out of their hiding place and pursued from roof to roof till finally they had no option but to jump into the street below, where their brains were instantly dashed out by the mob.

In our own case, the riot reached an end at the perilous approach of night-fall, through the timely but unexpected arrival of Dr. Smith and Mr. MacDougall. A panic amongst the rioters was immediately created by the impromptu holding of a prayer meeting in their presence. They dispersed in superstitious dread. These two boisterous events at Ch'u-wang and Hsin-chen were perhaps the roughest experiences of those early days.

But for the better part of the ensuing year we were subject to all kinds of annoyances and suspense. Letters would be shoved under our doors filled with the ominous mob-yell, "Sha!" "Kill!" Placards would be posted calling upon the populace to rise and do away with us. Soldiers, with their swords, would pry open the front door and penetrate insolently to all parts of the premises. Mobs would gather on the town wall overlooking the Mission Compound at Hsin-chen, and shower in brick-bats till the air grew dark, each missile accompanied by the piercing cry, "Sha! sha! sha! "Kill! kill! kill!" Workmen, altering the native houses which we were in—to make them more hygienic—would be hindered at their tasks and refused the right of way to draw water or carry in sand. Hollow pillars would be pounded as the suspected storage for pickled eyes which we were

charged with having gouged from the native children and bottled for medicine. Organized beggar bands, with their recognized "king," would not only make things decidedly unpleasant for us, but positively menacing, by feigning death on our premises, or bringing really dying companions, and leaving them in our porch that we might be held responsible by enraged rioters. In some of their tours, missionaries would be knocked down and pounded all over the body with bricks and stones and kicked ferociously with heavy boots. Mud would be flung at them till they could hardly be distinguished from tramps.

One day, when we had a shifting audience of thousands crowding in and out of our street chapel at Hsien-chen, I stepped out for a few moments to get some Chinese books to sell. I met Dr. Smith at the door, smiling. "Well," he said, "they have begun it!"

"Begun what?"

"To tear the roofs off our houses. Come this way and you can see."

Sure enough, a gang of the worst characters in town had climbed ladders to the roof of a building we had just acquired next door, and with large three pronged hoes were hard at work ripping up the tiles and throwing them to the ground. I think I can still see the rooks, or crows, fly cawing away when disturbed under the eaves. We went on with our work.

In the dread of the ensuing night we were wakened by loud voices and heavy thuds. Some of the mob had returned to undermine the walls of the dismantled building. Through all that eventful night the heavy pounding continued: yet Miss MacIntosh and Dr. Lucinda Graham, whose quarters were nearest to the disturbance, never betrayed the least sign of alarm.

Riots, too, were created by silly rumours that some of the missionary ladies were in the habit of raising umbrellas made of human skin that prevented rain from falling and accounted for prolonged droughts.

Dr. J. Fraser Smith and Mr. Murdock Mackenzie on these occasions were notable for their fearlessness in unbarring doors

and venturing into the heart of the mob to restore order. There was probably not a worker at that time who did not face a mob. Mr. Jonathan Goforth, bold as he was earnest, proved always true to his name, and was dauntless in "going forth" in the face of threatened violence. But whatever happened, and however much we might be overpowered, we always managed somehow to hold our ground, and every riot ended in distinctly bettering our foothold.

This pioneer work at best was rough, but it was thorough. The street chapel services for the most part were of the crudest description. The audience shifted ceaselessly. A man might come in carrying a bag and would deposit it in a corner whilst he listened for a few moments. When he left, a pig concealed in the bag would squeal, and he would make his exit to strains anything but suggestive of a pipe organ rendering a recessional hymn. Most of the crowd were munching peanuts whilst we preached.

Still, this rough and ready pioneer work, with all its drawbacks, had its value in familiarizing the people with our presence; and a start had to be made somehow.

It was a good start in spite of everything: a thoroughgoing start, that had its important place in attaining the present extraordinary progress in the work.

Before I left the field I heard old Chou Lao-ch'ang, the once blind opium-smoker, tell his thrilling story substantially as recorded in Dr. MacKenzie's book, "Twenty-five Years in Honan." If there had been no other result from the work of those boisterous pioneer days than the bringing in of that first convert, old Chou (Joe), we would have been well repaid for all the strain on our nerves.

Despite his doubts, Thomas was with the other disciples at the Easter octave. He knew there must be difficulties in religion, and painful as they were, the place where he would be most likely to have them solved was where he had already received so much light and help, and because he kept with the Church Jesus found and rescued him.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHURCH IN HONAN.

By REV. GILLIES EADIE, B.A.

With the closing years of this quarter century, it has been our privilege to see the consummation of many hopes and prayers, in the establishment of an organized Chinese Church in North Honan.

As far back as January 1906, Presbytery was unanimously of the opinion that "It will be for the highest interest of God's Kingdom in China, that the Chinese Church which is now being planted in Honan, shall become self-supporting, self-propagating and self-governing."

The sanction of the mother church to this principle was asked for, together with her prayers for, and blessing on, the efforts to carry it into effect. A year later Presbytery expressed itself to the effect that "The time had come for the election of Chinese elders and deacons in those parts of the field where suitable groups of Christians exist." It also empowered its members at each station to divide their fields in convenient groups for proper church organization and to proceed with the election and ordination of these church officers.

This step was first taken in the eastern part of the Changte field. This section, having been the first worked by our missionaries while settled at Ch'u wang, was necessarily more familiar with the Gospel message and at the same time the number of Christians was larger.

They were grouped around five centres, where the first ten elders and seventeen deacons were, accordingly, ordained during 1907-08. The following year nine other places in the Changte field and three in the Weiwei field had their church officers ordained.

The next question of importance to be decided, was that of a Chinese Presbytery. Many problems were presented in connection therewith. Could we organize a Chinese Presbytery before we had Chinese ministers? What relation, if any, should it have to the Canadian Church? What should be the relation of the Canadian missionary to this Presbytery? These questions were thoroughly discussed at

successive Presbytery meetings. At the meeting in January, 1909, it was unanimously resolved that:—

(1) A Presbytery of the Chinese Church in Honan should be formed, having no connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

(2) Inasmuch as the church has no ministers at this stage, representative elders in North Honan should constitute the Chinese Presbytery, but as soon as a regular pastorate shall be established, ordinary Presbyterian procedure shall be followed.

(3) For the present, all ordained missionaries from the home Church shall be associated with the Chinese representatives in Presbytery with a view to preparing the latter for the time when they will be able to discharge all the duties devolving upon them as members of the Church of Christ in Honan, the missionaries having full power to take part in all discussions and decisions of the Court.

(4) The Chinese Presbytery shall be incorporated in the Synod of North China, consisting, at present, of the Presbyteries of Peking and Shantung.

In order to familiarize the Christians with the principles and workings of church government, it was thought advisable to invite the deacons, evangelists, and church members to meet with the elders and missionaries at the formation of the Presbytery, but without voting power.

This meeting was held in November, 1909, at Changtefu, with Rev. D. MacGillivray, D.D., as Moderator, by appointment of the Canadian Presbytery.

The desire of the Chinese Christians for the formation of this Presbytery was hearty and unanimous, and the Changwei-hwai Presbytery of the Province of Honan was constituted, with a roll of seventeen representative elders and twenty-one ordained ministers. Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie, D.D., was appointed moderator and Mr. Ch'en Tung T'ang, clerk of the court.

The work of this Presbytery, for the next year or two, was chiefly educative, the elders gradually coming to take their share in its proceedings. It was soon felt

that it was a distinct loss to the Presbytery not to have the wisdom and experience of the evangelists to aid in deliberations. Accordingly, on resolution of Presbytery, they were admitted as members without voting power.

The Church in Honan had now arrived at the stage when it seemed opportune and wise to press upon its members the question of self-support and the establishment of a settled pastorate.

The head and front of this movement, in Canadian and Chinese Presbytery, as well as through the Chinese Church, was Dr. MacKenzie, convener of the committee on church organization.

The district assigned to him being ripest for the movement and four of his evangelists in the class about to graduate, he persistently kept the matter to the front.

The year 1912 will be memorable in the history of the North Honan Mission, not on account of the revolution which agitated all parts of the country, but because from it dates the ordination and induction of a Chinese ministry over self-supporting congregations.

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Presbytery's Theological Class in February of that year, the teachers reported that ten evangelists had completed the prescribed six years' course of study and had graduated from the class. Presbytery expressed its gratification at the same, and transferred them to the Chinese Presbytery for further action.

It also passed a resolution commending the Chinese Church for the share it had hitherto taken in the proclamation of the Gospel in North Honan, and asking it to take into consideration the question of self-support and a settled pastorate.

At its meeting in March, the Chinese Presbytery devoted much time to the discussion of this subject and appointed deputations to visit congregations which were considered able to take the step.

Two months later, these deputations reported to Presbytery that calls had been issued by nine congregations, who realized the advantage to be derived from having a minister of their own. Nine of the graduates being present, were, at their

own request, taken on trial and licensed to preach the Gospel.

Owing to unfavourable conditions during the summer months, for settling these men as pastors, further arrangements were postponed until the autumn.

In the interval, one congregation was disappointed in not being able to secure the minister of its choice, and a second, feeling its inability to support a minister alone, joined with the first in calling a minister.

Arrangements were finally completed and in November eight ministers were ordained and inducted into their pastoral charges. May the Good Shepherd Himself be their Guide and their Stay.

What is the significance of this step? A new impetus has been given to the Chinese Church. It has come of age and is rejoicing in its strength. It has removed from itself the taunt that it was dependent on, and subservient to, the foreigner.

Eight congregations have now their own ministers, church buildings, elders, deacons and members, while four of them support their own schools as well. They can appeal to their heathen neighbors without loss of face, and base the appeal on what the Lord has done for them.

Already reports begin to come in, telling of the good work being done by some of these pastors and of the quickening of spiritual life in their congregations.

While glad to have attained maturity, the Chinese church is still not desirous of breaking the ties binding her to the mother church. In substantiation of this statement one need only quote three resolutions adopted at the last meeting of the Chinese Presbytery. The foreign pastor is welcome at any time to enter any of the self-supporting congregations, within his sphere of labour, to preach to the heathen. In the local session he shall have the right to sit and take part in discussion, but not to make a motion or cast a vote. The permission of the Canadian Presbytery is asked for any missionary, on special occasions, to assist self-supporting congrega-

tions within his sphere of labour, by sending them evangelists or other helpers.

What does this step signify to the missionary? It sets him free from the pastoral work of, and the direct responsibility for, these congregations, so that he may devote his time and energy to the large districts, as yet practically untouched. While feeling free at all times to lend a hand at critical periods to these congregations and their ministers, his heart and mind are intent on reaching the unevangelized masses, who were never so open and never so responsive to the message as to-day.

What is the significance to the whole church? If this much has been accomplished during the last quarter century, in the face of many difficulties and much opposition, what should the next quarter century show amongst a people whose hostility to the truth is broken down, whose faith in their idols is shaken, whose minds are open as never before to receive light?

What should we not expect with the home church aroused, as never before, to her responsibility eagerly presenting her best gifts at the feet of her Master?

What should we not expect with the all-conquering Christ in our midst going forth to claim His own?

Oh for the baptism from on high upon His church in Canada, upon his church in Honan, and upon His representatives whom He has honoured with the commission to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Dr. Moon, of Brighton, just as his youth was flowering into manhood, was smitten with total blindness. He was a man of brilliant gifts, and he had fixed his desires upon great attainments. But in the calamity, all his radiant hopes appeared to have been wrecked. What then! "Unexplored remainders" were discovered, and in his own dawnless midnight, in a glorious act of faith in God he consecrated "his talent of blindness" to the service of God. He invested it in the succor of all who shared his affliction, and he devised the system by which millions of blind people are now able to read, and to enter into riches that were hitherto concealed.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE USE OF "TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN HONAN"

**as a Text-Book
for Mission Study Classes
and for Private Reading.**

BY MISS CLARIBEL PLATT.

Preliminary Lesson.

Have a large map of China, and as a preliminary exercise, ask some one to prepare a short talk on the physical features of China as a whole. It would be well also to have an enlargement of the Honan Map (found in the Text-book opposite page 30) on which places can be located as they are referred to.

A small reference Library should be provided, to which members of the class may have free access. We would suggest: "The Emergency in China," by Hawks-Pott, 50c. in cloth, and 35c. in paper; "The New Era in Asia," by Sherwood Eddy; "The Uplift of China," by A. H. Smith, the same price; "The China Mission Year Book," edited by Dr. McGillivray, \$1.50; and "Link by Link," by Dr. James Menzies, 10c.

These books can be furnished by the Foreign Mission Board, Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

CHAPTER I. Discuss in order the subjects suggested in the Chapter (Honan, Province and People).

1. Place of Honan in History.
2. Physical Features.
3. Soil and Products.
4. The Seasons.
5. Classes of People—their characteristics.

Have different members of the class come prepared to present briefly these different points, leaving time for questions and discussion at the close of each. In order that all may join in the discussion, it is absolutely necessary that each member should have a copy of the text-book, and should prepare the chapter in advance. In closing read Acts 17: 21-31.

Session II.—Religion in Honan.

It would be well, at the close of the first session, to ask different members of the class to prepare short talks—(preferably not papers—if the information is

written let it not be read in the class, but presented in a less formal way)—on the subdivisions of the subject:

1. The Ancient religions of China.

- (a) Worship of Heaven.
- (b) Confucianism.
- (c) Taoism.
- (d) Buddhism.

2. Present day forms of worship.

See Appendix D for a comparison of Confucianism and Christianity.

Discuss freely the natural results of such a religious belief, and do not fail to make clear the NEED of Christianity. Read in closing Isaiah 44.

Session III.—Pioneering and Seed Sowing.

1. Revival of Missionary Interest in Homeland.

2. Selection of field.

3. Missionary Tours.

4. Opening of Stations.

5. Difficulties and problems of pioneers.

Here it would be well again to have the various points presented by different members of the class. No. 3, missionary tours, should, with the aid of pictures, portray in a vivid way the primitive methods of travel used in China in 1888 as contrasted with those employed in our own land.

Read Acts 22: 1-21.

Session IV.—The Boxer Uprising and Return to the Field.

1. Causes of Uprising.

2. Situation in Honan, as compared with other parts of China.

3. The Flight.

4. Condition of Christians left behind.

5. The Return of Foreign Workers.

6. Results.

From other sources, members of the class should obtain descriptions of the condition of other provinces of China during the boxer uprising and the siege of Peking, still fresh in the memory of many of us. Our author has modestly suppressed many details that would make the story of thrilling interest. Read the chapter in that brief story of the Honan Mission "Flight and Return" in which further details are given.

In closing read Hebrews Chap. II: 32-40.

Session V.—Method of work among Heathen.

1. Aim.

2. Departments.

- (a) Y.M.C.A.
- (b) Literature Societies.
- (c) Educational.
- (d) Medical.
- (e) Evangelistic.
- (f) Work of women.

3. Difficulties and Encouragements.

Careful study of these different divisions of the subject will make it possible to present them in such a way as to interest even those who are least inclined to be interested in Missionary work.

In closing read Ezekiel 33: 1-11.

Session VI.—The Christian Church in North Honan.

1. Aim—A self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating church.

2. Methods of Training Church members.

3. Formation of Congregational groups.

4. Church officers.

5. Chinese Presbytery.

6. Self-Support.

7. Our Responsibility.

Read Romans 10: 1-15.

Session VII.—First-Fruits in Honan—Chaps. VII and VIII.

Choose six or more of the biographical sketches contained in these two chapters and ask six different members of the class to present these. Let No. 1 be presented in the first person, as in the book, and other be given as dramatically as possible, in order that they may be real to the listeners.

In closing read Matt. 4: 18-22.

Session VIII.—

Chapter IX may be treated as a Review, leading up to a Statement of the needs of the field, and an appeal for deeper consecration on the part of each member of the class, making each one ready to go, if the way should open; if not, TO PRAY, TO WORK, TO GIVE for the extension of the Kingdom of God.

Read Isaiah 6.

LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

BY MR. GEO. W. MACKAY.

Tamsui, Formosa, Aug. 30, 1913.

As the Japanese language is becoming more and more important among the educated classes in Formosa our Council decided that I should spend a few months in Japan in order to acquire some knowledge of that language.

The Japanese language is a difficult one. It has all the intricate idioms of the Chinese and its grammar is far more complex. But a knowledge of the Chinese is a great help to the study of Japanese, as in Japanese many Chinese words and characters are used. I find it much easier to translate into Japanese from Chinese than from English.

While there I had splendid opportunities to see other Missions at work, and was greatly impressed with the educational work carried on by the American Societies. I had not expected to see such large and flourishing institutions in operation.

Take, for instance, Doshisha University—a Congregationalist institution. That school has over a thousand students. And the result of it all is that every year scores of her students are baptized, and many of these fill responsible positions. And Doshisha is only one of the many Christian colleges that are doing a like work.

What we need in Formosa is just such an institution. With a similar school under our control our mission work will receive a strong impetus. Students, Christian and non-Christian alike, will be attracted to it. This will enable us to present the truth to them at an age when they are most easily influenced.

We had also many opportunities of observing the Japanese Church at work. I attended the fiftieth anniversary of Dr. Thompson's arrival in Japan. Dr. Thompson was one of the first missionaries sent out by the American Presbyterian church. When he came there was not a single church in Tokio. He organized the first church. Now there are over a hundred Protestant churches in that city. When he came there was not a single Presbyterian among the Japanese—now there are nearly 15,000.

And the same day Dr. Thompson, in re-

cognition of his great services to the Japanese nation, was decorated by the Emperor of Japan.

At the meeting a missionary said to me "Notice the large number of veteran missionaries and the scarcity of younger men." Then he went on to explain why so few missionaries have come out during these last ten years. It is because the Japanese church is rapidly becoming self-supporting and developing able leaders of their own.

From the very first educational work has been emphasized by the missionaries here with the result that to-day many Japanese Christians are men educated and able and holding responsible positions in the land. This in no small measure has made self-supporting churches possible.

I visited several Christian institutions and have been much impressed by the good work done there. As an instance take Aoyama College, a Methodist Institution, one of the largest in the country. It has over a thousand students, about one-half of whom are in the middle school. This department alone has over forty teachers. The school is well-equipped.

As an example of this Institution as an evangelistic agency the President informed me that out of every hundred non-Christian students who enter the school about sixty per cent. are baptised at the end of a five-year course. The other forty who are not baptised are at least friends of Christianity.

The wisdom of admitting non-Christian students into our proposed middle school has been discussed in our Council and led to the sending out of inquiries to leading institutions in China and Japan. The answer received bore out the wisdom of admitting non-Christian pupils.

Some reasons given are that the Christian atmosphere in the school cannot but influence the pupils after they have been in residence for several years, and that the presence of non-Christian students is rather a stimulus to the Christian boys than otherwise.

From my own observation and inquiries in Japan I am of the opinion that quite a large percentage of non-Christian students can be admitted into our school without any bad effect.

Young People's Societies

NOVEMBER MISSIONARY TOPIC.

KOREA THE "CHO SEN" LAND.

BY REV. A. F. ROBB, B.A., WONSAN.

FOR THE RECORD.

As of old Britain was occupied by seven small kingdoms, so in ancient times was the peninsula of Korea divided. These kingdoms changed several times in name and size and number during the long centuries since Kija came from China and founded the kingdom of Cho Sen, 1122 B.C., before Saul went to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom.

Cho Sen, Han and Korai were the chief of these little nations. Korai, or Korea, was the name learned by the first Europeans who ventured in these Eastern waters, and Korea we call it to-day. But this name long ago disappeared from the country, and the official name of the united people was the Han Nation.

After the country was freed from the suzerainty of China, the King assumed the title of Emperor, and prefixed the word "Tai" (Great) to the name of his kingdom. The people usually spoke of themselves as the Tai Han or Chosen people, as we use "British" or "English" interchangeably.

After annexation to Japan the official name was changed from "Han" to "Chosen," and began to make its appearance in the American and European press, and the play on the English meaning of the word immediately suggests itself. In Korean the meaning of "Chosen" is "Morning Brightness."

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," is perhaps nowhere more strikingly illustrated at present than in Korea.

Old Korea.

When our Canadian Presbyterian Mission was opened in 1898, the conditions of life over the greater part of the country, the customs, the manners and dress had remained almost unchanged for centuries. Life was simple; tools were primitive. A Korean told me they considered their old

under-shot water-wheel, with which they hulled grain, the greatest triumph of human invention.

Many scenes made one almost think he had stepped back into Bible times. Most of the roads were but narrow paths. Travel was on foot, on pack-pony, or in chairs borne by men. Goods were transported on the backs of horses, cattle, and men. In the north a clumsy ox-cart was also used.

Government was patriarchal in the family, clan, and village. The national government was despotic. The people were but sheep to be shorn by the officials.

Newspapers and magazines were unknown; the only books were the old Chinese classics. Outside of their own country they knew something of China, less of Japan, and the rest of the world was as unknown to most of them as Mars.

In their religious life, Buddhism, once powerful, was a spent force, and affected only the lives of the despised monks in the few remaining monasteries. They had the Confucian moral system; they worshipped the spirits of their ancestors, and offered sacrifices of food to the spirits of hill and vale and tree and river. Most of them lived in superstitious fear of these innumerable spirits.

The New Forces.

But already new forces were at work. The "Hermit Nation" had opened her doors a little bit in 1884 and strangers of various nationalities had come in with their upsetting ideas and modern inventions. Steamships began to ply in the waters which had borne only the clumsy, square-sailed junks. An American firm built a thirty-mile railway from the port of Chemulpo to the Capital. Later electric cars frightened the pack-ponies and bulls on the main street of Seoul. Western goods were brought in to the open ports. Some Koreans went abroad.

The despised Japanese fought the renowned soldiers of the illustrious Chinese nation on Korean soil and defeated them with Western weapons. Japan forced Korea

to renounce her allegiance to China, and Russia and Japan began to intrigue for a controlling position in national politics. European instructors were engaged to drill Korea's few soldiers. A postal and telegraph system was established in the larger cities and towns.

Christian Missions.

But the most potent of the new forces at work was the Christian missionary. The diplomats of various nations gathered in Seoul, but the people knew little of them. Japanese and Chinese traders increased in the open ports, but their influence was slow in penetrating to the interior.

But the missionaries, after acquiring the language in the Capital or in the open ports, soon began to make long trips into the country. The first foreigner seen in many of the towns and most of the villages was a missionary. Our missionaries were preaching in Hamheung City when no Chinese or Japanese trader dared venture there for fear of his life. Through the missionary and his clothes, pocket-knife, watch, bicycle, and other possessions, many a Korean got his first conception of the great Western nations and modern inventions.

But more potent than all these in changing the thoughts and habits of centuries was the "JESUS DOCTRINE" which the missionary brought and proclaimed far and near. The Bible and other books they translated into the vernacular.

The first printing-press brought into Korea was that of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, U. S. Copies of the Scriptures and other Christian literature began to flow through the land in an ever-widening stream, from the Bible Society and The Korea Religious Tract Society in Seoul.

Things developed along these lines for a few years. The number of westerners engaged in commercial enterprises in the country slowly increased; Chinese and Japanese traders multiplied many fold. Foreign manufactures, more especially cotton, candles, kerosene, and matches, spread through the land.

Twenty-Five Years' Progress.

The missionary force gradually increased till it numbered about 245, including wives of missionaries. Hospitals were opened and

schools established; faithful native helpers and a zealous body of native Christians co-operated with the missionaries in the evangelistic work.

So greatly did God bless the work that when we met in 1909 to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Protestant Missions we found we had a Christian community of about two hundred thousand. This means a convert for every hour of day and night for the twenty-five years of mission work.

The reason for this great development, which attracted the attention of the Christian world, may be said to be three-fold:

(1) The nature of the Koreans. They were a simple, open-minded people, believing in a world of spirits, and the continuance of the soul after death. They were not held in the grip of any great religious system such as Buddhism, Hinduism, or Mohammedanism. But they had the conception of a Supreme Ruler, or God of Heaven, and of prayer, and of the soul, and have such sayings as: "The man who does right God rewards with blessing; the man who does wrong God punishes with misery." "If we obey God we live; if we disobey him we die."

Then, too, Korea alone among the countries of the Far East, has a marvellously simple alphabet and written language. So simple was it that the scholars despised it as being so easy that even a woman could learn to read it in a month, and spent long years studying some thousands of Chinese characters themselves.

Thus it was that the native script was very little used till the missionaries took it up and made it the means of reaching the people with the Gospels, the New Testament, and then the whole Bible, tracts, school-books of all kinds, and the wisdom of the ages to which now at last Korea too has fallen heir.

Of the many who flocked into the churches some were doubtless attracted by a hope for foreign protection from despotic officials. But a sufficient offset to this was the persecution that new Christians had usually to endure from the strong conservative element to be found in every community.

(2) The character of the church membership.

Great care was generally taken in receiving the members; converts had to attend church for six months before being examined and enrolled as catechumens; another six months elapsed before they were examined for baptism. Then, if knowledge, character, and life were satisfactory they were baptised.

Their new faith put a barrier between them and their heathen neighbours in many things. There were few other attractions, and the life of the Christians centred in the Church. God gave us a Bible-studying, praying, preaching, giving church, enduring persecution for Jesus' Name.

(3) Special outpourings of the Holy Spirit, convicting of sin, cleansing the Church, and increasing their zeal.

New Conditions.

After the Russo-Japanese war the country entered on a new phase of life. This war established Japan as the controlling factor in national life. The Koreans saw Japan defeat a European nation and take its place among the first-class powers of the world. They saw Japan taking possession of their country, and realized their weakness and utter helplessness to prevent it.

Once they considered their nation superior to Japan. Now they saw themselves far out-stripped and they credited it to the Western learning that Japan had imbibed.

A great zeal for Western education suddenly manifested itself all over the country. There was a large increase in the attendance at all the church schools.

The non-Christians also formed educational associations, and schools were founded everywhere. Teachers with a little modern education were in great demand, and salaries jumped from five dollars per month and perhaps an allowance of rice, to ten, twenty, thirty dollars per month or even more. They hoped that they might yet be able to preserve the independence of their nation.

With the zeal for Western learning came a great interest in the Western religion, as many of them called Christianity.

The attendance at church services increased largely. Many new groups sprang up of those calling themselves "Christians." The missionaries realized the unsubstantial

nature of the movement, but realized also that this furnished a splendid opportunity for teaching the people, in the hope that they might be truly converted.

In our own Canadian Mission the smallness of the staff prevented our taking full advantage of this opportunity. The "care of the churches" and the educational work which seemed so essential, left the missionary less and less time for the evangelistic work. Appeals for reinforcements were sent home, and some of the Missions have received in response the total number of workers considered necessary to adequately man their share of the territory.

But Japan formally annexed Korea in 1910. Then things began to change still more rapidly. The Koreans say "We are living in a new world." Many of them would much prefer the old, but they may not turn back the hands of the clock of time. The old Korean dynasty is gone. Alien officials are everywhere. New laws and new regulations are in force. The Postal and Telegraph systems have been extended and improved. New and better roads have been made, and the railways extended. Many good reforms are being introduced, and some not so good.

But the spirit of the people was crushed by the loss of their independence and the iron hand of the autocracy that followed. The educational associations one by one collapsed, their fall hastened by the repressive measures of the government.

Very many of those who had begun to attend church services in the hope that the God of the Christians might save their nation for them, fell away, as of old the Jews fell from Jesus when he refused to fulfil their political ambitions.

This falling-away grieved and discouraged the church members. "Will ye also go away?" asked Jesus, and they answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Yet the fine edge was taken off the evangelistic zeal and enthusiasm of many, who, in their inexperience, had hoped they were seeing the beginning of a movement that would speedily bring their whole nation to Christ.

The first five and twenty years of missionary work here, and especially the last

decade of that time, was a period of steady and rapid growth. The years since then have been a period of testing and purifying of the church membership.

They have been tested by the failure of all their national hopes as they have watched what seems to them the death of their ancient nation; tested by seeing so many of the adherents fall away, tested by the passive and sometimes active hostility of many of the Japanese officials, as witnessed in the "Conspiracy Trial."

They are being tested by the preaching among them of false doctrine such as "Seventh Day Adventism" and "Russellism." Mormon apostles have also visited the country, though they have not yet begun a propaganda.

They are being tested by contact with the material and agnostic spirit of the dominant Japanese. Many of them are being tested by poverty in the increasing difficulty of making a living in competition with the incoming Japanese.

God is in the testing "that the things which cannot be shaken may remain." And they are remaining through the testing.

At the first meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Korea there were reported fifty-three thousand communicants, of whom eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-six had been baptised during the year, and over ten thousand catechumens had been received during the year.

The members and adherents connected with the Assembly numbered 127,228. The offerings for all purposes from these Korean Christians, most of them poor in this world's goods, amounted to \$79,382.38.

The Presbytery of Ham Kyung, which comprises the church in our Canadian Mission field, reported in 1912 two thousand three hundred and twenty-five communicants, and over two thousand five hundred catechumens, making with adherents, a Christian community of over nine thousand three hundred. Their offerings were \$5,108.76.

We call the attention of the home church to the fact that we have only seven ordained missionaries assisted by six native pastors supported by the Korean church, to shepherd more than nine thousand three

hundred Christians in more than one hundred and thirty churches, scattered over a territory more than three hundred miles in length, much of it mountainous and difficult to travel. We earnestly appeal for reinforcements to enable us to rightly oversee and guide and train the converts committed to our care, and to furnish adequate leadership to the Korean Church in the evangelisation of the one and a half million souls entrusted to our Church.

The work of evangelisation grows more difficult each year, the door of opportunity does not stand quite so wide open as it did five years ago. It is slowly closing. Let us press a sufficient force of workers through before the door is shut.

What more inspiring field could be found in which to invest one's life. Our Korean Christians find it hard to understand how it can be that for two long years our Eastern Board has looked in vain for a volunteer for services in Korea.

God has chosen this land, we believe, to bless it and make it a blessing. He is raising up men in the Korean church for His work. This year's attendance at our Union Presbyterian Theological College was larger than ever before. There were two hundred students, and the graduating class numbered thirty-three.

Lying between Japan and China, surely the Korean Church is meant to have a great work in spreading the Gospel in Asia. Already they have begun sending their own missionaries across the Yellow Sea to China. They appeal to us for leaders just now. Surely the "Mother Church" in Canada will not fail them.

GIVING UP AMUSEMENTS.

What form of amusement must you give up if you become a Christian? No amusement that is recreation. That must be your philosophy of amusement—recreation. Anything that destroys you—spirit, mind or body—of course, you must give up, because Jesus is set upon making you perfect and beautiful, and He will not tolerate a retention of anything that stultifies you physically, or dulls you mentally, or blights you spiritually.—G. Campbell Morgan.

The youth who thinks only of his manners attains nothing but manner; he who thinks only of the comfort and pleasure of others is the gentleman.—Child's World.

NOVEMBER CITIZENSHIP TOPIC

THE BURDEN OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

By REV. D. C. MACGREGOR, M.A., TORONTO.

One of the most inspiring moments in the history of the great Presbyterian Congress, held in Toronto last June, was when Dr. Grant moved the following Resolution:—

(1) Whereas scientific investigation has revealed that alcohol is a poison and injurious to life, even when taken in small quantities; and—

(2) Whereas the liquor traffic has become a great economic burden; and—

(3) Whereas it is the enemy of all social progress, and the cause of much social distress, inefficiency, poverty, insanity, crime and death; and—

(4) Whereas the highest developments of individual and national life demand the suppression of the liquor traffic; and—

(5) Whereas the progress of the Kingdom of God is greatly hindered through the traffic in intoxicating liquor;—

Be it therefore resolved:

That in the opinion of this Congress, consisting of the ministers and representative laymen from all the congregations of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the time has come when legislation should be secured in Canada prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes.

With absolute unanimity that vast audience, composed of ministers and representative laymen from all the congregations of the Church, enthusiastically adopted the resolutions, and pledged themselves to put forth every effort to give effect to their purpose.

A few days later the General Assembly with a like unanimity and enthusiasm adopted as its policy the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes, and instructed its Board of Social Service and Evangelism to seek the co-operation of other churches and temperance organizations in giving effect to this policy.

Other churches and temperance organizations stand committed to this same

policy regarding the liquor traffic. What is the reason? Why should these institutions, representing the highest intelligence, the sanest judgment, the most enlightened conscience, and the noblest ideals of brotherhood in every community, pledge themselves to such active hostility against this traffic?

The answer is not far to seek. The liquor traffic stands condemned as one of the greatest foes of mankind. It has been tried in the court of experience; witness after witness has been called; the testimony of science, of business, of industry, of labor and of religion have been heard, and all agree that the traffic has forfeited its right to live, and it has been condemned to death.

It remains for all those interested in the welfare of mankind to see that the sentence is carried out.

The evidence offered goes to show that the liquor traffic is one of Canada's greatest burdens.

1. THE PHYSICAL BURDEN.

(a) The burden on the individual.

Everywhere one is confronted by advertisements in newspapers and on bill boards claiming that certain intoxicating drinks contain restorative and nourishing qualities, and that their use tends to prolong life.

The claim is absolutely without foundation. Among drugs alcohol is always classified as a poison. When taken into the body it acts like a poison, paralyzing the nervous system, and preventing the various organs from performing their proper functions. The leading medical men of all countries recognize in alcohol the greatest foe to health.

Alcoholism itself is a disease resulting from alcoholic poisoning. Alcohol reduces the powers of physical resistance, so that the drinker is more subject to disease than the abstainer. Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, during a yellow fever epidemic, pointed out that about 5,000 regular drinkers died before the epidemic touched

a single sober man. Alcohol makes the drinker subject to the attack of consumption germs, and doctors almost despair of the recovery of a heavy drinker from an acute attack of pneumonia.

Everyone is familiar with the fact that alcohol causes various diseases of the liver, kidneys, and other organs of the body. Statistics from insurance societies show that on the average, a total abstainer lives many years longer than the drinker.

At one time alcohol was looked upon as a stimulant and was largely used in hospitals in cases of illness. Within recent years all this is changed, and the use of alcohol is greatly decreased, while the use of milk is greatly increased.

Sir Victor Horsley in his book "Alcohol and the Human Body," points out that alcohol belongs to the class of medicines known as narcotics, the class that includes chloroform and ether, drugs which have a twofold action, being (1) Temporarily exhilarant, for a short time. (2) Depressant for a much longer time. The stage of exhilaration is followed by a stage of sleepiness or actual insensibility which lasts longer than the stage of excitement."

A study of the effects of alcohol upon the organs of the body soon convinces that it is inherently wrong to permit its sale for beverage purposes. It is a drug and should be placed under the same limitations of sale as morphine, cocaine, opium, etc.

(a) The Burden on the Race.

Science has shown that the evil effects of the excessive use of alcohol may be transmitted from parent to child.

Professor J. G. Adami of McGill University, in an address before the Canadian Medical Association, pointed out "that intoxicants and poisons of infectious diseases have a deleterious effect upon the offspring; that they are apt to cause lower vitality with tendency toward death during infancy, instability and imperfect development of the nervous system, showing itself in convulsions, epilepsy, and insanity."

After showing the results of experiments to prove his statement, Professor Adami went on to say "I have brought forward these matters to-night, not on moral

grounds, not for the soul's salvation of any person here, though I would say 'Let him that readeth understand and apply what I have said,' but because that all those who have the interests of this great country to heart ought to realize that clean living makes a great nation, that if parents eat sour grapes children's teeth, aye and much more than their teeth, are liable to be set on edge. The evil living must tell upon a race even unto the third and fourth generation."

These facts throw light upon the report of the Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration appointed by the British Government in 1904 to discover the cause of the physical deterioration in the nation, revealed by the fact that a very large percentage of those volunteering to take part in the Boer War had to be rejected as physically unfit.

When that Committee reported it laid a large share of the responsibility for physical degeneracy upon alcohol, and pointed out that when both the father and the mother drank, their children were almost certain to suffer.

Alcohol is one of the greatest enemies of the race. Is it any wonder that one of the greatest medical men of the generation has said that the most effective motto of the temperance reformer for years to come must be "Protect parenthood from alcohol."

2. THE SOCIAL BURDEN.

(a) Alcohol and Crime.

General experience and close investigation have established the close relationship between alcohol and crime.

In Scotland the chairman of the Prison Commission says, "My observation of the causes which have led persons within the action of the Criminal Code has satisfied me that inebriety is one of the strongest, if not the strongest supports upon which criminality has to rely. I do not know of anything that could be put in place of strong drink as a crime producer."

In England Lord Alverstone said that with forty years experience at the bar and ten at the bench, he could firmly say that ninety per cent. of all the crime in the country had its origin in excessive drinking.

An interesting investigation in Germany shows the close relationship between alcohol and crime. In that country Sunday is the universal recreation day, and the average working man begins his drinking on Saturdays, continues it through Sunday, and still suffers from the effects of it on Monday. An investigation of the records of the convicts in the prisons show that a much larger proportion of the crimes are committed on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, than on the other days of the week.

An official investigation covering the whole German Empire in the years 1898-99 shows the proportion of the crimes against the person to be charged against each day of the week to be as follows:—Saturdays 103 crimes, Sundays 254 crimes, Mondays 125 crimes, remaining days are in a descending scale with Friday credited with 28 only. Yet their national beverage is a very mild beer containing 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. alcohol.

Recent correspondence with police magistrates, chiefs of police, governors of jails, etc., reveals that conditions are not different in Canada. Reports from the largest cities and towns in this country show that alcohol is one of the greatest causes of crime.

A number of the reports indicate that it is responsible for from 90 per cent. to 95 per cent. of the crimes committed; while the average of eleven cities in Canada shows that 70 per cent. of all arrests, and 65 per cent. of all imprisonments are for drunkenness, or for crimes committed by persons under the influence of strong drink.

How true were the words of the magistrate from Regina: "When you have solved the drink question you have solved the crime question."

(b) Alcohol and Poverty.

The causes of poverty are many and varied. Professor A. G. Warner in his "American Charities" finds that among the immediate causes of poverty sickness stands first, employment second, and drink third.

In regard to drink, Professor Warner sums up the case by saying, "The general conclusion regarding drink as a cause of poverty is sufficiently well formulated by

Mr. Booth. Of drink, in all its combinations, adding to every trouble, undermining every effort, destroying the home, and cursing the young lives of the children, the stories tell enough. It does not stand as an apparent chief cause in as many cases as sickness, old age, but if it were not for drink, sickness and old age could be better met."

The writer received reports from thirteen Houses of Refuge in Ontario, and an average of these showed that in 57.3 per cent. of the cases of inmates, drink was the cause of poverty.

It is doubtless true that there are many other causes leading to poverty, but anyone who fails to see that intemperance is one of the contributing causes, closes his eyes to facts plainly visible in every community.

(c) Alcohol and Insanity.

At a recent convention of alienists in the City of Chicago, Dr. T. D. Crother, of the Hartford Insane Asylum, pointed out that in 75 per cent. of the cases of all insanity which came under his observation there was an alcoholic history.

Another doctor at the same convention in discussing the relation of alcohol to insanity, stated that every glass of beer destroyed a nerve cell.

Dr. Clouston, of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, said "Alcohol excess is the most frequent, single, exciting cause of mental disease."

Reports from numerous insane asylums in the United States show that on an average 24.08 per cent. of the insanity is due to the influence of liquor. Reports from six insane asylums in Canada show that on an average 15.07 per cent. of insanity is due to excessive drinking on the part of the individual, or his parents, or both.

When we consider the fact that all our insane asylums are full, that there are 5,000 feeble minded abroad in Ontario who should be in institutions, and that liquor is recognized to be responsible for so many cases, we begin to realize something of the evil consequences of the traffic, and of the responsibility of those engaged in the traffic, and of those who permit it to continue.

(d) Alcohol and the Immigrant.

One of the greatest problems before the people of Canada to-day is to Canadianize and Christianize the foreigners who come to our shores. We expect that after living in this country a few years they should be found responding to the uplifting influences of our civilization, but we discover that other than uplifting influences are at work, and chief among these is the liquor traffic. Certain it is that this traffic has found the immigrant whether the Church has or not.

How often we find that immigrants become excessive drinkers under the influences that surround them in this country. How often they receive entirely wrong conceptions of Canadian ideals and Canadian citizenship, because their civic and political education has been left so largely to interested parties who make use of liquor to purchase their goodwill and vote during election periods.

"Can't you do something to save my people?" pleaded the leader of a foreign colony with a missionary as he told him that political agents were among his people, distributing free liquor in an attempt to win their vote.

The liquor traffic stands to-day as the greatest hindrance in the way of influencing the foreigner to higher ideals of Canadian citizenship.

3. THE ECONOMIC BURDEN.**(a) Alcohol and Labor.**

Intemperance is one of the greatest handicaps to the labouring man. His labour is his only capital, and anything that interferes with his efficiency hinders him from earning as high a wage as he otherwise would.

Scientists have shown that even as small amount of alcohol as is contained in a pint of 18 per cent. wine, will reduce the working man's capacity to do work by as much as 10 per cent. If he is on piece-work this means that his check will be 10 per cent. less at the end of the week than it otherwise would have been.

Besides, the use of liquor is steadily closing the doors of opportunity against the workingman. It is said that there are two million positions in the United States not open to any but total abstainers.

An enquiry conducted by the United States Department of Labour revealed the fact, "that 90 per cent. of railways, 79 per cent. of manufactures, 88 per cent. of the trades, and 75 per cent. of agriculturalists discriminate against employees addicted to the beverage use of intoxicants.

Realizing these facts the strongest labour leaders have declared in opposition to the traffic, and have urged upon their followers the importance of temperance in order to better their condition.

(b) Alcohol and Industry.

More and more captains of industry are refusing to employ men who use intoxicants. They realize that the employee who drinks loses more time, is less efficient in work, and is more liable to accidents than the total abstainer.

In these days the principle is being adopted that an industry ought to bear the cost of all accidents to employees. Workmen's Compensation Acts are being passed in various countries, and at the present time one is before the legislature of Ontario. The Secretary of the Ohio Manufacturers' Association, commenting on the situation said, "More and more the knowledge is gaining ground that even small doses of alcohol are capable of impairing clearness of judgment and thus causing mistakes and accidents."

"The great railways have adopted rules prohibiting the use of intoxicants to employees, not with any idea of interfering with personal liberty, but solely for the reason stated—PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS."

In these circumstances it would seem that manufacturers will be obliged to select their employees with greater care, declining to take chances with defectives of all kinds, and weeding out undesirables as soon as they become known.

4. THE BURDEN TO THE STATE.**(a) The Cost in Life.**

According to a very careful estimate the number of deaths due to drinking liquor in one year in Canada is 5,445. This is an average of fifteen deaths every twenty-four hours.

If we allow our imagination to get behind these facts we shall realize some of

the evil consequences of the traffic. Apart altogether from the sorrow caused parents and wives and the loss occasioned to children, the economic loss to the State is appalling.

It is estimated that an adult is worth at least \$5,000 to the State. This will mean that on account of the deaths caused by drink the annual economic loss is not less than \$27,225,000. Canada is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in inducing immigrants to come to this country. Would it not be better to devote some of this money toward the suppression of the traffic that is the cause of so much destruction of life among our native-born.

(b) The Cost in Money.

In 1911 the people of Canada paid \$81,392,969 for intoxicating liquors. This is an average of \$54.70 for every family in the country, and \$11.30 for every man, woman and child in our land. It represents an expenditure of \$150.00 per minute, day and night, throughout the year.

But this is not all. At least 50 per cent of the expenditure on asylums, prisons, hospitals, administration of justice, is made necessary by drink. This would amount to \$7,087,285.

In addition, Canada's loss in production through inefficiency caused by drink is estimated at 8 per cent. or \$66,017,429, making the total cost of the drink traffic \$181,722,683.

The total receipts from the liquor traffic as represented in the Dominion, Provincial, and Municipal revenues was \$19,342,924 leaving a net loss of \$162,379,759. While Canada was spending this in drink the Evangelical Churches in Canada altogether gave \$2,500,000 to Missions.

How long shall Canada stagger under this tremendous burden? How long will the Christian Church tolerate a condition of things that she has in her power to change? May the time soon come when the young people of our Church will unitedly take a stand against this monster evil and press for legislation to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.

The Board of Social Service and Evangelism, 626 Confederation Life Building, will be glad to furnish pamphlet literature

giving up-to-date information regarding the temperance question, on application.

They will also be glad to furnish lantern slide lectures and addresses to Young Peoples Societies and Sunday Schools desiring to make the subject of temperance interesting and profitable.

THE POWER OF THE BOOK.

A Major in a native regiment in north-west India writes to a friend:—

"An old Mohammedan priest, a Persian, comes two or three times a week to read Persian with me. The other day he picked up a Persian New Testament of mine, remarking he had often heard of the book but never seen it. He began turning over the pages, and finally settled down to read to himself. I was busy at a Persian exercise and did not pay any particular attention to what he was doing. Some ten minutes or so later I heard a curious sound, and looking up from my writing saw that tears were streaming down the old man's cheeks.

"It appeared that he had opened the book at Matthew xxvi. and read the chapter through, and was profoundly moved by it. He asked whether he might read more, and I presented him with the book. He is leaving this week, so I shall never know whether he continues his study of the Testament, but it is remarkable that the first glance into its pages should have had such an effect on a priest of what is perhaps, without exception, the most intolerant faith in the world."—Ex.

HIS WONDERFUL SMILE.

He was paralyzed and suffered much—a poor, ignorant, African Christian at one of our stations. "I am being punished for my sins," he said. He was told that he was bearing suffering with Christ, and it was an honour to do so. His face lit up. "If that is so, my sufferings are nothing."

Another day he said, "I am anxious to go Home but I cannot use my legs, and the way is heavy." "Your Father will send His angels to carry you," was the reply. He expressed his delight, and never murmured again.

When he died he had such a wonderful smile that even the heathen, who never go near a corpse, came into the hut to look upon him.

"What is the meaning of it?" exclaimed his daughter. "My father never looked so beautiful as he is now, when he is dead. I like to see him: I am not afraid."

The answer was, "He has seen the King in His beauty."—Ex.

Life and Work

"REST FOR THE WEARY."

BY ARCHIBALD MCILROY, EDMONTON.

For the RECORD—

"Rob, man, I've been 'thinkin' a bit this afternoon, lyin' here alane, an' I'm convinced that we baith hae' been makin' a mistak'. We've toil't an' sweat, day in an' day oot, an' what's the result? Weel, we've got oor patents, brok' a big skelp o' lan', raised stock, an' hae some money in the Bank, an'—that's a'."

"An' what mair wad ye want, Sandy?" answered Rob Lockerbie. "We micht hae done waur, an' tae my mind, we cu'dna hae done much better."

"Ay, we micht hae done better, Rob. We . . . micht . . . hae . . . done . . . better" murmured the sick man on the bed, as he wearily turned his face to the wall.

"Ye're feelin' bad the noo, Sandy, an' ye're doonhearted, but once ye get better an' on ye'r feet agen, ye'll look at things in a different licht."

"I hae got licht noo, Rob, but, man, it only shows the darkness."

"Try tae sleep like a guid lad, ye'll feel better i' the morn'. Was the Doc' here?"

"Ay, he called."

"What did he say?"

"He says I should be in the hospital at Saskatoon, but I'm no' fit for the journey."

"Doc. Wabster gits the name o' bein' skeelfu' an' he'll pu' ye thro'; though I'm no' muckle o' a nurse, Sandy."

"Ay, Rob . . . ye dae wunnerfu', but . . ."

"Close ye'r e'en, noo, Sandy, an' try tae sleep, while I git a bit o' supper, an' look aifter the stock. Ye ken, ye ken, Sandy, ye hae' trysted Maggie Morrison tae come oot in the Spring, an' then I'll hae tae look oot for a shack o' my ain. Ye maun get better, if only for Maggie's sake."

"Rob, you an' me hae been mair nor pairtners, we've been guid freens, for a' these years. Ye'll no' gae frae under this roof wi' my consent, till ye get a 'Maggie Morrison' o' ye'r ain."

"A' richt, Sandy, we'll no' fecht; we never did, get ow'er asleep, gin ye can."

"Are ye there, Rob?"

"Ay, mon, I'm sittin' aside re."

"Is there nae licht? Is the lamp oot?"

"It's burnin' dune, but I'm shadin't wi' an' auld newspaper."

"What time is't, Rob?"

"A quarter past two."

"Rob?"

"Ay, Sandy."

"Are ye no' sleepy?"

"No' a bit. I feel as fresh as a foal."

"This is the third nicht ye hae sat up."

"But I doze half the time. It's a' richt, Sandy, dinna' min' about me."

"Rob, could ye—would ye—dae ye think ye could mak' a bit prayer?"

"Sandy, man, ask me an easier thing. I could nae mair pray than 'Laddie' here, lyin' at the stove."

"It's—it's just as I hae been sayin', Rob, . . . we hae made a big mistak'; oor hearts hae been a'thegither set on worldly gain, an' we've negleckit the one thing needfu'."

"But, what chance had we, Sandy? We work't like niggers, frae peep-o'-day till dark, an' when Sunday cam' roon, we were ower tired tae gae tae church. What time had we for releegion?"

"We work't on Sundays, too, Rob."

"Weel, sometimes we did, but it was because we had tae; needcessity kens nae law."

"Forby, Sandy, what sense would there be in drivin' a team o' tired horses three long miles tae hear a student missionary preach, that's only there in the simmer tae mak' a bit o' money tae pit him through college in winter

"I tell ye, man, releegion's a farce. I hae been in some o' the gran' churches in Saskatoon, and it's a' for fine choirs an' sang-singin'; but, as for the sairment, there was naethin' in it either tae help a man or hinder him. There's nae sic thing as hell preach't noo-a-days, an' I dinna' think we hae much tae fear."

"Rob, you an' me ken better. We were brocht up tae attend the kirk an' . . . Sabbath schule. We promis't oor mithers tae read the Bible an' gae regular tae the Hoose o' God, an' we havena' dune it. Rob, where's the Bible?"

* * * * *

"It's in some o' the boxies, but it would tak' a whilie tae find it."

"Rob, it'll no' help us ony tae speak hard o' meenisters an' meesionaries. They're daen their best, an' would hae helpit us had we been inclined, but, we kep' awa' an' didna' want tae be bothered. It's no' easy tae mak' a hare frae a hedgehog."

"It may be that the kirks gae in ower much for choirs an' the singin' o' sangs; an' that meenisters dinna ding hard enouch at sinners, when they hae the chance. It's possible they preach ower much aboot reward an' ower little aboot punishment; but, makin' a' alooance, there's nae excuse for folk keepin' awa—especially them that has been weel brocht up. When a man comes tae face deith, Rob, he has mony a solemn thoct."

"But, ye're miles awa' frae deith, Sandy—ye'll be a' richt in a day or twa. Ye maun mak' a fecht, man. Think o' lea'n me in this lonely shack—think o' the auld fowk—think o' Maggie."

Something like a sob came forth from the depths of the trunk, beside which Rob was on his knees, trying hard to find the Bible.

"Rob, I'm deein'. I feel it, man, an' it's gettin' very dark."

"Here's the Bible, noo, Sandy. Is there ony perteeckler?" . . .

"There's a bit textie my mither teach't me when I wes a wee laddie. I min' it sae weel . . . She was sittin' milkin' the coo, an' I was stan'in' beside her. Ye cudna fin' it, Rob, but I mind it weel, an' . . . it's . . . aboot . . . a' . . . I . . . dae . . . mind. It was: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom o' God an' His righteousness, an' a' these things shall be added unto ye.'

"O Rob, we hae turned that text tapsie-tee-rie—we hae sought a'thing else first, an' left the main thing tae the last."

"Maybe it's no' ower late yet, Sandy,—I wish I could help ye, lad . . . Here's somethin' I cam' on by chance: 'Come unto me, a' ye that labor an' are heavy laden, an' I will gie ye rest.'"

"That's guid, Rob . . . it seems tae tak' us a' in."

"Rob, man, I'm . . . gettin' . . . dottled . . . it's dark . . . vera . . . dark, but . . . I think . . . I think, I see a . . . wee . . . glimmer . . . o' . . . licht."

"Try tae . . . say . . . a . . . bit . . .

prayer, Rob . . . nae . . . matter . . . hoo . . . short."

Rob, the big tears coursing down his cheeks, was at his wits' end. Throwing himself on his knees beside the bed, he caught the dying man's wasted hands in his big, horny hoofs, and this is what he said, in a voice broken with sobs:

"O God, hae mercy on ma freen, Sandy Dooglas. Forgie him his sins. Gie him rest. Hae mercy on the auld folks. Bless Maggie. Help her tae bear . . . Amen."

This was all the length Rob could go. Seeing a change come over the face of his friend, he threw himself across the prostrate form, his frame shaking with passionate grief. Sandy's lips were moving, and he bent his ear.

"God . . . is . . . mercifu'" he murmured. "He . . . has . . . heard . . . rest . . . rest . . . rest an' . . . peace."

Again the eyes opened and the lips moved.

"Say . . . guid-bye . . . tae . . . auld . . . folks . . . comfort . . . Maggie . . . Tak' her . . . Rob . . . an' . . . may . . . God . . . bless . . . ye . . . baith."

A slight struggle—a gentle sigh, and all was still. Rob Lockerbie, his face buried in the coverlid held on to the hands of his friend.

AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

It was Sunday afternoon. Communion service was held at church, and I, with several young friends, was to partake for the first time. A solemn stillness was over the church. Then suddenly the organ pealed out its music, at first soft and sweet, but gradually increasing in volume, until it rang out loud and clear. Then followed that hymn, so beautiful in its simplicity, but oh, so powerfully appealing to our better, nobler feelings:

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

I was young, seventeen years old, but the beauty, the solemnity, of the occasion appealed to me. Then, indeed, God seemed very, very near! All through life it will be a precious remembrance—that Sunday afternoon when I first partook of the Lord's Supper, when I gave my promise to be his forevermore. All through life the words of that hymn will stand out in a strong, clear light, and will be a precious reminder of that solemn occasion in my life.—Ex.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

REV. W. S. BRUCE, D.D., BANFF, SCOTLAND.

(Note.—The great question concerning any book of God's Word is what lesson God intends it to teach. One man may read the book and Job as a bit of history; another may read it as a parable, like the parable story of the sower or the talents or the prodigal son; but both of them may equally regard it as a book of God's Word to teach God's truths to men. The writer of the following article thinks of Job as a poem, written by one of the "holy men of old" who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit," and points out in a plain simple way the truths which it is intended to teach. His article is given here as a help to Bible readers. Read it carefully.—Ed.)

That "Job" is a dramatic poem is clear from an examination of its character and its form. Being such, it can be understood only as a whole. Any one part must be construed in its relation to the entire poem. The whole book must be read in the light of the conclusion. Then it will be seen that its purpose is to refute the old idea that suffering and trouble in this world is special punishment for sin, and to show that this view slanders the divine character.

Thus read, this old dramatic poem will be seen to have practical bearings on modern problems, and will show points of contact with many masterpieces of modern literature.

The story is well known. Job is a man of wealth and the father of a fine family of sons and daughters. He was to the ancient world what the great landowner is to our time. When the curtain is drawn, we see Satan maligning the good man to his Maker. Job only pretends to be righteous, says the Arch-slanderer; but he does not serve God for nought. It pays him well. "Put forth Thy hand and touch him, and he will curse Thee to Thy face."

Permission is given, and disasters hurl themselves on the patriarch. Cattle, servants, and then children—all are overwhelmed in ruin. But the brave man does not sin with his lips. His response is grand, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Again the curtain rises. Satan is now in the seat of the scorner. "Only touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." God permits the new testing. The poor sufferer is covered with a loathsome disease. But he stands the test. To his faithless wife he replies, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

The scene changes; another trial comes. Job is seated with three friends at his table. In Oriental fashion they come to comfort him by the silent grip of the hand. After long silence come the dialogues which constitute the body of the poem, and which are as full of beautiful sentiments as they are of difficulties and obscurities.

The three friends remonstrate with Job, each in his own way. Eliphaz counsels his acceptance of the chastening. Bildad has some stinging words to say; he is sure the good succeed and only the wicked suffer. Zophar is less kind in his tone than either of the other two. The patriarch retaliates, "Ye are physicians of no value," and then he adds in one of the supreme sayings of Scripture, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

The curtain falls, and then rises on a second series of dialogues by the same friends, Job retorting, and at times speaking under deep resentment. Through it all, the author of the poem is skilful to make his purpose clear, and never loses the thread of the argument.

To bring it to a point a new speaker is, in chap. xxxii, introduced, Elihu, the Buzite, and new light is cast on the meaning of the mystery. Suffering has an educative value. It opens the eye of foolish man to see many things in a truer light. "God is mighty and despiseth not any . . . Who teacheth like Him?"

Then out of the whirlwind God speaks to Job. "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding." The final arbiter has spoken, and all is well. Job feels the Almighty is his friend, and that in His hands he is safe. Behind all the forces of Nature he sees that God is working, and he need not fear.

The problem is not solved; there is no answer. But what is even more astonishing, there is no question. The personal revelation of Jehovah has hushed Job's complaint.

The epilogue is in keeping with the poem. The author, with his dim knowledge of the future, still unrevealed in Christ, would not say that Job was carried into Paradise. So he assures us that the good do not always suffer. The afflictions of the righteous are many, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Prosperity comes back to Job, for he is now its master and not its slave; and he is richer in soul than he is in sheep and oxen. The enigma is not solved, but it is brought nearer to solution. Job has "acquainted himself with God and is at peace." He has found the secret of all saintly lives.—In "The Church of Scotland Magazine."

"AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

A Story for Ministers . . . and Others.

"It's the finest bit of work I've done yet, and if these city folks are in church to-morrow morning, then my success is sure. After all, this is no place for a man with any ambition. The life may suit some men, but the sphere is too narrow for me."

Thus soliloquized the Rev. James Warton, B.D., as he sat back in his study chair, after finishing his sermon for the following day. He was a young man of twenty-seven years, and had gone down from New College, Edinburgh, after a brilliant career, to assist the Rev. Dr. Barton, of Carwhinnie, a small town on the east coast of Scotland.

Carwhinnie was a beautiful little spot, frequented by many of the well-to-do Edinburgh people during the summer, but in winter the place was extremely quiet.

Mr. Warton had now been fifteen months in Carwhinnie, and he was very eager to get away from it. It afforded too little scope for the display of his culture, and during the summer months, when people of any note were there, Dr. Barton kept himself to the front, and his assistant had to take a back place.

This summer, however, Dr. Barton had become ill and was absent. Thus the assistant was left in full charge, and he hoped to make the most of his opportunity.

There was only one service on the following day, and the preacher had spent much time and thought over his sermon.

The theme was a contrast between the Jew and the Greek, the Hebraic temperament and the Hellenic, and the whole sermon was indeed a fine piece of work. It only lacked in one thing, but of that the writer was not then conscious.

As he sat musing a knock came on the door and his landlady entered.

"There's a girl downstairs asking for you, Mr. Warton; she's come from Captain Howe's. He has turned seriously ill, and the doctor sent her for you."

"Tell her I'll be down in a minute."

Captain Howe's home was at the north end of the town, standing alone on a high piece of ground near the sea-cliffs. He lived there alone with his niece, the girl who had brought the message. He was a retired sea-captain, and for many years he had been a well-known and much loved inhabitant of Carwhinnie.

The house was small, for Captain Howe preferred to spend his money on others, but there was an air of quiet beauty and restfulness about it.

The captain lay on a bed near a window looking across the water. The Carwhinnie

nurse sat at the bedside, and the doctor met the minister at the door.

"He won't live long," he said to Warton; "it's a kind of shock, and nothing can be done. I thought I would send for you, though there's no one, I'm sure, more prepared to go than he is. I've another case in the country and may not be back, but you'll wait, will you? It can't be long in any case."

"Yes, I'll wait," said Warton.

It was a new experience for him. He had never come into the immediate presence of death before. There were no broken links in his own home, and Dr. Barton had always attended on occasions similar to this. Death can teach a man many things, and this young man's philosophy of life was to be greatly changed by his contact with it now. He sat down near the bedside and looked on the face of the dying man.

The Captain lay still for a time, then began to breathe heavily, and his hands sought to wander over the counterpane. His body quivered, he heaved a sigh and opened his eyes. Then, turning them towards Warton, he uttered in a voice which seemed to trail the words away with it, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

Shortly after he had spoken he slept quietly away.

When Warton entered his rooms again, he sat down with the sermon before him. He read it over quickly and then put it down with a sigh.

"No, it won't do, there's something wanting, and yet what that something is I don't know. Two hours ago I thought it the best piece of work I'd ever done, and now,—I can't explain it, but I must preach something else."

He rose from his chair and restlessly paced the room. His mind was in a turmoil. But again and again, amid the clash of his emotions and the confusion of his thoughts, he heard sounding with quiet persistency the words of the dying Captain, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

When he sat down at his table again the town clock had just struck midnight.

Sheet after sheet of paper was covered with the clear bold type of his handwriting. For over three hours he sat there writing and rewriting, thinking and praying, and when he rose to retire the sun had heralded the day of rest.

The Carwhinnie United Free Church might have been considered too large a building for such a town, but in summer it was always well attended, and on this Sabbath morning of sunshine every pew was well filled.

When the preacher entered the pulpit, the last notes of the voluntary were dying away, and throughout the church there was an intense stillness.

He spoke in quiet, clear, decisive tones, like a man feeling the responsibility of his mission, and the weight of his message. His prayers were utterances from the heart, and when he spoke the words, "Lord, we would see Jesus," his hearers felt that this was a man who had already seen Him.

Before he announced his text, he looked over the many faces turned towards him; then, in the same tones of quiet decision, he gave forth the words, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

There was no greater barrier on the way to the kingdom, he said, than the self-assured spiritual and intellectual pride of the man who failed to recognize in himself the child. In the consciousness of one's weakness, of one's sin, lay the road towards salvation. When a man dismissed his cleverness and became as a little child, the work of grace had begun in him.

At the close of his sermon he spoke of the sorrow which had now come upon them as a congregation and as a community, and of the message which the Captain had given him, and which he now passed on to them.

As the notes of Handel's "Dead March," so awful in their grandeur, sounded through the church, there were many bowed heads and dim eyes, and the parallel greatness and littleness of life went home to many hearts. When the march ended, many eyes sought the pulpit, but it was empty.

On the following day several letters awaited the minister from men and women who had been among his hearers. On these pages he read stories of the weakness of the human heart, and, as he read, there were times when he felt himself looking through a mirror at the image of his own past; and, when he came to the words of gratitude for the help and inspiration his sermon had given, an overwhelming consciousness of his own weakness without the Spirit's help possessed him, and he realized that his first sermon failed miserably because it lacked the life of the Spirit.

Before many weeks passed he was asked to let his name be put forward for a vacancy in an important suburban church in Glasgow, but he declined. He waited on in Carwhinnie until the winter was over, and then accepted an appointment as assistant to the minister of a large church in London.

He is still in London, now as minister of the church, and there he keeps the lamp of Life burning brightly.

By his side there is one ever ready to

help him. She is ten years younger than the minister, but she had not spent the most formative years of her life in close fellowship with her uncle, the Captain, without learning many things which now serve her well.—In the "U. F. Missionary Record."

THE RIGHT MAN FOR IT.

The Nominating Committee of an organized Bible class went to the new pastor of the church to confer with him regarding a suitable man to present to the class for its leader at the next business meeting.

"The man we have chosen is a mighty good man in many respects, but we thought we would have a little talk with you before we came to a definite decision in regard to the matter. He is as smart as ever they make them. He is a good talker on almost any subject and he is greatly interested in athletics, and that would appeal to the young men of the class in particular. He can sit down to the piano and play and sing as well as the next one. He is successful in business and one of the most genial of men. He would keep the class in constant good humor and there would be plenty of social life, for that is one of his hobbies. He'd make things hum and—and—well, pastor, there is just one 'but' about him."

"And what is that?"

"Well, he isn't a very spiritually minded man. He is irreproachable in moral character and all that, but he is not what you might call a really spiritual man, and it is not likely that he would put the strongest emphasis on the spiritual side of our work."

"Then choose some one else."

"You think we'd better?"

"I do. A man of the kind you have described can be extremely valuable to an organized Bible class. There are all sorts of helpful things he can do, but he is not the man you should have as your leader."

"We thought that perhaps you could look after the spiritual end of the work, said one of the committee."

"Not as the leader of the class should. No one can take his place when it comes to putting the spiritual emphasis on the work of the class. He should lead in that work because the class will be looking to him for leadership in all things as it will not be looking to me. Better choose some other man for leader."

This was good advice. If a class wants to emphasize the spiritual side of its work it is the leader of the class who must put the emphasis where it should be.—Adult Bible Class.

Be always displeased with what thou art if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—St. Augustine.

THE PERILS OF LEISURE.

It is not a sin to inherit wealth, but it is immoral to spend money which one has not made simply in selfish indulgence—whether the indulgence be the gross conduct of the sensualist, or the more refined selfishness of the academic recluse who is a world to himself and no good in the world.

Inherited wealth without any accompanying stimulus to noble action derived from education, class spirit, or public opinion, is a questionable good. Examples are all too numerous of men who, released by the wealth that has rolled in upon them from the necessity of earning their daily bread, have relinquished all serious labor, abandoning the political arena for the golf links, the marts for motor boating, or even the stock-ticker for *dolce far niente*. Such are the social "rounders" at Newport, Tuxedo, New York and Palm Beach, who, when they stay, do nothing, and when they go, go for no purpose, and are never missed!

There are various forms of degeneration that may follow upon leisure, as illustrated in the downward career of many a rich man's son who has finally become, if not a prodigal in the far country, yet a social outcast in his own land.

It has been well said that, while we fear to pauperize the poor by giving them aid unless we can supply some form of self-help, society is not as solicitous in its treatment of the rich, and that the existing provisions for the inheritance of property "undoubtedly pauperize a certain proportion of those who inherit."

This last contention is probably just; especially does its truth appear when we take into account the pauperization of character which may co-exist with the retention, even by some extravagant voluptuaries, of a considerable proportion of their inherited property.

It is a kind of satire on humanity, that wealth, which represents so much possible power, should become for so many like the millstone around the neck—that the "goods" of life should so frequently defeat its good.

The highest aspect of the life of the individual is found in holy and useful activity—in the putting of purpose into action. "Thought, discovery, creation, mark a higher value than the satisfaction of wants, or the amassing of goods." Wealth in this view is not a worth in itself, but, when it is employed by men of high purpose for noble ends, discovers a worth beyond itself.

It is probable that the "leisure class," which has always been numerous in England, is increasing in America. This may not be wholly an evil if the release from money worries and business cares be utilized in the service of humanity and for the purposes of philanthropy—since leisure, while a peril, may also be a power for good. —Zion's Herald.

NOT EASILY SATISFIED.

It is not well to find satisfaction too easily. A gentleman visiting in the South after a severe windstorm told of certain great trees that had been laid low. "They were too near the river," he said.

"Others, more distant, yet equally exposed to the storm, were left standing, but these, though they looked flourishing, had no great strength; their roots were too near the surface. Instead of having to strike deep for moisture they had found it too near at hand, and had only sent out shallow, sprawling roots that nearly all ran in one direction. They could offer but slight resistance to such a wind, they were simply uprooted."

The story of those trees is the story of many a life that has tried to satisfy itself too cheaply. However it may seem to flourish and prosper for a time by reaching after nothing beyond mere surface pleasures and gratifications, there is sure to come some time of trial that will prove it weak and insecurely grounded. The life that would grow high must also go deep.

Soul thirst, by whatever foolish means we seek to quench it, is in its last analysis, a thirst for righteousness—perfection in ourselves and our surroundings—and no turn of any earthly road shall ever reveal that fountain. But when we have fully grasped this knowledge, being unsatisfied need no longer mean being dissatisfied. The heart should grow stronger, the life happier because the things around it are only a hint of its full inheritance. Every pleasure should grow dearer, every friendship sweeter because they only foreshadow that toward which we are pressing forward. The longing within is but the call of Him who leads the way.

"O Lord, we bless thee for the incompleteness!

Because no human joy can perfect be,
By this strange lack that runs through
all earth's sweetness

We hear the call across an unknown
sea,

These are but glints and foretastes on
life's journey,

'Fullness of joy' waits us at home,
with thee."

Measure the giving thus: the *need* is the breadth; *opportunity*, the length; *self-denial*, the depth; *as Jesus gave*, the height. This is God's arithmetic. Is it yours?

Be noble—that is more than wealth;

Do right—that's more than place;

Then in the spirit there is health

And gladness in the face;

Then thou art with thyself at one,

And, no man hating, fearest none.

—George Macdonald.

SCOTCH INDEPENDENCE.

The mill had been burned down, and times were bad. I was trying to discover those to whom the fire meant hardship.

One day I called upon Lizbeth Begg. She was Mrs. William Begg, but, as she was possessed of decided personality, the people called her Lizbeth. Her husband was generally known as Lizbeth's man—a penalty many pay for being blessed with clever wives.

William was not over robust, and mentany as well as physically lacked *smeddum*. The neighbours summed him up in the expression, "a puir, feckless cratur." How Lizbeth ever came to marry William was a problem often discussed, the general solution to which seemed to be that Lizbeth must have concluded that William needed Lizbeth.

But William had his points. He was a quiet, sober, obliging, inoffensive creature. Moreover, he brought up his children in the fear of God, and from his cottage of a Sabbath evening could be heard the sound of praise.

I had a conviction that Lizbeth's resources could not but be scanty, if indeed they had not altogether disappeared. William's wage had never been great, and through ill-health he was often out of work. How Lizbeth managed out of a small, fitful income no one knew; but, as was many a time remarked, at kirk or at market the Beggs were always most respectable.

"How are you getting along, Lizbeth?" I asked.

"We're getting along, thank you!" she said, with emphasis on the "thank," and with a kind of defiant air which carried a hint that I should not continue such a line of conversation.

"But"—I ventured—"there are five of you to keep, and rent time was last week, and I fear you cannot have much left."

"Bein' a minister, ye should ken the Scriptures better than me," Lizbeth replied, "and we'll remember what the Psalmist says: 'The young lions do lack, and suffer hungry: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.' And, furthermore, minister, David says in anither psalm: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

I was sitting on a chair behind the open entrance door, unobserved by any one just entering. Lizbeth's boys came hurrying in, and ere she could raise a warning hand the youngest of them called out eagerly, "Can we hae a 'piece' noo, mither?"

"No yet, sonny!"

"When had you a piece last, Bobby?" I asked.

"Yesterday mornin'."

And Lizbeth buried her head in her hands, and from out the torrent of tears she exclaimed, "It's a' oot noo! Wha wad thocut to see this day!"

Gently I dismissed the children. With great difficulty Lizbeth was prevailed upon to accept assistance. William had gone away early in the morning to look for work, and perhaps he would bring money home. She yielded—after I had reminded her that the Saviour suffered angels to minister unto Him in the Judean wilderness. But Lizbeth said, "Mind ye, it's only on len."

It was a week or two before William fell into work. During the interval I visited the cottage more than once, but failed to gain admittance, though I had a shrewd suspicion that somewhere within was the lurking form of Lizbeth.

One night, some six months later, as I was sitting in my study, Lizbeth was announced. When the retreating footsteps of the maid had completely reassured her, she said, "I hae brocht ye *that* pound." Never before or since have I heard so much of meaning hurled into the demonstrative adjective.

"And what's the interest?" Lizbeth asked.

"I never charge interest," I replied, with a smile.

"Aweel, I hae wrocht ye a pair o' socks, pirl and plain, best fowre-ply-fingerin'."

From which I gathered that not only was the debt discharged, but the interest paid was considerably in advance of the current rate.

It was a triumphant figure that emerged from the manse.—The Church of Scotland Magazine.

SUNDAY READING.

There are all the books of the world for me to read—but not on Sunday; because on Sunday I want to read those books that help the life of the spirit. If I do not read them on this day, the chances are that all the other books will crowd in upon other days, and this reading, which is the most vital, will not be done.

I do not read any newspapers on Sunday. I will not read ordinary literature, even the best of it. Give me the books that bring me nearer to God; give me the books that teach me how to serve, how to live the life of a Christian in the days of the week.

If I read at all on Sunday it shall be a reading which contributes to the ultimate end of life—the spiritual and the eternal.—Dr. R. F. Horton.

TITHING.

There is no question about tithing, when it is so plainly taught in the Bible. It becomes a question of *obedience*, rather than policy. There are no conditions in which one need fear to *obey* God. The one who tithes a very small income will be living very near the Lord, and there will be no fear. God's ravens are not all destroyed as has been often proved.—Ex.

TRAINING IN UNSELFISHNESS.

By MRS. W. J. JAMIESON.

(Our Missionary in Trinidad).

Our power as individuals depends upon our recognition of the rights of others. Under such conditions, selfishness does not flourish.

Our aim, then, should be to prepare, in the heart of the little child, a soil suited to the growth of unselfishness. Recognize the "inherited right" of the child that he be taught to obey, and you have a soil that will repay cultivation.

But the very early springtime must find us busily at work. Even the little babe in arms soon knows to what extent he can impose upon an indulgent mother. Allow him to rule the home, by his slightest whim or protest, and a tiny seed of selfishness has been sown, that will soon develop.

With no greater expenditure of time or patience, by allowing the child's experience to prove that his mere caprice must give way to the claims of other people or things in the household, may the seeds of unselfishness be sown.

Later on, see that he puts away the blocks when the play is over; that the noisy games are not permitted, when mother is resting, or some one is ill or even annoyed by his play. A word of explanation, an appeal to his love of fair play, is often sufficient to induce his *voluntary* obedience, and lo! the seed has sprouted.

With what care must the delicate seedling now be tended! The spirit of thankfulness and helpfulness, are splendid fertilizers. Use them at opportune moments, when your teaching can find expression in action. For doing but strengthens the impression made and the repeated doing forms the habits which determine character.

Notice the child now, under the influence of gratitude and the desire to help, sharing in the home duties, finding his pleasure in deeds of helpfulness and kindness, exercising the spirit of "give and take" in his games and dealings with other children.

What are these, but the first tender leaves of unselfishness on our little plant? The dew of approbation, in the evening hour of quiet confidences, will give fresh vigor for the heat of another day. Even an occasional breeze of testing, as well as showers of encouragement, is needed.

Remember, too, that the atmosphere of example will dwarf and blight, or develop and strengthen, growth, just in proportion as it is contrary to, or in accordance with the teachings given.

Above all, bring the plants into contact with the sunshine of our Great Example,

that His powerful rays may stimulate to the healthiest growth, even unto fruit bearing. Then, indeed, may we expect to find that the child has come to love unselfishness for its own sake, and that this love, rather than the knowledge that selfishness is base and mean, has come to be the compelling force in his dealings with others.

May the great Head Gardener impart to all His under gardeners, wisdom and patience so to train the children that they may be as "plants grown up in their youth."
—The Primary Quarterly.

THE DRUNKARD'S CURE.

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D., BOSTON.

Intemperance is not a disease in the sense of being a disorder which works predictable changes in the body or can be cured by medical means. There is no cure for alcoholism except a change of character in the drinker.

All so-called medical treatments for alcoholics have value only in controlling the appetite for the time being, and thus giving a man a chance to get his breath—his moral breath.

Somehow or other a man who has been victimized by drink must be got into a physical state good enough to give his moral instincts a chance to work. That's the advantage of a hospital treatment.

I believe in the prohibition of the liquor business where there is public opinion strong enough to enforce it. I should like to see liquor abolished from the whole of this country. I want especially to say that the practice of medicine would not suffer in the least if alcoholic stimulants were unobtainable. There are plenty of substitutes just as efficacious.

The drunkard is cured only when his will is turned against drink and fortified there. But I don't believe the will is often reached through the intellect. It is reached mostly through the contagion of friendship. Many a man has been enabled to stop drinking through having a friend who was willing to come to him and stand by him until his fit of thirst had passed.

Men permanently reformed are cured by either work, play, affection, or religion. And it is my observation that not many are cured without all of these factors joined together.

"Don't trust to the will of the man alone; the human will unsupported is the weakest thing I know. Religion is at the heart of this Problem. Religion is not something old-fashioned and outworn; it has just as much power to-day as it ever had. Religion is the one thing which can make a man loyal when there is nothing in sight to be loyal to—keep him faithful when there is no visible reason to be faithful."

The Children's Record

MAP OF THE EIGHTEEN PROVINCES OF CHINA.



MAP OF NORTH HONAN.



Note.—Our Mission Field, North Honan, which fills the lower map, is a little dark spot on the upper map. Find it.

THE SEMI-JUBILEE.

Of The Honan Mission.

Question.—What is “Honan”?

Answer.—One of the eighteen provinces of China.

Q.—Where is Honan?

A.—In North Central China. See map.

Q.—What is the meaning of the word “Ho-nan”?

A.—It means “South of the River” because most of the province lies to the south of the great Yellow River.

Q.—What is meant by “North Honan”?

A.—“North Honan” is the part of the Province of Honan, about one-fifth of it, that lies North of the Yellow River.

Q.—What is the size of North Honan?

A.—It is shaped like a boot, about two hundred miles from east to west, from heel to toe, and a little less from south to north.

Q.—What is the population of the province of Honan?

A.—Twenty-three millions, about three times the population of Canada.

Q.—Is our mission to the whole province of Honan?

A.—No; only to the part of it lying north of the Yellow River.

Q.—How many people in this part of Honan?

A.—About eight millions; about as many people as in all Canada.

Q.—Is there any other mission working there?

A.—No; all these people are left to our Church. We are responsible for them.

Q.—When did our first missionaries go to Honan?

A.—In 1888, twenty-five years ago.

Q.—Had any Christian missionaries ever settled in North Honan before?

A.—No; ours were the first.

Q.—How did they go into the country?

A.—Read Dr. Smith's article, on page 489 of this issue, telling how a missionary doctor and a minister went together.

Q.—How did the people receive them?

A.—They were very unfriendly and suspicious. Read the articles by Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. MacVicar in this issue.

Q.—Who was the first convert to Christianity in this Mission?

A.—Mr. Chou (pronounced "Joe"). Read his story in Dr. Smith's article in this issue.

Q.—What led to his conversion?

A.—The removal of cataract by the doctor, and the restoration of sight.

Q.—Who was the doctor?

A.—Dr. Smith himself, who writes the article.

Q.—Name one point of likeness between our Formosan and Honan Missions.

A.—The first convert in each mission—A'hoa in Formosa and Chou in Honan—became an able preacher of the truth.

Q.—What great event divides, midway, the twenty-five years of our Honan Mission?

A.—The "Boxer" uprising, an anti-foreign movement of the people; and as missionaries were foreign it was against them, and those who listened to them. It was in 1900.

Q.—What did the Boxer movement do?

A.—It drove out nearly all the foreign missionaries out of China, about five thousand of them, and killed forty thousand native Christians who gave up their lives rather than give up their faith.

Q.—Were any of our missionaries killed?

A.—No; but they were all driven out, some of them were badly wounded, and the exposure and anxiety shortened the lives of others.

Q.—What was the result of the Boxer movement?

A.—The armies of other nations marched to Peking. China had to yield. The movement passed away. Missionaries came back and had a welcome and a freedom never before enjoyed.

Q.—What is the present state of China?

A.—The world's oldest monarchy has given place to the world's newest republic. Read Dr. Mackenzie's article on page 493 of this issue, telling of all the changes.

Q.—How many missionaries have we now in Honan?

A.—About twenty-seven foreign mission-

aries and their wives, and about half as many unmarried women.

Q.—How many native congregations, with native pastors, are there now in our Honan Mission?

A.—There are eight organized, self-supporting congregations.

Q.—Are there enough missionaries now in North Honan?

A.—No, there is only one for every 300,000 people.

Q.—Where are more missionaries to come from?

A.—From the boys and girls who are reading these lines.

Q.—Will you be one of them?

I cannot give the answer to this question. It rests with you to answer.

THE BEAUTY SECRET.

"I begin to see now," said the new girl in Miss Hartley's class, "why you all think that Jane Barton is so beautiful. Jane is pretty enough, but when I first came to the class I thought there were two or three girls in it who were prettier than she.

Then, before my very first Sunday was over, Jane began to look different to me. I think it must have been the way she smiled at me, and welcomed me to the class. She seemed to know instantly that I was a bit homesick, and she whispered, 'It won't seem so lonesome next Sunday; we're all going to do our best to make you feel at home.' I began to love her then and there, just like the rest of you.

"Then I saw that the way she treated me was just one little gleam from the light that filled her whole life. I knew what it meant: she was trying to be like Christ.

"I was trying to do the same thing, too, but I never realized how much that might accomplish till I got acquainted with Jane. There was something that shone in her face that made me think of what it says in the Bible about being created in the image of God, and about Christians' being a new creation. It isn't a prayer-meeting look; it's there just the same when she's laughing or playing tennis. If we could all get that look, the world would begin to believe—Sh! here comes Jane now."—The Adult Bible Class Monthly.

LASSIE NELL.

I was on vacation at a fishing port. One day when I was taking my accustomed stroll and had passed the curve in the beach, I notice a little way in advance, a fisherman who had hauled his boat up in the sheltered cove, and, like the fishermen of Galilee, sat mending his nets on the shore. As I approached, he was singing:

"We'll stan' the storm,
It won't be long,
We'll anchor bye and bye."

The three lines seemed to be the extent of his musical knowledge. Over and over again he sang them, until, as I passed him, they grew faint in the distance.

The next day I passed him again. Again he was singing. This time he shot a sharp glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows, and, to my surprise, raised the little flag from the prow of the boat and waved it above his head. I hastened to acknowledge the greeting and noticed that the ensign bore the name, "Lassie Nell," as did the trim, pretty boat, which seemed to be his, and was rocking at anchor.

Reaching home, I interviewed my landlady concerning my new acquaintance, to which she replied:

"Oh, that's Happy Ned. Everybody in these parts knows him. There ain't a sick child nor a lame boy nor an' old woman on this coast, but what he's done 'em a good turn, an' more'n likely he's done it over an' over. If they was more of his kind, the Lord knows this world would be more like His blessed Self. Just let him tell his story. He used to be Drunk Ned."

I grew interested at once. The next day I passed a little nearer, bent on striking an acquaintance. He was about to push off, but hesitated as I approached.

"Would ye like to try the 'Lassie Nell' to the lighthouse this fresh mornin'?"

I was only too glad to accept the invitation, and was gallantly helped to a seat in the stern.

For a time he was busy with his sails, tacking back and forth, and snuffing the breeze like a veritable son of the sea.

"Lassie Nell," said I, "what a pretty name!"

"Aye," he began, looking pleased and then thoughtful; "she likes her name, which she ought to"; and then he looked at me sharply and inquired:

"Do you relish sailors' yarns?"

In response to my "Oh, yes!" he took his seat.

"When Lass (his wife) an' I set sail together, I, as cap'n, an' she, as first mate, we had rough spells o' weather, an' it grew worse'n worse. It was all my fault, poor Lass! What with the earnin's all

goin' to the tavern, an' being turned out in the cold, it was a rough passage. As for Drunk Ned, he came nigh a ship wreck."

One day a little wee lassie sailed into our harbor. Somehow, ma'am, she anchored me to the home port. She helped me to steer clear o' shoals an' rocks an' pirates. Strange, h'aint it, that such a wee bit can be a lighthouse!

I kep' steady to the shinin', ma'am, turnin' neither to larboard nor starboard, an' grew to love the haven best of any spot on sea or land.

She loved the sea, too—aye, that she did, and would clap her bits of hands when it ran high—a likely lassie she was"—

"She somehow didn't seem to be shipshape from the first, and it weren't long before we saw she couldn't stay here, in this wicked world under the hatches. No, the Cap'n was callin' her aloft. Lass saw it first, an' I, ma'am, wouldn't see it.

"One night"—here he paused while we rocked on the slumbrous wave—"one night she drifted out on the first turn o' the tide—a flood tide it was, an' we was alone. 'Twas a black night! Dark, dark!"

I never can describe the pathos of his voice and manner. It was as if he were thinking aloud or talking to his beloved sea.

"Not long time before," he continued, "a new parson had moved to our coast, and he, spyin' the black flag flyin' from the porthole, came to see us. He brought a Chart, ma'am, an' a compass, an' said we needn't sail on an unbeknown sea any more. He read to us from the Chart, that the Cap'n hadn't forgotten us, that the Pilot was at the helm—that Lassie Nell was safe—safe. No more rocks, nor storms, nor cold. She was anchored in still water."

And now the tears were raining down his weather-beaten, wrinkled cheeks, while I felt that a sweet sermon of comfort was being preached to my own heart. He had become lost again in his own thoughts and entirely oblivious to my presence until the lighthouse appeared, and we landed in its shelter.

Not many days afterwards I was leaning against one of the warm rocks of the cove, trying to read, while the sea made music at my feet. I am a missionary secretary, and into my busy life had come a message that I must prepare a very special missionary speech for a very special occasion. And so, equipped with an annual report and missionary books of interest, I had come to prepare.

As I read the letters from those dark lands, I think I realized as never before

how it would seem to touch life's sad, hard experiences without the divine "rod and staff;" to stumble through life alone, never knowing of infinite Love; to have all the brightness and sweetness blotted out of existence, with the future a blank, conscious of no power except the resistless force of nature rolling at my feet.

Straight into my meditations plodded a familiar step with this song:

"We'll stan,' stan' the storm.
It won't be long,
We'll anchor bye and bye."

It had been a luckless day for fishermen. He was passing with his empty net. Spying me, he halted and eyed my books curiously.

"Is it the Good Book ye have?" he asked.

"Yes, and I hope they are all good books."

"Aye, aye; ye would have no other," he answered, shaking his head vigorously.

"Would you like to look at the pictures?" I asked, holding them out to him.

He leaned an elbow on the rock and took them awkwardly like one unused to such things.

"It is about the women of the East—of the other side of the world," I explained; "a country where women and little girls are never loved, but are enslaved, abused, murdered," trying to be terse as I remembered he was.

It was evident a new world was opening up to him. His surprise was unbounded. First, he turned to a picture of a little girl with deformed feet, and as I explained its meaning and its suffering, he grew intensely interested.

Next, to a woman burning on the funeral pyre of her husband. Then to a picture of the Ganges, with dead bodies, torch-lighted, floating on its waters, and temples with their hideous gods, and worshippers in rapt devotion.

Up to this time he remained quiet. Now he shook his head sadly and murmured:

"Sailin' by false lights. Can't you send 'em a chart?"

"That's just what we are doing," I hastened to say—"a chart and loving teachers, who count not their lives dear unto themselves; but go to tell His message. Yes, turn over the next page to the pictures of the orphanages;" and then I tried to tell him of the blessed homes made for the little ones, abandoned by their heathen parents, and how they received tender care, and were brought up to know of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." How, in short, their lives were brightened and illuminated by Christianity.

"Not to love the lassies!" he repeated over and over with inexpressible tenderness, as I explained to him how unwellcome was the coming of a little daughter into a household.

I recited the simple annals of how Christians were, as in "the days of Herod the king," still opening their treasures and presenting gifts unto our Christ, and how the gold and frankincense laid at the feet of our King were putting Christian homes into heathen countries.

* * * * *

My vacation time was drawing to a close, when one day I passed Happy Ned's little home. He came to the door.

"Lass an' I was a-goin' to see ye," he said mysteriously. "Come aboard, ma'am. It's a plain-goin' craft, but come aboard."

It was indeed "plain-goin'." The sole ornament was a miniature ship, rudely fashioned, with a jackknife probably, and the only book was a well-worn Bible.

I found "Lass" to be a sweet-faced, shy woman, with a snowy kerchief about her neck. She offered me one of the two stools and took a seat herself at the foot of the bed.

Happy Ned's manner grew more mysterious, and even solemn, as after fumbling to the unknown depths of the little cupboard, he brought out a heavy stocking-foot and emptied it in my lap.

"What does it mean?" I gasped, looking from my lap of small change.

"For ye," he said, nodding his head vigorously, "for some lassie that hasn't nobody to love her, eh, Lass? We talked it over. Cap'n an' first mate consults together in this craft."

"Aye," she responded shyly, smiling.

"But I ought not to take it. Are you sure you are able to give so much?" for I suspected it was all their earnings.

"This is the way of it," he began, drawing his stool nearer, and loosening his sailor knot. "Ye see it were two year ago since they carried our Lassie out into the graveyard, an' bein' on the coast, an' all sand, an' a nor-east wind so much, it were well-nigh impossible to keep the spot. We fixed a trim little mound many a time, but the sand drifted high over it, an' we all the time a losin' the place where she lays.

So we says, we'll take a reef in the spendin', here'n there a bit, till we get a stone for the head, a marble one, pure an' glistenin' white like herself, with 'Lassie Nell' an' some verse from the Good Book on it—a little child shall lead them' (that was me, you know).

We looked through the Good Book one Sunday a purpose, Lass spellin' out the verses, an' we thought' this was best, an' we took a heap o' comfort thinkin' 'bout

it, an' had been to see the marble man. We jest had the thirty dollars."

Here he stopped and looked out the window off at the sea. As if the meditation was entirely satisfactory he resumed:

"But when you told us 'bout the lassies with nobody to love 'em, an' that jest thirty dollars took 'em away from lives o' shame an' sufferin' into smooth sailin,' I came home an' told Lass, an' we sat together in the forecastle an' talked it over. We knew 'twouldn't make no difference with Lassie, bein' she was safe—safe up aloft; an' if ye'll take it, seein' it's in small bits, we'd be much glad."

I still think it was the best missionary address I ever heard. In my speechlessness I turned to Lass. The tears were dripping from her face, and her kerchief heaved convulsively, but she smiled sweetly and said:

"Aye, lady, it's with all our hearts, too."

I did not dare trust myself to speak, but bowed my head reverently, for I felt that truly the Master's benediction was there:

When I went back to my work and my missionary meeting, I just told them that I hadn't prepared any address at all, but I would tell them my little story.

Do you know I was not able to get through it without quite a disastrous breaking down, but somehow they listened as they never had before, and I date the success of my work from that day.

I never try to talk about sacrifice for missions but that the wondrous scene in the fisherman's cottage comes to view, and I feel its indescribable eloquence and power as then.—Jennie M. Bingham, in *The Westminster Adult Bible Class*.

BURYING THE HATCHET.

Rob, with a box in his arms and a spade over his shoulder, had slipped quietly around the house into the garden. He hoped Dot would not discover him until her unfortunate chicken, which lay in the box covered with roses and clover blossoms, was safely buried.

The chicken, during its brief life, had not been a source of unmixed joy to anyone but Dot; for it was a motherless chick that she had found and brought into the house, and, as soon as it was strong enough to run about, it followed her everywhere with a ceaseless "Chirp, chirp!" in a way that was very inconvenient, but as Dot's pet, it was tolerated by everybody but the cat, who one day pounced upon it and choked it out of existence.

Dot had covered her favorite with tears and flowers, and Rob, at his mother's suggestion, had tried to spare the small maiden the grief of witnessing the burial. But the attempt was vain.

"I'm glad you're making it in such a pretty place, Robby," she said. "I s'pose chicky was a good deal in the way. But I'll never like Tabby again not one bit!"

"Oh, see here now, Sis, Tabby didn't know any better!" said Rob. Being cross at her won't bring chick back again. So you'd better bury the hatchet and be friends."

"What would I bury the hatchet for?" asked Dot.

"That means to stop quarreling—not to be angry any more. When Indians are at war with each other and are ready to be friends, they bury a hatchet. That's a sign that they're willing to stop fighting."

"Do folks always stop fighting after the hatchet is buried?" asked Dot.

"Of course. That's what it means."

Dot watched the smoothing of the ground with thoughtful face, and walked back to the house by Rob's side in unusual silence.

The family had finished dinner when Fred came to the door with a sharp call.

"Rob, where have you put the ax?"

"Nowhere. I haven't had it."

"You must have had it, if you'd take the trouble to think. You're always carrying off things and forgetting where you put them. Come out and hunt it up!"

"Hunt it up yourself if you want it. I tell you I haven't had it, and I don't know anything about it."

"Boys!" interposed the mother's grieved, reproving voice. But anything more that she might have said was drowned in a wail from Dot.

"It didn't do! I tried it, and it isn't true! Rob said, if you buried a hatchet, folks wouldn't quarrel any more. I couldn't find any hatchet, so I dragged the ax down and buried it 'side of chicky. And you boys fuss worse'n ever!"

There was very little trouble in finding the missing axe, for Dot was not a success at digging.

Then Fred met his brother's eyes and laughed.

"I'm afraid she didn't get it deep enough for a lasting peace. But I say, Rob, we might be a little better tempered without hurting ourselves. I'll try it if you will."

"Agreed," said Rob.

And to this day, when clouds arise in the Lincoln household, some one is sure to ask, "Isn't it about time to drag the ax into the garden.—In Christian Uplook.

The mind feeds upon what it thinks about just as our bodies feed upon whatever is taken into them. Impure food will poison the body, so will impure thoughts poison the mind.

WORLD WIDE WORK

THE ROMISH SYSTEM.

The Curse of South America.

By REV. CHARLES INWOOD, F.R.G.S..

(An address in London, England.)

(Note.—It should always be remembered that the "Romish System" and the Roman Catholic people are entirely different. The people are our good friends and neighbors. They have no voice in the control of their church and its teachings as Protestants have. Their part is to accept the teachings of the Church and obey her commands.

The Romish "system" is the organization which plans and commands and leads the people. Its head is at Rome and the high and low must obey its commands or suffer such penalties as it can impose. A few days since, because a French paper has been respectfully advocating better schools for French children (these schools are controlled by the Church of Rome), the Archbishops of Montreal and Quebec have put the paper under the "ban," that is they have forbidden the people to buy or sell it or read it.

It is this "system" which claims the right of control over all men, that is a hurt to many lands, and a menace to all.—Ed.)

Romanism in South America has had an unrivalled opportunity for showing whether she can morally and spiritually uplift a people. For nearly five centuries she has had an absolutely free hand.

More than that, she has had all along, in the main, the support of the State, and still more, she herself has been the supreme political power in each Republic all over that great continent. There is no class of society in that continent which has not felt the touch of her influence and authority.

Indeed, the ramifications of Romanism are found throughout the whole life, thought and ideals of the people of that continent. So she has had a magnificent opportunity for showing, not only to South America, but to all the world, what she can do to upraise the people.

What use has she made of that opportunity? Has she shown herself to be the friend and guardian of the people and their interests? Has she proved herself to be the guardian of their freedom, or their morals, or the inspiration and guide of their progress?

There is one test which we must apply to every religious system. It is the test our Master Himself has given to us—"By their

fruits ye shall know them." It is by the fruits of Romanism in South America that I ask you to judge Romanism in that land. I want God's people in this country to get at the facts, and the moment they know the facts concerning Romanism in South America, they will rise up and evangelize that long-neglected continent.

From the very first Romanism has maintained a bitter and unscrupulous hostility to every movement that pointed in the direction of civil, political, and religious freedom.

Rome introduced that abominable yoke of blood called "The Inquisition." You know how it was enthroned early after the founding of the city of Lima, and there it triumphed during the long centuries up to last century. When I was in Lima a few months ago I went to see the very hall, now used by the Senate, in which those trials under the Inquisition took place.

Then I went to see the dungeons—for a few of them yet remain—where those dear souls were incarcerated for the truth, and then I came out and walked from the Plaza of the Inquisition to the great cathedral Plaza; down the same street those holy, heroic men had walked, and stood and gazed upon the spot where the fires were kindled.

These brave men were bound, cast into the fire, and I saw the verandah from which the ladies of the nobility came down to watch with glee the dying agonies of the men who would rather lay down their lives than deny their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

That went on century after century, and then there came a mighty movement, the rising of the peoples for freedom. As soon as the people, Roman Catholic though they were, obtained their freedom and banished Spain, they also banished the Inquisition.

Then came an ebb in the tide, and the clericals came back to power, and as soon as they returned they reinstated the Inquisition. It was not until Spain was finally driven from the country by the capture of the Callao fortress that the horrible Inquisition passed away.

What I want you to remember is, that in the struggle to banish this hateful thing, all the force of the clerical party was used to resist its banishment, and if the clerical party could have done so they would have kept that same hateful thing until now.

A friend of mine, whom I met in Peru a few months ago, told me that he was present at a marriage ceremony in Peru, when thirty Indian couples were married in one service by the utterance of half a dozen sentences in Latin by the priest. The Indians were poor people, and those thirty couples had to pay the officiating priest £2 per couple (about \$10)—£50 in money he got from those poor Indians.

It is the same with funerals. Corpses were sometimes kept for weeks. The priest would not bury without the fee, and the poor people had to wait till they could beg, borrow or steal the money to pay the priest.

In Bolivia, about a year and a half ago, after fifty years of struggle with the clerical party, the anti-clerical party carried the day, and passed a civil marriage law, which contains this clause: "That no priest is allowed to perform a marriage ceremony until those whom he is marrying produce the legal certificate of a civil marriage."

Take another illustration of their attitude. Some of you know the great work that is being done in Palermo, a suburb of Buenos Aires, by my friend the Rev. W. Case Morris. We call him the Dr. Barnardo of South America.

About fifteen years ago his heart was smitten as he looked at the poor little street arabs—boys and girls—in the streets of Buenos Aires—children who have no parents, no home, no place of refuge night or day, winter or summer, but the streets of that great city, and he took a few of them to educate. He has gone on developing that work, until now he has nearly four thousand of those children in his schools. He trains the children to work; they are gathered into Sunday schools, and regular religious training is given in the day schools.

It is about the most magnificent bit of work I know. I do not think you could surpass it anywhere, nor do I think you could equal it in the whole continent of South America.

Every now and again, in the Parliament mainly, but sometimes outside, he is subject to unscrupulous assault from the clerical party. The priests themselves never moved a hand to try to get hold of those poor little street arabs, but from the moment dear Morris began to do it, though they do not copy him, they have tried to checkmate him at every turn. In the Argentine, bishops can be elected in Parliament. One of these bishops brought on a great debate in that house attacking that work. I am glad to say that in every case our brother has come off victorious.

If the Romish Church had a spark of philanthropy in it, it would surely thank God that any man is attempting to civilize and Christianize those street arabs.

Think for a moment of the Romish opposition to the circulation of Scripture. Wherever the priests can, they burn the Bible—north, south, east and west. They have a big festival; the bishop sometimes graces the scene. One bishop who figured here in London in the Eucharistic Congress a few years ago, and whose portrait appeared twice in our papers, came almost straight from a

burning of Bibles in Northern Brazil. The people are told that the Bible is an obscene book, that if they dare to read it, or even to listen to it, they seal their soul's eternal damnation.

The priests have opposed the banishment of the Inquisition, they have opposed every movement toward freedom, they have opposed such work as that of Morris, they have opposed the circulation of the Scriptures amongst the people. If there were nothing else against them, they would hereby stand condemned before God. But there are many other charges, and of one at least I must speak.

Romanism stands condemned by the attitude of the people and the Governments; first of all by the attitude of the men. The women still flock to the services, but in the main the men have practically nothing to do with the accursed system, and as the result many of them believe nothing else.

Let me tell something of the attitude of the Government of Bolivia. I heard it when I was there. Recently the Bolivian Government, which is, of course, composed of men who are nominally Roman Catholics, passed two laws relating to monasteries.

The first law was that the moment the number of monks in any monastery reaches the low number of, I think, eleven—either seven or eleven—that moment the monastery must be closed and the property revert to the Government.

They also passed a second law, viz., that from the date of the passing of such law no Bolivian may enter a monastery. You will easily see that if, when the number is reduced to eleven, the monastery is closed, and if the Government further prohibits men from becoming monks, it is only the question of a few years before every monastery in Bolivia will be closed.

Two things I want to say as I close. One is this—we are told by people who ought to know better, that South America does not need the Gospel because it is a Christian country. We are told that the Romish Church is a "sister church." It has no relation to us whatever in its spirit and aims. It seeks to keep the people in ignorance and servitude; and I want you who remember the needs of Africa, China and India, to think of and pray for down-trodden, neglected South America.

Then, too, you have the same system in England. On the surface things differ. Wherever you see Romanism in the presence of a strong Protestantism, you see it whitewashed outside, but the claims are the same, the dogmas are the same, the spirit is the same. If the same system should ever reach the place of power in our land it will curse, blight, and drag us down, as it has done every other land where it has had power.

"Prepared lecture on "India" with lantern slides. Visited Presbytery of Bruce for about two weeks, twelve places. Took collection which paid all expenses, leaving a balance of \$125. Seventy-five dollars were sent to F. M. Board, leaving fifty dollars in hands of Presbytery to continue the same work in other fields. The givings for the year toward foreign missions increased sixty per cent."

Such is the brief, terse, telling statement of an Ontario minister when asked to give his method and experience.

S. S. LESSON HELPS AND PAPERS.

This is neither an advertisement nor a mere complimentary notice, but information for the good of all our Sabbath Schools and Congregations, viz., that in ordering Lesson Helps or S. S. Papers for the coming year, the best are those provided by our own Church.

They are quite equal, and for the most part superior to any other S. S. Helps and Papers; and for our own Sabbath Schools they are decidedly better than any others to be found anywhere. In addition to their excellence in themselves there is a Canadian flavor about them which helps to train the young in patriotism as well as in Christianity, makes them lovers of their country and their God, fits them for their duties to the State as well as to the Church.

If any are tempted to purchase other Helps and Papers for a little less price, remember four things (1) that there are very few Helps and Papers worthy the name, that are cheaper than our own, (2) that all the money received by the Church for this department goes into its work, (3) there is no place where economy is worse misplaced than in providing S. S. Literature for the young. Give them plainer clothes or simpler food, but do not starve their few childhood's years, the formative time of life, with poor mental and spiritual food, (4) These Helps are your own. Be loyal.

Write to Presbyterian Publications, Church and Gerrard St., Toronto, and receive free a catalogue of all the many things which our Church supplies for Sabbath School and congregational work.

One of the best means of deepening the interest of a congregation in Missions is the mission study class. Our church is aiming at establishing five hundred of them this winter. Each minister can help by establishing one in his own congregation. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., had 2,500 mission-study classes last winter and is aiming at 4,000 this winter.

Progress in Quebec constitutes a call to those who know the Word of God, to distribute it more widely among our French fellow citizens, in their own tongue, that in their new found freedom to think and act for themselves, they may have that Word to guide them to all that is highest and best.

The Presbyterian Record.

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Edited by E. Scott, M.A., D.D.

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Our Church Register

CALLS, INDUCTIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Calls From.

Broadview, Sask., to Mr. R. J. Hunter of Carlyle, Sask.

Gravel Hill, Ont., to Dr. Campbell, of Lucan, Ont. Accepted.

Glamis, Ont., to Mr. Peter Reith of N. Pelham, Ont.

Queenston Ch., St. Catharines, to Mr. T. W. Maguire, of Newcastle, Indiana, U.S.A.

St. George, N.B., to Mr. Thos. Harrison, of Longueuil, Que.

Elva, Man., to Mr. G. W. Faryon, of Belmont, Man.

Quincy, Mass., to Mr. D. B. McLeod, of Orwell, P.E.I.

First Ch., Brockville, Ont., to Mr. C. W. Shelley, of Valleyfield, Que. Accepted.

St. And. Ch. Trenton, Ont., to Mr. D. E. Foster, of Queen's College.

Chalmers Ch., Guelph, Ont., to Mr. Geo. A. Little, of Winnipeg, Man.

Inductions Into.

Fernie, B.C., Mr. W. J. MacQuarrie.

Humesville, Man., Mr. C. C. Whiting.

Kamsack, Sask., Sep. 23, Mr. R. J. Campbell.

St. Peter's, C.B., Oct. 2, Mr. Donald Fraser.

Enderby, B.C., Sep. 24, Mr. J. A. Dow.

Ninga, Man., Sep. 25, Mr. D. MacVicar.

Kelliher, Sask., Oct. 14, Mr. James Greer.

Resignations of.

Ormsdown, Que., Dr. D. W. Morison.

New Glasgow, Que., Mr. R. S. Vernier.

South Kinloss, Ont., Mr. F. A. McLennan.

Bethel, Ridge, etc., Ont., Mr. J. M. Dickson.

Vacant Congregations.

Bethel, Chatham Presbytery. Moderator, Rev. J. R. Van Wych B.A., Chatham, Ont.

Lucan and Fraser, Stratford Presbytery. Moderator, Rev. J. Geo. Miller, St. Mary's, Ont.

Deaths in the Ministry.

Rev. J. L. Murray, D.D., late minister of Kincardine, Ont., since retired, died in Toronto, 22 Oct., inst., aged seventy-six years.

Rev. L. G. MacNeil, M.A., late minister of St. Andrew's Ch., St. John, N.B., some time retired, through illness, died at St. John, 14 October, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Our India Mission has suffered a heavy loss in the death of Rev. W. G. Russell, B.A., of Ujjain. Mr. Russell was a man of fine spirit, an earnest evangelist, and much beloved both by his fellow missionaries and the natives. There were three Russells in our India Mission; two brothers, Norman and Frank, and Walter, not a relative.

There is now but one, Norman, a few years ago, and now Walter, were both taken in their prime. But their lives though short in years were long in service done, and their works do follow them. This makes the second loss to our India Mission within a few weeks. The other was Dr. Marion Oliver, whose death was mentioned in last Record.

A loud call surely to others who are looking for a place in invest their lies! Who, young men and women, will volunteer to fill these gaps in the ranks?

Ministers could do much towards securing recruits for the Home and Foreign fields. All over the church there are young men and women ready to respond to the call that appeals to all that is best and noblest in their lives. The ministry has not much to offer those who would seek it for their own sakes, but it has much to offer those who seek it for the sake of others.

The Orangeville Presbytery is having a Honan campaign. Ten of the ministers, with lanterns and picture slides expect to cover the whole presbytery in a week.

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Woodstock, 1st Wednesday June, 1914.

Synod of Maritime Provinces, Moncton, 1st Tuesday October, 1914.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness.
3. Pictou, New Glasgow, 4 Nov. 10 a.m.
4. Wallace, Amherst, 18 Nov., 2 p.m.
5. Truro, Truro, 16 Dec., 10 a.m.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 16 Dec., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, etc.
8. St. John, St. John, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Chatham, 9 Dec., 2 p.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 1914.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 2 Dec., 2 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal 11 Nov. a.m.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 4 Nov., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark, Carleton Place, 18 Nov., 10.30
16. Brockville, Brockville, 2 Dec., 2 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto, 2nd Tuesday October, 1914.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 9 Dec., 9.30
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Dec., 10.
20. Whitby, Pickering, 15 Oct., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues., each month.
22. Orangeville.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 21 Nov., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Parry Sd., March 3 p.m.
25. Temiskaming, Cobalt, March.
26. Algoma, Sault Ste. Marie, Sep.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., Nov. 5, 10 a.m.
28. Saugeen Harriston, 9 Dec., 9.30.
29. Guelph, Guelph, 18 Nov., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London, St. Thomas, Last Monday April, 1914.

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 4 Nov., 9.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Brantford, 9 Dec., 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 2 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 2 Dec., 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 18 Nov., 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Exeter, 11 Nov., 10.30 a.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Dec., 10.30
38. Bruce, Paisley, 2 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Port Arthur, Feb.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Minto, 3 Feb.
42. Glenboro, Sperling, 3 Feb., 3.30.
43. Portage, Gladstone, 16 Dec., 2.30.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Newdale, 1 Mar., 3 p.m.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 16 Feb., 7.30.

Synod of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, 1st Tuesday Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 9 Dec., 8.30.
48. Abernethy, Saskatoon, 4 Nov., 6 p.m.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 10 Feb., 10 a.m.
50. Arcola, Saskatoon, 4 Nov., 2 p.m.
51. Alameda, Estevan, 10 Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Moose Jaw, Moose Jaw, 10 Dec., 11
55. Saskatoon.
56. Prince Albert.
57. Battleford, Scott, 2 Oct., 7.30.
58. Kindersley, Kindersley, 3 Feb.
59. Swift Current.

Synod of Alberta.

60. Vermilion.
61. Edmonton, Edmonton, 9 Dec.
62. Lacombe, Wetaskiwin, 28 Oct., 2 p.m.
63. Red Deer, Olds, March.
64. Castor.
65. Calgary.
66. High River, High River, Feb.
67. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

68. Kootenay.
69. Kamloops, Armstrong, 17 Feb. 4 p.m.
70. Westminster.
71. Victoria, Victoria, at call of Modr.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Sept. | Mar. 1 to Sept. 30 |
|------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$3,949.59 | \$29,711.07 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 2,079.57 | 23,850.91 |
| Widows & Orphans | 72.00 | 1,093.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 118.00 | 1,200.85 |
| Assembly Fund. | 99.59 | 536.10 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 160.00 | 2,122.00 |
| Social Service, etc... | 578.50 | 4,275.47 |
| S S. & Y. P. S. | 606.85 | 1,069.85 |
| Deaconess Home.... | 30.00 | 285.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 107.00 | 199.00 |
| Queen's College.... | 38.00 | 223.00 |
| Knox College..... | 71.00 | 1,041.00 |
| Manitoba College.... | 1.00 | 166.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | | |
| Robertson College... | 1.00 | 69.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 16.00 | 57.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING SEPTEMBER

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------|------------------------|--------|
| Clinton, Willie . . . | \$ 80.40 | Paisley, Knox . . . | 58.00 |
| Delaware | 70.00 | Mrs. M. A. Black- | |
| Atwood | 200.00 | burn, Otta. | 250.00 |
| Wilbur, Lavant . . . | 20.00 | Bonfield | 2.60 |
| Port Albert | 19.00 | Rv. Hugh McFarlane | .35 |
| Barrie | 84.00 | Richmond Hill . . . | 15.00 |
| A Presbyterian . . . | 5.00 | Campbellford | 344.64 |
| Harrington | 35.00 | Waterdown | 84.77 |
| Seaforth | 61.63 | Brampton | 600.00 |
| Mr. J. McGeachy . . | 5.00 | Elmvale | 24.00 |
| For., Cooke's pps. . | 250.00 | Claude | 90.00 |
| Tor., Ave. Road . . . | 350.00 | Chesterville | 32.00 |
| Springfield | 18.00 | Port Arthur, St. Pa. | 340.00 |
| Sonya | 60.00 | Dundas, Knox | 263.73 |
| W. Collingwood, &c. | 18.90 | John Rodgers | 5.00 |
| Schreiber | 23.55 | Aurora | 17.40 |
| Proffline, Bethel . . | 66.00 | Blackstock | 20.00 |
| Pembroke | 120.00 | W'mstown, St. A. . . | 75.00 |
| Tor., Chinese | 41.55 | Kearney, ss. | 3.25 |
| Utica | 12.00 | Brougham | 16.00 |
| Ham., St. John's . . | 300.00 | Belleville, St. And. | 472.00 |
| Quaker Hill | 50.00 | Dunwich | 100.00 |
| Marvelville wfms. . | 11.55 | Carleton Pl., Zion . . | 335.00 |
| Tor., St. John's . . . | 321.00 | St. Thomas, Knox . . | 700.00 |
| Bear Creek | 20.00 | Mr., Mrs. John Pen- | |
| Linwood | 17.00 | man | 300.00 |
| Carholme ss. | 2.00 | Stratford, Knox . . . | 400.00 |
| N. Mornington | 20.00 | Turin | 37.25 |
| Mrs. C. Paris | 45.00 | Hillsdale | 48.00 |
| Bradford | 20.00 | Berlin, St. And. . . . | 250.00 |
| Mrs. A. L. Murray . . | 10.00 | Caradoc | 45.00 |
| Fergus, Mel. | 100.00 | Woodville | 5.20 |
| Ham., St. Paul's . . . | 350.00 | Bolton | 3.00 |
| Rait's Corners | 36.00 | Dorchester | 23.00 |
| St. Cath., Knox ss. . | 8.46 | Morewood | 217.35 |
| East Zorra | 39.20 | Hamilton, Ersk. . . . | 500.00 |
| | | Meaford, Ersk. . . . | 100.00 |
| | | Rv. R. G. McKay . . | 26.65 |

| | | | |
|--------------------------|----------|-------------------------|-------|
| Deseronto, Ch. of | | Lefroy ss. | 5.00 |
| Redeemer | 50.00 | Port Elgin ss. | 10.32 |
| Lochinvar ss. | 30.00 | Omagh ss. | 4.00 |
| Tor., Ave. Rd. ypg. | 25.00 | Allandale | 3.25 |
| Gordonville | 22.00 | Sundridge ss. | 3.43 |
| Mildmay ss. | 6.25 | Branton ss. | 8.54 |
| Lindsay | 300.00 | Caledon E., St. A. ss. | 6.00 |
| Brantford, St. And. | 100.00 | Summerstown, ss. . . | 7.45 |
| Brockville, St. Jno. | 100.00 | Craigleith ss. | 1.35 |
| Pictou | 100.00 | Utica ss. | 5.30 |
| Elphin | 20.00 | Eugenia ss. | 5.07 |
| Stirling | 16.00 | Proton Station ss. . . | 3.72 |
| Brucefield, Un. . . . | 26.00 | Deer Park ss. | 66.50 |
| Winchester | 200.00 | Rockwood ss. | 7.28 |
| Pickering | 47.00 | N. Brant ss. | 7.00 |
| Leith | 2.00 | Mt. Pleasant ss. . . . | 6.74 |
| Miss McLennan . . . | 30.00 | Jean Mackintosh . . . | 6.00 |
| Whitechurch | 35.75 | Eramosa, 1st | 40.00 |
| Tor. Chinese | 98.00 | Billings Bridge | 62.00 |
| St. Elmo ss. | 8.00 | Hailbury ss. | 6.50 |
| Sandringham ss. . . . | 3.00 | Blenheim ss. | 10.00 |
| Calvin Ch. | 14.00 | Alberton ss. | 6.45 |
| White Lake | 40.00 | Monck ss. | 7.32 |
| Tor., Old St. And. . . | 300.00 | Whitney ss. | 5.00 |
| Blyth Friend | 20.00 | Bobbycon, ss. | 4.50 |
| Tor., Knox | 2,000.00 | Sturgeon Falls ss. . . | 3.36 |
| Unionville | 15.10 | Cache Bay ss. | 14.00 |
| S. Mountain | 100.00 | Tor., Evangl | 5.50 |
| Dunblane | 6.00 | | |
| Tor., Alhambra | 300.00 | | |
| Beaverton, Kx. | 30.00 | | |
| St. Mary's, 1st ss. . . | 12.00 | | |
| Bethel | 9.40 | | |
| Mrs. R. M. Boswell . . | 50.00 | | |
| Stratford, St. And. . . | 71.00 | | |
| Orangevl Pres | 25.00 | | |
| Wallaceburg | 275.00 | | |
| Helen McEwen | 300.00 | | |
| Helen F. McEwen . . . | 20.00 | | |
| Crinan | 68.00 | | |
| Chesterfield | 170.00 | | |
| Uptergrove | 15.00 | | |
| Smithville | 11.06 | | |
| Tor., Alhambra ss. . . | 20.00 | | |
| Sparrow Lake, ss. . . . | 8.60 | | |
| Scarboro', Kx. | 200.00 | | |
| Culloden | 33.00 | | |
| McIntosh | 15.00 | | |
| Rv. J. M. Nicol | 9.15 | | |
| Tor., Evangl Hall . . . | 5.50 | | |
| Hamilton, Central . . . | 1,000.00 | | |
| N. Mornington | 25.00 | | |
| Brantford, Balf. | 28.00 | | |
| Mooretown ss. | 6.00 | | |
| Rv. J. W. Penman . . . | 8.00 | | |
| Bellevil, John | 61.62 | | |
| Tor., St. Giles' ss. . . | 10.00 | | |
| Caledon, ss. | 8.00 | | |
| Caintown | 75.00 | | |
| Lyn | 85.00 | | |
| Vars Navan | 30.00 | | |
| Caledon, Kx. | 5.75 | | |
| Rv. F. S. Dowling . . . | 19.57 | | |
| Wellandport ss. | 3.15 | | |
| Galt, Central | 15.00 | | |
| Whitby, St. A. ss. . . . | 8.00 | | |
| Port Hope | 8.82 | | |
| Henry Strang | 50.00 | | |
| Dutton, Kx. | 50.00 | | |
| Tor., Bloor | 2,500.00 | | |
| Port Sydney | 5.00 | | |
| Raymond | 5.00 | | |
| Seaforth, 1st | 40.25 | | |
| Weston | 50.00 | | |
| Pontypool ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Hespeler, St. A. ss. . . | 14.63 | | |
| Beamsville ss. | 6.00 | | |
| Palmerston, Kx. ss. . . | 12.00 | | |
| Shakespeare ss. | 20.00 | | |
| N. Easthope, ss. | 18.70 | | |
| Crysler ss. | 10.00 | | |
| Alexandria ss. | 7.65 | | |
| Cornwall, Fr. ss. . . . | 2.00 | | |
| Pleasant Val. ss. . . . | 5.06 | | |
| Fergus, Mel. ss. bc. . . | 15.02 | | |
| Ayr, Knox | 18.00 | | |
| Metz | 4.25 | | |
| Seaforth, 1st ss. . . . | 21.75 | | |

Quebec.

| | |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Poltimore | 10.00 |
| Marlow | 24.00 |
| St. George | 28.00 |
| Beauharnois | 1,000.00 |
| Namur | 24.50 |
| New Richmond | 222.00 |
| W. S. Leslie | 500.00 |
| Greenville | 125.00 |
| River Aux Pins, ss. . . | 2.00 |
| Hull, Zion | 289.00 |
| Montreal West | 100.00 |
| New Richmond | 1.00 |
| Lachute | 100.00 |
| Verdun (Miss Walk- | |
| er cl.) | 1.25 |
| Rv. James MacKay . . . | 9.80 |
| Gore | 13.25 |
| Chatham | 58.50 |
| Mr., Mrs. H. Young . . | 62.50 |
| Rv. Jas. M. Miller . . . | 10.00 |
| Buckingham | 12.00 |
| Poltimore | 8.75 |
| Montreal W. ss. | 13.80 |
| Richmond, ss. | 9.00 |

Manitoba.

| | |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Arden | 50.00 |
| Oak Lake | 317.75 |
| Wpg., St. Paul's | 18.00 |
| Pilot Mound | 90.00 |
| Neepawa | 450.00 |
| Wellwood | 36.00 |
| Selkirk | 15.00 |
| Elgin M. B. | 5.00 |
| Moore Park | 5.60 |
| Mekiwin | 25.00 |
| Lenore ss. | 5.00 |
| Rapid City | 32.00 |
| Mt. Pleasant | 2.00 |
| Palmerst'n, ss. ce. . . . | 10.30 |
| Grey's ss. | 5.35 |
| Wpg., Augustine | 700.00 |
| Brandon, St. Pa. ss. . . . | 21.72 |
| Petrel | 57.00 |
| Austin | 10.00 |
| Wpg. Beach | 14.00 |
| Wpg., Carter | 10.33 |
| The Dairies | 33.50 |
| Hazeldeen ss. | 10.90 |
| Stuartburn ss. | 11.15 |
| Brandon, St. Pa. | 855.00 |
| Cartwright ss. | 10.00 |
| Whitewater | 6.00 |
| Manitou | 22.15 |

| | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-------|---------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|----------|-------------------------------------|--------|
| Saskatchewan. | | Fish Creek | 5.00 | Telfordville | 15.00 | Sapperton | 57.00 |
| Danyroyd, &c. | 13.80 | North Fork ss. | 3.00 | N. Edmonton, &c. | 30.00 | Vancor, Robrtsn. | 100.00 |
| Browning | 1.00 | Roundhill | 7.00 | Ewing | 5.00 | Nanaimo, ss. | 4.00 |
| Valor &c. | 5.00 | Hutton | 3.00 | Strathcona, Kx. | 100.00 | Nova Scotia. | |
| Kelvinhurst | 3.00 | Alberta. | | Roundup, &c. | 41.00 | Pr Agent, Hx. | 57.92 |
| Taylorlton, &c. | 11.60 | Vegreville | 120.00 | Rv. A. Mahaffy | 20.00 | Day Spring ss. | 4.16 |
| Coriander | 2.15 | Elnoora, &c. | 6.75 | Silver Lake | 7.25 | New Brunswick. | |
| Regina, Kx. Bro-therhood | 50.00 | Aldersyde | 50.00 | Agricola | 5.25 | Upper Durham, ss. | 2.00 |
| Ames | 12.00 | No. Edmonton, &c. | 25.00 | Lake Shore | 4.10 | Prince Edward Island. | |
| Hillesden | 6.10 | Spring Point | 10.00 | Killam | 15.00 | Rv. E. J. Rattee, Malpque | .40 |
| Crocut Plains | 5.00 | Wetaskiwin | 38.00 | Edmonton, Wmstr. | 500.00 | Miscellaneous. | |
| Boldenhurst | 4.53 | Loma | 30.00 | Calgary, Hillhurst ss. | 24.50 | "M. M. A." | 10.00 |
| Lynthorpe | 4.35 | Claresholm | 28.30 | Penhold | 5.00 | Pr. Mrs. Bertha Putnam | 136.47 |
| Deckerville | 10.20 | Olds ss. | 2.00 | British Columbia. | | Pr. Rv. J. C. Robertson | 32.00 |
| Bromhead | 4.00 | Gilt Edge | 3.15 | Nanaimo ss. | 4.00 | Miss Jessie Dow | 969.44 |
| Pense | 6.00 | Beverley | 5.35 | Kootenay Pres. | 90.00 | | |
| Maple Creek | 11.70 | Whitecourt | 7.70 | Vernon | 200.00 | | |
| Omaga | 2.50 | Beaver Lake | 8.10 | Ahousaht ss. | 25.00 | | |
| Dunkirk | 13.00 | Stanger | 7.15 | Hosmer | 50.00 | | |
| Kelvington | 33.00 | Belvedere | 5.20 | Kamloops | 250.00 | | |
| Atwater | 21.00 | Edmonton, Wmt. | 9.75 | Nelson | 275.70 | | |
| Arabella | 4.00 | Redcliff | 8.00 | Vancor, 1st ss. | 38.80 | | |
| Orkney | 14.00 | Padston | 9.45 | Vancor, St. John's | 1,300.00 | | |
| Davis Creek | 8.05 | Seven Persons &c. | 7.00 | Wilmer, Athalmr | 50.00 | | |
| Viewfield | 4.20 | Wildmere | 1.20 | Victoria, St. Col. ss. | 7.25 | | |
| Perdue | 72.20 | Heather Bell | 1.55 | Pender Isd. | 50.00 | | |

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY of RECEIPTS

| | During Sept. | Mar. 1 to Sept 30 |
|-------------------------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Foreign Missions. \$23,778.80 | \$23,778.80 | \$31,112.40 |
| Home Missions.... | 1,977.26 | 6,553.28 |
| Augmentation..... | 304.47 | 1,572.82 |
| College..... | 75.00 | 4,544.05 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 34.00 | 161.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles. | 5.00 | 119.00 |
| For North West.... | 1,562.49 | 2,281.49 |
| Children's Day Col. | 88.00 | 105.00 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 42.41 | 96.68 |
| Bursary Fund..... | 1,158.44 | 2,194.44 |
| Library Fund..... | | 249.22 |
| Widows' & Orphans | 4.00 | 261.00 |
| Social Service, etc... | 63.00 | 283.00 |
| Total..... | \$29,092.87 | \$49,533.38 |

RECEIVED DURING SEPTEMBER

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

| | | | |
|---|-------------|--|-----------|
| Acknowledged | \$20,440.51 | Golden Grove, etc. | 4.00 |
| Mrs. John Ward-robe, in memory of her husband | 150.00 | Grand Bay | 5.00 |
| Thomson | 25.00 | Halifax, Park St. | 75.00 |
| Bridgetown | 25.00 | Inverness, P.E.I. | 1.09 |
| Friend | 1.00 | Millerton, Chelmsford, Derby | 28.00 |
| Dundas, Annandale. | 104.00 | Economy, Five Islands | 15.85 |
| Margaree | 35.00 | Mt. Uniacke, Beaver Bank | 18.42 |
| Hopewell, Union | 108.00 | North Tay ss. | 1.70 |
| New Maryland | 5.00 | S. Gut, Englishtown | 39.50 |
| Refunds | 125.90 | Brookway | 116.40 |
| Acadia, ce. | 29.00 | Friend | 20.00 |
| Hantsport, ce. | 5.00 | W. River, Green Hill | 365.00 |
| East River | 20.00 | Cape George | 17.25 |
| Clifton | 12.00 | Bay View | 2.00 |
| Bay View | 4.00 | Cariboo | 22.00 |
| Pleasant Bay | 5.88 | New Carleton ss. | 5.00 |
| A. Johnston | 5.00 | New Glasgow, United | 15.00 |
| Waterville | 16.00 | ed | 2.00 |
| New Glasgow, First Quoddy, Moser Riv. | 108.90 | River Dennis | 35.00 |
| Lunenburg, ss. | 20.00 | Refund | 13.47 |
| Noel | 21.00 | Cavendish, Stanley. | 53.00 |
| Church member | 1.00 | W. F. & H. M. S. | 26,659.99 |
| St. Peter's Bay | 20.00 | Clyde, Barrington | 10.00 |
| St. James' Union | 12.00 | N. River, Harmony. | 3.00 |
| Sunny Brae | 52.00 | Sheet Harbor | 12.00 |
| Riley Brook | 1.63 | Halifax, St. And. ss. | 12.28 |
| Greenfield | 21.00 | Halifax, Park ss. | 17.35 |
| Belledune | 12.80 | Hantsport | 5.00 |
| "A. S. M." | 150.00 | Chatham ss. | 5.75 |
| Harvey & Acton | 16.00 | Riversdale ss. | 5.60 |
| A. C. Thompson | 60.00 | Westville, St. Phil. ss. | 16.75 |
| Sussex | 50.00 | Elmsdale ss. | 7.10 |
| Mary Dinwoodie | 40.00 | Cleveland ss. | 1.53 |
| Englishtown | 24.53 | | |
| Upper Stewiacke | 18.00 | | |
| Newport | 23.00 | | |
| Refunds of Bur-saries | 100.00 | | |
| Barney's River | 46.00 | | |

\$49,533.38

WHAT SOME WOMEN ARE DOING.

The minister of one of our churches in Ontario writes that ten women of his congregation formed a mission reading circle. They chose ten best books on missions, each one buying one of the books.

After each had read her own book

they changed them around and thus continued until each of the ten women had read all the ten books.

But the good did not end there. When through with the books themselves they distributed them to others and interested a still wider circle.



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A cup of 'Camp' in the
middle of the morn-
ing's housework makes
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A minute to make — just
'Camp,' boiling water, sugar,
milk — and you are ready,
refreshed, to start again.

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N.B.—Wabasso is the Indian name for the Snow-Show Rabbit found in the northern part of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its fur is as white as our December snow. We have adopted this name for our Trade Mark because our COTTONS which are bleached in spring water are AS WHITE AS SNOW.

NOT how cheap, but how good has always been our aim in the manufacture of Magic Baking Powder. The too frequent tendency of manufacturers to sacrifice quality and to insidiously offer an article for what it is not, meets with no favor with a concern whose constant aim is to improve standards, to elevate qualities and to encourage superiority.



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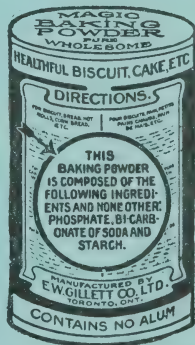
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We grow like that which we admire.

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The Church needs a vision of the world and of Christ.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self.

Unless Jesus Christ is Lord of all He is not Lord at all.

He that deceives me once, it is his fault; if twice, it is mine.

If there is no good in a thing it is pretty safe to let it alone.

What I spent I had—what I kept I lost—what I gave I have.

Love never asks, how much must I do? but how much can I do?

Missionary work means conquest, sacrifice, suffering and *victory*.

The great missionary movement is God's and we are only part of it.

There's not a missionary who doesn't crave the prayers of God's people.

We cannot serve God and mammon, but we can serve God with mammon.

Often converts are called upon to endure greater sacrifices than the missionary.

It is the mission of the Church to give the whole Gospel to the whole world.

Sometimes the problems of the world make us forget that God is omnipotent.

This is a lost world to be saved, and not simply an ignorant world to be educated.

Multiplicity of organization can not take the place of the vital touch with Jesus Christ.

Let one fail in trying to do something rather than fail by sitting still and doing nothing.

The lonelier you are in Christian work, the nearer you are to Christ, who trod this world alone.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is not only a Gospel for all men, but it is a Gospel for the whole man.

It takes a great deal of heroism to live up to good resolutions, but the results are worth the effort.

The English language and literature are great factors in the evangelization of the non-Christian world.

Nothing has served to stem the flood of worldliness at home so much as the cause of foreign missions.

Whether opportunities are doors that open to our success or failure, depends upon the way we use them.

If we have not enough in our religion to drive us to share it with all the world, it is doomed here at home.

If any man will follow me, let him deny himself. There's not one law for the poor and another for the rich.

You might as well try to cure small-pox by scenery, as to try to save the world by improvement of environment.

The soul must overflow, if thou another's soul would'st reach, it needs the overflow of hearts to give the lips all speech.

The doors of the world are open at the costs of great sacrifices, of prayers, tears, labors and gifts. Let us enter them!

The question is not, How much of my money will I give to God? but, How much of God's money will I keep for myself?

The man who does not believe in foreign missions had better burn up his New Testament, for it is a record of foreign missions.

There may be a yellow peril if China and Japan are not Christianized—what they need most is the spirit and heart of Christianity.

Selfishness forever strikes a discord. Unselfishness makes melody. Which shall we choose for ourselves, the music or the jarring note?

The drunkard will never be dead, we tell you the reason why: the young ones come to take their place, as soon as the old ones die.—*The Saloonkeeper*.

Every age has its focal thought. The focal thought of the middle ages was seen in the Crusades; that of the seventeenth century was reformation; of the eighteenth century, revival; and of this century it is missions.

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity modesty and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.—*Thomas Hawley*.

The Presbyterian Record



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The Presbyterian Record.

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Daughter,—“No, I ain't. I'm late enough for 'Mothers' 'elp class as it is.”

“Absolute submission to one whose power and love we can absolutely trust is not servitude, but freedom of the highest kind—freedom from worry and care.”

The Presbyterian Record

VOL. XXXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 12

END OF ANOTHER VOLUME.

This issue completes twenty-two years of the "Record" under the present management. During the year, there has been issued more than forty millions of pages, and as a page of the "Record" contains, on an average, fully twice as much reading matter as the page of an ordinary volume, those who have mathematical tastes, can figure how many books of three hundred pages each, the year's issues of the "Record" would make and, further, how many S. S. libraries, of three hundred volumes each, could be formed from these books.

This amount of good reading distributed monthly, all over Canada, should be of some little service for good to our Church and country.

The "Record" rarely publishes any of the kindly things that come concerning itself, but perhaps two or three extracts from letters recently received, within a few days of each other, will be pardoned.

A well-known minister from the East, who went West, and who takes a large number of "Records" for distribution, writes from Alberta: "Thanks for supplying so excellent a magazine. Remember that in many homes, it is the only literature seen. Make the Gospel Message plain. Many of your readers are of no church and never hear that Message otherwise."

A correspondent in Saskatchewan writes:—"It is no flattery when I say that I have never seen so much good reading, in so small compass, as can be found in the "Record."

Still another from Ontario writes:—"May I be permitted a word of appreciation of this month's "Record." I read it from cover to cover, and the more I read, the greater was my enjoyment. Amid such a wealth of incident and news, precious nuggets condensed into the smallest dimensions and

brimful of matter, the most pathetic and stirring anecdotes, inspiring accounts of work done, and more to be attempted, one had need to be of adamant, not to be impressed and inspired by the September Record. I have read the Magazine for years and enjoyed it, but this number was too much to sit quiet under."

In the usual phraseology of the Press,—“This Magazine is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents”—but the kindly appreciation behind it all is very helpful and is an encouragement to press on towards the still far off ideal to which such letters point.

Thanks to a kind Providence who has given such opportunities, all these years, and to the thousands of helpers all over the Church, whose generous co-operation, in distributing the Record, has made possible any measure of success.

For the next year, please remember that the price, in parcels, is thirty cents. When the Record was established at twenty-five cents, it contained on an average about one-third of the reading matter which it has to-day. In the earlier years it gradually accumulated a balance. Since its enlargement, it has cost more than its price, and its balance is now only about sufficient to run it a couple of months. Last Assembly decided to increase the price by five cents to meet the cost of its production.

Please remember also that each issue of the "Record" has to be paid for when printed, and kindly forward payment at the beginning of the year.

May it be blessed to the doing of much good in the coming year.

THE EMPTY BOX.

In many a home at this season of the year is a box nearly empty. It should be

empty at the end of December. If there is anything in it, a part of the year's privilege has been lost.

What is the box? It is the box which we received at the beginning of the year, with its fifty-two duplex envelopes, in which to worship weekly with our offering—"as the Lord hath prospered." If there are any envelopes left in the box, then there have been weeks in which the Lord has not received His own, and we have missed our opportunity and the blessing in ourselves that the fulfilment of duty always brings.

It is the opportunity box. It is a weekly reminder of God's goodness to us, especially the great gift of His love; and it gives the weekly opportunity to pass along to others that glad news which has meant so much to us.

What kind of memories does this empty box afford? Is the review of it satisfying? Has it been commensurate with God's goodness to us? Would we like to meet all those fifty-two duplex envelopes again, and have Jesus Christ look them over in our presence? Would He say as He looked at each one—"Well-done good and faithful?" Whether cents or dimes or dollars would not enter into His judgment, but whether the gift was one of thankful love. Where the gift is of that kind the amount takes care of itself.

The New Year will bring a new box, full of envelopes and opportunities. Let each envelope as it passes out, under Christ's review, be such as to receive the commendation given to the widow's mites,—the best we can do.

P. S.—If you have never had an opportunity box, a Duplex envelope box, be sure and get one for the coming year.

THE CHURCH AND HER WORK.

A great fact, not fully realized by many, is that, of all the agencies for the uplift and redemption of the world, there are none that do so much for the means at their disposal, as does the Church.

Take, for example, our own Church. With its Budget it provides, as best it can, for giving to fifteen millions of heathen the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which alone can redeem them from sin and misery, uplift them to a better life here, and give them a good hope for the beyond.

These millions, nearly twice the popula-

tion of all Canada, are set off by themselves. No other Church is working there. They are left to us.

We are not doing what we should do; but any one who studies the progress made among these millions in the last twenty years, will agree that for the little expended very large results have been accomplished.

Or take the work of our Church at home. That work strikes directly at the root of evil. It brings the Gospel to bear upon the individual heart. Only from renewed hearts can renewed lives flow, and only by the Spirit of God, bringing home the truth of the Gospel, can human hearts be renewed.

Most of the work of our Church is comparatively obscure. It carries the Gospel to the scattered frontier settlements, where few see or know of it; but it sweetens the sources of the life of our country.

Other institutions do their work chiefly in centres, where it is more patent; and their work is builded upon foundations which the Church has laid and is laying. Our Church does the most of her work where few see or know of it, but it is the foundation work of the world.

Let the members of our Church help other agencies for good, as they will, but let two things be remembered, (1) that their first responsibility is for the work of our own Church of which they are members, and (2) that the money invested for the Kingdom of God, in our own Home and Foreign work, yields returns second to none.

TALKING WORK AND DOING IT.

To-day has very much more machinery for doing Christian work than other days had; but is it doing proportionately more work? We fear not. There is a good deal of talking about Christian work, which is not doing Christian work.

The great part of the world's real Christian work consists:—

(1) In the individual getting nearer to Christ and more like Him. This can only be done by being alone with Him in the study of His Word, and in Communion with Himself in prayer. Crowded meetings, stirring addresses, rousing conventions do very little, as a rule, towards making any one more like Christ. They excite the

emotions, but they do not transform the character.

(2) Christian work consists in winning others to Christ. This too can only be done by the individual touch. If nine-tenths of the energy expended in talking about winning others, were given to going after them, one by one, much more such Christian work would be accomplished.

(3) Teaching and training the world's children for Jesus Christ is a very large part of the world's Christian work. The Church of to-morrow will be made up of the children of to-day. As the children of to-day are taught and trained, the Church of tomorrow will be strong or otherwise.

There is a great deal of talk to-day about teaching and training the children, but is it effective in results? The only work that can yield results along this line, is getting down beside them and teaching them the Word of God and its truths.

In this, the first and great agency is the home. No other agency can for a moment take the place of the home. The effort should be to lead parents to realize this and to undertake it.

What is needed to-day is, not so much new organizations, new methods, new plans, more talking about work, but more of getting down to work and doing it.

The parent in the humble home, who reads the Bible with his children, and prays with them, day after day, and teaches them Sabbath after Sabbath, is doing more real Christian work, than many a one who is prominent at conferences and spends his energies running machinery.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAKES.

More than a score of great iron ships and over three hundred lives, the toll of the storm of a few weeks ago, the heaviest toll in the history of the Lakes!

The sea rolls over its wrecks and its dead, and memories of the tragedy have similar burial as other things overlay them and the sea of human life and effort, with its joy and sorrow, rolls on.

Forgotten by the many, but not by the few! To the parents who have lost their sons, the wives and maidens who have lost husbands and lovers, the children whose fathers will come to them no more, the homes whose earthly support is gone, to all these, the life

struggle and the heart anguish will be long. May Our Heavenly Father, who "like as a father, pitieth" give them comfort in their sore sorrow and loneliness.

There are two great lessons:—

The first is for all, in every walk of life, viz.—the uncertainty of all things seen and temporal. Out of the clearest sky, may come to any life the bolt that shatters or blights or destroys. What wisdom to "Lay hold on Eternal Life,"—to give self and life into God's keeping,—to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, surrendering self and will to Him, to walk through life with Him,—then, whatever may come, at whatever time, He is with us and we with Him and nothing can separate us from His love and care; "The Eternal God is our refuge," and "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose heart is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

The reverse side of this first lesson is the infinite folly of giving the chief place in our hearts to things seen and temporal and leaving God out of the chief place in our aims and lives.

The other great lesson is the criminal folly of neglecting, for the sake of gain, every care for the safety of human life. The Lake voyages are short, the skies are clear, the season is brief, the grain is waiting to be moved, the ships are loaded deep, too deep for safety in a storm, but the risk is taken. The storm comes, hundreds of lives are lost and hundreds of homes are plunged into mourning, and all—for gain.

THE VALUE OF MISSION STUDY.

BY THE MISSION STUDY SECRETARY.

A correspondent from one of our missionary churches writes:—

"Whitby and subsequently Knowlton Conferences have had a tremendous influence on our congregation, particularly upon the young people. Those who have attended these conferences year by year have come home with a new vision of service and have added fresh vigor to the work; so that it has been little or no trouble to get leaders for our Mission Study Classes or other activities among our young people.

"Mission study has deepened and enlarged the spiritual life of our Christian Endeavor Society, many of our members have a truer conception of the meaning of Missions. At

present there are six mission study classes in operation, with two or three more planned for the immediate future. Our Men's Mission Study Class reorganized last night for the winter. We have in our congregation eight volunteers for missionary service."

If this is possible in one church, why not in others? Why not in yours? Will you not help us realize our aim—Five Hundred Mission Study Classes and Reading Circles during the winter?

THE BIBLE IN QUEBEC.

A striking case of the enlightening power of the Word of God, is furnished by the B.—family. The story is briefly this:—

Some years ago, in a town in the U. S. A., this family was visited by two colporteurs, from whom they bought a New Testament. Moving some time later to the Province of Quebec, they carried their Testament with them.

Very little attention was paid to this book at first, but about a year ago, the eldest son, a young man of about twenty years of age, began to read it. It appealed to him very strongly. Every evening at the close of his day's work, he would take down the Sacred Book and read aloud to the members of the family gathered about him.

During the past summer, one of the colporteurs of the Montreal Bible Society called at this home. He began as usual to talk about the Scriptures, but soon found that he was among those who had already learned to love the Word of God.

These good people who had been reading their New Testament so diligently for some time, naturally took advantage of this colporteur's visit, to ask an explanation of many things that they had met in their reading and had not clearly understood.

A few days ago the young man came to Montreal, a distance of about a hundred miles, in order to secure further help in his study of the Sacred Word. He had several conversations with various Bible students, and also procured several books that he thought would be helpful to him in his studies.

His mind seemed intent on the one subject that engrossed his attention. The unfamiliar sights and sounds of a great city, appeared to have little attraction. As soon as he had secured the help he sought, he returned to his distant home.

CHURCH UNION.

Letter from the Convener.

Westmount, November 11th, 1913.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian Record,—

Permit me to say to the readers of the "Record" that the document entitled "The Presbyterian Church in Canada, its Preservation and Continuance" published in the November issue, will doubtless be taken into consideration by the Assembly's Committee on Union when it meets in December, and such action taken in regard thereto as may seem wise.

It would be an advantage to all concerned, if members of this self-constituted Committee, responsible for this document and its publication, would give to the Church a list of their names in addition to those of the Chairman and Secretary. The reason for this is so obvious that it does not require argument. I trust this may be done before long. I am, very truly yours,

W. J. CLARK.

With the merits or demerits of Organic Union, the "Record" has nothing to do, except to record, with accuracy and courtesy, for the information of the people, whatever is being done.

Accuracy requires a word on the expression—"self-constituted Committee"—in the above letter.

As was fully published in all the Toronto Dailies, and throughout Canada, at the time, a large number of ministers and elders (one paper stated over a hundred) held two meetings during last Assembly, and by resolution declared—on behalf of the many thousands of similar mind—that the Presbyterian Church in Canada should continue, and appointed Committees to that end.

Their Statement has been issued and, as was their right, representing a part of the Church, its publication was asked in the "Record," for information of the people.

If they see fit to comply with the request of the above letter, and give other names for publication, the "Record" will be pleased to publish them also, in response to Dr. Clark's request.

It is regrettable that it should be thought necessary to style any body of ministers and elders, on either side, who profess otherwise, a "self-constituted committee," without at least proving them such.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.**On an Exploring Tour.**

REV. WM. SHEARER, H. M. SUPERINTENDENT.

Thompson, Alta., Oct. 15th, 1913.

At Seven Persons, two stations west of Medicine Hat, I borrowed a horse and rig from Rev. Henry Young, our missionary there, and at 1.30 p.m. started for here, twenty miles south. Half way down I called at Mr. Dime's. He and his neighbours are Hollanders. He lives in a small but comfortable house, half under ground.

While there a man drove up with a waggon, on which lay his daughter, sick with typhoid fever. He came from Glen Banner and was taking her to Seven Persons, a distance of thirty miles, from whence she would be taken by train to Medicine Hat hospital.

I called on two of Mr. Dime's neighbours—Van Marrion and his son-in-law, Anderson. Mr. Van Marrion came from Holland four years ago. He put up a house which cost him \$2,000, but he had scarcely moved into it when it was destroyed by fire and two fine boys were burned to death.

He is now living in a shack, forty-eight feet long, built in the bank of a coulee. It is divided into two sections. The smaller one is used as living room and kitchen, the larger as bed room and grainery. Six beds were arranged along the walls, reminding one of a public ward in a hospital.

On the trail I met many waggon loads of grain being hauled to the elevators at Seven Persons. Some of these teams had come sixty and seventy miles. When one takes into account the expense connected with the growing of the grain, and the distance it has to be hauled, there is not much profit in it for the farmer, at sixty cents per bushel for wheat and twenty-two cents for oats.

The country about here is bald, rolling prairie. The soil is productive. One farmer's wife raised in her garden all the varieties of vegetables one generally finds growing in Ontario. Right south there is a fine view of the Sweet Grass Hills in Montana, and the Cypress Hills are only a few miles to the East.

Many Berries, Alta., Oct. 16th, 1913.

At 9.30 this morning, Jock Turner, our

Cypress Hills missionary, hitched up his own team and drove me thirteen miles south and six east to Many Berries. On our way we passed Four Ways school, one of his appointments. Also Oakhurst school, the center of a Mormon Colony.

These Mormons are very clannish and have no good-will towards our Church. Because of these Mormons we cannot obtain the use of the Many Berries school for religious services. It is said they have petitioned the C. P. R. for a grant of land on the Many Berries town site for the purpose of erecting a church of their own.

This is to be a divisional point on the Weyburn branch of the C. P. R. Mr. Marchassault, the original owner, has given us some lots on his own property for a church and manse.

After dinner at Mr. Marchassault's his son Victor took us in his auto to Comry, a distance of twenty-five miles south. The last half of the trail took us through rough uninhabited land, good for ranching purposes only.

On the way we passed through a Norwegian Colony, called Catchem, where Mr. Turner holds occasional services. One of the settlers is giving us land for church and cemetery purposes. It was long after dark before we returned to Mr. Marchassault's, but the trip was well worth our while.

Wisdom, Alta., Oct. 17th, 1913.

Mr. Turner and I left Mr. Marchassault's at 9.30 a.m. for Eagle Butte, passing Minta school house on our left shortly after leaving. The trail led in a north-easterly direction, until within six miles of Eagle Butte, when we turned directly west through a rich flat valley called Wild Cat Coulee, settled with well-to-do farmers. All morning we travelled through a rolling uninhabited ranching country. The only persons we met were a few Russian settlers hauling logs from the Cypress Hills to their homesteads a distance of sixty or seventy miles.

At Eagle Butte we dined with a Mr. Dempsey, whose farm adjoins the mounted police barracks. On a knoll, half a mile off may be seen Mr. Hector Fraser's shack. Mr. Fraser is an old-timer and a veteran Albertan missionary. For the past few

years he has been homesteading, and serving the Church as a missionary at the same time.

After a conference with Mr. Fraser, we resumed our journey hoping to reach Mrs. Lindsay's ranch before dark. In this we were doomed to disappointment, for we took a wrong trail, which took us miles out of our way. It was long after dark when we drew up at the gate, having guided ourselves by the stars when it became too dark to follow the trail.

Valley View, Alta., Oct. 18th, 1913.

This morning we returned to Thompson's calling on a very sick young man on our way. It is awful to be sick so far away from doctors and nurses, and to occupy a not too comfortable bed, in the one room which has to serve as kitchen, dining room, bed room and general store room.

To-night I am stopping with my hospitable Dutch friends, the Van Marrion's. Some of the evening was spent going over my sermon for to-morrow with mine host; his bright little daughter, who has learned English at school, acting as interpreter. In this way he got the sermon which he could not have done in church; probably the first one since he came to Canada.

Ranchville, Alta, Oct. 19th, 1913.

Our first service to-day was held at Mr. Dime's, one mile west of Van Marrion's. This humble little house consists of a kitchen and living room about ten by twelve feet, a bed room six by twelve, and a lean to which serves as a porch, bed room and granary.

About eleven o'clock, the people commenced to gather, one family coming nearly ten miles; and in half-an-hour the place was packed. There was one Scotch family, and the rest were about equally divided between English and Scandinavians.

The kitchen table, covered with a white cloth, served as pulpit and Communion table. A more devout congregation no man ever preached to. An occasional sob, and silent tears trickling down sun burned cheeks, indicated a depth of suppressed feeling not witnessed in more conventional religious gatherings. At the close of the

sermon, two children were baptized, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper was dispensed.

As we had promised to take our Thanksgiving dinner with the Thompsons, we did not delay longer than was necessary to shake hands with every one present, but hurried on ten miles south.

From Thompson's to the school house, where the afternoon service was to be held, was only a mile. There were eighty-seven present besides children, the place being uncomfortably crowded. After sermon the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper were again dispensed.

After service, we hurried on to Ranchville, a distance of fifteen miles south east. Darkness overtook us before we reached the home of Mr. Stevens, where the service was to be held. We lost the trail. Not a star shone to guide us. A pack of coyotes following us kept up a constant yelping and barking.

The prairie was full of burnt-outs over which the buggy reeled. My driver was knocked off his seat, fell over the dashboard and was run over. The horses bolted. Hanging on as best I could to the side of the seat, I watched a chance to jump for my life.

Just then I noticed that one line was still hanging over the dashboard. Seizing it, I began to pull gently, and spoke to the horses. This had a good effect. They stopped sufficiently long to enable me to jump and seize them by the head. After a little a form loomed up in the darkness and I recognized my driver, badly shaken up, but not crippled as I expected he would be.

It was not long before we again hit the trail, and a few minutes later we were being welcomed by several men who were about to start out with lanterns in search of us.

There were over forty present at the service, which was the most impressive of all, owing to a deep conviction that a kind Providence had been watching over us on that eventful night.

"As a general thing when a pompous man casts his bread upon the waters he is chagrined if it doesn't make a big splash."

Our Foreign Missions

BEATEN FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

LETTER FROM MISS ETHEL C. REID.

It is my turn to write the Kongmoon letter. The work I am best acquainted with is Kongmoon city and port, and Ngoi Hoi.

The preachers in charge of these stations are Mr. John Lee and Mr. Taam, both of whom became Christians in Canada, and are men of whom any mission might be proud. The former preaches at Ngoi Hoi and Kongmoon port, and the latter is in Kongmoon city which is one of the difficult places to do effective work. Both are thoroughly in earnest and eager to win souls.

Mr. Lee's influence was especially apparent in the boys' boarding school this last term, and at the last communion nine of the older boys came forward for examination for baptism and two more were baptized at the chapel in their native village, Ngoi Hoi. As many of these boys come from heathen homes and have heard the Gospel for the first time at the school, I think it helps to prove the value of educational work.

The work among women in Ngoi Hoi is especially encouraging and more and more women are becoming Christians. The men of that village are harder to reach as they look lightly on Christianity, thinking it too simple a doctrine for their "highly educated minds."

Last communion, among others, a widow and her thirteen-year-old daughter were examined for baptism. Since then they have been subjected to bitter persecution in their home. The relatives have been especially cruel to the little girl, beating and half-starving her, for they know this makes the mother suffer keenly too, and they hope in this way to break the resolution of both, and induce them to give up this new religion. They tell them if they will just worship the household idols once they will leave them alone afterwards.

As yet both are quite firm in their deter-

mination to become Christians, the little girl continually begging her mother not to give in, saying that she does not mind suffering for Jesus' sake. Because of their patience under persecution, the relatives say that they are crazy, that the Christians have given them something to destroy their mind, so contrary to Chinese custom is it not to show anger when abused, and when reviled to revile not again.

The other Ngoi Hoi Christians are praying earnestly for these poor souls, and we are hoping that the Self-Government Society of the village may be led to interfere in their behalf, for, under the new Republic, all are supposed to have religious freedom.

Persecution is, of course, not nearly so common as in the past, but there are a good many cases of it yet.

At the last communion in San Ui city, a young lad was baptized, whose father had cast him off for becoming a Christian, driving him out of the home. He told his father that he did not fear, that Christ had promised a hundredfold better to those who forsake all for His sake and the Gospel's. For the present he has had to give up school of course, and is working for his board in a Christian family.

We hope he may be able to continue his education and perhaps become a preacher, for a boy who has shown the resolution and faith that he has, should become a strong and earnest worker.

That is what China needs to-day, men who are willing to make sacrifices for Christ's sake, and men who feel deeply the need of their fellow countrymen and their own responsibility to lead others to the Saviour. I pray that God may raise up many such in this land, men with the strong conviction that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is what their land needs, and who are ready to spend themselves freely in the preaching of this Gospel message.

GOOD NEWS FROM INDIA.

LETTER FROM REV. R. SCHOFIELD.

Canadian Mission College,
Indore, Sept. 19, 1913.

Things are moving more rapidly than one would have thought possible a few years ago. Last year I mentioned in one of my letters that there seemed to be a new spirit in the college. That same statement might be made much more emphatically to-day. There is not a single department of our college life to-day but feels the power of a new incentive and is responding to it.

(1) In our Bible classes. Three years ago most of the students would have been ashamed to carry a Bible to class. To-day ninety-five per. cent. of the boys carry a Bible or Testament with their other books, and, what's more, study them.

Three years ago a student would never have dreamed of reading a verse in class. Almost every day during the past two weeks my Bible class has been opened by one of the students reading a portion of the 119th Psalm and commenting on it (a different student each morning). This morning after one of the students read and commented on the allotted portion, another student voluntarily offered prayer, while another student (a Mohammedan) has volunteered to open the class on Monday morning in the same way. During this session I have said things to my class of forty-five boys that I would not have dared to say two years ago.

(2) The same spirit is evident in our social service work. The fact that we had the Prime Minister of Holkar Estate for our opening meeting, marks an epoch in the history of this work.

(3) A few weeks ago our Literary Society was resurrected. The first meeting was taken up with a discussion of the subject: "The Kingdom of God is at hand." The next two meetings were taken up with a discussion of "Man the master of his own destiny." There were seventy-five students at some of these meetings, all wanting to speak on the subject. To-morrow the subject is that, "religious teaching should go hand in hand with secular."

(4) I have started a study class on Sun-

day afternoons from four to five; there the same spirit is manifest. I did not get to the Hindu service last Sunday, owing to the length of our discussion. We are taking up "The History of Religion."

(5) At one of our English Sunday night meetings about two weeks ago, over thirty students were present, something that has not happened hitherto.

(6) It just seems as though a spirit of enthusiastic godliness is pervading our whole life here, a spirit that refuses to be overcome. Literary work, our Bible work, our Social Service, everything seems to be taking on new life, and if these things are not indicative of better things for India then I do not know what the meaning of it all is.

This much is sure, that if the attitude of the student mind of to-day is any index of the mind of the Indian people, the Kingdom of God is much nearer in India than most people realize. If things change in the student world within the next few years as they have in the past three, I would not like to prophesy what the result will be. With proper guidance and under consecrated supervision, I am convinced that our present students will make a stand for God and righteousness, such as will open the eyes of the people of Canada.

WHAT IS A PRIEST.

A moment's serious consideration will make it clear that such a use of the word "priest" involves a theory of religion which strikes a fatal blow at evangelical faith. For the term is used in the Word of God in only one sense. Whether in the Old Testament or the New, it always means a sacrificer—or one who offers an expiation for sin.

Nor is there one solitary instance in the New Testament in which a minister of the Gospel is styled a "priest." How could the Scripture apply the word, which means an offerer of sacrifice for sin, to any mere man, when it glorifies the Lord Jesus as having made "one sacrifice for sins forever?" How could the inspired writers call the minister of the Gospel a "priest" (a sacrificer), yet declare that after Calvary "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin?"—"Episcopal Recorder."

MISSIONARY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

LETTER FROM REV. DUNCAN MCLEOD.

Before speaking of the work in Formosa, let me first tell the goodness of God in sparing my life last Sabbath. Early in the morning, I prepared to go over to our chapel across the mouth of the river, which is here quite wide, opening to the sea. The water was smooth, not a breath of wind, flood-tide.

As if Providence was guarding my life, I refused to take my own boat, one which the British Consul gave me some years ago, and, against the coolie's will, took a larger boat, which was supposed to be leaking. I refused to take my own without any apparent reason whatever. Had I taken my own little craft, I would have been swamped, and no one would have heard any more about me.

Coming back from the chapel, a strong wind was blowing. By the time I reached the middle of the river the water was quite rough, and the tide was running out at tremendous speed. I battled with the wind, the waves and the outflowing tide for about half an hour, but no progress was made. I was too far away to be heard, and the boat was too small to be noticed from shore.

After a fierce fight to keep the boat from capsizing or going out to the breakers, a wave took away one of my oars. This meant extra strain on the other. In two or three more minutes the remaining oar was broken in two. I managed to secure the oar-blade, and with its aid, though drifting out in the current, kept getting nearer shore.

A cry, such as one in distress can utter, was heard on the shore. Two young lads with a sail boat reached me just as I was entering the breakers. Two or three minutes more and it would have been all over. No one would have heard of me.

I was completely exhausted, but managed to meet the students at worship in the evening, and we all tried to bless and praise God who, in his great goodness spared my life. I trust it will mean a fuller consecration to His blessed service than ever before.

We closed the college last Monday evening. Almost all the students are gone to their homes, or to some mission station to

help the preachers during the interval. I am glad that I was prevailed upon to take charge of teaching them for this year. It has been very profitable to myself, and, if the report of the teachers at closing is true, I presume the students received some benefit. The Spiritual tone of the college life has apparently been greatly deepened.

The hot season is upon us. I am to have a month with the preachers in the south end of the field in Bible conference and preaching to the heathen.

Then I am to have all the preachers in the north, over twenty of them, at Tamsui in the college. This will mean two months of teaching, and then I go to the East Coast to visit our stations there and do evangelistic work.

I seem to stand the heat with considerable comfort, at least I have escaped so far any serious illness. I fear on this account that I cannot fully appreciate good health as I ought, but I realize in some measure that this is God's great goodness, and I must work the more heartily that such splendid health is granted unto me.

It is good for us to have more work than we can really accomplish. If we are happy in God's service, and are certain we are in the place God wants us, then any extra physical or mental toil will only help us to become more capable for doing greater things.

It is worry and constant dissatisfaction and misgivings in our work that brings so much disaster to many lives. It is so with the foreign missionary also. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee." "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." I dreaded the thought of living here alone after my wife and children had returned home, but I can well say now, "Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away; on Jesus' bosom we are safe and they."

You will be glad to know that quite a number of our preachers have agreed to spend the first hour of every day in Bible study and prayer as a preparation of our hearts for fuller service. This fellowship of the saints is a strong bond. Bring us into your petitions that we may receive power.

AT A NEW STATION IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM MRS. J. G. MACKAY.

(Formerly Miss Jean Sinclair).

Sitamau, Central India.

Dear Dr. Mackay:—

The news of Marion Oliver's going brought real sorrow to many out here. She is sincerely mourned and will be long remembered. I think it is safe to say, that no other missionary was so beloved by so many of the Indian Christian women of our mission.

I feel so thankful for her life. There is so much to remember about her that gladdens one, gentle, patient, forbearing, and she did so faithfully and unostentatiously her long day's work, without seeking or desiring praise or publicity.

And I am thankful for the friendship, close, unbroken, almost unclouded, for nearly twenty-five years. Her death, like her life, was quietly triumphant, and the more I think of her going, the more satisfied I am that God has done well by her in taking her to Himself. In exchange for years, perhaps of semi-invalidism, she has entered into the glory, and it is well with her beyond our poor powers of reckoning.

We are gradually getting settled in our new home, after months of dust and discomfort. We are so new and so strange in these parts, that our experiences are more like China than India. This morning I was combing my hair and was startled by a voice behind me of an old woman, who had come right upstairs and into the bedroom. The other evening a number of petty officials called. Two of them slipped out and Jim found them in our bedroom, examining things generally. There is little privacy.

The people are very friendly, and I think we have only had one Sabbath Service since we came here without non-Christians present, and, as a rule, they stay throughout the whole service and listen most attentively.

Mr. MacKay has been for some weeks preaching on the parables. Sometimes the people listen with almost painful intentness. Yesterday the preachers came in here, on their way from a town where they had gone the day before. There is a noted holy man, "sadhu" at that place now. He used them well, fed them and gave them bedding for the night. Mr. MacKay had a long con-

versation with him when he was here two months ago, and a New Testament was given him, which he says he has read through twice, and is reading to his people.

Hinduism is honey combed with semi-believers. Some day the mass will move, and Christ will reign, inspite of the rulers of this world and the powers of darkness. I have a girls' school going, and so far doing nicely, with nineteen or twenty in dally attendance. I do a good deal of dispensing too, and am getting a reputation for "eyes." A few simple and safe remedies can do much for a people so diseased. I wish I knew more about—everything.

We remember you in your great work. May strength be given while the day lasts, and at eventide may it be all light for you.

FROM THE BHIL COUNTRY.

A NOTE FROM REV. J. BUCHANAN, M.D.

The Council and the associated meetings at Neemuch were the best, I think, we have ever had. A Bible study was conducted after breakfast, and a conference held each evening, save one that was in a lighter vein to celebrate the anniversary of the Cocks' and MacKays' wedding, and the last evening for a missionary meeting at the Officers' Club. We had all, for the time of Council, been made honorary members of that Club, with access to the reading room, and were most cordially welcomed and listened to at the missionary meeting. All of which speaks volumes for our missionaries at Neemuch.

We are just now taking advantage of the rainy season to have our workers in to attend our theological training class. There are twenty-four in attendance. Some others ought to be here but cannot leave their farms. We have been at the Book of Amos, and are now studying Hosea.

How the Bhils do enter into the spirit of these grand old prophets of Jehovah. May we have just such men in this Bhil country, with such a hatred of sin, such a certainty of God's Word, and just such a devotion, consuming love and passion for the people, their people, the people to whom God is sending them with his message of salvation.

It took a lot of training to make an Hosea.

and it takes a lot of training to make a missionary, Canadian or Bhil. But they are all in the making. I can see it clearly in my fellow Canadians and in the Bhils. My great lament is that it seems to make so slow progress in myself. I am like little Edith, so anxious to grow and yet wondering if there is any change since the last mark on the wall.

BISHWATIRTH, THE "HOLY MAN".

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN COOK.

Manpur, Central India,
Sept. 4, 1913.

In coming to Manpur, to take the work of Rev. D. F. Smith, now on furlough, let me tell of one man and his wife for whom Mr. and Mrs. Smith have good reason to be thankful.

This man's name is Bishwatirth (faith and a pilgrimage). He is under average size, about thirty-four years old, and his wife, taller and considerably younger.

They were Brahmans (the caste which is regarded as having the special favour and help of the gods) and this little, bright-eyed, dark-haired man was a Braham of high standing.

He first took a course in engineering. After this, becoming a sadhu (holy man) he took a course in medicine for which this order grants a certificate.

Knowing how fatal it is for the reputation of our doctors, if they lose a case, I once asked Bishwatirth what he did if a person died. He smilingly replied, "If they die, they die; nobody questions the matter."

Bishwatirth, coupling the science he had learned with his knowledge of medicine, started out, but he found himself lacking in one respect:—Being a short and slender man, people did not suppose that he would have much power or influence with the gods. So to give them the necessary sense of awe he arranged a bag of from five to ten pounds of stones in such a way as to make his abdominal measurement appeal to the most sceptical.

In this way he wandered through different parts of India and was regarded as a

man who could work peculiar charms and, therefore, to be held in much fear and reverence.

Wherever he went, people gave him whatever he wanted, bought his medicines, and placed money at his feet. The ordinary sadhu makes a good living by wearing rags and giving himself the appearance of a starved dog which begs its food from door to door. But Bishwatirth sat in his place and the offerings were brought to him. As an engineer he had received as high as ninety rupees (\$30.00) per month, but as a sadhu he exceeded this by far.

He rose until he was the head of a jam'at (a troop of followers) which in this case, numbered seventy-five. He had two camels, twenty cows, several horses and other animals.

But although he travelled far and had risen to a much coveted position in his religion, yet his mind was not at rest. For several years he had been meeting Mr. Smith and hearing the Word of God from him and others, with the result that over a year ago he ceased his roaming. He gave up his high position and ere long became a preacher of the Gospel of Christ at a small fraction of the money he was wont to receive.

It is too soon to speak with certainty of his spiritual depth, but it is good to see his beaming face. He and his wife live in a village, twenty miles from me, and for three months I had not been able to visit them, but it was a joy to see how friendly the people have become to us through their influence.

Still more marked was the number of girls and women calling on his wife, who has a bright little school for girls. I happened to be present when the school closed for the day, and at the words of—"Let us pray to Jesus"—every girl covered her eyes tightly with her little hands, and the teacher followed with one of the most impressive prayers I have ever heard.

Will some of the kind friends who promised to remember me every day of their lives, remember these also, for if they remain true in faith and beautiful in character, I believe they will have a wider and deeper influence than we can ever have.

WAR'S ALARMS IN CHINA.

BY REV. D. MACGILLIVRAY, D.D.

(Our Missionary at Shanghai).

Shanghai, 20th Sept., 1913.

Dear Record:—

Night after night the rebels renewed their attack upon the arsenal, south of Shanghai. Sometimes at eight o'clock, sometimes at ten o'clock, but always exactly on the stroke of the clock we could hear the boom of cannon and the sharp rattle of small arms and machine guns.

Occasionally the sky would light up with bursting shells or the far darting search-lights of the men-of-war as they showed the defenders where the enemy were creeping forward.

Looking at the country afterwards, it seemed to be covered with tall reeds, high graves, houses, trees, in a word, all sorts of excellent covers; how excellent, was shown by the comparatively small number of fatalities, notwithstanding the tremendous cannonade both from warships and arsenal defenders. By and by the rebels slackened and our nights were no longer disturbed.

Then we heard that Chinese government troops, taking advantage of the breathing space, had landed lower down the river. As this is an international settlement they were not allowed to pass through our streets.

The river is, however, open to China and the world. Nevertheless, the soldiers came down stream packed away out of sight in large lighters. I presume they thought best to avoid a possible interruption by some of the many foreign warships which crowded our water front. The troops were safely landed and immediately began the march across country in the direction of a village named Kiangwan held by the rebels. In this village there is a school and rescue home for little children conducted by the "Door of Hope."

The next day was Sunday, and I had been invited to preach to the elder children at the Home in Shanghai. I was speaking on the subject of Martha and Mary, and had just finished with Martha when I was unexpectedly called to get

busy as she was. Some one came into the room, whispered into the ear of one of the workers who hurriedly rose and went out.

In a moment or two she came in with a letter in her hand saying that fighting was going on all round the Home in Kiangwan. I never found out how the messenger succeeded in getting out from Kiangwan, through the fighting, with the letter, but it must have been dangerous work. It ran as follows:

"Firing is going on all round the Home, and many bullets are striking the building. Our children are all huddled together in the safest part of the house. Can you send a train to get them away." Then followed the remarkable words: "Yours in perfect peace."

Needless to say the sermon was immediately interrupted and I rushed off to the railway station, luckily close at hand. Within the station was a crowd of civilians together with a number of others in military dress. The ticket offices were closed as no regular trains were running.

Going out to the platform I found a number of foreigners who occupy various positions in the railway company. I made known my errand and they agreed at once to send a Red Cross train, which they had already in waiting as they expected that fighting would probably break out that day between the rebels and the Government troops in the direction of Kiangwan. The train was well covered with immense Red Crosses, and the Red Cross men had some high Red Cross flags in readiness.

We were not long in starting off. The ordinary road alongside of the railway bore a continuous stream of refugees—men, women, and, most piteous of all, little children, many of them in arms, all seeking to escape from the area of disturbance.

Everybody kept a sharp lookout as we cautiously approached the neighbourhood of the Kiangwan station. Our ears told us that fighting had ceased, but we used our eyes to see if there were any signs of soldiers at the station. We as yet did not know which side had been victorious in the battle.

We were quite close up before we dis-

covered a company of soldiers resting to one side of the track. The difficulty of seeing them gave me my first vivid illustration of the value of khaki to the soldiers. Some said the flags displayed were rebel flags: If they had been, our difficulties would have been increased. Perhaps it would have been impossible to rescue the children.

We halted the train at a safe distance, blew several long blasts on the whistle as a signal to the children that we had arrived so that they might get ready, and with a great Red Cross banner in front of us we marched forward.

The first sentry I met was from Shantung, and I was able to address him in his mother tongue and we were friends at once. He passed us quickly on to the General, also a Shantung man, and we found him in possession of the railway station as his headquarters. Later on he was provided with a private car for that purpose.

We explained to the General what we had come for and he was most cordial. He said the enemy had been driven out of the station that morning, but doubtless they were not far off, skulking in some of the numerous villages or behind the tall reeds which grow in abundance in that neighbourhood.

The Home for the children was some distance from the station, so we secured the consent of the General to run the train past the station until it was about opposite the Home. He also sent a guard of three men with us, fine, soldierly, sunburned men, but, of course, our Red Cross flag was at the head of the procession.

The train stopped and we got off. One rebel lay dead in the ditch on one side of the track, another lay covered with a straw mat, also dead. A third was found in the long grass who still gave some signs of life. He was at once hoisted into the train and Dr. Cox gave first aid. He was still living when he reached Shanghai though what became of him afterwards I never heard.

We now told our guard that the Home was in a certain direction, thinking they would go with us, but they evidently fear-

ed that in the village there would be great danger of sniping, so they stuck firmly to the railway track.

I did not know the way myself very well so I went up to the door of a widow's home kept by a Chinese pastor. A paper freshly pasted up showed that this was a Home belonging to the Christian religion. This was no doubt for the information of any soldiers who might seek to enter and molest the inmates. I pounded on the door but the silence of death reigned within. I expect they were all afraid that it was an enemy.

Failing assistance there we struck off in the direction of the Home, still with the flag in front, or rather most of the time unable to keep up. A few villagers were seen at their doors and they directed us on the right path.

As we went along, caps, waterbottles, belts full of cartridges, were seen lying on the ground where they had been thrown by flying rebels. I picked up some cartridges as a souvenir.

We soon reached the Home, and our coming brought great joy. The children by this time had got over their fright and it was not long before they had packed up their small belongings, were marshalled two and two and, with the flag in front, they were off to the train. I stayed behind to assist some of the teachers in loading up their bedding on wheelbarrows. The rest of the bedding, etc., was to be brought away the next day.

The Red Cross people got permission to use the little chapel as a field hospital and hoisted the flag over it. This would serve as a protection to the property.

It was then reported that more wounded were lying in a certain temple. A search was made but it was found that the wounded had been removed by their friends.

Meantime the children had all scrambled on board the train, when most unexpectedly some rebels quietly crawled up under cover of the train with a view to attack the station. Accordingly, the train was hurriedly rushed back to the station and the rebels disappeared.

When we arrived on the scene the train had already gone, but we marched back to the station along the track without

mishap, I taking charge of the money box of the Mission.

The scene on our return had undergone a transformation. Instead of a few soldiers there were now hundreds, all ready to start at a moment's notice. Numerous machine guns were taken apart and put on wheelbarrows, and one Maxim was ready for action, pointing down the track along which we were coming. Suddenly a sharp report was heard, but luckily it was only one.

We found the train almost ready to start back to Shanghai. A number of the widows from the Widows' Home had been also put on board. A well-dressed Chinese lady was talking earnestly to the conductor. She said that there were two hundred refugees in a temple nearby who wished to get away to Shanghai. There was no room for them on the train this time, but they would likely get off on a later train.

The children were safely disembarked at the new Home of the Door of Hope close to the railway track in Shanghai, which had just been finished but not yet occupied. Thus ended the episode, which really involved no danger to speak of, though it might have done so as fighting might have been renewed at any moment. The battle was renewed the next day and the rebels were gradually pressed back towards the Woosung forts. The rebellion is over but the memory of this little pilgrimage to Kiangwan to rescue the children will ever remain as a precious and peculiar privilege.

"The baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald was baptized two Sundays ago by Kim Moksa, the native pastor," is a sentence in a recent letter from Korea. A small thing in itself, but think of all that it implies. The child of the missionary to what was so recently a heathen people, receiving Christian baptism at the hands of one of these people, now a devoted Christian minister.

As a result of an operation on a boy patient in one of the Chinese mission hospitals, ninety people of his village became inquirers.

RELIGIOUS CHANGES IN CHINA.

Many in the West notice chiefly the amazing military and political changes which have taken place in China during the past few months, and forget the religious changes which accompanied them.

Yet, the changes in religious matters are even more remarkable than those in political military affairs. The old religions of China have received their death-blow. Confucianism has lost its hold on the progressive party and, being counted as opposed to republicanism and as favorable to the old régime, its books and its teachings are rigidly, perhaps too rigidly, excluded from the government schools.

Idolatry seems to have been discarded very largely because people seem to think that it was a part of the old system, and ought to go with it. Numerous idols have been destroyed, and many temples are being used by the government, either as quarters for the soldiers or for other military or educational or governmental purposes.

The temples are little frequented, partly because the faith of many in the power of idols is vanishing, partly because people do not have money to buy incense and other things needed in worship.

The Buddhist nunneries have been abolished by a decree of the new government. The buildings are to be used as schools or public halls. Steps have been taken for the protection of the girls and women who have been nuns, and the younger girls are to be returned to their homes, while provision is made for the older ones.

The abolishment of the nunneries has met with general approval, for they were a great burden, it being estimated that there were three hundred female mendicants from nunneries in the city of Canton alone.

But let none think that these wonderful religious changes in China mean that the nation is becoming Christianized. They are only a sign that new ideas are pervading the great mass of people, but they are also an indication of the wonderful opportunity to preach the Gospel to the people whose minds are ready to hear and study something new.—Missionary Review.

Young People's Societies

DECEMBER MISSIONARY TOPIC

MISSIONS AND PRAYER.

BY REV. ANDREW ROBERTSON, D.D.,
TORONTO.

The most arresting discovery made by the Edinburgh World Conference on Missions (1910), was not the discovery of need for missionary enterprise, nor the discovery of encouraging success, nor was it the discovery of heroic sacrifice made by missionaries in all lands—but it was the disclosure of the incompetence of the Church at home for the task to which she had put her hand. Fight at the front: weakness at the base.

It was this discovery that faced the church when the Conference found itself at last. John R. Mott said, as the gathering was about to disperse—"I make bold to say that the Church has not yet seriously set itself to bring the living Christ to all living men." Professor Cairns insisted that "the matter of most urgent moment before the Church, which dwarfed all others, was how they could obtain from the Eternal God those spiritual reinforcements of His grace which would make them able to meet the coming hour. And Dr. Denney urged that "something must happen to the Church at home, if it is going even to look at the work which has been put upon it by this Conference."

Has that "something" happened? From that impressive Assembly there went out all over Christendom an urgent summons to prayer. That was two years ago. Has the challenge been accepted? With all the urgency of accurate knowledge, the need has been set forth in a hundred different ways, and on occasion after occasion, and even yet it may fairly be questioned if anywhere the situation has been honestly met, and the task of intercession taken up as it should.

It would almost seem as if the urgency of the appeal had lost its point. It is getting late now. Much has happened since we

heard the striking of "the decisive hour." The hour cannot last indefinitely. Events and issues cannot wait the convenience of either churches or individuals. Time and tide both sweep on. If "the hour" is not to be lost—"now is the accepted time."

There is no new argument to offer—no new appeal to make—no new push to add to the urgency. The old voices still fall upon our ears—the cry of a dark world's sorrow, the memories of our dead for whom we have been baptised, and the insistent charge of the great Lord of the harvest.

As the door closed on the Edinburgh Assembly, it was with the high hope that many might be led "resolutely and irrevocably" into the school of prayer. "Yield yourselves to the Holy Ghost for this work of intercession. . . Try and gather others who are of the same spirit for conference and prayer. Help each other to realize that you are definitely and persistently expecting God to lift His Church into the abundant life, and cry day and night for it."

In all this we should only be getting back to first things again in missionary interest. For it was in prayer that the missionary spirit first asserted itself in the Church. Peter was at prayer when the knock came to his door that called him to Cæsarea and the Roman Cornelius. It was while Paul prayed that the Lord called him through the message of Ananias—"he is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles."

There is no more interesting story than the story of the revival which came to a crisis in its influence on Carey, and led to the beginning of the modern missionary enterprise. It was born in prayer and was sustained in the same devout spirit. Prayer was the initiative force in the movement which made, and has kept the Moravian Brethren in the forefront of missionary aggression.

And if there has been any success found in Scottish adventure in this connection—

you have to go far back beyond the day when the Moderator of the General Assembly "raxed" the Bible over to Dr. Erskine, and find yourself in the secret chamber with Robert Miller of Paisley and his like minded comrades who, in 1723, prayed the interest of missions into the conscience and heart of the Church. Sixty years later Jonathan Edwards forwarded to England his great call to prayer that "our God's Kingdom may come."

On both sides of the Atlantic, intercession was continued with urgency and hope. Then the missionary spirit began to find expression in song, and song and prayer ushered in the new day. It is in the long hours of that new day we live, and the urgency with which we are summoned now to prayer, is just a summons to the faith and courage and assurance of those who greeted the dawn of this great "day of the Lord."

It has been said more than once, that in our intercession for missions, our prayer must be the prayer that "costs." Prayer that does not take anything out of us is not likely to be the prayer that prevails. "Prayer is work. Like all work, it is difficult. But as it is the most essential work, it should have right of way." It is no mere novice in "the toil of intercession" who writes like that.

There are many of us to whom prayer is as far removed from work as anything can well be—it isn't that we do not kneel and say our prayers, for we do—but it is that into our prayer there does not enter anything that costs. When you hear the catch in a man's breath—when you hear the crack of the sentence, as it breaks sometimes under its burden—when you hear the words stammer and almost come to a stand like the plough in a furrow, hard to drive, then you may be reasonably sure you are in sight of a man who is toiling like the prophet of whom James tells, the prophet who "prayed in his prayer."

For one thing, it will cost to pray the prayer that is intelligent. We shall need to know about the missions of our Church if we are going to make intercession for them. The time for generalities is past. Prayer must have an end and object. Those who

know will tell you that there is a need in Korea—there is another in Honan—and there is yet a third need in Formosa. And so on all over the varied fields which we hold. There are the things for which we have to make intercession.

In this light, the reports of the missionaries, the occasional letters in "The Record," the addresses of those who are home on furlough, provide the material for prayer. There can be no substance in your intercessions unless you know the facts.

Have you read "From Far Formosa?" Robertson's book on Erromanga is a treasure store of facts. The Moderator of the General Assembly has recently put into our hands the story of "Twenty-Five Years in Honan." If you write to headquarters you will be told of a score of pamphlets, like that wonderful "Link by Link," which will provide you with material for intercession and thanksgiving for many a long day to come.

May be the Assembly Reports do not usually interest you, but if you handle them with this end in view they will repay you a hundredfold for any time you may spend upon them. I have just turned to the volume issued last, and here are some of the arresting things to be found. From the New Hebrides comes the announcement that in five years attendance at the Training Institution has risen from fifty-three in 1908, to one hundred and nineteen in 1912. In that same report, you may sit with Mackenzie of Efate, at his last communion before he finally retires from his field, and look through his eyes on communicants who were once fierce, dark-hearted cannibals, men, whom he himself had seen at heathen orgies, but men who had now "found the Saviour themselves," and stood bravely by when the missionary was threatened by tomahawk and spear.

Turn the leaf and you are carried from Efate to Formosa, and almost before you are done hearing the hymns of praise at the opening of the Mackay Memorial Hospital, you are looking on the huddled masses of the aborigines, 120,000 strong, still savage, still at our door, and still without a hand lifted for their help.

Another page is turned and you are with-

in the little bamboo church at Amkhut. It is the watch night service. As 1913 is ushered in, the bells ring, and Bhil Christians rising from their knees cry "Victory to Christ from the Bhil Country." Again they cry: "Victory to Christ from all India." Once more they cry—this time it is: "Victory to Christ from Canada!"

No prayer can be vague that is uttered in view of the facts—it is the getting of the facts that costs—and we dare not pray unintelligent prayer. With so many calls—attention strained every hour of the day—we must sacrifice to gain time for the study which makes prayer. There can be no real intercession otherwise.

Then there will be cost in another direction. Sympathy costs: it means outlay—both spiritual and physical. Nothing can make such deep drafts on the energies of the whole life. It is impossible to read the letters of St. Paul without observing the burden of his heart, in the concerns and interests of those whom he served in the Gospel. His sympathies told on him—wore him down, and made him an old man before his time. The burden of Scotland weighed down a stalwart like Knox.

The biographies of the Chuch give numberless instances of this ministry of intercession—almost of substitution—where the needs of others lay like a load upon the heart. Great missionaries have always been great in sympathy. It is the foremost grace in the missionary spirit. "I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country," said Henry Martyn, "thinking within myself that the most despicable sudra of India, was of as much value in the sight of God as the King of Great Britain." Those of us who listened to the prayers of men like Dr. Duff, Dr. Murray Mitchell, or Dr. Mackay of Formosa, can hardly forget the sense of burden there was ever in their supplications.

And this is "our" calling. There will never be much appeal in our intercession unless there is real engagement of our sympathies. That means that we shall require to make more use of the imagination in prayer. Our Lord called for imagination in the practical moral life—you can never do unto others what you would they should do unto you—unless you imagine yourself in

the place they hold. Nor can you pray as you should for others until you stand in their place, too.

An instance may come to us from the recent meeting of the Maritime Synod at Sydney, C.B. The situation of Korea engaged the earnest consideration of the court. Mr. Ross of Halifax, called attention to the fact, that after long search there was not a single man in sight to meet the call of Korea's need. Harvests were waiting, and reapers were not forthcoming. The Synod heard the statement with much concern, and passed a resolution calling upon the people "to join together in prayer in the closet, at the family altar, in Sunday School, at missionary and prayer meetings, and in the public worship of the Church, that God would raise up labourers from our own homes and congregations, to reap 'the spoiling harvests' in Korea."

There is a picture in that last phrase that ought to burn itself in upon the mind and heart of the Church. Surely there are few, either within the Maritime Synod or outside it, who will refuse to walk in imagination on the margin of those neglected fields in Korea—surely there is in the setting forth of that need, such an appeal as must send us all to our knees in a very agony of intercession!

There is a common Biblical word that ought to find fulfilment in the intercession of the whole Canadian Church, and that word is "travail." Prayer is "travail." When Zion was in travail—her children were born.

The cost of prayer increases as it is thought about. It will mean cost in time, and in sympathy—and, of course, in good coin of the realm. We are not giving because we are not praying. There is always a true relation in this respect. We give as we pray. The more we pray, the more we will give, and the greater our gifts the greater will grow the need for prayer and supplication.

The two are twin graces—giving and praying, and they will always be found to bear some real proportion to one another.

If there isn't this proportion, there will be "shame and confusion of face." Give without praying, and our gifts will remain bar-

ren; pray without giving, and our prayers will remain barren. The story of missions is really the story of the romance of giving. Giving first of self and then of—such possessions as we have. But it is praying to begin with.

If space permitted, a whole sheaf of instances might be given. There is room, however, only to remind the readers of these words that our Church is embarking on a new endeavour to bring the wealth of the church coffers up to the measure of the requirement. For the whole work of the year to come—including, of course, the needs of our mission fields—the General Assembly calls for contributions running up to the sum of \$1,400,000. It is a great sum. But no one can say that it is beyond the reach of such a Church as ours. It is well within the means of our people—if only all the people could be induced to take their part.

Here is the opportunity of our ministry in intercession. Pray that the spirit of loyalty may be increased amongst us. Pray that the grace of sympathy may be vouchsafed. Pray that the burden may be felt where it has never been felt before, and those who have hitherto remained unmoved may respond to the call of the world, the call of the hour, the call of the Christ. John R. Mott may have the last word. This is what he says: "THE CHURCH HAS NOT YET DISCOVERED, STILL LESS BEGUN TO REALIZE, THE LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES OF INTERCESSION."

TELLING HOW BAD YOU WERE.

A young man, member of a respectable family in comfortable circumstances, had in his boyhood fallen into bad company. Evil associations increased with the next few years, he drifted away from home and its teachings, and lived a life of dissipation and dishonor.

He reached a point where the ordinary human judge would have said that for him there could be neither reformation nor return, and he viewed his own case in the same hopeless fashion in the rare intervals when he allowed sober thought to torture him. He could not always escape reflection, and there were times when in his desperation he was ready to end the life he had ruined.

It was in such a mood that, one night in a far western city, he strayed into a rescue mission. It was a stormy night, he was penniless and homeless, and with neither thought nor care for the nature of the place, he sought the shelter and warmth to which the open doors invited.

That was a night never to be forgotten, with its songs, its prayers and its offered hope. The constantly recurring miracle of the ages that still attests the truth and power of the gospel was wrought once more, and he entered upon a new life. Friends helped him, he assisted in the mission work for a few months, and then, eager to devote himself to the ministry that had done so much for him, he began to travel here and there as an evangelist.

There was great rejoicing in his home over the tidings, and when in the course of two or three years his itinerary took him to his home neighborhood, a happy family greeted him. His meetings had been advertised as usual with a plentiful supply of posters inviting people to come and hear the reformed drunkard, gambler and the like, and as he and his father walked down the street one morning the old gentleman looked at the bills.

"Jack, don't you think you are making rather too much of that?" he asked.

"Of what?" questioned the son.

"Of your own sins and degradation. If God has blotted it out of his book and will remember it no more, as he promises, is it necessary that you should brand yourself in every town and village you enter?"

"Understand me, my boy, I'm not speaking against any honest or necessary confession wherever it will do good, but I doubt whether detailed descriptions of evil are much more profitable in a sermon than they are in the daily papers; the fact and the warning are enough. Talk less about the drunkard, my boy, and more about the Saviour. Neither our sins nor our righteousness holds the chief place."

Many an evangelist and reformer dwells with unnecessary frequency and fulness of detail on the past life of wickedness from which he has been rescued. In most cases the good it can do is questionable, and if it does not suggest to immature minds that the soundest and most sincere conversions are the result of previous depths of evil, it is very likely to leave the comforting conviction that the hearer has gone but a very little way on the wrong road himself.

Confession may and should be made to God, who alone can pardon, but to man the best reparation in many cases is silence and a life of usefulness. The world does not so much need the history of our yesterdays, dark or bright, as it needs our service of to-day and our hope for to-morrow.—Ex.

DECEMBER CITIZENSHIP TOPIC.

CHARITY A BLESSING OR A CURSE.

By REV. J. W. M. MACMILLAN, D.D., HALIFAX.

Most congregations in Canada are called upon to administer charity. It is well that it should be so. The poor are a spiritual asset. Sympathy, deprived of an object, dries up. Part of the task of the Church of Christ is to minister to the needy, and a farmer can as well cut a field off his farm as the Church decline to consider the poor.

In dealing with one class of the poor a mistake can hardly be made. These are the precious, pious poor, who are thoroughly known and can be implicitly trusted. To fill their pantries and revive their spirits is always a work of satisfaction, filled with the joys of sacrifice and reaping the rewards of gratitude. The plain, neat room of the aged grandmother, whose children are dead, and who lingers on in weakness and illness, a pensioner on her willing neighbors, is often a veritable temple of blessing. To visit her is to love her. And the sun is as unlikely to rise as she is to abuse the kindness she receives.

But there is another class of the poor with whom our dealings are far less satisfactory. They have frequently come to the parish from some other and unknown quarter. They show no improvement from year to year. They are shiftless and inefficient. We often see, with sorrow, the children growing up to join the ranks of the unemployed or the criminal classes.

We feel constrained to suspect them of making the most of their misfortunes, of being willing to live on the bounty of others, of possessing other sources of income, and of making appeals to other churches and charities of which they are loath to tell.

These are the submerged. Often they may fairly be called the predatory poor. Yet their woes are so patent and in such sharp contrast to our own comfortable homes, that we would be less than Christians if we refused their appeal. It is of the true and enlightened method of dealing with such cases that this article treats.

The general attitude of social workers toward the Church which is engaged in

dispensing relief is not one of confidence. The charge is made that her methods are unintelligent, outgrown, and positively harmful. One friendly visitor in Boston complains, "I wish the churches would mind their own business and not spoil our work."

One may be sure that this visitor would welcome help from the churches if, in her opinion, it was wisely given. It is that short-sighted, superficial assistance, which relieves its own feelings rather than the existing need which is to be condemned. It is not thorough nor sustained, it may postpone but it does not cure, and it is the fruitful parent of mendicancy and imposture.

Surely it is not too much to ask that our efforts as churches shall not defeat themselves and really prolong and increase what they are intended to shorten and cure.

Of course, the emergency must always be promptly met. Most of these cases of distress are made known at a time of crucial need, generally in the winter, when the cost of living is high and employment scarce. There ought to be such investigation as is possible at the moment, but the first dictates of humanity enjoin that the starving be fed and the shivering be warmed. It is immediately after this that the true relief of want separates itself from the false.

There must be, in some sense, co-operation everywhere among the several providers of charity. The great temptation of the inefficient, the easy road to pauperism lies in the ease with which pipe lines may be laid to tap many sources of supplies.

These pipe lines are kept as much as possible underground. The applicants learn to appeal to denominational loyalty and to pride of church as well as to human sympathy. And so the family in distress finds a short and easy way to become chronically dependent. They have found out that it is possible to live without working. The proverb becomes true. "Once a pauper, always a pauper." And it may be often added, "The child of a pauper becomes a pauper himself."

I have just heard of an old man whom a congregation in a Canadian city considered one of its very own. They gave him a weekly stipend all the year round, and specially remembered him at Christmas.

Lo, at his death, another congregation was making arrangements for his funeral service, when it was found that the old man had drawn from both churches for years, without either suspecting the other of knowing about his existence.

In a city where relief work is properly organized the registration bureau of the Associated Charities prevents such imposture. In smaller places a few inquiries, and a constant good mutual understanding among the churches and societies engaged in administering charity is generally sufficient.

As soon as any case is undertaken there should be an investigation. If the people are new-comers their record in places of former residence must be unearthed. And even old residents in a community are often less well known than is supposed. Their relatives should be found out, and appealed to. Former employers, neighbors, charity workers, and even police officials are often able to cast surprising light upon the situation.

If it transpires that the case is one of pure misfortune, the channels of pity are clear. If it turns out that fault, or folly, are mingled with the misfortune, the method of treatment must be qualified. But in any event, an enlightened and earnest relief policy will not work in the dark, if it can help it.

Then the charitable worker must be resolved that each family shall be kept up to a certain standard of living. Every person has a right to sufficient air, light, wholesome food, warm, shelter and simple comforts. He has a right to get them for himself if that be possible. He has a right to a chance to get them for himself, if he is unable to find that chance himself.

If there be not enough earning power in the family to support it in comfort, then the natural secondary resources of the family, relatives, for example, are to be discovered.

If, after the best has been done for the family in itself, there is yet a chasm be-

tween its income and the necessary expenditure to maintain that standard of living the charity given should be ample to bridge it. There is no gain to society, and no credit to Christianity, in keeping their weak ones on the ragged edge of starvation and despair.

The last thing considerate charity gives is money or coal or groceries. Its object is to shepherd the wanderer back to the fold of economic independence, to help them to help themselves. But when self-help is exhausted, then, till the children grow to a proper age, till sickness relaxes its hold, till a place be found in an institution for the incapacitated, or till death intervenes, it is the duty of human kindness to be generous.

The system of doles has been long discredited. It only serves to keep alive, in bitter discouragement, its hapless recipients. An order for groceries given only when the shelves of the larder are bare, and repeated only when they become bare again, or a bucket of coal, given in similar fashion, never raises the capacity of the underfed, ill-clad, complaining destitute, either in body or mind, to a point where they become competent to fight their way in the world.

"If a man will not work, neither shall he eat" is one of the basal principles of the administration of charity. We do harm when we interfere with the operation of a wise natural law. Laziness should be allowed to reap its harvest of want. Only so will laziness be spurred to toil.

On the other hand, the converse of the apostolic precept is true, "If a man will work he shall eat." It is the duty of society to allow every one of its members to eat the bread of self-respect. No pains should be spared to assist those out of work to find work.

It is not so hard as one who has not tried it might think. Unemployment, indeed, sometimes becomes a wholesale fact. But even at the worst of times the influence of a church, if exerted for one who is notoriously in want, is apt to open some door of opportunity.

In one congregation where I was minister for some years, one employer of labor stood ready to take on, temporarily at

least, any men I sent to him. It was surprising how little I had to call upon his generosity. But the point is here, that we must do our best to get the responsibility of supporting self or family upon the shoulders nature intended it for.

The charitable efforts of a church should go on all the year round. It is in summer that the winter should be prepared for. Then is the time to originate a savings bank account, to get casual labor exchanged for a steady job, to make the most of the garden plot, to restrain spare cash from going across the bars, and to restrain extravagance.

And this necessitates the exercise of friendship. We can never save our less fortunate fellow-creatures by stooping down to them once in a while and patronizingly handing them gifts. We must win their confidence. The visitor who would gain full knowledge and have his advice heeded must treat the information as honorably as if it came from his own relatives. We must make them know that we are interested in their affairs in a sweet human way. We must be beforehand with our help and aim to ward off destitution. It is ten times as easy to help them retrace a single step which they have lost than it is to raise them from the ditch into which, after a succession of struggles, they have fallen.

In the second volume of the "Life of Dr. Chalmers" and in his book "The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns" is the account of his administration of charity in the parish of St. John's, Glasgow. He is the true parent of modern relief methods. It would do us all good to read the chapters which tell about them. He made one of the largest and poorest parishes in Scotland self-supporting, using only the collections at the church doors on Sunday.

He did this by fostering the spirit of mutual assistance between the poor, which always retires when it sees wealth come in with its bounties, by careful investigation of every application for relief, and by nursing into vigor and activity every natural resource of the needy.

This is the method which has grown into

vogue in many places in two continents. It is quietly winning its way, through the efforts of the Associated Charities in several Canadian cities. There is no reason why, especially in the congregations to which this article applies, it should not be applied immediately with ease and success.

The test of a successful relief policy is the test of a doctor's ministrations. Are the patients recovering? And is the disease diminishing? By these two standards must every attempted medication of human ills stand or fall. Does the sick one recover? If his disease is his own fault, is he being educated to amend his ways? If the fault lies outside of him are the sources of infection being destroyed? Is the area of the epidemic lessening? Is its virulence decreasing?

Poverty is both curable and preventable. And while there are great questions which must be solved before there will be complete eradication of this "wrong to man.. this insult to God," questions which I am not blind to because I have not dealt with them here, I present this outline of a relief policy to our churches in the full confidence that it is justified by common knowledge and common experience in Germany, Britain, and the United States, in the many places where it has been put into force.

THE TWO GIFTS.

There is the gift of a beautiful face
And there is the gift of a heart of grace;
Which would you have—now tell me true,
Which of these gifts, were it left to you?

The beautiful face will fade some day,
But the heart of grace will last for aye;
So, better a gift of endless worth
Than the dearest treasure in all the earth.

All cannot have a beautiful face,
But we each may possess a heart of grace;
This wonderful, priceless gift is free
To king and to beggar, to you and to me.

So she whose face will never be fair
Needs not to give one sigh of despair,
For she may, if she choose, have a heart of
grace,
Which is worth far more than the loveliest
face.

Life and Work

THE SABBATH.

BY REV. GEORGE HANSON, D.D., MONTREAL.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore, the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—Mark 2: 27.

There can be no doubt that Sabbath observance is not what it was ten or fifteen years ago. The holy day is rapidly becoming a mere holiday, and the original purpose of its institution is being gradually lost sight of in man's devotion to pleasure or desire for gain. The love of pleasure is leading multitudes away from all thought of the religious significance of the day. The greed of gain is moving railway companies to cater to the public taste, in more frequent Sunday trains. Week-end excursions fill hotels and empty churches, and not only withdraw workers from Sunday Schools, but fathers and mothers from their homes, breaking up the old family life.

Sunday dinner parties, Sunday motoring, Sunday boating, Sunday golf, Sunday lounging, and much besides, with the inevitable detachment from elevating and sacred influences, are playing havoc with home life on its spiritual side, no less than with church life and its various activities.

I wish to-day to show the permanent obligation of Sabbath observance. It is a law written, not only in the Bible, but in man's nature. It is a law, a commandment, as essentially part of the Decalogue as any of the other nine; and it is no less to be observed than the sixth or seventh or eighth or ninth.

It is not a Jewish institution any more than "Thou shalt not steal," or "Thou shalt not kill" is a mere Jewish law, with a temporary authority, destined to pass away in a time of greater privilege and liberty. It was "made for man," not for the Jew only. It dates, not from the Exodus, but from the creation of man, and the supreme ground on which it is based is the example of God in resting from His work when creation was completed.

Right in the very heart of the ten commandments lies the Sabbatic law. Who shall presume to pluck it out? It is a part of the moral law. God has put it there, and we may not tamper with it any more than with the laws against impurity, murder, theft and falsehood.

It is no mere ceremonial requirement. The Ten Commandments deal, not with ceremonies, but with faith and morals. The most important Jewish institutions, such as circumcision, priesthood, and sacrifice, have no place in the Decalogue. The Sabbath is there; the sacred rites and ecclesiastical functionaries are excluded; they are conspicuous by their absence.

The Sabbath law is a moral law, of permanent authority, because it rests on two great principles which no lapse of time can alter or impair.

The first of these two great, unchangeable principles is the need of periodical suspension of human toil, specially for the sake of those whose time is not their own, and who must be protected in their rights from the possible tyranny of those who employ them. "That thy man-servant and maid-servant may rest as well as thou"—expressed the aim and spirit of the Old Testament enactment.

The second of these two great principles, is the duty of setting apart a certain proportion of time for the special acknowledgment of God and the culture of the heart in faith and love and hope. The physical rest that the day secured was important, but it was subordinate to the great aim of providing men with the necessary leisure for cultivating the higher and holier side of their nature. The day was to be devoted pre-eminently to spiritual ends, and the commandment reads—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it HOLY" . . . the seventh is the SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

Rest for the body, leisure for the soul—these are the two purposes of the Sabbatic law, and these are permanent, ever-recur-

ring, never-ceasing necessities of our complex human nature. Let us consider more fully these two great purposes.

I. The Sabbath was made for man, because it affords him a time of freedom from work. It withdraws him from the pursuit of the merely material; it wipes away the sweat from the brow of the toiler; it restores the worker to his family, and reminds him that he is something more than a chattel, something besides an instrument of gain.

The Lord's Day is the greatest external gift of the Christian religion to the workers of the world. It comes with welcome release and relief to all toilers, toilers with hand or brain. The routine of daily drudgery, the monotonous grind of daily toil, is broken, and the burdens of life are lifted or eased by its silent hand. Take away the Sabbath, and you cannot reckon the loss. Its saddest results would be for the poor and struggling, all wage earners in subordinate and dependent positions, whom the unchecked greed of man would grind down to the last atom of time and of strength.

The hygienic necessity of some such weekly rest as the Lord's Day provides, has been demonstrated by careful investigation. It has been shown by physiologists that the nightly rest after the day's work is not sufficient by itself to recuperate the vital forces and repair the waste that is going on in the system. The nightly supply must be supplemented by a larger period of rest and recruiting; otherwise the physical organism suffers serious injury. We recover in one night's rest, even under the best conditions, only five-sixths of what has been consumed in our system by the day's labour. Each morning finds us lacking to that extent, and a whole seventh day of relaxation and renewal of the body's vitality is necessary to restore our physical poise. Thus, on the lowest ground, the physical need of rest, the Sabbatic law holds good.

It is especially the Magna Charta of the labour world. Sunday work is slavery. The Lord's Day is man's weekly Independence Day, when every employee comes out from under human mastership, and, with no master but God, stands erect, his face towards heaven, free to devote the day to the

fellowship of his wife and children, to the culture of his intelligence, and to the helpful influences of association with men of faith. Fifty-two Sabbaths in the year mean nearly two months independent life to every worker, however humble.

The careful safe-guarding of this Divinely ordered respite and opportunity would mean untold benefit to all who enjoy it. Who has the right to encroach upon it and annex any portion of this Sabbath "made for man?" No man can violate this law of God and of nature without paying the penalty; and no one is at liberty to wipe the Sabbath out of his calendar in transacting his business, and compel his employees to sacrifice the whole or a portion of their Day of rest. The Day is not his to use as he pleases. It is his employees' God-given heritage, and he must not flch their rights from them or infringe upon their liberties.

This right of man to a day of rest does not diminish under the pressure of increasing trade; nor does the necessity for this pause in the rush and turmoil of daily life become less urgent as the world grows older. Rather does the necessity grow greater as the demands on man increase.

Those to whom the first Sabbath law was given, in the infancy of the race, and who knew nothing of the keen competition of modern times, surely required a periodic rest much less than the man of to-day, with his fierce struggle for existence. The Hebrew herdsmen moving their flocks and herds slowly from pasture to pasture did not need a law to save them from overstrain nearly so much as the driver of the railway engine, with his hand on the throttle of the iron monster, and his eye on the track—every nerve strung to the utmost limit of tension—as he rushes at fifty or sixty miles an hour through the night.

There were no sweater's dens in the wilderness of Sinai; nor undersized girls and wizened little children stitching away for a miserable pittance at garments, or making match boxes for ten, twelve or fourteen hours a day. There were no bartenders in the camp of Israel, who had to work from early morning till late at night seven days a week, selling drink in evil-smelling saloons to degraded men and women.

No, so far from the Sabbath day being

less necessary now than in those early times, it is becoming more and more indispensable. The fact is, the stress and strain of modern life would mean an absolute breaking down of the whole social system, unless the pressure were periodically relaxed. Nothing could have saved, nothing will save, mankind from physical deterioration, except some such measure of relief as the weekly Sabbath secures.

The Sabbath has been the salvation of humanity. It is the festival of the world. It has blessed the artisan, the commercial and professional classes alike. Insanity, suicide, ignorance and moral degeneracy flourish in proportion to its neglect or abuse, and if the world by any madness should ever come to renounce its faith in the supernatural, it would be compelled to set apart the Sabbath under another name and with other sanctions, so indispensable is it to human progress.

And yet we find men ready to sneer at the fourth commandment as Jewish and obsolete, and describe its upholders as Puritans or Pharisees, Methodists or milksops. There never was a more beneficent provision for human welfare than the Sabbath which "was made for man."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton saw the truth clearly when he wrote these memorable words:—

Fresh glides the brook, and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill.
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail
How motionless and still.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be.
The seventh, thy limbs escape the chain—
Thy God hath made thee free.

Ah, tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave
And know—the wheel may rest.

Six days may rank deride the poor,
O Dives from thy banquet hall;
The seventh, the Father ope's the door
And holds the feast for all!

If all this is true, we must sacredly guard the day from invasion: neither the pursuit of pleasure nor the love of money must be allowed to encroach upon it. We must be careful that no actions of ours on the holy day involve the labour of others, or com-

pel others, who are just as entitled as we are to the Sabbath rest and refreshing, to forego or curtail their God-given privilege. No man has a right, on any pretext, to climb to his pleasures and ease over the losses and injuries of others. "That thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou"—such is the golden rule, the humane spirit, of this law of God.

It is true humanity, as well as faithful Sabbath keeping, to give to others—it is unmitigated selfishness to deny to others—the unencumbered opportunity of enjoying the Sabbath benefits of rest and recuperation that we prize so highly for ourselves. No extra payment that out of our abundance we allow those who minister to Sabbath recreations can compensate any man for the sacrifice of his manhood and his health.

All mere pleasure-going on the Sunday, all excursions on steamboats or trains, large dinner parties, all recreation necessitating the opening of club-houses or the employment of servants, in short, anything that forces others, though only a minority, who happen to occupy dependent positions, to work for our selfish enjoyment, when the day is theirs by God's decree as much as ours—all these are forbidden by the express command of God.

It is no use for any man to say—"Well, I am so busy during the week that I have no other day for recreation, from Monday till Saturday, I grind like Samson at the mill." Yes, but you are no busier than the Sabbath keeping toilers who manage to get their recreation at other times. Why not grind less on one of your own days, instead of taking what does not belong to you?

If you honestly believe that you have no other day than the Lord's Day for your pleasure-seeking, will you be good enough to say, have you any other day for the culture of your spiritual nature? Are you to spend all your available time for the recruiting of your energies merely in exercises for the development of your muscle, and the promotion of your digestion? Are such aims to occupy your whole thought to the neglect of higher concerns? This is to prostitute the "Rest" of the Sabbath to unworthy uses and turn a blessing into a positive curse.

Of course, we must avoid the folly, into which the Jews fell, and which Christ rebuked, of encumbering the good Sabbath law with all sorts of petty restrictions. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The Jews treated man as though he were made for the Sabbath, not Sabbath for him. The Jews made the Sabbath law a burden and a weariness by adding to it all kinds of unnecessary trivial irritating requirements.

Christ swept these aside. The Sabbath is not, He declared, to be a burden and a terror to man, but a help and a blessing. "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath." "If thine ox or thine ass fall into a pit, wilt thou not lay hold of it and lift it out?" In other words Christ leaves ample room for what is called, in the good old-fashioned language of the Shorter Catechism, "works of necessity and mercy." Anything that can be fairly placed in either category is perfectly consistent with true Sabbath keeping.

But in all cases the work done should be the smallest possible. So far as in us lies, those in any way dependent on us should have this one day of the week kept free from all demands upon their services. I protest against the growing practice of Sunday entertainments, Sunday excursions, Sunday amusements and kindred violations of the Sabbath law. They betray, not only disregard of the Divine command, but also a selfish and most cruel indifference to the rights and liberties of those who cannot protect themselves against the tyranny of the thoughtless, and sometimes heartless and conscienceless, leisured few.

II. The second great and permanent principle embodied in the Sabbath law is the need of time of complete detachment from worldly affairs for the cultivation and deepening of the moral and spiritual life of man.

There is a great danger of men forgetting the higher things of the soul in the absorbing occupations of every day. We get, almost inevitably, engrossed in the acquisition of what secures us ease, comfort, pleasure and fame; and the tendency is for busy pre-occupied men to lose touch with what has no financial but only a moral and spiritual value.

It is well for us by the return of some such pause in business life as the Sabbath brings, and the opportunity that it affords of turning our thoughts inward upon our own heart and conscience and lifting our desires heavenward and Godward, it is well for us to be checked periodically in our pursuit of the material and secular, and have leisure to commune with our own hearts and be still.

It is a day severed from common tastes and enjoyments, and nothing can be more impressive than this twenty-four hours cessation from work once every week. All outward things are changed for a while. The warehouse is shut, the hard grip of avarice is relaxed; the father sits among his children to enjoy the rest, hard-earned, that the Day brings, the door closes on the material and transitory side of life, and the door swings open towards the invisible and eternal.

The day is a weekly testimony to man's higher nature. It tells him—and his reason and conscience and heart say, "amen"—that this world and the utmost it yields are not enough to satisfy the best that is in him; that there are joys that no gold or success can purchase; wants, that no earthly supplies can meet; visions of felicity which never can be realized here; sorrows, for which earth has no alleviation; sins, escape from the guilt and power of which no device of man can secure; longings for life, richer, fuller and more blessed, that only fellowship with some Being greater and better than ourselves can fulfil.

The Sabbath is the best security that I know of for the spiritual life of the community. Take it away or degrade it from its original lofty purpose, and the results I shudder to contemplate. Without the Sabbath the church would die, and the chief barrier against materialism and infidelity would be removed.

But some one says, the days are changed, the Christian Sabbath is not the Old Testament Sabbath. In reply to that we say:—

(1) That even if there is a change of days, the change of days does not alter the fact that the Sabbath is a necessity for humanity. The principles that the old Sabbath law embodied are unchanged and unchangeable.

(2) The change of day is really immaterial. As a matter of fact, all cannot keep the same time, for when it is day on one side of the world it is night on the other. But all that is essential in the day is retained. All that the commandment requires is a day of sacred rest after six days of labour. Not a word is said as to the point from which the reckoning should begin. The seventh portion of time is observed equally, whether we observe it on one day or another. The proportion of time dedicated to religious uses is the point of supreme importance. Our Christian Sabbath is as much a fulfilment of the Spirit of the law as the Jewish Sabbath.

And is there not a singular fitness in changing to the First Day of the week? Was not the Church guided by a rare instinct, when she identified the Sabbath with the Lord's Day, the Day that bore witness to Christ's resurrection. The old Sabbath marked the completed creation, the Christian Sabbath marks the completed redemption. The old Sabbath spoke of God's resting from the labours of His hand in creation, the Christian Sabbath speaks of Christ resting from His sufferings in the accomplishment of the world's salvation. The older Sabbath celebrates the triumph of Divine might and skill; the Christian Sabbath the triumph of Divine love and mercy.

By a natural transition, in which all that was really essential to the older Sabbath was retained, the Christian Church gradually adopted as its day of sacred rest, the Day of days, on which Christ rose from the dead and brought life and immortality to light. The older Sabbath and the Lord's Day were at first linked together as circumcision and baptism were for a time in the early Church, or as Christ linked together the Paschal Feast and the Holy Supper.

Then later, just as circumcision gave place to baptism and the Passover feast to the Communion service, so the Lord's Day took the place of the older Sabbath, implying all that it implied, and adding to it the glory of resurrection hope and gladness.

On such ground the observance of the Christian Sabbath rests. It is a Rest Day, a Worship Day and a Resurrection Day.

This first day attests the Resurrection as emphatically as the Lord's Supper attests the significance of Christ's death. Back and back through the centuries, in an unbroken line, we can trace its observance by believers until it brings us to the fairest of all dawns, when Christ, emerging from the grave, turned the darkness of night into a morning of joy. Every Lord's Day brings us to the open and empty sepulchre, and, if we had ears to hear, would say to us—"He is not here; He is risen."

Every Lord's Day proclaims that our Redemption is complete, that, as surely as Christ was delivered for our offences, so surely He was raised again for our justification.

Every Lord's Day points us upward to the shining track that leads, with Christ as Forerunner, within the gates of pearl, and beckons us to follow without fear.

Hail to the day, which He, who made the heaven,

Earth and their armies, sanctified and blest,
Perpetual memory of the Maker's rest.

Hail to the Day, when He, thro' whom was given

New life to man, the tomb asunder riven,
Arose. That day His Church doth still confess

At once Creation's and Redemption's feast,
Sign of a world called forth, a world forgiven.

ABOUT CREEDS, ETC.

There is a good deal of cheap talk these days against creed and theology. Some churches are trying to win the world by eliminating all theology from their standards. I would as soon commit a cargo of diamonds to a chartless ship as commit the religious education of my child to a creedless church. When you can have tulips without bulbs, or a body without bones and blood, then will I believe you can have a vital church without the vital doctrines of the Gospel. The first requisite of a sound revival is a sound Gospel.—Advance.

Try to secure some part of each day for meditation; apart from men we can look ourselves more honestly in the face, lift up our hearts to God, and give our panting lives a chance.—Stevenson.

THE "WORST S. S. CLASS."

BY A CANADIAN PASTOR.

Do I remember when I was a boy in Sunday-school? As if I should ever forget the experience! The wicked delight we took in inventing things to annoy the teacher and disturb his efforts to impart to us the lesson of the day!

Our teacher was a patient, solid man. He loved his Bible, he studied hard at his lesson, and could easily talk upon it for an hour. But he didn't grip us boys. He was, we believed, a deeply spiritual man. Still he could not hold us fellows down. He had grit, pure grit, and he hung on for a couple of years. Then in despair he gave us up.

In quick succession we had a dandy gentleman, who got angry because we soiled his shoes; a stout lady who did nothing but smile at us; a young woman who told us stories of hair-breadth escapes, but which didn't hit us at all because we knew they couldn't be true.

This young lady held out for a month, and then gave us up as incorrigibles,—“the worst boys she had ever seen.” Never before, according to her record, had she been beaten. She declared that she had mastered boy-nature, and knew it through and through. Well, it was too bad to spoil her record, but we did it, and easily too. Sunday-school teachers may have pretty wide pasturage for their teaching materials, but I have never known detective stories to be a good loophole through which to fire gospel bullets.

Then in despair the superintendent sent a newly-landed Englishman. He was a slim, queer-looking fellow. His face was not exactly straight, and his eyes were out of line. We took him in as he walked over to us, and we thought we had an easy one. He evidently took us in also in that same walk and had his own ideas.

“I'm just out from London, boys,” was his greeting. He didn't have to tell us that, and we were all ready to laugh in his face. “And I saw the Life-Guardsmen and their horses,” he continued.

We had seen some pictures of those wonderful horses and men who fill certain niches around Windsor Castle like statues. We forgot to smile at the queer Englishman, and our ears were his if he would tell us about those splendid Life-Guards and their horses. He did tell us. He made us see them in their perfection, well-set-up men, and such perfectly-trained horses. Then came the clincher. How was all this perfection attained? By OBEDIENCE.

My, but that word rang in our souls. It staggered us, humbled us. He had won the first round, and we all knew it.

He followed up his lead by telling us of

great men. To be great! Why, what boy does not want to be great, to be among the leaders of men? He is a poor sort of boy whose youthful ambition does not carry him to the first ranks of life. We were all ambitious.

Just then, I must freely confess, our chief ambition had been to live up to our reputation of being the worst class in the Sunday-school. But this queer Englishman caught us breathing out our ambitions to be great. Then he struck home again. To be great you must learn to OBEY.

He whispered into our ears that he knew a little about soldiers' drill, and that, if we would be good boys and learn to obey the teachings of the lessons, he would drill us on the quiet, and on the next Sunday-school parade day we would show the rest of the school a thing or two—perhaps lead them.

Well, it isn't given to everyone to be swept off their bearings and to be carried away with enthusiasm; so not all can understand our feelings towards that strange, quiet Englishman. Suffice it to say that from the first Sunday we were his, almost body and soul. We mastered our lesson papers; we beat even the crack class of girls in reciting verses of Scripture. We outshone every other class in marching on parade day, and we carried back the banner to the church.

We wanted to honor our teacher, but he wouldn't let us. The superintendent called him to the platform. We knew what he wanted, and we dearly wanted him to go, for we wanted a chance to show him how we could yell. What do you think he did? He sent one of us boys up to the superintendent, asking him what was his message! The superintendent didn't draw him.

At Christmas time, when other teachers were putting their names on the gifts of the school to the different members of their classes, he was that humble-minded that he wouldn't put his on our gifts. I went to him personally, asking for his autograph in my gift-book. He only wrote, “The fruit of the Christmas tree.”

He was the most masterful and the most modest man I ever met. And if Sunday-school teachers want a pointer on preparatory culture before they tackle a class of boys, let me commend these two virtues: self-mastery and humility. They go together, and they will make a boy-winner.

This teacher had this day of rejoicing, or, shall I say, of weeping for, some years later, one of our boys, now a young man, came home from heroic service in the West. The church was full of people. They hung upon his words. They cried and they wept and they praised God. The teacher sat in his seat, his eyes riveted on the face of that young fellow, and the tears were coursing down his lean cheeks.—In S. S. Times.

THE LORD LED THEM BOTH.

It was hot, almost unbearably so, in the tiny little room Margaret Kent occupied in Mrs. Sullivan's fourth floor. Margaret lay on the hard, uncomfortable bed, her almost empty pocket-book in her hand, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Isn't there any place for me anywhere where I can earn an honest living?" she sobbed. Mrs. Sullivan will turn me out from here Saturday if I cannot pay her, and what will become of me then?"

Over across the way Miss Bennet, the dressmaker; was sitting by her open window singing away cheerily, partly for joy, and partly to keep from thinking how very hot it was.

"He leadeth me—Oh blessed thought,
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

The words caught Margaret's attention, and she stopped sobbing to listen.

"He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me,
His faithful follower I would be
For by His hand He leadeth me."

Over and over again the words rang in Margaret's ears. Presently she got up and knelt down by the bedside.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "I have tried so hard to find honest work where I can be good, but so far I have failed. There must be a place for me somewhere, please lead me so I can find it. Thou knowest I have no dear ones to help me. I am all alone, please help me."

Then she bathed her flushed face and prepared to go out on the street. "I am trusting Thee to lead me, don't fail me," she prayed softly to herself as she went down the long flights of stairs. As she passed the dining-room door Mrs. Sullivan spoke to her.

"Were you going by Downing's?"

"I can if you would like to have me," replied Margaret, though it was just the opposite direction from which she had thought of taking.

"I wanted a little more cloth like this to finish Susie's dress, and I haven't a minute to spare to go myself.

So Margaret, sample in hand, set forth.

"Whate'er I do—where'er I be
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me,"

she kept saying to herself, but she had done her errand, and come out of the store and nothing had happened. She stood irresolutely on the walk, what should she do, which way should she go now?

Just then a plain, little middle-aged woman came along with such a kindly expression on her face that Margaret felt an almost irresistible impulse to speak to her. The stranger stepped so briskly that she failed to see a bit of banana skin on the walk, and slipped on it and fell. Margaret sprang at once to help her.

"Have you hurt yourself much?" she asked. The little woman tried to pick herself up, but sank back with a groan.

"It is my ankle," she said. "I have either broken it or sprained it, and whatever in the world should I do?"

"There's a doctor's office near by, couldn't I help you in there; he will know what is the trouble."

So, half led and half carried by Margaret they finally reached the doctor's office.

"A very bad sprain. You will not be able to use that foot much for some time."

"Deary me," she said to Margaret, the tears running down her cheeks. "What will I do? I'm Miss Susan Deane, spinster, and I live five miles out of the city in a little cottage by myself. I'm all alone in the world, and I'm so lonesome! I know it is wicked of me to murmur, for there are lots of folks worse off. I have a comfortable little home and get along very well, but it seemed to me this morning that I could not stand it to be alone any longer. Now, who will take care of my chickens and my garden—and me? There's all the berries to pick, and . . . why, what is it dear?"

The little woman broke off her lamentations suddenly, for Margaret's face shone.

"The Lord did hear me and lead me. He did, I know He did. I'll never doubt again," she cried, half laughing, half crying.

"I am all alone, too, and I could not seem to find a place where I could be honest and good. I have almost starved sometimes, and Mrs. Sullivan would turn me out Saturday if I couldn't pay. She must have her money, you know, and some one else wanted the room. Would you try me? Mrs. Sullivan will tell you I am a good girl. I can work ever so hard, I should love to for you."

"You dear blessed child, the Lord led us both, I know He did. We will get the horse and go right home as quickly as possible, and adopt each other."

"But if Mrs. Sullivan hadn't asked me to do that errand for her, and you hadn't slipped on that banana skin we might have missed each other after all," exclaimed Margaret as they drove happily home. "Isn't it strange how much depended on such little things?"

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," replied Miss Susan—"If He had not led us that way He would some other way."—In the "Christian Intelligencer."

"THE GREAT CATASTROPHE OF 1914.

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

One night an obscure and unknown man who was shoveling coal into the furnace of a great machine shop complained of a strange feeling in his hands. Next day he was unable to pick up his shovel. Before night his wife was unable to do her housework for a similar reason. When they sought a physician for treatment they found in his office many who were complaining of paralysis like their own.

Two days later the morning paper gave hysterical accounts of the mysterious disease which had attacked working men and women all over the city, so that they could no longer take part in the common work of the world.

The strange malady grew worse. In another day "the civilization of ages was beginning to come to a standstill. Before night not a wheel was turning on the elevated, in the subway or on the surface railroads. Not an elevator was running . . . in any of the skyscrapers or hotels. Ocean steamers lay still at the docks. Others that had been overdue could be seen tossing curiously all about the harbor.

The ferryboats were either still in their slips, or floating helpless on the river. Automobiles and carriages presented the same curious picture in Broadway and throughout all the streets. Some were standing perfectly still across car tracks. Others were being driven by men who bore on their faces marks of a white terror that before the week was over was the most vivid thing that stood out clear to the bewildered consciousness of the multitude."

Men and women of all ranks of life realized that the common, strong human hand of everyday toil had ceased to do its work. Only those were exempt from paralysis "who lived without using their hands as the first means of earning a living." These had to do for themselves everything for which they had been accustomed to look to others.

Money became valueless, for it could do nothing to supply the simplest needs. "fresh food, of any sort, was not to be obtained at any price. Those human hands that ordinarily worked so incessantly and unknown to bring food and luxuries to the leisure and the pampered and the idle class, and common food to the poor as well, were idle, though the owners were—except for their hands—in good health."

There was only a week of disaster—so the story says. Then the workers suddenly recovered their lost powers, "and with

a universal cry of thanksgiving the world leaped to work again."

Let us be thankful that the story is only a bit of fiction, but let us be thankful also that it has been written, for it gives us a new realization of our indebtedness to and dependence on others, especially those faithful workers whose activity is out of sight, and so out of mind; it makes us thankful for the ability to work with our hands; it makes us eager to fill as best we can by God's help the place he has given us in the world.

And as we take comfort in the thought that—though we may be working in obscurity and that few stop to think of their need of us—God notes our activity, and will bless our service, let us join in the prayer with which Dr. Sheldon closes his thoughtful article:

"O God, our Father, help us not to forget the lesson! Oh, help us of this money-loving, ease-moving generation never to forget what we owe to the men and women who work with their hands for us, to keep our homes going, to roll the wheels of our civilization forward, to make possible our churches and our schools and our cities and our very life.

"O thou who didst work for some great reason eighteen years in a shop and only two or three out in the world, help us to think with deep kindness of all men and women who toil with their hands.

"And if we ourselves have to make our daily bread by the opening and shutting of our fingers around some tool of labor, oh, we beseech thee, give us a God-vision of our kingly task and support us through the day's commonplace drudgery with the inspiring truth that we are needed to keep the world alive, and make our hands to do honest toil to-day in the name of Him who made tables and stools and common things for the people of Nazareth. And may every man and woman in all the world learn how to do some needful and honest work with his hands. Amen."—Westminster Adult Bible Class.

It is the citizen's duty to fight poverty with better homes, better schools, playgrounds for the children where manhood and womanhood can grow unchallenged by the gutter.—Jacob Riis.

"The man who prays 'Thy kingdom come,' and does not give some just proportion of his income to promote His kingdom, is a conscious or unconscious-hypocrite."

There is always the winepress to be trodden before we drink the juice of the grapes. There is always a battle to be fought before the victory is ours.—Stanley.

The Children's Record

To the Men and Women of To-morrow,

This issue completes another year of your Record. The Old Year is getting near its end. You are a year bigger and older and wiser, and I hope a year better, than you were when the year began.

Let me mention some simple facts, but very important ones. Please remember them.

(1) It is a fact that, if you live, in a short time you will be the world's men and women, doing the world's work, managing the world's affairs, sowing and reaping the world's fields, building the world's houses and churches, doing the world's business, running the world's railways and ships, keeping the world's homes, making and administering the world's laws, carrying on the world's missions, going as missionaries to carry the glad news of life and hope to those whose lives are dark and sad.

It seems strange now to think that the grown ups, who are to-day doing all those things, will not be here, and you will be doing everything; but it will all come so gradually, yet quickly, that it will seem as natural as the coming of daylight in the morning.

(2) Another great fact is that your character, what you are to-day, represents the sum total of your thoughts and words and deeds during the past year, on top of what went before. Every good thought or purpose or aim or effort, has been like a little touch moulding your character into greater beauty, and thus your real self is more beautiful than it was a year ago. What a grand thing to pass into next life with the moulding and building of all the years, and no touches to regret.

(3) It is a fact that you cannot go back and retouch the work of the year. It cannot by any possibility be recalled. All that any one can do is to make the best possible use of the present.

A question for you to answer. What will the world's work be like when you have the doing of it? That question you are answering now, for what the boy and girl is, the man and woman will in most cases be,

ABOUT INVESTMENTS.

If each boy and girl in Canada were to receive a dollar as a Christmas gift, what a variety of experiences the dollars would have.

Some dollars would go to help parents who need them; and the parents would be glad by the thought of their children's care for them.

Some young folk would spend their dollar in needed food or clothing, and some in things they do not need. Some would spend it wisely, some wastefully. Some would spend it so that the memory of it would be a constant pleasure, some the opposite.

Some would give a part, less or more, to send the Love Message of the Great and Good Father to the members of His family that do not know, and would put the balance, more or less, into a Bank, at interest, where it would grow from more to more.

Most of the boys and girls that are reading this have not much money to invest, but they all have something more important to invest, namely their lives. Not merely their lives after they are grown up, but now. These childhood years are just as important as the older years; even more so, for they decide what the older years will be.

This investment is not a matter of choice. You have your lives, and the only question is, how you will invest them.

Herein is a strange thing, that the life which yields the largest and longest return of happiness to itself, is not the one that tries and succeeds in getting the most for itself, but the life that tries most faithfully, in its place, to help the needs and lessen the sorrows of others.

Those who thus live, trusting and following Jesus Christ, whatever their work in life, are getting returns of happiness from life now, and laying up happy memories that will never fail them.

One work in life that is in great need is that of the ministry and of deaconesses. Boys and girls, that is the investment God wants a good may of you to make of your lives.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

BY MRS. DR. MALCOLM.

For the Children's Record

Hsiao Chih. (Little Branch) was the name of a dear little Chinese girl, who lived away off in the interior of China. She had seen no foreigner in her life till she went with her mother to gaze with intense curiosity at the pleasant welcoming face of the lady missionary who had left her home in Canada to do something for the little suffering lives in China.

"Little Branch" was won over at once by the love in the eyes of the foreign lady, and day after day she came, learning to read so readily that she was a joy to the life of her who had given her life to China's Children.

To-day there were tears in the pretty eyes of "Little Branch" for she must say good bye to the mission compound where she had heard so much that was beautiful, and had learned to read and sing the comforting words. Now it was all over; and she looked sadly at her pretty testament bound in red, (the bride's color) for soon "Little Branch" was to become a bride, leaving her mother's house to live with her husband's mother, perhaps to be the slave of the household.

Could this Saviour she had learned to love help to straighten out the tangles, and give her patience to do her work bravely; for there would be need of great patience to keep back the angry words that would come so readily.

If she could only teach them to read her little book; what a joy it would be. She would mend, spin, and gather fuel without grumbling—even if the little bound feet did ache, oh! so sorely sometimes—and perhaps they would learn to love her.

In a few weeks "Little Branch" was living in her new home; and although there was much to do in preparing the bowls of food for a large household, and wadded garments to rip and dye afresh for the New Year season, when all her friends would be calling, nothing daunted our little heroine, for she had made up her mind to be patient.

Gradually the mother-in-law had grown accustomed to seeing the little red book. At first she had been suspicious; but it was written in the Chinese characters with beautiful black ink; and the old mother at

heart was rather proud to see that this little daughter-in-law could sew and cook beautifully, and read too.

She very wisely said nothing, although she often wondered what could be in the little book to interest "a woman." One evening she asked "Little Branch" to read her this story; and little by little the fascination of this new thing took hold of her, though the little old face shewed no signs of interest.

One morning when the men had gone to the fields, the mother called "Little Branch" to get quickly through with her work, and escort her to the compound of the missionary lady, who welcomed the little bride and her mother-in-law with gracious words.

This was the beginning of life to "Little Branch;" for nothing now could keep the mother-in-law away from the clean home and comforting talk of the lady missionary, in whose very face shone love and sympathy.

And soon the story of the cross burned its way into the waiting heart of the old woman. She was won heart and soul.

None in her home could say ill words to the little wife, for was she not the favorite of the old mother-in-law, and wife of the eldest son.

Months passed and the peace of a changed life soon sweetened even this dark home. Morning and evening were heard hymns of praise; and another household was won over from the hopelessness of a loveless heathenism, by the love of God in the heart of a little Chinese girl.

For centuries thousands of little Hindu girls have been married to the gods, thus becoming temple girls, which meant a life of shame. Within the last few years the Government of Bombay and the Maharaja of Mysore have forbidden the dedication of minors to this service.

Christianity has set up in Japan a new ideal of character, and its influence is permeating all government institutions of learning.

Leaders of thought in Japan are inclined to regard Christianity as the religion that best meets their need.

Female education in Japan is wholly the result of Christianity.

Tokyo is the greatest educational center in the world.

WHY FRED DID NOT SELL THE CALF.

A STORY OF THE NORTH WEST.

The fall was drawing to a close; the summer to the farmer had to an extent been a failure, for, through hot winds, the crops had withered and died.

Fred Manson was riding slowly on his little cayuse, driving before him a cow and calf.

Fred looked very gloomy, for the failure of the crops, following the hard winter of 1906, had left the boy in about the same position financially as when he had first started ranching on his own account.

Fred had one great desire—to get a college education and study for the ministry, and had taken up a homestead to that end.

From the very commencement of his prairie career he had saved all he could, but now—well he would just have to begin all over again.

The cattle had all been sold to pay expenses, and the solitary one trudging on ahead, cropping the dry grass, was one that could not be found at the time of the "deal," and Fred was now taking it to its rightful owner, the purchaser of the bunch.

"Hard luck!" muttered Fred. "I have done my best and always tried to be straight."

Suddenly the expression on his face changed! It bespoke a sudden and new resolve.

"I'll hire out for a year or two, and save every cent I can," thought he; "I'll go to college yet," and a bright light shone in his eyes.

Touching the cayuse lightly with his "quirt," he cantered after the cow, who had taken a by-path into the brush.

Once again on the trail, he heard a voice, and looked up, to find he was just passing a well-known ranch.

"Hello, Fred! Whose cow? Thought you had sold all the cattle!"

"So I have. This is one that wandered some distance north."

"Say, Fred, you haven't branded the calf," said the rancher.

"That's easily accounted for. Can't brand a calf that isn't born," which happened to be the case with this one at the time of branding.

"Who's to know but what that calf died at birth, or was killed by coyotes," suggested the man.

"No one but myself and you," answered Fred. "We know it."

"Look here, Fred; I'll give you ten dollars for that calf, and no one will be any wiser; one can easily account for a missing calf."

"Ten dollars towards the college expenses," mused Fred. "Yes, one can easily account for a missing calf." He hesitated.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Fred started. "Who dreamed of hearing the voice of Shakespeare on this great lone wild? I wonder if Shakespeare ever wanted money so badly as I do now."

The rancher waited. He knew what he was pleased to call this boy's scruples.

"Ten dollars!" Fred knitted his brow, when suddenly memory recalled a little scene of the past.

It was Saturday night in the homeland. Batching operations were over, and round the back parlor fire were four little figures kneeling at different chairs.

"Loving Father," the mother prayed, "I ask not for riches for these boys and girls, but what I crave for them most is that they may grow up to be honest, honorable, upright, godly men and women. May they be kept true to the 'highest' and 'best,' and if at any time, when possibly far away from home, they meet with special temptation, do Thou give them the grace and courage to resist."

The vision faded, but not before it had had its desired effect. A new light that baffled the rancher appeared in Fred's eyes; then, fixing his gaze and looking steadily at the man, he said, "Mr. W—, I'm in need of money, for I want badly to go to college, but"—and here he spoke very emphatically and slowly—"I cannot sell you that calf, for"—and Fred paused between each word—"it-is-not-mine-to-sell." So saying, he pulled the lines and rode on, leaving the rancher bewildered.

Mr. W— turned and slowly walked into his corral, saying to himself, "Strange boy; he will never be rich."

Did Fred go to college? Yes, and to-day he is somewhere on the great prairie, trying by word and example to help other young men to be true to themselves.—The Christian Guardian.

Thirty thousand undergraduates and 200,000 other young people in the United States and Canada last year systematically studied books on foreign missions.

The cigarette has found its way all over China. Shall we be behind with the Gospel?

A missionary said, "I had to go to Korea to learn how to pray."

Of the 11,000,000 Koreans, 300,000 are already Christians.

JACK'S WORKSHOP.

"Cr-ea-ea-k, cr-ea-ea-k!" complained the grindstone, and Lucile looked up at her cousin, intently on the hatchet he was grinding.

"Why don't you oil it, Jack?"

"Going to soon's I find it. Too busy just now."

There was a small oil can on the window shelf within reach, and still turning the crank with one hand Lucile reached out the other and attempted to oil the dry sockets, but the can was empty.

"Haven't you any oil?"

"Yes, in the jug on the bench there, but I'm in a hurry now; I'll try to find time for it to-morrow."

Lucile let go the handle and walked resolutely to the jug. Not more than two minutes were required to fill the can and put a few drops in the complaining crank sockets, but Jack waited with his hatchet still pressed to the stone and his face wrinkled with impatience.

"I'm in an awful hurry, Lucile."

"All right, that's what I did it for, and to save the crank; father says when our carriage wheels creak they are wearing out for want of oil, and the carriage has to go slower. It turns lots easier."

"I suppose you're right, but it really did seem like wasting time. There!" a few minutes later, "that's done. Now I'll get out some boards and start on a new boat."

"Is the edge all right? You've only been sharpening it a few minutes, and you said the edge was awfully dull."

"Oh, I guess it'll do, and anyway, I can give it a few more touches in the morning. But what do you know about edges?"

"That's what a hatchet's for, isn't it—the edge? Father says nothing can do its best unless it's at its very best, and that means tools and everything. But wasn't it too bad your boat wouldn't go yesterday? What was the matter?"

"Oh, the old thing leaked, though I made it just as the book said to. I'll build one more, and if it doesn't sail right I'll know the man who wrote the book didn't understand what he was writing about. And I worked all day yesterday on the old thing, too." He dropped upon a box and began to lace one of his shoes, looking ruefully at Lucile as he did so.

"Did you use that hatchet in making it?" asked Lucile.

"Of course; that and the drawing knife and the planes and saw on the bench beside you, and hammer and nails and such things."

"The hatchet was awfully dull," said Lu-

cile pointedly. She reached around and took the planes from the bench and examined their knife edges critically; then she took down the saw and touched her fingers cautiously to the teeth. "What made your boat leak, Jack? Was it the shape of the boat, or just cracks?"

"Why, I wouldn't wonder if it was cracks. The water came in where the pieces were put together. I couldn't seem to fit the joints very tight."

"You couldn't very well, I suppose, with dull tools," conceded Lucile sympathetically. She handed him the saw, and he took it with a protesting grimace.

"I know it's abominably dull," he said; "in worse condition even than the grindstone. No, you needn't show me the planes. I know just how they are, for I've been using them. But you see I've been so awfully busy I really couldn't find time to sharpen them. I guess I'll have to take to-morrow to clean house and fix things—that is, after the new boat is finished."

"Maybe it might be a good idea to sharpen up the tools first. It took you all day yesterday to make the boat, you know, and two hours would have sharpened the tools nicely. The two hours would have been well spent. And—"

"If the tools had been sharpened nicely the edges that made the joints of the boat that Jack built would have been all right, and a whole day saved, whereas," springing suddenly to his feet, "if experience is to be made of use, the said Jack must begin this forenoon to sharpen tools instead of commencing on another boat. Thank you, Lucile; are you open to another engagement at turning grindstone?"

"Indeed I am, and I'm going down to the dock to see the new boat launched. I don't believe she will leak."

Nor did she. As soon as the tools were sharpened Jack went to work on the boat, and Lucile, instead of going off to her books and playthings as usual, remained with him in the little workshop, holding the pieces of board while he planed and nailed them, and after it was built painting most of the boat herself, and then, at his peremptory command, lettering in her own name, "Lucile," on the stern.

Then they took the new boat down to the dock and sailed it for an hour. When they took it out the little boat was just as dry inside as when launched.

But that was not all. Before Lucile's visit ended, a month later, Jack's workshop looked like a new place. All the tools were sharp, the oil can was kept filled, and the grindstone didn't squeak and, as Jack himself confessed, he was able to get a good many more things done, and still had time to spare.—*Boys and Girls.*

THE THING THAT LASTS.**BOYS' SCHOOL REPORTS.****And Boys' Characters.**

A good report from school is much more than a piece of paper with marks on it. These reports may be lost but the record that the boy has made cannot be lost. It has entered into the very fiber of his character, and the story of that record is a story of the growth of the boy in ability, power and character.

A sad accident that had befallen a young fellow who was graduating from the high school was being talked about at the family dinner. The boy's mother had arranged his cap and gown, and was looking forward to the graduating exercises which were to be held the next day, and at which her boy was to have special recognition for good work done. He had taken high honors, and it was to be a joyous occasion both for him and for his friends.

On that day the boy had gone in swimming and in some way was unable to recover from the danger in which he found himself. His life went out on that day which was to mean so much to him. His mother received word of her loss, and her grief was great indeed.

As the pathetic story was told, Tom, one member of the family, said earnestly: "Well, he had his honors, anyway. Nothing could ever take those from him."

There was a great sense of relief around the table as this thought pressed itself home upon the minds of the family gathered there. The boy had found the heart of the situation, and had said what needed to be said to set forth the life of the high-school boy in its true light. He never could lose what he had gained in that school period. Sudden death could not wipe out the record.

The disappointment of those who had counted upon his growing life for the years to come never could mar the story of his well-earned school honors.

That was a record that nothing could destroy, and the boy in the family group who recognized that was touching a truth that it would be well for every young fellow to recognize as he faces the daily school task, and looks forward to a year of work. The honest doing of a daily task makes its mark in the character as well as good marks on a monthly or yearly report.

A boy may have good things poured into his life by indulgent parents, and he may have a great many things that are the envy of his friends. Many of these things he can enjoy for a little time, but they are not lasting, they cannot go with him into manhood.

The gains that come to him, however, from doing his work in a thorough, workmanlike fashion, never can be taken away from his life by any wear and tear that crushes out

so easily the material things that a fellow accumulates.

A boy need not wait to grow up in order to amount to something in the world. A life that returns to the Giver of all life, when not many years have passed over that life that returns to the Giver of all life, well spent in clean, wholesome, vigorous, duty-doing, and in meeting every occasion with straightforward courage.—In "The Comrade."

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in September I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way and said, "Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not all the whine out," said Charlie. "You try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did. And the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

Try it, boys, not only when you are hurt, but whenever you feel a little blue. A whistle will scatter the clouds.—North-western.

MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.

When I was but a verdant youth,
I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth
To man's mature estate,

And none my soul so sadly tried,
Or spoke such bitter things,

As he who said that I was tied
To mother's apron strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.

But I have sighed and I have cried
O'er all the cruel stings

I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron strings.

O, happy, trustful girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.

She leads you 'mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.

If you would have the safest guide,
And drink from sweetest spring,

O, keep your hearts forever tied
To mother's apron strings.

SHE TOOK ANOTHER'S PLACE.

Vera was nearly twelve. That winter a great treat was in store for the little girl. Her parents decided to take her for a fortnight early in January to one of the higher valleys of Switzerland.

And the holiday in no way fell short of her expectations. As an intrepid little sportswoman Vera made her mark, and in tobogganing and skating expeditions she was usually to be found in the company of boys and girls much older than herself, including one young fellow of eighteen of the name of Alan Henwood. Upon this new chum of hers she promptly bestowed the nickname of "Captain Alan."

One day "Captain Alan" appeared in a new role. He was tobogganing with Vera down a sharp incline, when in some way they collided at the bottom with a stone wall, with the result that Vera slightly grazed her hand and wrist. Instantly, with many apologies for his carelessness, Alan began deftly to bandage the wounded hand.

"How cleverly you do it—quite like a doctor!"

"Thanks awfully!" Alan replied with emphasis. "You couldn't pay me a jollier compliment."

"Are you really going to be a doctor, then?"

"I *hope* so," was the answer, still in the same emphatic tone.

"I'll be your first patient."

"I'm afraid you can't. I'm not going to waste time practising in England. I shall be off to India to doctor the natives."

"The natives! Oh why?"

"Why? Because I'm going to be a medical missionary. Don't you think there are enough doctors in England to kill or cure all the population of a little island like ours? I shouldn't care to be a doctor unless I could help to cure some of those poor wretches out there who are dying with no one to do anything sensible for them."

Vera did not respond, and soon they started to go back.

"Mother. This other Alan wants to go abroad too," Vera remarked to her mother. "But—he only wants to go to India; and he talks of going as a medical missionary."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mrs. Wakeham enthusiastically.

"Oh, of course, you like missionary things ever so much, don't you, mother? I forgot."

"And medical missionary things most of all, if possible," was Mrs. Wakeham's smiling comment on this. "Why, to hear of a young fellow making such a resolve as that is to call forth for him one's admiration, and more than that—one's prayers. Yes, Vera, I think Alan has made a splendid choice, and I honour him for it."

The years that followed were very busy ones; but to both Vera and Alan study was a real delight. They worked whole-heartedly and well, and success was the reward of their efforts.

At nineteen Vera was still labouring at exams; and with a prospect of still more to follow in the future, her mother wisely called a halt, and declared that during the summer holiday that year there was to be a minimum of study with the maximum of rest and recreation.

They had come to Switzerland again, to the very same spot they had visited for the winter sports several years before. The valley in its bright peaceful colouring of summer looked if possible even more lovely than when they had seen it under winter snows. The associations of the place had awakened recollections in Vera's mind of the "Captain Alan" who had been so delightful a companion in the old days.

The evening that they arrived at the *pension* Vera returned from a short stroll to find her mother sitting on the verandah evidently waiting to impart some news.

"Vera, dear, I have been hearing news of your old friend, Alan Henwood," Mrs. Wakeham began quietly.

"Oh, is he qualified?" Vera interposed eagerly. "Or perhaps he is abroad even by this time. I should love to know his address and write and tell him I hope to be a doctor too one of these days."

"He is here, dear, in this *pension*, but—he is ill. They came here a fortnight ago. A few days later Alan was injured in a motor accident—and I fear it is a very serious matter for him."

"What advice have they had?"

"A specialist from his own hospital has been over. Yes, Alan is a qualified doctor now, and was hoping to sail for India in the autumn."

"Oh, mother, how terribly sad. Do you mean—will he never go abroad now?"

Mrs. Wakeham shook her head, but the question remained unanswered. Very sadly had the news come to cast a shadow on the brightness of their Swiss holiday.

During the days that followed the two young people renewed their friendship. Alan Henwood was able to lie out for some hours on the verandah in the cool of the day, and here it was that Vera often sought him and long conversations took place between them. Medical matters were a topic of unflinching interest to them both. The need of the people of India in their darkness for spiritual healing as well as healing of the body was dealt with unfalteringly by Alan, in spite of a failure of response from his companion.

But his words touched her deeply. She was silent because she felt the more. The whole horizon of her life became changed because of those twilight talks.

"You will do well," he was saying encouragingly. "You will pass your exams with flying colours—and then when you put up your brass plate, one at least of your life's ambitions will be realized, will it not?"

Vera leaned forward suddenly, her eyes shining suspiciously. "Oh, Alan, what do I care for brass plates? That was a childish ambition after all. No, you have given me different desires. Could I—do you think I could ever become a medical missionary? That would be an ambition worth striving for."

"Do you really mean it?" cried Alan. "But of course you do. I need not ask you such a question. Vera, this is simply delightful! A thing one has longed for and prayed for, but not a thing I should ever have dared to suggest. Why, women medical missionaries are the crying need in India to-day. And as to fitness, you have plenty of it naturally. While if God has called you, as I am sure He has, He can make you fit."

"That's what I hope, or I should never dare to think of it," said Vera humbly. "Of course, it was your having to give up India that has made me long to go instead; but still—I believe it is God who has called me, as you say. So you will pray for me, won't you?"

"I will, you may be sure. For you are my substitute, I feel. Vera, do you know you have made me very happy? It is grand to think that some one will be going in my place!"

The light was fading slowly as they talked. Very soon Vera had to go indoors. But she left her friend very happy, as he said. For what she had told him had cheered him more than anything had done since the sudden great change which had come into his life. He began to see a light upon the darkness, and to catch a glimpse of the Divine purpose.

After all, it had not all been wasted—the enthusiasm, the prayers and labours of many years, the yearning strong desire to help the people of India. He was not to be permitted to do the work himself, but another had been chosen in his place. Moreover, there was something for him to look forward to.

"God bless her!" She will make a better missionary than I!" he exclaimed confidently. "Who are we that we should plan and choose. God knows best the work for which we are fitted. Who can tell—perhaps, if it had not been for this which has happened to me, she would not have received a call to go. Now, if I know her character, she will cling to her sacred commission with all her soul and strength. For she feels (and it is perfectly true—that she is going—in another's place."—In Medical Missions.

HOW CHILDREN TRAVEL IN CHINA.

The other day I saw a Chinese family going to a friend's house. The paths are so narrow that two people cannot walk abreast, and the mother went first. This is very unusual in China. Generally the husband leads the way, and the wife follows at a respectful distance.

This lady had her face powdered and painted. Her hair was dressed in a huge bow on the top of her head, and gaudy artificial flowers and many ornamental pins were stuck round it. She had earrings, rings, and bracelets.

In her hand she carried the long pipe which the women here smoke, and she also wore the cruelly small shoes three inches long, which are now going out of fashion, as the new government has forbidden foot-binding.

How do you think the two little children travelled. Their father had a long pole over his shoulder, at each end of which a round flat basket was hung, and one of them sat in each basket, safe and comfortable, and contented. It was easy to see that the man was very fond of them, for he walked so carefully that they were not jolted, and passing through a wood he was always watching to see that the branches of the trees did not strike them as they went along.

As I looked at this man, so good and kind to his little children, I thought of the verse, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that trust in Him."

How happy we should be if we just trusted our Heavenly Father as those little children trusted their parents. Then we would never be afraid in the dark, for we are as safe in God's care at night as in the day, and we would be very careful not to grieve or leave the dear Lord who loves us so.—"Daybreak."

The Christian Church in Japan is coming to the front, and the preacher who can testify that Christ has changed character gets the largest audiences.

In Porto Rico the decisive hour of missions is seen in the tendency of the upper classes toward evangelical Christianity.

One of the encouraging signs in India is the formation of national missionary societies.

The doors in South America are open, but not off their hinges.

The Mohammedan conception of God lacks the love side.

The Church Funds, West.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Oct | Mar. 1 to Oct. 30 |
|------------------------|---------------|----------------------|
| *Home Missions.... | \$6,948.04 | \$36,657.11 |
| Foreign Missions .. | 4,488.25 | 28,139.16 |
| Widows & Orphans | 77.00 | 1,170.00 |
| Aged Ministers..... | 209.00 | 1,409.85 |
| Assembly Fund. | 391.89 | 927.99 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles... | 475.00 | 2,597.00 |
| Social Service, etc... | 595.93 | 4,871.40 |
| S. S. & Y. P. S. ... | 8,620.50 | 9,690.35 |
| Deaconess Home.... | 7.00 | 292.00 |
| Montreal College.... | 5.00 | 204.00 |
| Queen's College..... | | 223.00 |
| Knox College..... | 29.00 | 1,070.00 |
| Manitoba College.... | 7.00 | 173.00 |
| Saskatchewan College | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| Robertson College... | 15.00 | 84.00 |
| Westminster Hall.... | 25.00 | 82.00 |

*Augmentation, French Evangelization and Jewish Missions are now included in the Home Missions.

RECEIVED DURING OCTOBER

at the Presbyterian Offices, Toronto,
by Rev. John Somerville, D.D.,
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors.

Ontario.

| | | | |
|----------------------|----------|----------------------|--------|
| Dunnville | \$ 20.00 | Snow Road ss. . . | 5.10 |
| Tor., St. James Sq. | 300.00 | Port Colborne ss. . | 8.55 |
| Chatsworth ss. . . | 3.00 | Normanby, Mel. ss. | 11.00 |
| Alton ss. | 8.50 | Caledonia ss. . . . | 6.77 |
| Zephyr ss. | 24.00 | Roslin ss. | 8.00 |
| Bothwell ss. . . . | 2.95 | Dickson's Cors., ss. | 2.25 |
| Dorchester ss. . . | 7.61 | Nicolson ss. | 7.41 |
| Owen Sd., Div. St. | 25.59 | Rosemont ss. . . . | 3.40 |
| Eversley ss. | 12.25 | Sandhurst ss. . . . | 3.60 |
| Fenelon Falls | 90.00 | Guelph, St. And. ss. | 12.75 |
| Zephyr | 30.00 | Woodstock, Chal. | 150.00 |
| Elmira ss. | 4.75 | Preston | 206.50 |
| Baden ss. | 4.00 | Paris | 700.00 |
| Harrison, Guth. ss. | 13.56 | Guelph, St. And. | 135.00 |
| Norval ss. | 8.10 | Walkerville ss. . . | 35.00 |
| Ancaster ss. . . . | 6.00 | W. Williams, ss. | 8.30 |
| Clifford ss. | 13.61 | King, St. And. ss. | 12.00 |
| Bear Creek ss. . . | 7.15 | Silverwater, ss. . . | 5.00 |
| Langside ss. . . . | 16.30 | Grand Bend ss. . . | 30.00 |
| Glenallan | 30.00 | Lecebe ss. | 1.72 |
| Smithville | 4.00 | Rylstone | 22.00 |
| Wellesley, Zion ss. | 5.00 | Perth, Knox | 222.00 |
| Winchstr Spgs ss. | 18.00 | Arthur | 42.00 |
| Ham. Laid. Mem. ss. | 13.00 | Tor., Evangel | 3.93 |
| Dunblane ss. . . . | 6.00 | Bur River ss. . . . | 2.20 |
| Hornby ss. | 3.95 | West Lorne | 40.00 |
| Arnprior ss. . . . | 6.25 | Avonbank | 90.00 |
| Kenmore ss. . . . | 6.51 | Harrison, Kx. ss. | 8.75 |
| Euphemia, Cam. ss. | 1.75 | Unionville ss. . . | 5.00 |
| Ashburn ss. | 5.50 | Murray's ss. | 2.37 |
| Beattie's ss. . . . | 2.53 | N. Derby ss. | 3.43 |
| Lavant Sta. ss. . . | 1.00 | Meaford ss. | 8.03 |
| Rowmanville ss. . | 6.50 | Thamesville ss. . . | 25.50 |
| Little's Cor's. ss. | 1.25 | Mar ss. | 3.00 |
| Kew Beach ss. . . | 29.40 | Scarboro, St. A. ss. | 18.50 |
| Puslinch, Duff ss. | 15.67 | Chatham Tp. New | |
| Brooklyn Miss. ss. | 4.65 | St. A. ss. | 1.75 |
| Durham ss. | 12.10 | Plummer, ss. . . . | 2.30 |
| Burns' ss. | 4.00 | Prenton ss. | 2.50 |
| Petrolia ss. | 10.27 | Markham ss. . . . | 6.50 |
| | | Annington ss. . . | 7.65 |
| | | Burgoyne ss. . . . | 7.00 |
| | | St. Thos. Alma ss. | 13.25 |

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|-----------------------|----------|------------------------|----------|
| S. Plympton | 24.00 | Fletcher ss. | 8.00 |
| Strabane | 29.00 | Fenelon Falls | 10.50 |
| Hillsdale ss. . . . | 9.00 | Culloden ss. . . . | 9.75 |
| Carholme ss. . . . | 5.80 | Molesworth ss. . . | 7.56 |
| Cheltenham ss. . . | 9.50 | Ropley, Knox ss. . | 10.00 |
| Branchton | 14.00 | Cookstown ss. . . . | 11.00 |
| Glenallan ss. . . . | 5.85 | Barrie ss. | 5.60 |
| Blackheath ss. . . | 16.50 | Tarbert | 5.33 |
| Drayton ss. | 8.00 | Showers' Cors. ss. | 4.50 |
| Clifford ss. | 4.00 | Curry Hill ss. . . . | 4.10 |
| Moonstone ss. . . . | 5.23 | Almonte | 200.00 |
| Peterboro, Kx. ss. | 22.50 | Maple Valley | 50.00 |
| Mt. Pleasant ss. . | 11.00 | Camlachie | 45.63 |
| Ivy ss. | 7.67 | Rothsay ss. | 5.65 |
| Pt. Edward ss. . . . | 6.25 | Crowland | 19.00 |
| Burk's Falls ss. . . | 4.75 | Muncey Road, l. aid | 12.00 |
| Chatham Tp., Chal. | | Edgar & Vernon | |
| ss. | 6.00 | Matthews, Roy | |
| Alliston ss. | 8.35 | Bissonnette | 39.00 |
| Eganville ss. . . . | 13.05 | Port Wm., St. And. | |
| Bayfield ss. & gld. | 10.00 | Miss. ss. | 6.55 |
| Baysville ss. . . . | 4.00 | Barwick ss. | 5.00 |
| Harriston, Kx. gld. | 3.50 | Sarnia, St. And. | 300.00 |
| W. Nottawasaga ss. | 5.63 | Brown's Cors. | 15.00 |
| Lonsdale ss. | 5.65 | ss. | 5.35 |
| Demorestville ss. . | 2.70 | Whitechurch ss. . . | 22.67 |
| Burnstown ss. . . . | 9.00 | Lon., Chal. ss. . . . | 3.00 |
| Foxboro ss. | 4.25 | Lon., St. And. ss. . | 25.73 |
| Deseronto ss. . . . | 7.00 | Bradford ss. | 6.60 |
| Markstay ss. . . . | 1.80 | Duart ss. | 3.00 |
| Motherwell | 25.00 | Crinan ss. | 12.00 |
| Melbourne, Guthrie | 50.00 | Eden Mills ss. . . . | 1.71 |
| Harriston, Guth. | 21.60 | North Erin ss. . . . | 2.00 |
| Tor., Deer Park | 1,200.00 | Banks ss. | 13.40 |
| Nestleton | 2.50 | Calabogie ss. . . . | 1.50 |
| Chesterville ss. . . | 7.00 | Stittsville ss. . . . | 5.00 |
| Harris ss. | 1.00 | Osgoode Sta. ss. . . | 4.00 |
| Mattawa ss. | 3.41 | Grey Tp. No. 4 ss. | 2.32 |
| Yarley ss. | 1.85 | Harwich ss. | 2.50 |
| Barrie | 80.00 | Eldon Sta. ss. . . . | 1.00 |
| Mrs. A. Lawrence | 75.00 | Elphinst. ss. . . . | 5.30 |
| Preston ss. | 5.25 | Jasper ss. | 2.00 |
| N. Ekfrid ss. | 4.50 | Pt. Alexandria ss. . | 1.46 |
| Norman ss. | 3.15 | Caledon | 17.00 |
| Desboro ss. | 10.72 | Bracebridge | 55.00 |
| S. Ste. Marie, St. | 11.20 | Weston | 45.00 |
| Pa. ss. | 530.00 | Lan. Renfrew Pres. | 256.00 |
| Wingham ss. . . . | 5.00 | Kilsyth | 35.00 |
| Owen Sd., Div. | 9.00 | Ventnor | 7.00 |
| Harwood ss. | 2.00 | Brooksedale | 50.00 |
| Pinkerton ss. . . . | 161.93 | Mr., Mrs. John Pen- | 300.00 |
| Ely ss. | 3.50 | man | |
| Keene | 7.00 | Oneida | 39.00 |
| Bright ss. | 5.00 | ss. | 25.00 |
| Valetta ss. | 5.00 | Davisville ss. . . . | 9.52 |
| W. Lorne ss. | 4.20 | Est. W. K. Marshall | 8,550.00 |
| Mono Mills ss. . . | 14.83 | Tor., Chinese | 22.35 |
| Camilla ss. | 7.62 | Twelve Mile Lake | 8.00 |
| Inwood ss. | 15.00 | Bracebridge, ss. . . | 11.94 |
| Stewart ss. | 8.00 | Ventry ss. | 7.75 |
| Cotton Beaver ss. | 4.00 | Fraser, Mt. Pleas. ss. | 19.00 |
| Strathroy ss. . . . | 8.30 | Peterboro, St. A. ss. | 16.04 |
| Queensville ss. . . | 2.76 | Sarnia, St. A. ss. . | 10.00 |
| Eldon Sta. ss. . . . | 4.00 | Raleigh ss. | 6.97 |
| Allensville ss. . . | 7.00 | Brighton ss. | 7.75 |
| Aylmer, Kx. ss. . . | 10.80 | Thornhill ss. . . . | 3.00 |
| Caradoc ss. | 15.50 | Alvinston ss. . . . | 5.07 |
| Mandaumin ss. . . | 11.00 | Richmond Hill ss. . | 8.00 |
| Tor., Victoria ss. | 1,000.00 | Bridgeburg ss. . . . | 5.00 |
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| Orillia | 75.00 | Kirkhill ss. | 9.00 |
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| Ayr, Knox | 12.00 | Fingal | 8.00 |
| Collinville | 10.00 | Esplin ss. | 6.00 |
| Rv. R. Harkness | 3.00 | Knox, Bentpath ss. | 5.21 |
| Matawatchan | 1.70 | Hyde Park ss. . . . | 6.00 |
| Green Bank ss. . . | 3.25 | Guelph, Chal. ss. . | 11.00 |
| Muskoka Falls ss. | 2.00 | Greenbush ss. . . . | 1.19 |
| Levendale ss. . . . | 4.00 | Sarawak ss. | 3.41 |
| Matawatchan ss. | 4.30 | Merrittton ss. . . . | 8.00 |
| Elizabeth Bay ss. | 8.05 | W. Flamboro' ss. . . | 4.59 |
| Bell's Corners ss. | 3.80 | Barr's ss. | 4.00 |
| Lenark ss. | 12.10 | Embro, Knox ss. . . | 2.00 |
| Atlikon | 14.40 | Goderich ss. | 10.75 |
| Sellwood | 3.50 | Minden | 3.50 |
| ss. | 3.00 | Haliburton | 2.00 |
| " Jct. ss. | 8.80 | Allsaw | 1.00 |
| Mattland ss. . . . | 28.26 | W. Adelaide ss. . . | 7.57 |
| Crawford ss. . . . | 2.50 | Alisa Craig ss. . . | 6.00 |
| Exeter ss. | 10.12 | Paris ss. | 6.00 |
| W. Bentinck ss. . . | 3.00 | Tweed ss. | 5.70 |
| Chalk River ss. . . | 1.00 | Bury's Green ss. . . | 5.00 |
| Oro Station ss. . . | 5.85 | Halville ss. | 5.00 |
| Oliver Tp. ss. . . . | | | |
| Cranbrook ss. . . . | | | |

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| Carp ss. | 10.00 | Depot Harbor ss. | 10.00 | Goderich | 300.00 | Lynden ss. | 6.00 |
| Brookville, 1st ss. | 18.05 | Berkeley ss. | 2.25 | Rv. K. M. Easson | 10.50 | Yarmouth ss. | 5.20 |
| Vars ss. | 2.00 | Holland ss. | 1.54 | Washago, 1. aid | 15.00 | Vaughan, Kx. ss. | 6.50 |
| Paisley | 31.00 | Thamesford ss. | 5.70 | Belleville, St. A. | 63.00 | Strabane ss. | 10.00 |
| Tara | 32.00 | Otta, Stewrtm ss. | 16.00 | Burlington | 34.00 | Ham., St. John's | 300.00 |
| Holstein | 58.00 | Westboro ss. | 4.40 | Stewartville ss. | 5.00 | Douglass ss. | 5.00 |
| Cornwall, Kx. | 1,300.00 | Athens ss. | 3.50 | Scarboro, Zi. abc. | 50.00 | Newbury ss. | 4.50 |
| Millbrook | 10.48 | Dewars ss. | 3.00 | " " ss. | 8.00 | Collingwood ss. | 20.00 |
| Mayfield ss. | 3.20 | Aultsville ss. | 9.25 | Merivale ss. | 3.24 | Armow ss. | 5.00 |
| Cedar Grove ss. | 5.00 | Edmondville | 16.08 | Eau Claire, Gal- | 8.80 | Port Stanley ss. | 5.00 |
| Drummond Hill ss. | 14.00 | Cottesloe ss. | 4.00 | ston, Bonfield ss. | 4.00 | Elma, ss. No. 2 | 2.00 |
| Blake | 34.00 | Moore Line ss. | 4.75 | Dungannon ss. | 4.00 | Mount Albert ss. | 7.40 |
| " ss. | 6.00 | Inwood ss. | 3.99 | Lon., New St. Jas. 1,000.00 | 16.00 | Ellengowan ss. | 3.82 |
| Hornby | 11.00 | Smith's Hill ss. | 5.00 | Morewood ss. | 8.00 | Campbellville ss. | 13.00 |
| Omagh | 13.00 | Port Dalhousie ss. | 10.00 | Waterloo ss. | 16.00 | Westport ss. | 6.30 |
| London, King | 110.00 | Centreville ss. | 8.00 | E. Adelaide ss. | 4.10 | Bishop's Mills ss. | 3.75 |
| Marmora | 10.00 | Dundalk ss. | 7.00 | Sunbury ss. | 4.00 | East Oxford ss. | 8.00 |
| Stirling ss. | 5.35 | Malta ss. | 3.10 | Billings Edge ss. | 8.26 | Wyoming | 28.50 |
| Pt. Arthur, St. Pa. | 16.80 | Wyevale ss. | 8.05 | Farran's Point ss. | 7.00 | Mrs. Wm. Drummond | 5.00 |
| ss. | 16.80 | Gibson ss. | 3.55 | Edam ss. | 8.25 | Brookville, 1st | 250.00 |
| Korah ss. | 1.75 | Port Credit | 55.00 | Brantford, Balf. ss. | 7.00 | Centre Road | 143.14 |
| Deshboro | 2.30 | Melrose | 22.00 | Acton ss. | 8.00 | Claude | 115.00 |
| Kirkwall ss. | 2.50 | St. Cath., 1st | 350.00 | Gorrie ss. | 6.40 | " ss. | 5.00 |
| Fergus, St. A. ss. | 9.84 | " " ss. | 14.00 | Esson ss. | 8.35 | Flos ss. | 5.61 |
| Eramosa, 1st ss. | 7.50 | Rockville ss. | .62 | Middlevil, Darling | 90.00 | Bothwell ss. | .50 |
| Bruce Mines ss. | 4.33 | Warren ss. | 3.24 | Beechwood | 40.00 | Primrose ss. | 8.00 |
| Arkona ss. | 4.00 | Tomstown ss. | 1.75 | Berlin | 100.00 | Seymour W., Br. ss. | 4.70 |
| Clifford, Kx. | 114.00 | Loring ss. | 9.00 | Rv. Jas. Hastie | 5.00 | Giroux Lake ss. | 2.00 |
| Woodbridge | 51.00 | Verschoye ss. | 6.25 | Hay Bay ss. | 1.25 | Little Current ss. | 3.00 |
| " ss. | 9.00 | Weston ss. | 8.00 | Meldrum Bay ss. | 4.00 | Ravenswood ss. | 15.00 |
| Richmond Hill | 15.00 | St. John's ss. | 2.00 | Northcote ss. | 10.00 | Rv. T. H. Mitchell | 23.60 |
| Wick ss. | 10.95 | Tor., College | 1,000.00 | Port Hope | 100.00 | Tor., Chal. | 500.00 |
| Tor., Wmstr. | 21.00 | Bethesda ss. | 4.00 | Rv. Hugh McLean | 10.00 | Angus | 7.70 |
| Bright ss. | .65 | Walton | 90.00 | Creemore ss. | 6.30 | ss. | 5.00 |
| Padies ss. | 5.78 | " " ss. | 13.00 | Fort Frances ss. | 10.50 | Bethel ss. | 2.75 |
| Mallorytown ss. | 3.50 | Markdale ss. | 5.00 | Dover | 14.00 | Botany ss. | 5.63 |
| Torbolton ss. ypg. | 11.00 | Tor., Bonar ss. | 62.00 | Tor., S'side | 83.90 | Cresswell ss. | 4.00 |
| Cornwall, St. Jno. | ss. | Melrose | 3.55 | " " ss. | 10.00 | Gravel Hill ss. | 4.00 |
| Woodlands ss. | 17.50 | S. Bentinck ss. | 2.00 | Underwood ss. | 14.00 | Bervie ss. | 2.65 |
| Beechwood ss. | 10.20 | Tor., Rosedale | 1,000.00 | Georgetown ss. | 11.00 | Ashton ss. | 5.00 |
| Tor., Dufferin ss. | 13.00 | Spurcedale ss. | 2.00 | Limehouse ss. | 11.00 | Oro ss. | 5.00 |
| N. Bruce ss. | 5.00 | Auburn ss. | 5.00 | Toi., Cooke ss. | 24.61 | Ballyduff ss. | 2.00 |
| Belwood ss. | 10.00 | Wardsville ss. | 8.10 | Alma | 17.25 | Beamsville ss. | 2.55 |
| Dalhousie ss. | 6.00 | Guthrie ss. | 2.38 | McIntosh ss. | 4.79 | E. Zorra, 10th Line | 7.00 |
| Raymond ss. | 4.28 | Tiverton ss. | 8.40 | Winthrop ss. | 9.50 | ss. | 33.00 |
| Caledon E. ss. | 2.50 | Almonte ss. | 10.00 | Quaker Hill ss. | 7.86 | Sunnidale | 310.00 |
| Napier ss. | 3.00 | 1st Essa ss. | 8.65 | Mt. Brydges ss. | 7.73 | Morton, Lyndhrst, | 51.00 |
| Wyoming ss. | 4.35 | Glamis ss. | 5.50 | Lyn ss. | 4.55 | Cal. | 30.00 |
| Duntroon ss. | 11.75 | Gordonville ss. | 6.80 | Callander ss. | 9.00 | Baeventon, Kx. | 33.60 |
| Braeside ss. | 3.63 | Colquhoun ss. | 6.70 | Brougham ss. | 1.32 | Clinton | 70.00 |
| Coboconk ss. | 14.00 | Otta., Erskine ss. | 11.40 | St. Vincent ss. | 9.00 | Appin | 14.50 |
| Knimount ss. | 5.00 | Airlie ss. | 4.00 | W. Adelaide | 8.30 | Sonya ss. | 6.00 |
| Lakefield ss. | 4.00 | Pictou ss. | 4.00 | Paisley ss. | 5.00 | Madoc, St. Col. ss. | 55.00 |
| Newburgh ss. | 14.90 | McArthur's Mills ss. | 2.10 | Appleton | 2.29 | N. Easthope | 4.00 |
| N. Mornington ss. | 12.20 | Bancroft ss. | 1.25 | Uptergrove ss. | 3.45 | Arthur bc. | 40.00 |
| Sutton ss. | 6.35 | Tor., Cooke's | 28.00 | Windham Centre ss. | 5.85 | " mb. | 4.30 |
| Burford ss. | 4.50 | Milliken | 8.00 | Newcastle ss. | 11.45 | Plum Creek ss. | 2.00 |
| Leaskdale ss. | 6.51 | Irv. James Black | 8.20 | Reidsville ss. | 6.55 | Midland | 430.00 |
| Thornbury ss. | 2.45 | Pevnsy, Hartfell ss. | 2.95 | Sudbury ss. | 15.50 | S. Gloucestr ss. | 6.60 |
| Lon., St. Paul | 4.57 | Bethel ss. | 3.00 | Warsaw ss. | 8.00 | Metcalfe ss. | 7.84 |
| Merrickville ss. | 1.00 | Little Rapids ss. | 2.50 | Rockland ss. | 4.41 | Ham., Chal. ss. | 3.25 |
| Cedar Valley ss. | 7.07 | W. Williams | 3.50 | Hawkesbury ss. | 300.00 | Fairfax ss. | 14.75 |
| Cobden ss. | 6.15 | Corbett ss. | 9.00 | Hickston ss. | 463.00 | Brussels ss. | 7.38 |
| Niagara, St. A. | 13.00 | Shenstone ss. | 8.41 | Elmvale ss. | 55.00 | W. Huntingdon ss. | 2.60 |
| Southampton ss. | 5.50 | Pt. Arthur, Kx. ss. | 4.88 | Ham., St. Paul ss. | 400.08 | Bannockburn ss. | 6.00 |
| Doon ss. | 400.00 | Richard's Landg. ss. | 7.00 | Woodstock, Kx. | 700.00 | Springfield ss. | 12.00 |
| Tor., Dovercourt | 12.00 | Vaughan Tp., St. A. | 5.50 | Victoria Harbor | 3.00 | Theford ss. | 7.00 |
| Dundalk | 22.00 | Penetang'shene ss. | 4.00 | Bluevale ss. | 4.50 | Sunderland ss. | 12.00 |
| Glenmorris | 40.75 | Tavistock ss. | 8.00 | Tor., Wychwood | 13.00 | Maple Valley ss. | 3.00 |
| Ravenswood | 154.00 | Kilsly, abc. | 3.00 | Tor., Grosvenor | 4.00 | Marmora ss. | 10.00 |
| Arnprior | 5.00 | Harriston, Kx. gld. | 5.05 | Consecon | 18.81 | Ham., Calvin ss. | 500.00 |
| Corunna | 50.00 | Harristn, Guth. ce. | 6.30 | Englehart ss. | 4.00 | Kingston, Chal. | 7.00 |
| Gr. Orange Lodge, | 15.00 | Baden | 3.00 | Thurlow ss. | 81.30 | Annan ss. | 80.00 |
| Ont. E. | 47.50 | Chesterfield gld. | 5.00 | Fuller ss. | 300.00 | Southampton | 5.92 |
| Waterbourne | 15.00 | Ennotville ss. | 6.05 | Moncrieff ss. | 2.00 | S. S. No. 6, Kin- | 10.00 |
| Erin | 152.00 | Kilbride ss. | 25.00 | Laglan ss. | 2.00 | Ethel ss. | 9.70 |
| St. Mary's, 1st | 1.30 | Strangfield | 14.00 | Shelburne | 1.56 | Listowel | 400.00 |
| Spence ss. | 5.00 | Peterboro friend | 21.00 | Tor., Bonar ss. | 9.55 | Unionville ss., hom. | 3.00 |
| Grattan ss. | 3.00 | Glenmorris ss. | 7.00 | Macleanan ss. | 4.00 | Dept. | 16.90 |
| Providence Bay ss. | 8.40 | Grimsby ss. | 6.30 | Desbarats ss. | 4.20 | Rv. R. McIntyre | 1.43 |
| Ham., St. Pa. ss. | 5.65 | Harrington ss. | 21.60 | Port Lock ss. | 4.20 | Edwards, Knox ss. | 17.75 |
| Watson's Cors. ss. | 2.78 | Belleville, St. A. ss. | 3.80 | Port Lock ss. | 6.51 | Wolfstown ss. | 6.70 |
| Eldorado | 26.00 | Atwood ss. | 6.00 | Mansfield ss. | 7.00 | Ventnor ss. | 14.00 |
| Cochrane guild | 2.40 | Glenarn abc. | 15.00 | Aberarder ss. | 8.40 | Ross ss. | 10.45 |
| Roseau ss. | 17.85 | Paramount ss. | 6.35 | Warsaw ss. | 5.75 | Palis, St. A. | 8.00 |
| Ingersoll ss. | 3.52 | Wallacbg, Kx. ss. | 18.00 | Guelph, Knox | 3.00 | Garnbridge ss. | 1.54 |
| Black Creek ss. | 59.00 | Band Head ss. | 53.85 | Belmore ss. | 3.00 | Watford ss. | 8.50 |
| Parry Sound | 43.00 | Schreiber | 14.11 | Turin ss. | 70.00 | | |
| " ss. | 800.00 | Tweed | 50.00 | Williamsford ss. | | | |
| Tor., Knox | 44.00 | Lon. St. And. | 1,000.00 | Hawkesville ss. | | | |
| Keady | 3.27 | Beth's Mills | 70.00 | Walckerton ss. | | | |
| Latchford ss. | 2.10 | Exeter | | Brooklin ss. | | | |
| Valens ss. | | Molesworth | | Buxton ss. | | | |

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|-------------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|----------|---------------------------------|--------|------------------------------------|----------|
| Arthur | 3.25 | Berriedale ss. | 6.00 | Beaverton, Kx. | 20.00 | Rv. W. T. Prittie | 8.00 |
| London, 1st | 325.00 | Finch ss. | 5.00 | Chatham, Chal. | 114.00 | Rv. A. W. Shepherd | 8.00 |
| Bolton | 115.00 | Glensandfield ss. | 7.00 | Dorchester | 14.00 | Rv. Dr. Armstrong | 15.45 |
| Peterboro, St. Pa. | 200.50 | Dunwich ss. | 10.50 | Guelph, St. A. | 100.00 | Thedford | 64.54 |
| Vasey, ss. | 10.50 | Dresden ss. | 12.45 | Rv. F. Ballantyne | 8.30 | Rv. A. R. Linton | 8.00 |
| Tor., St. And. ss. | 12.00 | Billings ss. | 2.40 | Rv. J. R. Conn | 8.00 | Puce | 15.00 |
| S. Missouri | 24.00 | Tor., Riverdale | 100.00 | Rv. S. H. Gray | 8.00 | Renaud Line | 2.00 |
| Kemble ss. | 3.40 | Esther Mitchell | 20.00 | Rv. Dr. Moore | 8.00 | Rv. D. McLaren | 2.85 |
| Aurora ss. | 7.40 | Cruikshank ss. | 3.00 | Owen St., Div. | 194.02 | Townline ss. | 50.00 |
| Hymers ss. | 1.50 | Sydenham, St. Pa. | 5.00 | Seymour, St. And. | 60.00 | Margaret Craig | 6.38 |
| Komoka ss. | 11.50 | ss. | 5.00 | Oro, Enson | 28.00 | Chippawa ss. | 5.00 |
| Norwood ss. | 6.50 | Oro, Willis ss. | 8.00 | Kimsley | 5.00 | Castleford ss. | 10.00 |
| Idlerton ss. | 1.55 | Pine Grove ss. | 5.08 | Rv. Orr Bonnet | 18.90 | Goshen ss. | 115.00 |
| Brampton ss. | 12.00 | Amprior ss. | 23.27 | Rv. C. H. Thompson | 18.90 | Kintore | 95.00 |
| Sixteen ss. | 4.00 | Nottawasaga ss. | 4.50 | Elk Lake | 2.79 | Avonton | 43.00 |
| Lansdowne ss. | 10.00 | Becton ss. | 10.00 | Ferguson Mem. ss. | 15.97 | Zorra | 15.15 |
| Tor., Forest Hill ss. | 6.00 | Streetsville ss. | 10.00 | Rv. T. A. Watson | 6.55 | Dr. J. B. Fraser | 25.00 |
| Brantford, St. A. ss. | 5.00 | Hann, St. And. | 40.08 | Rainy River, Kx. ss. | 16.00 | Annan ss. | 8.00 |
| Blackstock ss. | 3.65 | Otta, St. And. | 2,200.00 | Kintyre ss. | 12.51 | Rv. W. J. Booth | 8.00 |
| Temple Hill ss. | 4.00 | Guelph, Chal. | 850.00 | Rv. D. Farquhar-son | 8.00 | Rv. R. M. Dickey | 20.68 |
| Burns ss. | 10.80 | Baldersn, Drumd | 57.70 | son | 8.00 | Rv. H. Drumm | 8.00 |
| Port Wm., St. A. ss. | 26.74 | Lindsay | 400.00 | Rv. A. M. Haig | 13.65 | Rv. G. Gilmore | 8.00 |
| Monkton ss. | 4.85 | Craigvale ss. | 7.00 | Rv. T. J. Jewitt | 14.00 | Rv. J. A. Matheson | 16.60 |
| Manitowaning ss. | 3.00 | Motherwell | 33.35 | Hollen | 120.00 | Rv. D. A. McCuaig | 8.00 |
| Tor., Davenport ss. | 3.60 | Sarnia, St. Pa. | 30.00 | Thamesford | 33.00 | Rv. D. M. Macleod | 11.81 |
| Tait's Cors. ss. | 5.00 | Rodney | 44.00 | Mt. Hamilton | 57.25 | Rv. J. Richardson | 3.40 |
| Motherwell ss. | 5.00 | Moore ss. | 5.00 | Chatsworth | 200.00 | Aspdin ss. | 6.25 |
| Westwood ss. | 12.00 | Edenvale ss. | 8.75 | Kanckle Hill | 11.04 | ss. | 6.16 |
| Greenbank ss. | 7.02 | Mrs. J. McMillan | 5.00 | Kars ss. | 4.60 | Rv. W. C. McLeod | 8.00 |
| Springville ss. | 4.00 | Bear Creek | 150.00 | Nashville ss. | 8.00 | Tor., Cowan | 125.00 |
| Sulphide ss. | 3.00 | Dresden | 9.60 | Rv. T. A. Bell | 8.00 | Rv. J. M. Dickson | 14.34 |
| Selbright ss. | 11.00 | Uxbridge ss. | 15.00 | Rv. James Hastie | 8.00 | Rv. J. P. McQuarrie | 8.00 |
| Saltfleet ss. | 5.50 | Latona ss. | 4.50 | Rv. John Lindsay | 12.51 | | |
| Westmstr, 1st | 250.00 | Richmond | 10.15 | Rv. S. H. Moyer | 8.00 | | |
| Stirling | 12.00 | Manotick ss. | 51.00 | Rv. J. Radford | 8.00 | | |
| Grand Bend | 12.00 | Rayfield | 32.00 | Rv. Dr. G. H. Smith | 8.00 | | |
| E. Gloucester | 115.00 | Kirkton | 9.00 | Rv. J. Steele | 14.73 | Mont., St. John's ss. \$ | 8.95 |
| Colbourg | 326.00 | ss. | 10.00 | Rv. J. U. Tanner | 15.54 | Avoca ss. | 70.00 |
| Blenheim | 25.10 | Thames Road ss. | 8.90 | Rv. J. H. Turnbull | 8.00 | Kingsley | 3.00 |
| Egmondville | 99.00 | 2nd W. Gwilmory ss. | 26.00 | Rv. W. D. Turner | 12.51 | ss. | 11.00 |
| Port Dover | 54.00 | Bolton | 400.00 | Rv. W. J. Watt | 50.00 | Kinnear Mills ss. | 16.00 |
| Pefferlaw ss. | 7.71 | Stratford, Kx. | 23.00 | Burgoyne ss. | 10.00 | Mont., Livingstn ss. | 5.00 |
| Black Bank ss. | 2.00 | Norsey Brant | 2.25 | Rv. A. Wilson | 12.24 | Holton | 7.00 |
| Durham | 115.00 | Massey ss. | 74.00 | Rv. A. B. Winchester | 15.00 | Pt. Fortune | 300.00 |
| Londesboro' ss. | 8.52 | Gravenhurst ss. | 300.00 | Rv. Geo. Yule | 65.00 | Mont., St. Giles' | 800.00 |
| Tor. Credit ss. | 35.65 | Scarboro, Kx. | 5.40 | Otta, Pres. | 2.72 | Que., Chal. ss. | 3.25 |
| Arthur ss. | 12.45 | Oakdale ss. | 100.00 | Caledon E. | 8.00 | Aethelstan ss. | 14.21 |
| Beaverton, Kx. ss. | 12.75 | J. Dinwoody | 5.00 | Novar ss. | 8.00 | Lacroix ss. | 25.00 |
| Maxville ss. | 10.00 | Tor., Evangel | 16.60 | Rv. J. A. Cranston | 47.75 | Joliet ss. | 4.00 |
| Tamworth ss. | 3.82 | Rodney ss. | 9.60 | Rv. S. A. Woods | 10.23 | Ormsdown ss. | 4.72 |
| Gananoque ss. | 15.00 | Misses Armour | 950.00 | Thedford | 12.85 | Desert ss. | 5.00 |
| Ham., McNab St. ss. | 5.50 | Galt, Central | 9.00 | Richard Landing | 8.00 | Oak Bay ss. | 26.50 |
| Cromarty ss. | 8.30 | Kenyon | 95.00 | Mountain | 23.15 | Rockfield | 25.00 |
| Milverton ss. | 11.75 | Baltic Cor. ss. | 4.00 | Rv. G. F. N. Atkinson | 10.00 | ss. | 50.00 |
| Cotswold ss. | 2.41 | Greenfield ss. | 8.00 | Rv. Hugh Cowan | 10.00 | Hampden, Milan ss. | 10.43 |
| Southwold ss. | 26.00 | Stewart Glen ss. | 15.00 | Dr. John Ross | 15.00 | Canano ss. | 3.45 |
| Queensboro' ss. | 4.50 | Skye ss. | 13.00 | S. Kinloss | 400.00 | Rv. A. Dow Cornett | 3.00 |
| S. Mountain ss. | 8.00 | Fraser's ss. | 12.00 | Brucefield | 8.00 | Cote de Liesse ss. | 5.00 |
| Fitzroy Hrbr. ss. | 7.12 | Dunvegan ss. | 9.00 | Rv. L. W. Thom | 13.00 | Riverfield ss. | 2.30 |
| Smithville ss. | 3.49 | Glenegary ss. | 2.90 | A Friend | 20.00 | Port Daniel ss. | 11.60 |
| Esquessing To. | 11.62 | Sowerby ss. | 12.50 | Tor., Old St. A. | 4.00 | Dundee Centre | 4.52 |
| Ernestown ss. | 4.00 | Tor., Doversert yps. | 5.00 | Rv. J. W. Cameron | 24.00 | Keld's ss. | 8.00 |
| Adjala ss. | 2.35 | S. Wmstr, St. And. | 5.00 | Rv. W. T. Percy | 30.00 | Hemmingford ss. | 312.00 |
| Churchill ss. | 10.00 | ss. | 5.00 | Rv. J. McClung | 4.01 | Ormsdown | 8.00 |
| Comber ss. | 10.05 | Sunnidale Cor. ss. | 5.00 | Mt. Pleasant ss. | 245.00 | Mont. (cong. not given) | 4.00 |
| N. Lunenburg ss. | 10.40 | Kent Bridge ss. | 3.70 | Fassifern ss. | 12.88 | Lachine ss. | 13.00 |
| Lochinvar ss. | 12.00 | Longford ss. | 7.00 | Kingstn, Cooke ss. | 8.00 | Huntingdon ss. | 4.25 |
| Galt, 1st Ch. | 210.00 | Tor., College ss. | 20.00 | St. George ss. | 13.00 | Verdun, J. Barbour | 5.00 |
| Tor., "F" | 50.00 | Port Albert ss. | 4.00 | Woodstock, Chal. | 17.00 | cl. | 3.80 |
| N. Mornington | 41.00 | Nairn ss. | 24.00 | Flesherton ss. | 75.00 | Longueuil ss. | 2,500.00 |
| Rv. R. McNabb | 8.00 | Bathurst, S. Sherb. | 30.00 | Smith Falls, St. A. | 13.00 | English Riv., Howick | 130.00 |
| Casselman | 10.00 | Demorestvil | 4.01 | Walkerton | 12.00 | Westmount, St. A. | 2,200.00 |
| ss. | 6.00 | Glenegary Pres. | 2.00 | Shannonville | 202.81 | Mont. 1st ss. | 23.30 |
| Rv. M. N. Bethune | 8.00 | Rv. H. Bollingbroke | 8.00 | Warkworth | 55.00 | Dundee Centre | 59.00 |
| Tor., N. Broadview | 100.00 | Rv. A. H. Macfarlane | 8.00 | Blyth | 175.00 | Escuminac Flats ss. | 2.25 |
| Baxter ss. | 9.00 | Rainy River | 10.00 | Ailsa Craig | 75.00 | Escuminac Riv. ss. | 1.75 |
| Copper Cliff ss. | 4.00 | Lon., King b.s. | 13.00 | Carlisle | 13.00 | Wakefield ss. | 9.00 |
| Morningside ss. | 4.48 | Wroxteter ss. | 9.00 | Rv. G. D. Campbell | 76.00 | Masham ss. | 6.50 |
| Cedarville ss. | 7.50 | Kincardine ss. | 10.78 | Rv. J. G. Greig | 13.00 | Beloit Sta. ss. | 4.00 |
| Corbetton ss. | 10.00 | Hampden | 15.70 | Rv. W. M. Kay | 8.97 | Chelsea, Cantley | 30.00 |
| Glencoe | 51.00 | Jarvis | 26.00 | Rv. Peter Nicol | 18.00 | Lower Litchfield ss. | 5.00 |
| ss. | 15.00 | Eglington ss. | 58.75 | Rv. James Ross | 18.00 | Dewittville ss. | 2.00 |
| Teeswater ss. | 20.40 | E. Oxford | 33.00 | Rv. J. L. Small | 50.00 | Aylmer | 50.00 |
| Mt. Forest ss. | 13.00 | Dr. R. D. Fraser | 8.00 | Rv. Donald Stewart | 15.97 | Grand Mere ss. | 18.00 |
| Grass Hill ss. | 4.00 | Monkland ss. | 3.25 | Rv. W. S. Wright | 81.00 | Westmt., Wmstr. | 50.00 |
| Roy's ss. | 9.70 | Fallowfield ss. | 6.00 | Rv. J. R. McCrim-son | 15.97 | Black Cape ss. | 15.00 |
| Rockaway ss. | 9.00 | R. Nottawasaga ss. | 7.08 | Jarvis ss. | | | |
| Eugenia | 18.00 | Cahtown ss. | 12.75 | Walpole | | | |
| St. Cath., Kx. | 250.00 | Guelph, Kx. Br. ss. | 10.00 | Golspie ss. | | | |
| A Friend | 10.00 | Balderson ss. | 5.60 | Garden Hill ss. | | | |
| W. Puslinch | 20.00 | Tavistock ss. | 7.66 | Gravenhurst | | | |
| Elshire ss. | 5.00 | Kempville, ex. bc., | 75.00 | Rv. D. N. Morden | | | |

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|---------------------------------|---------|-----------------------------|---------|-------------------------------|-------|----------------------------|--------|
| Mont., 1st | \$50.00 | Reston | 90.00 | Rv. S. McL. Fee | 8.00 | Grand Coulee ss. | 10.10 |
| Valleyfield ss. | 13.25 | Belmont ss. | 10.25 | Manney | 10.00 | Poplar Grove ss. | 7.40 |
| Mont., St. Luke's | 12.00 | West Hall ss. | 43.00 | Newdale | 50.00 | Buffalo Lake | 100.00 |
| Rv. Chas. Shelley | 11.85 | Mekiwin ss. | 8.85 | Ogilvie ss. | 13.80 | Francis | 8.00 |
| Bristol, Brick ss. | 10.30 | Norwood ss. | 21.55 | Greenway ss. | 11.60 | Welwyn ss. | 17.15 |
| Bristol, Kx. ss. | 3.60 | Stonewall ss. | 15.08 | Verona ss. | 9.00 | New Hastings ss. | 6.00 |
| Rockburn ss. | 5.75 | Elgin ss. | 1.00 | Ebor ss. | 8.50 | Marquis ss. | 3.15 |
| Athelstan | 100.00 | Roland ss. | 10.00 | Baidal ss. | 4.65 | Burrows ss. | 4.50 |
| Scotstown ss. | 7.20 | Holmfild ss. | 4.00 | Wpg., St. Giles' ss. | 1.20 | Expanse ss. | 2.30 |
| Gould ss. | 1.80 | Holland ss. | 3.50 | Clegg ss. | 25.00 | Drinkwater ss. | 15.00 |
| Mont., MacVicar | 230.00 | Burnside ss. | 21.05 | Kingsley ss. | 7.00 | Bengough | 7.00 |
| Mont., Calvin | 400.00 | Margaret ss. | 5.00 | Venlow ss. | 7.10 | S. Weyburn, St. A. | 25.00 |
| ese ss. | 100.00 | Angusville ss. | 12.00 | Wawanesa ss. | 3.75 | Warmlay ss. | 8.00 |
| Rockburn | 21.00 | Rosefield ss. | 12.30 | Wpg., St. Pa. Chin. | 11.00 | Pleas. View ss. | 8.55 |
| River du Loup ss. | 1.20 | Wpg., Calvin ss. | 6.00 | Rutherglen ss. | 9.80 | Bengough ss. | 2.36 |
| Grenville | 11.50 | Fairmount ss. | 8.15 | Molesworth ss. | 3.35 | Winlaw ss. | 7.10 |
| Crystal Falls ss. | 1.42 | Cartwright ss. | 20.65 | Ind. Reserve ss. | 8.85 | Balgonie ss. | 7.00 |
| Beauharnois | 79.11 | St. Louis ss. | 6.05 | Saskatchewan. | | | |
| St. Phil. de Chester | 5.00 | La Riviere ss. | 10.00 | Carnduff | 14.80 | Graytown ss. | 3.00 |
| North Ham | 25.00 | Elphinstone ss. | 13.60 | Chagwin | 1.65 | Pleas. View ss. | 8.30 |
| St. Sophie | 14.00 | Wpg., King Mem. ss. | 4.40 | Valjean | 2.35 | Kindersley ss. | 21.50 |
| Port au Persil | 50.00 | Swan River ss. | 6.00 | Hurricane Hills | 10.00 | Vonda ss. | 3.00 |
| Ditchfield | 35.00 | Shaw's ss. | 5.15 | Volseley ss. | 11.45 | Silver Lake ss. | 3.10 |
| St. Valier | 10.00 | Shelmouth | 13.00 | Fairy Hill ss. | 5.20 | Glen Valley ss. | 13.35 |
| Montreal West ss. | 100.00 | Hartney ss. | 15.00 | Crowstand ss. | 9.35 | Weyburn, Kx. ss. | 26.32 |
| E. Settlement ss. | 25.00 | Humsville ss. | 138.00 | Balcarres ss. | 8.00 | Tantallon ss. | 6.70 |
| Lachute | 3.00 | Wellwood | 12.40 | Pilot Butte ss. | 9.15 | Perth ss. | 4.00 |
| Mont., St. Mark's | 100.00 | Berton | 2.15 | Carlyle ss. | 10.00 | Ford ss. | 2.50 |
| Que., Chal. ss. | 1.20 | Routhwaite ss. | 7.00 | Dalesboro ss. | 7.10 | Bredenbury ss. | 5.00 |
| Sherbrooke ss. | 10.00 | Eden ss. | 4.45 | Milestone ss. | 3.90 | Outlook ss. | 9.00 |
| St. Damase | 12.00 | Genville ss. | 5.65 | Moose Jaw, Minto ss. | 12.00 | Arcoia ss. | 13.50 |
| Maisonnev., Chin. ss. | 12.00 | Shoal Lake ss. | 4.00 | Hutton, Grange ss. | 7.00 | Wells ss. | 2.15 |
| Aylmer | 14.05 | Brandon Hills ss. | 8.50 | Glen Ewen ss. | 5.50 | Grandview | 25.00 |
| Dr. W. J. Clark | 14.05 | Adairus ss. | 3.75 | Hope ss. | 7.35 | Pleas. Mound ss. | 9.40 |
| Rv. E. F. Seylaz | 21.00 | Deloraine ss. | 9.55 | Manor | 50.00 | Yellow Grass ss. | 10.00 |
| Ormstown Vill. ss. | 300.00 | Konny ss. | 7.00 | Earl Grey friend | 5.00 | Wallace | 6.00 |
| Mont., Knox | 339.00 | Rosebank ss. | 5.00 | Brookside ss. | 11.65 | Frobisher ss. | 2.35 |
| Sherbrooke | 1.50 | Gendale ss. | 9.25 | Rush Lake ss. | 2.90 | Tuffnell | 6.80 |
| Asbestos | 9.80 | Lauder ss. | 1332.40 | Davidson ss. | 12.00 | Langlan ss. | 6.70 |
| Leeds Vill. ss. | 8.00 | Wpg., Wmstr | 31.00 | Lusland ss. | 2.00 | Disley | 3.00 |
| Rv. J. E. Menancon | 8.00 | Wawanesa | 4.30 | Aberdeen ss. | 4.00 | Foam Lake ss. | 4.50 |
| Rv. J. R. MacLeod | 32.54 | Strathclair ss. | 13.35 | Earl Grey ss. | 4.00 | Kingsland ss. | 20.00 |
| Rv. C. W. Shelley | 20.00 | Creeford ss. | 3.40 | Littleville ss. | 6.70 | Warman | 10.00 |
| Rv. D. Paterson | 4.00 | Short Creek ss. | 2.50 | Rocky Lake ss. | 13.65 | Barager | 10.00 |
| Cote de Liesse ss. | 40.00 | Roadale ss. | 4.10 | Assiniboia | 5.00 | Wanapeew ss. | 10.00 |
| Westmt., Wmstr. | 6.00 | Springfield ss. | 4.75 | Lumsden ss. | 14.40 | Hanley ss. | 2.80 |
| Rockburn | 20.00 | Elkhorn ss. | 8.00 | Prairie Lawn ss. | 11.75 | Pinto Valley | 6.35 |
| Rv. J. D. Anderson | 8.00 | Wpg., Pt. Douglas | 15.00 | Waverly ss. | 4.60 | Tessier | 25.00 |
| Rv. F. W. K. Harris | 12.88 | Rosburn ss. | 11.50 | Carnduff ss. | 4.00 | Corlander | 1.75 |
| Barbara A. Martin | 100.00 | W. Flaville ss. | 2.25 | Dummer ss. | 14.10 | Saltcoats | 49.00 |
| Manitoba. | | | | Hubbard ss. | 9.00 | Lockwood | 10.00 |
| Napinka ss. | 5.70 | Westbourne ss. | 2.32 | Macoun | 6.08 | Walsley | 4.60 |
| Hilton ss. | 75.00 | Woodville ss. | 7.75 | Lawson | 5.00 | Revitt ss. | 2.75 |
| Franklin | 14.20 | Sperling ss. | 4.40 | Robt. Mark | 2.37 | Perdue ss. | 10.00 |
| Virden ss. | 6.00 | Dominion City ss. | 14.00 | Golden Prairie ss. | 3.60 | Arley ss. | 1.50 |
| Clanwilliam ss. | 6.00 | Wpg., St. A. ss. | 500.00 | Cypress Hills ss. | 3.50 | Wakaw ss. | 3.00 |
| Austin ss. | 6.00 | Lilyfield | 59.05 | Oronoca ss. | 18.00 | Cottonwood ss. | 17.25 |
| Starbuck ss. | 6.00 | Rockwood | 11.40 | Battleford ss. | 3.10 | Wikie ss. | 6.80 |
| Arrow River ss. | 8.00 | Stony Mountain | 9.55 | Mortlach ss. | 8.80 | Poplar Grove ss. | 1.25 |
| Manitou | 11.00 | Garson | 15.70 | Colgate, Lomond ss. | 3.00 | Macroeie | 15.00 |
| Rapid City | 8.15 | Fairmount ss. | 1.30 | Turtl. Grove, Mervn | 15.15 | Moose Jaw, Minto | 20.00 |
| Isabella ss. | 6.00 | Mountain View | 2.25 | Rocanville ss. | 10.50 | Regina, Knox | 18.00 |
| Kelloc ss. | 7.00 | Banks | 1.75 | Summerside ss. | 36.05 | Maple Creek ss. | 4.05 |
| Wug., St. Jas. ss. | 15.00 | Union Point ss. | 26.00 | Motherwell ss. | 10.00 | Imperial | 5.00 |
| Scarth ss. | 2.75 | Morris | 94.00 | Mount Forest | 30.60 | Beadle ss. | 3.00 |
| Tilston ss. | 2.65 | Pinscarth | 3.00 | Madillac | 10.00 | Oldbury ss. | 1.50 |
| Silverton ss. | 9.80 | Spruce Creek | 23.70 | Broadview ss. | 9.50 | Disley ss. | 5.00 |
| Dauphin Plains ss. | 12.00 | Gilbert Plains | 8.80 | Poplar Grove ss. | 2.20 | Pt. Qu'Appelle | 5.60 |
| Gladstone ss. | 32.25 | Wallace ss. | 8.60 | Hazelcliff ss. | 5.05 | Fleming ss. | 20.00 |
| Roblin | 9.00 | Oak Lake ss. | 8.00 | Maymont ss. | 11.50 | Condie | 5.75 |
| Pilot Mound | 6.45 | Glenella ss. | 3.75 | Warman ss. | 10.00 | Courval ss. | 1.50 |
| Dunara ss. | 2.25 | Franklin ss. | 10.00 | Clayton ss. | 4.00 | Ladstock | 1.90 |
| Mather | 4.25 | Pleas. Home, etc. | 7.15 | Whitewood ss. | 2.00 | Regina, Wmstr | 519.10 |
| Miami ss. | 4.00 | Penhansen ss. | 6.70 | Saskatoon, St. A. ss. | 16.45 | Carlyle ss. | 6.25 |
| Pettapiece ss. | 3.00 | Bluff ss. | 4.80 | Brook ss. | 6.00 | Percy ss. | 7.60 |
| Roseland ss. | 3.20 | Osborne ss. | 4.00 | Valley Grove ss. | 3.00 | Oxbow ss. | 18.00 |
| Brandon, St. A. ss. | 15.00 | Arcoia ss. | 9.00 | Gull Lake ss. | 3.70 | Swarthmore ss. | 1.30 |
| Winnipegosis ss. | 3.55 | Union Point ss. | 1.10 | Whitewood ss. | 9.00 | Shellbrook ss. | 5.30 |
| Elyth ss. | 5.75 | Miniska ss. | 3.70 | Chain of Lakes ss. | 4.35 | Wycollar | 70.00 |
| Sinclair ss. | 7.60 | Assessippi ss. | 7.25 | Kyleville | 2.00 | Rathmullan | 25.16 |
| P. la. Pr., Gx. ss. | 17.45 | Miami ss. | 3.00 | Avondale ss. | 4.95 | Swarthmore | 5.80 |
| Elgin, Knox ss. | 10.65 | Clandeboye ss. | 7.00 | Elfrs ss. | 11.95 | Indian Head ss. | 19.00 |
| Selkirk, Kx. ss. | 21.65 | Douglas ss. | 10.00 | Regina ss. | 1.30 | Prongua ss. | 1.70 |
| Rathwell, Indianford, | 21.00 | Pessie Archibald | 24.00 | Gainsboro ss. | 19.65 | Regina, st. A. ss. | 33.80 |
| Arbroath ss. | 4.00 | Ranchvale ss. | 6.00 | Lansdowne ss. | 10.00 | Alberta. | |
| Stewartville ss. | 33.00 | Oakland ss. | 5.00 | High View ss. | 17.00 | Lousana | 4.75 |
| Selkirk | 100.00 | Wpg., St. Giles | 200.00 | Scottown ss. | 6.00 | Dinton | 80.00 |
| Longburn | | Woxwarren ss. | 11.50 | Wilson ss. | 23.30 | | |
| | | Plumas ss. | 6.40 | Glenide ss. | 17.00 | | |
| | | Melita ss. | 13.95 | Pense ss. | | | |

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------|----------|
| Winnifred ss. | 7.20 | Clearwater ss. | 7.00 |
| Grassy Lake ss. | 1.15 | Edmonton, 1st | 900.00 |
| Big Rock | 4.00 | Calgary, Kx. | 2,000.00 |
| Lethbridge ss. | 41.55 | Strathcona | 200.00 |
| Highland Park ss. | 5.00 | Wolfville ss. | 2.10 |
| Toield | 2.50 | N. Edmonton ss. | 5.35 |
| Innisfail ss. | 4.15 | Vegreville ss. | 4.80 |
| Strome | 8.45 | Castor ss. | 4.80 |
| Prospect Val. ss. | 2.15 | Milton ss. | 1.75 |
| Pine Ridge ss. | 3.75 | Wheat Field ss. | 7.25 |
| Killam | 5.00 | Agricola ss. | 3.25 |
| Elkton ss. | 6.00 | Bowell Breezein, etc. | 50.00 |
| Lincoln ss. | 1.35 | Spring Coulee ss. | 8.00 |
| Pincher Creek ss. | 19.00 | Magrath abc. ss. | 5.00 |
| Gumbo ss. | 2.55 | High River ss. | 9.00 |
| Mount Olivet ss. | 1.45 | Loughed ss. | 6.00 |
| Three Hills ss. | 5.50 | Med. Hat, Kx. Ch. | 19.50 |
| Pleas. Heights ss. | 7.00 | ss. | 20.00 |
| Innisfail | 58.70 | Mrs. Angus McKen- | 20.00 |
| Cumberland ss. | 2.60 | zie | 6.25 |
| Cowley ss. | 3.55 | Nanao ss. | 532.00 |
| Acme | 4.00 | Calgary, Grace ss. | 4.60 |
| Davis ss. | 1.00 | Olds, St. And. | 2.00 |
| Bassano ss. | 12.75 | Bethel ss. | 27.00 |
| Carstairs ss. | 5.00 | Redcliff | 7.80 |
| Bow Island | 9.00 | Lone Butte ss. | |
| Stanton ss. | 4.00 | | |
| Sentinel Hill | 2.50 | | |
| Okotoks ss. | 8.15 | | |
| Bloomington Val. ss. | 1.70 | | |
| Sherburne ss. | 2.15 | | |
| Coleman ss. | 8.00 | | |
| Lacombe | 25.00 | | |
| Daysland ss. | 4.35 | | |
| Mannville ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Hanna ss. | 3.65 | | |
| Magrath ss. | 20.00 | | |
| Lethbridge | 197.00 | | |
| Calgary, Hilst ss. | 30.00 | | |
| Edmonton, Wmstr ss. | 12.85 | | |
| Pincher Creek | 15.65 | | |
| Wainwright ss. | 3.40 | | |
| Edmntn, Robrtsn ss. | 25.68 | | |
| Aldersyde ss. | 9.00 | | |
| Sarcee Butte ss. | 4.50 | | |
| Adrossan ss. | 8.00 | | |
| Dr. J. K. McLennan. | 300.00 | | |
| Macleod ss. | 10.00 | | |
| Port Sask. | 100.00 | | |
| Tollerton ss. | 1.05 | | |
| Erskine ss. | 3.50 | | |
| Stettler ss. | 6.00 | | |
| Nabraska ss. | 2.80 | | |
| Bennett, Hammer, ss. | 2.30 | | |
| Edmontn, Dundonid ss. | 76 | | |
| Jumbo Valley ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Canmore ss. | 7.00 | | |
| Calgary, St. Pa. ss. | 32.10 | | |
| Morningside ss. | 2.25 | | |
| Sunnydale ss. | 1.90 | | |
| Wetaskiwin ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Rowley ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Rv. T. M. Murray | 15.45 | | |
| Calgary, Rosedale | 20.00 | | |
| Calgary, St. A. ss. | 14.00 | | |
| Vermilion ss. | 3.30 | | |
| Knoll ss. | 3.25 | | |
| Calgary, Bankview ss. | 20.00 | | |
| N. Calgary ss. | 3.26 | | |
| Dunmore ss. | 5.00 | | |
| Red Deer ss. | 39.25 | | |
| Leduc | 86.96 | | |
| ss. | 10.00 | | |

British Columbia.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Cranbrook ss. | \$ 32.50 |
| Bull River ss. | 3.00 |
| Collingwood, E. ypg. | 10.35 |
| Ashcroft ss. | 18.00 |
| New Wmstr. Kx. ss. | 8.35 |
| N. Vancr., St. Ste. | 9.00 |
| ss. | 8.25 |
| Barnet ss. | 12.00 |
| Creston ss. | 17.00 |
| Trail ss. | 2.60 |
| Slocan ss. | 5.80 |
| Nakusp | 11.15 |
| Armstrong ss. | 3.00 |
| Glenemma, Morgdl | 9.00 |
| Golden ss. | 6.00 |
| Benvoulin ss. | 3.60 |
| Broadview ss. | 4.00 |
| Mission City ss. | 19.40 |
| Vernon ss. | 2.20 |
| Straiton ss. | 24.00 |
| Armstrong | 150.00 |
| Victoria, St. Col. | 8.00 |
| Salmo ss. | 13.00 |
| Clayburn ss. | 4.20 |
| Midway ss. | 3.30 |
| Central Park, 56 | 8.00 |
| Ave. ss. | 15.00 |
| Rv. J. R. Munro | 4.00 |
| Port Moody ss. | 7.00 |
| Princeton ss. | 9.45 |
| Silverton ss. | 8.00 |
| Powell River ss. | 4.50 |
| Salmon Arm ss. | 20.00 |
| Penticton ss. | 5.00 |
| Ymir ss. | 27.56 |
| ss. | 11.00 |
| Vanc., Chal. ss. | 89.85 |
| Athalmer, Wilmer ss. | 10.00 |
| Grand Forks | 2.00 |
| Port Steele | 7.05 |
| Trail ss. | 10.00 |
| Graham ss. | 2.00 |
| New Denver ss. | 12.00 |
| Hedley ss. | |
| Nanaimo ss. | |

Nova Scotia.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Antigonish ss. | \$ 3.86 |
| French Riv. ss. | 5.40 |
| Caledonia ss. | 9.60 |
| Beinn Bhreghn ss. | 2.85 |
| Per Agent, Hx. | 1,825.05 |
| Mulgrave ss. | 7.75 |
| W. Bay Road ss. | 1.30 |
| Millville ss. | 3.70 |
| Kennetcook Cors. ss. | 2.50 |
| Forks Baddeck | 16.00 |
| Tuuro, St. Pa. ss. | 5.52 |
| Sydney, St. Mark ss. | 5.25 |
| Marion Bridge ss. | 4.75 |
| Pourchu | 2.00 |
| Nyanza ss. | 1.00 |
| Sunny Brae ss. | 10.00 |
| St. Paul's ss. | 3.32 |
| Gaharus Lake | 9.00 |
| Spry Bay ss. | 1.15 |
| Dominion ss. | 1.38 |
| Rv. W. H. Sweet | 12.65 |

New Brunswick.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| Summerside ss. | \$ 2.25 |
| St. Stephen ss. | 16.71 |
| Broad Lands ss. | 2.60 |
| Scotch Ridge ss. | 4.25 |
| Redbank ss. | 5.00 |
| Greenoch ss. | 7.00 |
| Upper Kintore ss. | 1.90 |
| Riley Brook ss. | 3.00 |
| New Mills, Jacq. Riv. | 194.00 |
| Fredericton ss. | 16.25 |
| Mrs. J. E. Duffy | 2.00 |
| Glenaglow ss. | 7.92 |
| Glad Falls ss. | 6.28 |
| Gladwyn ss. | 1.36 |
| Nocallie Ridge ss. | 1.10 |
| Red Pine Island ss. | 1.00 |
| Coburn ss. | 3.25 |
| Rv. T. A. Mitchell | 10.00 |
| Baville | 42.00 |
| Rv. A. Lee | 8.00 |
| Rv. J. A. Morison | 8.00 |

Prince Edward Island

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Lower Montague ss. | 1.00 |
| Montague, St. A. ss. | 6.45 |
| Georgetown ss. | 13.40 |
| Richmond Bay E., | |
| Lot 14 ss. | 5.50 |
| Cambridge ss. | 5.25 |
| Kensington | 9.00 |
| Montague | 7.00 |
| Belfast | 4.00 |
| Carvish ss. | 10.00 |
| Hartsville ss. | 2.75 |
| Head Hillsboro' ss. | 2.00 |
| Marshfield ss. | 6.00 |

Miscellaneous.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Women's Miss. Soc. \$3,972.75 | |
| Rv. J. Anderson | 2.00 |
| W. F. M. S. | 8.75 |
| W. H. M. S. | 2,025.00 |
| W. F. M. S. | 2,000.00 |
| White Horse | 7.00 |
| Dr. Armstrong Black | 20.00 |
| M. M. G. | 10.00 |

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MONTREAL.

The Church Funds, East.

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS

| | During Oct. | Mar. 1 to Oct. 30 |
|------------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| Foreign Missions. | \$2,184.28 | \$33,296.68 |
| Home Missions.... | 1,231.00 | 7,814.28 |
| Augmentation..... | 147.57 | 1,720.39 |
| College..... | 334.80 | 4,878.85 |
| Aged Ministers.... | 154.00 | 315.00 |
| Pte-aux-Trembles.. | 19.00 | 138.00 |
| For North West.... | 4.00 | 2,285.49 |
| Children's Day Col. | 953.00 | 1,088.00 |
| Assembly Fund.... | 46.07 | 142.75 |
| Bursary Fund | 9.00 | 2,203.44 |
| Library Fund..... | 52.01 | 301.23 |
| Widows' & Orphans | 7.00 | 268.00 |
| Social Service, etc... | 101.00 | 384.00 |
| Total..... | \$5,302.73 | \$54,836.11 |

RECEIVED DURING OCTOBER

At the Presbyterian Offices, Halifax,
by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, D.D.
and divided among the Funds
as directed by the Donors. ~]

| | | | | | | | |
|---|-------------|---------------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------------|--------|---|----------|
| Acknowledged | \$49,533.38 | Brule, ss. | 2.80 | Lower Millstrm, ss. | 3.50 | Dublin Shore, ss. . | 8.26 |
| Lockeport E. Jordan | 6.20 | Pictou, St. And. ss | 3.08 | Goshen, ss. | 4.25 | W. Dublin, ss. . | 4.74 |
| Westvil', Carmel ss. | 19.80 | Dominion No. 6, ss. | 6.00 | Meadowville, ss. . | 8.14 | Blackville, ss. . | 7.90 |
| Kintore, ss. | 3.20 | Abercrombie, ss. . | 1.65 | Bocabee Cove ss. . | 2.31 | Little Harbor . | 11.00 |
| Coal Branch, ss. . | 3.40 | Milltown, ss. | 5.83 | New Aberdeen, ss. | 8.00 | Pictou, Prince, ss. | 10.18 |
| Highland, Vil'ge, ss. | 2.78 | Cent. Tower Hill ss. | 1.50 | Old Barns, ss. . | 4.47 | Milford, ss. . | 7.57 |
| West Bay, ss. | 2.70 | Orwell, ss. | 8.00 | Forest Hill, ss. . | 6.00 | Gays River, ss. . | 8.00 |
| Dundas, ss. | 6.00 | Hampton, P.E.I. ss. | 5.00 | Lewis Cove, ss. . | 3.00 | Mr. Mrs. J. Park | 10.00 |
| Hilden, ss. | 5.05 | Debert, ss. | 4.65 | E. Riv. St. Marys, ss. | 2.00 | Lunenburg, ss. . | 10.00 |
| Pictou Isld. ss. . | 3.80 | Dorchester, ss. . | 3.44 | Glenmore, ss. . | 1.10 | Waweig, ss. . | 6.75 |
| Hunters Mt., ss. . | 2.00 | Waverley, ss. | 4.00 | Goose Cove, ss. . | 5.21 | French River, ss. . | 2.00 |
| Eden, ss. | 3.00 | Portage, ss. | 8.20 | Stellartn St. Jno. ss. | 5.81 | Tyne Valley, ss. . | 7.15 |
| Paspelbac, ss. | 2.22 | Stanley . | 8.50 | Black Riv. Napan, etc. | 26.00 | Freeland Lot 11, ss. | 3.85 |
| Green Oak, ss. | 3.13 | Campbelton, ss. . | 28.50 | Boom Road, ss. . | 5.25 | W. B. Bass Riv. ss | 2.96 |
| Mid. Stewiacke, ss. | 11.00 | W. B. River John ss. | 78.00 | Renwick, ss. . | 1.00 | Kouchibougnac . | 20.00 |
| Kincardine, ss. . | 3.50 | Diamond, ss. | 1.45 | Gulf Shore, ss. . | 2.85 | Newport, ss. . | 2.33 |
| Amherst, ss. | 15.00 | St. Peters, ss. . | 9.00 | Big Harbor Isd. ss. | 1.75 | McKay Section . | 1.17 |
| Bass River, N.S. ss. | 11.30 | McPhee's Cor. ss. . | 1.65 | N. Lochaber, ss. . | 1.00 | Princeton . | 132.25 |
| Lower Musq'd't . | 6.00 | W. Riv. St. Mary's Fairville, ss. . | 7.25 | Moser River, ss. . | 3.65 | Family, Jas. H. . | 30.09 |
| Ardoise, ss. | 1.50 | SS. Riv. Dennis, ss | 4.12 | Rose Valley, ss. . | 4.45 | Carleton, N.B., ss. | 9.15 |
| Clyde, Barrington ss. | 2.85 | Mid. Up. Ohio, ss. | 1.45 | Interest . | 9.12 | Lorneville . | 50.00 |
| Montrose, Campbellton, ss. | 3.00 | Abercrombie . | 7.40 | Sydney Mines, ss. | 30.00 | "A Friend" . | 5.00 |
| Riverside, ss. | 4.00 | Clifton, ss. | 2.00 | Strathcona, ss. . | 1.30 | Tweedside, ss. . | 6.30 |
| Sheet Harbor . | 2.00 | Windsor, ss. | 11.00 | Caledonia, ss. . | 2.00 | McLennan Sec., ss. | 1.45 |
| Bass River, N.B., ss. | 4.00 | McLellans Brook, ss. | 4.13 | Eureka, ss. | 7.90 | Church Sec., ss. . | 1.26 |
| Kensington, ss. . | 19.03 | Yarmouth, ss. | 16.00 | Boulardarie, ss. . | 2.20 | St. Jno. St. David's | 150.00 |
| Port Dufferin, ss. | 3.55 | Brookland, ss. . | 2.40 | Kirkland, ss. . | 3.00 | McPherson's Mills, | 3.00 |
| Bridgeport, ss. . | 8.07 | Upper Canard, ss. | 10.00 | "A Friend" . | 1.00 | Fredricton, St. Pa. ss. | 362.50 |
| "A member" . | 1.00 | Restigouche, ss. . | 1.33 | Riverport, ss. . | 23.00 | Ellen Acker . | 5.00 |
| Quarry, St. Anns ss. | 4.00 | Strathalbyn, ss. . | 2.35 | Sydney, Fal. St. ss. | 19.52 | Chatham, St. And ss. | 17.23 |
| Springville, Bridgeville, Churchville, ss. | 13.90 | S. Side Riv. Dennis, ss. | 4.12 | Lockeport, ss. . | 2.25 | New Glasgow, Un. | 409.60 |
| Marble Mt., ss. . | 3.75 | Dartville, ss. | 4.00 | Springhill, ss. . | 16.00 | Dutch Brook, ss. . | 1.00 |
| Charlottn, St. Jas. ss. | 12.00 | Interest . | 6.80 | Long River, ss. . | 7.00 | Dalhousie, ss. . | 7.00 |
| Wallace, ss. | 5.75 | A. Stirling McKay New Richmond, ss. | 11.00 | Hantsport. . | 8.00 | Peters Road, ss. . | 4.25 |
| Lower Truro, ss. . | 5.28 | Millbank, ss. | 2.50 | Montrose, ss. . | 12.48 | Lower Onslow, ss. | 5.00 |
| Inverness, ss. | 10.00 | Main River, ss. . | 6.00 | Hx. St. John's, ss. | 4.00 | St. Martin's . | 9.00 |
| | | St. John, St. Ste. Quarryville, ss. . | 17.50 | Doaktown . | 37.00 | Mabou . | 31.00 |
| | | "A Member" . | 1.00 | Emerson, ss. . | 70 | Murray Hrbr, ss. . | 7.00 |
| | | | | Burnt Church, ss. | 1.00 | Board Home Missions, West. . | 1,000.00 |
| | | | | Plainfield, ss. . | 1.30 | Newport . | 17.00 |
| | | | | Stewiacke Vill. ss. | 5.70 | O'Leary, ss. | 8.00 |
| | | | | Otter Brook, ss. . | 2.15 | St. Martin's, ss. . | 2.21 |
| | | | | Cross Roads, ss. . | 2.45 | Folly Mountain, ss. | 3.02 |
| | | | | Loch Lomond, ss. | 1.63 | Pictou, Knox, ss. | 8.00 |
| | | | | Lower Shinimicas, ss. | 1.00 | Clyde, ss. | 6.00 |
| | | | | Hill, ss. | 28.37 | Malagawatch, etc., ss. | 4.25 |
| | | | | Three Brooks, etc. | 10.00 | Thompson . | 25.00 |
| | | | | Belle River, ss. . | 6.00 | Cape George . | 7.65 |
| | | | | Murray Hrbr. N. ss. | 5.00 | Antigonish, W. F., H. M. S. ss. . | 16.00 |
| | | | | Economy, ss. . | 3.00 | Wabana . | 8.00 |
| | | | | Hugh McPherson . | 50.00 | Glace Bay, St. Pa. ss. | 18.00 |
| | | | | Darmouth "Friend" Interest . | 200.00 | Riversdale . | 34.50 |
| | | | | Dartmouth, Dawson, ss. | 78.57 | McLellans Brook. | 22.00 |
| | | | | Centre Napan, ss. | 5.00 | Westville, Carmel Harbor Grace . | 20.00 |
| | | | | Wreck Cove, ss. . | 3.00 | Refund . | 80 |
| | | | | W. Mid. Riv. ss. . | 3.20 | Scottsville, ss. . | 2.00 |
| | | | | Fishers Grant, ss. | 4.00 | Quoddy, Moser Riv | 18.70 |
| | | | | Austen Campbell T. D. Fletcher . | 9.00 | Point Bevis, ss. . | 1.50 |
| | | | | Glenholme, ss. . | 5.00 | Grand River, ss. . | 2.35 |
| | | | | Hardwood Hill, ss. | 5.92 | Grand Riv. Falls, ss. | 2.10 |
| | | | | Friend of Missions A Member . | 65 | Fergusons Lake, ss | 90 |
| | | | | Sussex, ss. | 10.00 | Pugwash . | 61.00 |
| | | | | St. John, St. And. | 1.00 | Murray Riv., ss. . | 3.00 |
| | | | | Maple Hills, ss. . | 7.21 | "Athanasius," ss. . | 100.00 |
| | | | | Stewiacke E., ss. . | 6.32 | Bon Accord, ss. . | 3.00 |
| | | | | Alma, ss. | 2.35 | Boulardarie S. Side, ss. | 1.33 |
| | | | | Princeton, ss. . | 6.00 | Catalone, ss. . | 3.00 |
| | | | | Newtown, ss. . | 3.07 | Dunville, ss. . | 3.00 |
| | | | | XXX per P. Witness Alexandra, ss. . | 5.00 | Pte. a la Garde, ss. | 3.25 |
| | | | | Gloucester Friend Bass River, N. S. | 5.00 | Bal. Harvey Trust Fund per W. R. McMillan . | 837.06 |
| | | | | Milltown Cross ss. | 77.00 | Coll. opening of Pres. College . | 52.01 |
| | | | | Harmony, ss. . | 2.40 | | |
| | | | | Richmond Cor. ss. | 4.50 | | |
| | | | | Hx. Park, st. . | 60.00 | | |

\$54,836.11

Our Church Register

CALLS, INDUCTIONS AND RESIGNATIONS.

Calls From

Westminster Church, Edmonton, Alta., to Mr. D. N. McLachlan, of King Memorial, Winnipeg.

Laidlaw Memorial, Hamilton, to Mr. John S. Watts, of Mansewood, Ont. Accepted.

Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., to Mr. J. A. Kennedy, of Earl Grey, Sask.

Tuxford, Sask., to Mr. Robt. McMillan, of Balcarres, Sask. Accepted.

St. Paul's, Winnipeg, Man., to Mr. P. B. Thornton, of Barrie, Ont.

John St. Church, Belleville, Ont., to Mr. E. C. Currie, of Richmond Hill, Ont. Accepted.

Summerstown, Ont., to Mr. McDonald, of Queen's College.

English River and Howick, Que., to Rev. S. A. Woods, of Chesterville, Ont.

Grand Valley, Ont., to Mr. D. Lane, of Cookstown, Ont. Accepted.

Ford, Ont., to Mr. R. McCallum, of Everett, Ont. Accepted.

Haynes Church, St. Catharines, Ont., to Mr. Hugh Cowan, of St. Paul's Church, Chat-ham, Ont.

Calvin Church, Pembroke, Ont., to Mr. D. MacOdum, of Moncton, N.B.

Milltown, N.B., to Mr. Robt. Dewar, of Wawanesa, Man. Accepted.

Park St. Church, Halifax, N.S., to Mr. Robt. Johnston, of St. Andrew's, Halifax.

Inductions Into

Maryfield, etc., Sask. 14 October, Mr. Geo. McArthur.

St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., 12 October, Mr. P. A. McLeod.

Birtle, Man., 16 October, Mr. David Iverach.

St. Andrew's Church, Trenton, Ont., 28 October, Mr. D. E. Foster.

Chipman, N.B., November 11, Mr. John T. MacNeill.

Warton, Ont., Nov. 18, Mr. J. E. Thompson, B.A., B.D.

Kentville, N.S., November 20, Mr. R. B. Layton.

Watrous, Sask., October 2, Mr. H. B. Johnston.

Chalmers Church, Guelph, Ont., November 25, Mr. G. A. Little.

St. Hyacinthe, Que., November 2, Mr. J. E. Boucher.

Hawkesbury, Ont., November 13, Mr. Kennedy Palmer.

Lot 16, P.E.I. November 6, Mr. J. S. MacKay.

Sharon Church, Stellarton, December 4, Mr. C. C. MacIntosh.

Resignation of

St. Giles' Church, Toronto, Mr. Robt. Herbison.

St. Andrew's Church, Olds, Alta., Mr. F. Roxburgh.

New London, P.E.I., Mr. John Murray.

Kaslo, B.C., Mr. T. T. Reikie.

Deaths in the Ministry.

Rev. James Sinclair passed away on 12th of October at Harbour Grace, Nfld., aged seventy-two years.

Rev. W. J. Hewitt, late of Beech Ridge, Presbytery of Montreal, died in the latter part of September, aged seventy-four years.

Rev. Walter Reid, B.D., late minister of Bridgen and Bear Creek, Ont., died on 17th October, at Port Huron, Ont., aged seventy-two years.

Rev. S. D. MacPhee, late minister of Avonmore, Ont., and previously of Murray Harbor, P.E.I., and Lochaber, N.S., died at Avonmore, 26th October, after a relapse in typhoid, aged forty-eight years.

Rev. Nathaniel Smith, late minister of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake, sometime retired, died in Toronto, 30th October, after some weeks' illness, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Rev. James Ross, D.D., of London, Ont., died 16th November, aged sixty-two years. He was in New York, arranging for books for the London Public Library, was struck by an auto, and died within an hour. Farewell for a little, friend of many years; so highly respected and so greatly beloved by all who knew thee!

MEETINGS OF ASSEMBLY, SYNOD, PRESBYTERY.

Will Presbytery clerks kindly send to the RECORD the date and place of next meeting as soon as decided; also notices of calls and inductions and resignations and obituaries of ministers. If not given in the RECORD it is because they are not received.

The General Assembly, Woodstock, 1st Wednesday June, 1914.

Synod of Maritime Provinces, Moncton, 1st Tuesday October, 1914.

1. Sydney, Sydney, 3 Feb., 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Inverness, 13 Jan. 8 p.m.
3. Pictou, Stellarton, 4 Dec., 10 a.m.
4. Wallace.
5. Truro, Truro, 16 Dec., 10 a.m.
6. Halifax, Halifax, 16 Dec., 10 a.m.
7. Lunenburg, etc., Shelburne, 24 Feb.
8. St. John, St. John, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
9. Miramichi, Chatham, 9 Dec., 2 p.m.
10. P.E.I., Charlottetown, 3 Mar., 2 p.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, Westmount, 2nd Tuesday May, 1914.

11. Quebec, Sherbrooke, 2 Dec., 2 p.m.
12. Montreal.
13. Glengarry.
14. Ottawa, Ottawa, 6 Jan., 10 a.m.
15. Lanark.
16. Brockville, Brockville, 2 Dec., 2 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston, Toronto 2nd Tuesday October, 1914.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 9 Dec., 9.30.
19. Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Dec., 10.
20. Whitby, Brooklin, 21 Jan., 10 a.m.
21. Toronto, Tor., first Tues., each month.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 13 Jan.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 2 Tues. Mar., 10 a.m.
24. North Bay, Parry Sd., March, 3 p.m.
25. Temiskaming, Cobalt, March.
26. Algoma.
27. Owen Sd., Owen Sd., 2nd Dec., 10 o.m.
28. Saugeen, Harriston, 9 Dec., 9.30.
29. Guelph.

Synod of Hamilton and London,

St. Thomas, Last Monday April, 1914.

30. Hamilton, Hamilton, 6 Jan., 9.30 a.m.
31. Paris, Brantford, 9 Dec., 11 a.m.
32. London, London, 2 Dec., 10.30 a.m.
33. Chatham, Chatham, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
34. Sarnia, Sarnia, 2 Dec., 11 a.m.
35. Stratford, Stratford, 24 Feb., 10 a.m.
36. Huron, Seaforth, 23 Feb., 8 p.m.
37. Maitland, Wingham, 16 Dec., 10.30.
38. Bruce, Paisley, 2 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba, Winnipeg, 2nd Tuesday Nov., 1913.

39. Superior, Port Arthur, Feb.
40. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mon.
41. Rock Lake, Minto, 3 Feb.
42. Glenboro, Sperling, 3 Feb., 3.30.
43. Portage, Gladstone, 16 Dec., 2.30.
44. Dauphin.
45. Minnedosa, Newdale, 1 Mar., 3 p.m.
46. Brandon, Brandon, 16 Feb., 7.30.

Synod of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, 1st Tuesday Nov., 1913.

47. Yorkton, Yorkton, 9 Dec., 8.30.
48. Abernethy, Rolanville, 10 Feb.
49. Qu'Appelle, Wolseley, 10 Feb., 10 a.m.
50. Arcola.
51. Alameda, Estevan, 10 Feb., 9 a.m.
52. Weyburn.
53. Regina.
54. Moose Jaw, Moose Jaw, 10 Dec., 11.
55. Saskatoon, Saskatoon, 10 Feb., 7 p.m.
56. Prince Albert.
57. Battleford, N. Battleford, 2 Feb., 8 p.m.
58. Kindersley, Kindersley, 3 Feb.
59. Swift Current.

Synod of Alberta.

60. Vermilion.
61. Edmonton, Edmonton, 9 Dec.
62. Lacombe, Wetaskiwin, Feb.
63. Red Deer, Olds, March.
64. Castor.
65. Calgary.
66. High River, High River, Feb.
67. Macleod.

Synod of British Columbia.

68. Kootenay.
69. Kamloops, Armstrong, 17 Feb., 4 p.m.
70. Westminster.
71. Victoria, Victoria, at call of Modr.

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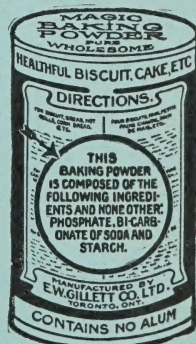
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Pleasant to be impressive must be first-hand.

The life which is not religious falls below its best.

A revival is an awakening to the Presence of God.

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

God imparts Himself, not to passivity, but to activity.

Achievements have their bounds, efforts have none.

Pleasure is far sweeter as a recreation than a business.

Be square with yourself and you will not betray anybody.

It is better to fall in trying to do good than not to try.

The load becomes light when it is borne with cheerfulness.

What you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Faith is an awakening to realities that are invisible to sense.

It is better to fail in trying to do good succeed by doing wrong.

"How we might have done different. If we had different done."

The Lord Himself is wonderful, but nothing is wonderful for Him.

Disappointments are wings that bear the soul skyward, if used aright.

Doing right never hurt the doer; doing wrong always does.—Garfield.

Crowd out bad thoughts and feelings by entertaining good thoughts and feelings.

The Lord loves us so that He would have us near Him without a moment's break.

Resolve to cultivate a cheerful spirit, a smiling countenance and a soothing voice.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie; a fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Take the nearest way Godward, and be always sure to keep moving in that direction.

To the Bible men will return, and why? Because they cannot do without it.—Matthew Arnold.

The earth gets as much blessing out of a black cloud as from the bright sun; so should we.

It is impossible to rightly govern the world without God and the Bible.—George Washington.

A man knows a great deal when he acquires a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.

It is with youth as with plants; from the fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

"Going to church will not make you a saint any more than going to school will make you a scholar."

Our influence depends, not so much upon what we know, or even what we do, as upon what we are.

Life is an earnest business, and no man was ever made great or good by a diet of nothing but broad grins.

Mark the man or woman who seeks and sees something good in everybody; there goes a magnificent soul.

The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever-growing influence of the Bible.—William H. Seward.

In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say, that it is the best gift God has given to man.—Abraham Lincoln.

The man who is honestly on his knees to pray, or on his feet to follow his conscience, is on the right way.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

The spirit of ones life is ever shedding some power just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.

Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it polite? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But conscience asks, Is it right?

Spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, for they are as gaps through which temptation finds easiest access.

If you are unhappy, it is probably because you have so many thoughts about yourself and so few about the happiness of others.—Mary Lyon.